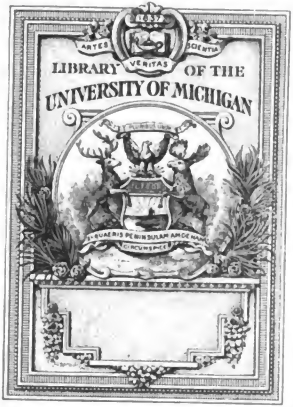

ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AP
7
.C415

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S

73530

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME X.

Nos. 235 to 261. JULY—DECEMBER, 1848.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

1848.

Digitized by Google

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND MORAL ESSAYS.

	Page
Alps, Tracings of the,	321
Ashore in Calcutta,	226
Bengalee Doctor,	171
Berlin—Potsdam—Hamburg, Excursion to,	136
Blowing Fast,	241
Brazilian Forest, Walks in a,	165
Cairo Bookseller,	428
Calcutta, Ashore in,	226
Christmas-Time, Games for,	417
Club, Crosseausseway,	385
Country, Disappearance of the,	239
Country in Summer, by Thomas Miller,	1
Cousin Tom,	341
Crosseausseway Club,	385
Dilemmas of Humanity,	401
Doing and Dreaming,	223
Dresden—Leipsic, Excursion to,	92
Duckweed Hawker,	49
Emigrant Voices from New Zealand,	353
Enemies,	97
England, Plain Truths for,	337
Fashion, Frolics of,	209
Feasts,	261
Fireside Games,	417
Footprints of Genius,	103
Fowling in Faroe and Shetland,	180
French Oddity,	88
Frolics of Fashion,	209
Games, Fireside,	417
Gardens,	221
Garret-Master,	76
Genius, Footprints of,	103
'Get Thee out of Thy Country,'	129
Glances at Paris in September 1848,	273
Goust, Unknown Republic of,	165
Great Men,	257
How to Get On,	312
Human Hydrophobia,	81
Humanity, Dilemmas of,	401
Hydrophobia, Human,	81
Label Printer,	78
Mushroom Hunter,	49
Nationality,	369
New Zealand, Emigrant Voices from,	353
O Rus!	239
Paris, Glances at, in September 1848,	273
Pau, Wintering in, 153, 186, 236, 300, 396	
Plain Truths for England,	337
Progressiveness,	65
Recollections of a Working-Man,	145
Ride in South Africa,	156
Schoolboy Days,	305
Singing Birds, Green Food for,	49
South Wales, Trip to,	17
Struggles for Life in the Metropolis,	49, 76
Summer Excursion in Germany—Vienna to Prague and Dresden,	57, 92, 136
Summer-Time in Town and Country, by Thomas Miller,	1
Town in Summer, by T. Miller,	1
Tracings of the Alps,	321
Trip to the Wye and South Wales,	17
Truths for England, Plain,	337
Undercliff, Isle of Wight,	66
Unknown Republic,	165
Very Wise, Never Wrong, and Infallible,	33
Vienna to Prague and Dresden, Summer Excursion from,	57
Waiting, Wisdom of,	360
Walk among the East of London Jews,	363
Walks in a Brazilian Forest,	165
Wintering in Pau, 153, 186, 236, 300, 396	
Wisdom of Waiting,	360
Wool-Gleaning,	152
Word on the Highlands,	193
Working-Man's Recollections,	145
Wye, Trip to,	17
Your Business is under Consideration,	271

POETRY.

	Page
A Sketch,	208
Adonilis,	379
Bessy and her Dog, by Mary Bennett,	176
Chimes for the Times,	96
Evil E'e,	69
Fairies' Summer Evening Song,	352
Fakeer of Jungheera,	298
Friedhof, or Court of Peace,	416
Gentle Words,	272
Give Place, ye Ladies,	256
Happy Dream,	128
I Ken a Fair Wee Flower,	42
Kinge's Hunt is Upp,	224
Life's Journey, by Calder Campbell,	160
Lilies of the Field,	240
'Poor Mary-Ann,'	112
Robinson Crusoe, to an Old Volume of,	384
Ruins of Many Lands,	319
Sonnet, by Calder Campbell,	48
Sonnet, by Calder Campbell,	400
Sonnet to Ben Lomond,	400
Sonnet to I——. Christmas,	16
Sonnet to the Buttercup,	48
Sonnet to the Snowdrop,	80
Strangers, the,	432
To * * *,	144
Voice from the Deer Forest,	27
Wait no Longer,	288
Yesterday,	368

POPULAR SCIENCE.

	Page
Alum Works,	175
Atmospheric Electrical Phenomena,	358
Chemistry of Autumn,	134
Chemistry of Winter,	387
Cockroach on Shipboard,	14
Conway Tube Bridge,	113
Electric Light,	419
Electrical Phenomena, Atmospherical,	358
Flower Hybrids,	147
Flowers, Fruits, and Trees, Curiosities of,	309
Hashish,	341
Hybrids, Flower,	147
Liebig on the Vital Forces,	190
Light, Electric,	419
Light and Vegetation,	295
Mauritius, Science in,	190
Mayna,	348
Meteors and Shooting-Stars,	276
Natural History, Sketches in,	38
Neptune, Planet,	276
New Excalent,	348
Polar Clock,	276
Science in Mauritius,	190
Scientific Jottings,	276
Torpidity of Animals,	38
Tube Bridge,	113
Vegetation and Light,	295
Winter, Chemistry of,	387

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

	Page
'Babes in the Wood,'	110
Blind Man's Granddaughter,	189
Blum, Robert,	409

Digitized by Google

	Page
Buffalo Hunters,	98
Callot, Jaques,	402
Cherry-Tree Hut,	339
Columns for Young People—	
The Jackal,	415
The Peacock,	286
Country Visit of an Editor,	131
Cousin Tom,	344
Dasee Lewellyn's Wish,	179
Death of Murat,	116
Editor's Country Visit,	131
Eppy Forbes, our Cousin,	30
Faults on Both Sides,	422
February 1848, Incident of the,	359
Female Self-Devotedness,	245
Fortunes of a Farmer's Boy,	158
Gambler,	195
Good Counsel Better than Good Day,	34
Honeymoon in 1848,	20
Incident of the February 1848,	359
Jackal, The,	415
Leclerc, Sebastian,	142
Little Olivier of Boulogne,	236
Mason Blackadder,	149
Misspent Guinea,	410
Murat, Death of,	116
Narrative of a Yorkshire Emigrant,	217
Nicholas Dechamp, Story of,	370
Nuthatch,	123
Obscure Inventors,	431
Old Flemish Burying-Ground,	55
Old Wisdom,	3
Our Cousin Eppy Forbes,	30
Palissy, Bernard,	335
Peacock, the, a Tale,	286
Plain People,	333
Planter, West Indian,	62
Quaker Love, by Leitch Ritchie,	277
Saying and Doing, a Tale,	399
Sebastian Leclerc,	142
Silver Mine,	238
Singular Captivity,	317
Spanish Exiles, Anecdote of,	270
Start in Life,	210
Struggles of Principle,	161
That which Money cannot Buy,	267
Treasure,	68
Waxen Head,	293
West Indian Planter,	62
Will, by Anna Maria Sargeant,	364
Yorkshire Emigrant in America,	217

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

	Page
Artisan, Thompson's Autobiography of an,	13
Bank of England, Francis's History of the,	52
Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert,	406
Bethnal Green, Dr Gavin on,	12
British Colonies, Byrne on the,	74
Byrne's Twelve Years' Rambling in the British Colonies,	74
Chevalier's 'Question des Travailleurs,'	100
Craik's Romance of the Peerage,	141
Deer Forest, Voice from,	27
Eastern Life, Present and Past, by Miss Martineau,	7
Ellett's Women of the American Revolution,	349
England, Macaulay's History of,	425
Forty Days in the Desert, Bartlett's,	406
Francis's History of the Bank of England,	52
Gavin's, Dr, Sanitary Ramblings,	12
Keats, John, Milnes's Life of,	376
Liebig's Researches on the Motion of the Joints,	198
Macaulay's History of England,	425
Maclagan's Poems and Songs,	67
Martineau's, Miss, Eastern Life, Present and Past,	7
Michell's Ruins of Many Lands,	319
Milnes's Life of Keats,	376
Pursuits of Literature,	326
Researches on the Motion of the Joints, Liebig's,	198
Romance of the Peerage, Craik's,	141
Royal Society, Wild's History of,	105
Ruins of Many Lands, Michell's,	319
Sanitary Ramblings by Dr Gavin,	12
South Australia, Byrne on,	74
Thompson's Autobiography of an Artisan,	13
Vagrancy, Report on,	326
Voice from the Deer Forest,	27
Wild's History of the Royal Society,	105
Women of the American Revolution,	349

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

	Page
Adelaide, St Andrew's Society of,	45
Africa, Blockade of,	126
Age of Towns,	42
Allen, William,	233
Anglo-Indians, Poetry of the,	297
Animal Trainer, Bisset, the,	22
Australia, Snakes in,	217
Autumn, Chemistry of,	134
Bakers of London,	47
Bank of Scotland, Notes towards a History of the,	121
Bengalee Doctor,	171
Bisset, the Animal Trainer,	22
Blockade of Africa,	126
Blum, Robert,	409
Boy-Labourers, Experiment with,	94
Cairo Bookseller,	426
Calcutta, Education in,	109
Callot, Jaques,	402
Cancer said to be Cured by Mesmerism,	383
Carlisle Bakers,	173
Channing, Dr,	89
Chateaubriand,	201
Chemistry of Autumn,	134
Chemistry of Winter,	387
Chevalier on the Plans of Louis Blanc,	100
Cholera, Remedy for,	272
Christmas in the Olden Times,	413
Cleanliness, Natural Law of,	269
Commercial Hotels of Egypt,	380
Cotton, from the Pod to the Piece,	372
Derbyshire Potteries, Visit to the,	314
Detached Seas,	177
Directory, Look into a,	280
Eccentricities of Sympathy,	59
Economic View of Temperance,	126
Editor, Mysterious Goings on of an,	313
Education Question in Scotland,	183
Emigrant, Yorkshire, in America,	217
Emigrant's, Steerage, Journal,	264
Emigrants, Intending, Information for,	234
Emigration,	129
Emigration Statistics,	111
English Penal Schools,	170
European Race, Different,	411
Everything is Convertible to Some Use,	302
Experiment with Boy-Labourers,	94
Faroe and Shetland, Fowling in,	180
Feasts,	361
Female Heroism,	108
Fens, Great Level of the,	213
Finance of Railways,	330
Fluctuation of Marriages,	266
Foley, Account of,	431
Foster, John, the Essayist,	249
Freaks upon Flowers, Fruits, and Trees,	309
Gardens,	221
Gossip about Sharks,	293
Great Bedford Level,	213
Gresham College,	216
Hashish,	341
High School of Hobart Town,	430
Highlands, Wild cats in,	103
Honours of Literature,	127
House and its Varieties,	226
Horses of the Humbler Classes,	223
Hudson's Bay Company,	242
Humbler Classes, Horses of the,	223
Importance of the Insignificant,	86
Improvement of the Negroes,	303
Incident on the Pacific,	282
Information for Intending Emigrants,	234
Insignificant, Importance of the,	86
Inundation of Irish,	261
Irish Inundation,	261
Jackal, The,	415
Jews of the East of London,	363
Joseph Lancaster,	139
Junk, Chinese, visit to,	40
Lancaster, Joseph,	139
Liberia now an Independent State,	394
Library Statistics,	252
Literature, Honours of,	127
London Bakers,	47
Look into a Directory,	280
Louis Blanc, Chevalier, on his Plans,	100
Louisiana, Voice from,	62
Manual Dexterity in Manufactures,	79
Marriages, Fluctuation of,	266
Masons of Paris,	253
Mental Faculties, Remarkable Case of Suspension of,	11
Mesmerism, Supposed Cure of Cancer by,	383
Milne, James, Account of,	431
Milton, Opprobrium of,	73
Mischievous Schoolboys,	32
Monster Unveiled,	313
Natural Law of Cleanliness,	269
Negro Improvability,	303
Negroes, Republic of,	394
New Escalent,	318
New Zealand, Emigrants in,	353
New Zealand, Settlement of Otago in,	209
Opprobrium of Milton,	73
Otago Settlement,	209
Pacific, Incident on the,	282
Palissy, Bernard,	335
Paris, Glances at in September 1848,	273
Paris, Masons of,	253
Pau, Wintering in, 153, 188, 206, 300,	396
Penal Schools, English,	170
Pod to the Piece,	372
Poetry of the Anglo-Indians,	297
Prison at Reading, Visit to the,	290
Public Health Act,	321
Pursuits of Literature,	326
Races, Different European,	411
Railways, Finance of,	330
Reading, Prison at, Visit to the,	290
Remedy for Cholera,	272
Richard François,	158
Roberts, John, Account of,	429
Royal Society, History of,	105
Sanitary Evils from Slaughter-Houses in Towns,	206
Sanitary Measures, Enforcement of,	332
Scavenger, Fortunes of a,	302
Schoolboys, Mischievous,	32
Schools, English Penal,	170
Scotland, Education Question in,	180

Digitized by Google

	Page
Seas, Detached,	177
Sharks, Gossip about,	203
Shops,	250
Singular Captivity,	317
Slaughter-Houses in Towns, Evils of,	206
Snakes in Australia,	247
Sneezing,	23
South Africa,	159
St Andrew's Society of Adelaide,	45
Statistics of Libraries,	252
Steerage Emigrant's Journal,	264
Sublimities of the Toe,	168
Sugar Question,	3
Suspension of Mental Faculties, Remarkable Case of,	11
Sympathy and its Eccentricities,	59
Tasmania, High School in,	430
Temperance, Economic View of,	126
Towns, Age of,	42
Tramp,	326
Tube Bridge,	113
Undercliff, Isle of Wight,	66
Vagrancy, Report on,	326
Vestris the Dancer,	168
Visit to the Chinese Junk,	40
Visit to the Derbyshire Potteries,	314
Visit to the Prison at Reading,	290
Voice from Louisiana,	62
Wakilahs, or Commercial Hotels of Egypt,	380
Wilson, Mrs, in Calcutta,	108
Wool-Gleaning,	152
Working-Men, Habits of,	145
Boiling Water, Curiosities of,	416
Causes of Disease,	351
Charity,	352
Christmas Tale,	224
Clan Munro,	352
Cloth made of Pine-Apple Leaves,	320
Compensations,	288
Confession,	368
Crafts in Germany,	320
Cultivation of Taste,	240
Death,	288
Diffusion of Books,	224
Do or Don't,	384
Domestic Happiness,	32
Easy Way of Gaining or Losing Five Years of Life,	16
Eel Fascinated by a Snake,	336
Effect of Slight Deviations,	96
Electrotype,	16
Encounter with a Prairie Wolf,	207
Excellencies of Knowledge,	336
Exemplary Economy,	144
Factory Education in Lancashire,	80
Fichte's Lecture,	144
Healthy Skin,	48
Hedge and other Birds, Plea for,	48
Help to Energy,	224
House-Fly, Use of in Teaching,	63
Hydraulic Power,	272
Ignorance, Inability of,	304
Importance of Flannel Next the Skin,	256
Improvements in the Highlands,	384
Indefatigable Teacher,	239
Industry,	336
Instruction,	400
Inward Influence of Outward Beauty,	240
Kindly Germans,	240
Knowledge, Excellencies of,	304
Knowledge of Ignorance,	416
Lady Freemason,	288
Land of Plenty,	336
Leap-Frog,	96
Locusts, Swarm of,	368
Milk, Varieties of,	16
Mind,	48
Moral Regeneration,	80
Moral Seasons,	384
Moravian Missionaries,	368
Obligation to Brutes,	96
Peat-Mosses,	175
Pedestrianism in the Brickyard,	272
Pike, The,	16
Pint of Ale and a Newspaper,	207
Pope, Personal Appearance of the,	208
Popular Errors Respecting Eating Fruit,	239
Popular Recreation,	208
Pyrenean Dog, Sagacity of a,	352
Romanticists,	80
Saving of Fuel in Gas-Works,	64
Scarcity of Young Celebrities,	368
Silk Trade,	224
Small Profits,	304
Smoking,	64
Speaking-Trumpet,	352
Steam Cradle,	96
Suspicion,	336
Swallows,	144
Telegraph,	32
Temperance Statistics,	256
Too Late,	224
Trifles, Effect of,	400
True Blue,	256
True Tolerance,	416
Valuable Hint for Farmers,	207
Viaduct Across the Dee,	336
Voice of the Teuch,	240
What London Is,	80
Who are the Truly Valuable in Society,	320
Wonders of Chemistry,	256
Work or Learn,	239

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Actress of the Last Century,	304
Boiling Down in Australia,	64

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 235. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848. Price 1½d.

SUMMER-TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

London in summer-time is like one of those great kitchens which were fitted up somewhere within the castles that were inhabited by the Ogres of our olden tales, and in which poor humanity, when captured, was cooked. If you stand upon the gratings to look into the shop windows on the sunny side of the way, they are as hot as gridirons, and if you loiter long enough you would be broiled. You get outside an omnibus to enjoy the fresh air; but all the fresh air has rushed down the streets that open upon the river to cool itself—and there you are all but baked. You get down, and try the inside by way of change; but that is like a great arched boiler, whose only safety-valve is the half-open door, and you find the big drops oozing from your forehead, and have just time to hail the conductor, to save yourself from being teuderly steamed. If you get into one of the squares, you might almost as well be fixed on a roasting-jack, for every window looks like a fire; and you go round and round, like Falstaff, 'larding the leau earth.' You hurry off to Blackfriars Bridge, hoping there to find a little breathing space; but every 'villanous compound of smell' has stolen a march before you, and is out sweetening itself. You try London Bridge, from whence so many of her Majesty's lieges embark, and there you are greeted with the self-same evil scent, as if 'Death could not keep his court' anywhere beside the Thames but at the foot of the bridges. Like a rat that tries to climb up the side of a copper covered with verdigris when a fire is lighted below, so to avoid the heat; you rush recklessly amid the poison, slip down, resign yourself to the Fates, and are either baked, steamed, or boiled, as they will it. The very dogs lie on the hot pavement as if they had given up all hopes of ever again finding a cool place; and as they languidly raise their eyes while you pass, seem to say, 'I would pity you if I could, but there is no help for either of us.' The cab-horses hang their heads, and stand motionless; they have even given up whisking their tails and ears, but allow the flies to bite and the sun to burn, as if appealing mutely to our sympathies; while their very looks seem to ask if any one has the heart to call them off the stand on such a day. The brasses at the front of the windows blaze again; and 'Snip, Tailor,' seems written on a tongue of flame. The only chance you have of cooling yourself is by trusting to the imagination, and looking into the shops where Wenham ice is sold, and fancying that you can see it freezing. Even while the soda-water is effervescing, everything around is so hot, that you are almost doubtful whether or not it boils, so drink it up with a kind of desperate risk. The milkman's cans have a fiery look, and you marvel not that the milk so soon turns sour, while carried about in such-like furnaces. You shut one eye as you walk along, for it is the only part you can preserve from the heat. You feel almost sorry as you peep in at the fishmonger's, to think that the finny tribe should be taken out of their native element in such weather, and laid there to bake. A footman in scarlet livery looks like a burning sacrifice offered up by pride, as if he suffered for the sins of the whole family he serves. The flowers in windows droop, and seem sorrowful, and we never see a butterfly that has missed its way in the streets hovering around them without thinking that it is endeavouring to entice them away to the pleasant gardens in the suburbs: it seems a lost messenger sent out by the flowers. A green watering-pan at a brazier's door awakens pleasant recollections, and a parcel of children puddling about a pump or a plughole makes one feel cool for an hour after. On a breathless sultry day, the shrubs in the close city squares look as if they were cut out of green tinfoil; while the crevices between the stones over which the watering-carts pass seem to open like the mouths of a parched and thirsty multitude, each eager to catch the coveted drops. You envy the man who can smoke on such a day, and almost fancy that he must have some little portable fountain in his inside with which he cools himself. Covent Garden Market would really be pleasant, if you could but be sheltered by the shadows of covering trees, instead of the heated roofs of the stifling colonnades. Holborn and Snow Hill appear as if made purposely to punish stout sinners and vicious horses. Gold-fishes in a glass globe that stands in the shade are the only living objects you look upon with feelings of envy.

But leaving all discontent behind, let us look at summer through her green and ever-open doors into a little world walled with hedges of hawthorn, which but a month or so ago were white over with May. That fragrance—rich as ever floated around Eve when she knelt to pray in the garden of Eden, while her long hair fell upon clusters of full-blown roses—has been borne along by the breeze from some neighbouring hay-field. How refreshing it feels after inhaling that burnt-brown-paper smell which pervades the city streets! How gracefully that woodbine twines around the hazel! You can already see the young nuts peeping with their green bunches between the coronets of the red-streaked flowers. The very cooing of the ringdove falls drowsily upon the quietude, now near, now afar off, just as the fitful breeze comes and goes, and makes a murmur amid the long leaves. The water-flags seem playing with one another as they are swayed by the gentle wind; and the dragon-fly, that sits upon the edge of the white water-lily, looks as if admiring the fine gauze of his wings, and the beautiful blue of his slender body, which are mirrored in the clear stream. What a home of rest appears that thatched cottage, nestled amid the flicker-

Digitized by Google

ing shadows of the trees! How the roof, covered with lichens, harmonises with the hue of the stems and the shifting tints of the foliage, which here throws down a moss of the deepest green, and there lets in the sunlight in a flood of floating gold. Even the windows, as they glitter through the openings of the branches, suggest pleasant thoughts; and you think that a sacrifice of many needless luxuries would be cheerfully counterbalanced by the beauty and tranquillity which reign around that rural dwelling-place. Such sweet retirements are assuredly calculated to awaken holier thoughts than the buzzing tumult which breaks the air above crowded cities. Here we seem to stand nearer witnesses of the works of God: there, whichever way we turn, we are reminded of man; his scaffoldings, his piles of bricks, timber sawn, iron beaten—all proclaim the slow progress of labour. Here the flowers spring up, and the leaves shoot forth, and the young branches grow longer every day; but there is no sign of toil, no hand to fashion, no model to work after. The great frame in which the warp and woof of leaves and flowers are woven was touched by an Omnipotent finger in the beginning; and neither day nor night, winter or summer, hath it stood still wholly, or needed human aid. Upon the summits of those hills the sun plants his golden feet amid the trembling dews of the morning, and the moon at night steps down uninterrupted amid the purple twilight: there are no fogged roofs over which to trail the floating silver of her drapery here—nothing but the daisies below and the stars above, and the perfume arising from miles of country flowers around her. How grand and solemn is the avenue that runs along the centre of this old wood, equalled by nothing excepting the vaulted roof of some hoary cathedral! Man needs not a more fitting temple to worship his Maker in than this. Look how those aged stems rise like mighty pillars, and support the airy dome, which looks as if enriched with the most beautiful fretwork: you might fancy that the breeze, which makes a low moan at intervals, was the dying tone of an organ; and the songs of the birds the voices of the veiled nuns, who are chanting somewhere in the hidden aisles of the trees. The rich sunlight that streams through the branches in the distance looks like a deep-dyed window, in which fancy pictures the forms of bearded saints and white-winged angels, and rounded halos of glory, such as encircle the brow of Mary Mother and her God-child. Where yonder white cloud comes in like softened moonlight between the embowered boughs, lighting here and there the pale stems of the birches, imagination sees the silver lamps shimmering before the shrines, and in the blue haze that settles down over the deep sunken dells, traces the faint smoke of the waving incense. The very brawling of the stream sounds like subdued voices in 'dim oratories,' and where it runs here in light and there in shade, looks like far-off processions seen for a moment, then lost again in the gloom of low-pillared arches.

> It seems a spot where man might sit and weep
> His petty griefs and childish cares away;
> Wearied Ambition might lie here and sleep,
> And hoary Crime in silence kneel to pray.
> The low-voiced brook, the daylight dimly given,
> Seem like that starlight land we see in dreams of heaven.

Our early poets painted summer as a beautiful woman in the full bloom of life, whose snowy forehead was wreathed with blown roses, which began to die as soon as they reached perfection. They spared her a lingering death, and cut her down like a flower in the night, as if summer could never be old. To autumn they gave the rumbling wain and wheaten-sheaf, and for years bowed her down with the weight of ripened fruit.

All animate nature seems now to be keeping holiday; the very water-rat plays over its food, now nibbling at the leaf that is swayed to and fro by the ever-moving ripples, then swimming lazily round it, or making a momentary effort to breast the current, that it may again be borne along it idly. The black water-hen, followed by her dusky and downy brood, as she paddles along in the shadow of the overhanging willows, seems as if she was taking them out for a day's pleasure, instead of leading them onward in search of insects. The lambs, which have now grown tall and strong, appear to have little more to do than run races with one another, or bleat to their woolly dams to look on while they are displaying their agility. In the air, myriads of insects are congregated in the mazy dance, some high up beyond the tallest trees, as if the broad unbounded realm of space alone was roomy enough for so immense an assemblage to 'tread a measure.' But let us try how the picture will look in verse:—

> A cottage girl trips by with sidelong look,
> Steadying the little basket on her head;
> And where a plank bridges the narrow brook,
> She stops to see her image shadowed.
> The stream reflects her cloak of glaring red;
> Below she sees the trees and deep blue sky;
> The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,
> The very birds which o'er its ripples fly:
> She parts her loose-blown hair, and wondering, passes by.
>
> Then other forms move o'er the pathways brown
> In twos and threes, for it is market-day;
> Beyond those hills stretches a little town,
> And thitherward the rustics bend their way.
> Crossing the scene in red, and blue, and gray;
> Now by green hedgerows, now by oak-trees old,
> As they by stile or low-thatched cottage stray;
> Peep through the rounded hand, and you behold
> Such scenes as Morland drew in frames of sunny gold.
>
> A laden ass, a maid with wicker maun,*
> A shepherd lad driving his lambs to sell,
> A butcher-boy seen through the park-like lawn,
> Women whose cloaks become the landscape well,
> Farmers whose thoughts on crops and prices dwell;
> An old man with his cow and calf draws near;
> Anon you hear the village carrier's bell,
> Then does his gray old tilted-cart appear,
> Moving so slow, you think he never can get there.
>
> They come from still green nooks, woods old and hoary,
> The silent work of many a summer night,
> Ere those tall trees attained their giant glory,
> Or their dark tops did tower that cloudy height.
> They come from spots which the sweet May-buds light,
> Where stream-washed willows make a silvery shiver;
> For years their steps have worn those footpaths bright
> That wind around the fields, and by the river,
> With its low murmuring sound, that rolls and sings for ever.

Nor are the sounds which give a voice to the landscape less pleasing than the moving figures which fill it with the stir of life, and are so essential to picturesque beauty. The very rattle of the bird-boy's clapper, and the shrill tones of his child-like voice, as he scares the birds from the ripening corn, are in harmony with the great concert of rural sounds. It prevents you not from hearing the jingle of the harness, and the grinding of the broad wheels of the wagon, that is descending the adjoining hill; even the clap of the distant gate falls upon the ear sharp, clear, and audible, as if struck at the true moment of time. The 'rasp, rasp' of the mower as he sharpens his scythe, drowns not the bleating of the sheep beside the brook, where they are assembled ready for the washing; the song of the milkmaid, whose pail you can just see balanced above the hedge of wild roses, seems answered by the choir of linnets that are singing among the yellow

* A kind of basket.

Digitized by Google

gorse bushes, whose armed stems are hung with thousands of little golden baskets; the 'click, click' of the stone-breaker's hammer from the roadside rings like a heavy cymbal; and the deep lowing of the brindled bull, as it comes across the river from the green marshes, sounds like the loud bass, which folds together every floating sound in the grand anthem.

How different to the rattle and the roll of the lumbering omnibuses, and the groaning drays, which jar the very foundations of our city streets—bursts of unceasing thunder, almost loud enough to break the dull drum of a deaf man's ear! Who would not, at such a season, sit with his crust of bread and cheese, and jug of home-brewed ale, under the porch of a roadside inn, with a landscape stretching before him filled with such sights and sounds as we have pictured, rather than fare sumptuously in a city dining-room, black with the 'steam of twice ten thousand dinners!' Fancy hot chops, and great smoking potatoes—a dim skylight overhead, and a cook within a few yards of you—a huge fire, and a gridiron that 'grins horribly' above the ruddy embers—and if you can recall any other images than those connected with martyrdom, or dim glimpses of the fire office which a wicked old gentleman is said to have the management of below, you are gifted with a power of imagination such as hath not visited your humble servant. Fancy summer spent in London in apartments adjoining a baker's oven, in a street up which only one vehicle can pass at a time; where the pavement is so narrow, that a stout man has either to walk sideways, or stand up under a doorway while a cab passes; where the sunshine gilds nothing lower than the attic window, and that only for a few minutes during the day; then turn the mind's eye to 'green nestling spots for poets made.' In places like those, you have a pleasant prospect of your opposite neighbour washing, drying, and ironing, all in the space of an hour or two, and in the same little room. You see Wiggins put his three potatoes into the little saucepan, and watch the progress of the small portion of steak he places upon the fire; then witness him enjoying the fresh air as he blows his face with the bellows, or revels in a bath holding a quart of Thames water. You fairly pity the poor boy who has to carry half a hundredweight of coals up so many flights of stairs, and think the old lady acts wisely who gets her kettle boiled a dozen doors off up the street, and brings it home steaming in her hand. The tripe shop on the ground-floor seems to be visited by no other customers than Bluebottles, who walk in and out, and help themselves without paying. The butter in the chandler's window dissolves while you look at it, the bladder of lard has a lanky and melting look, while the bacon is manufacturing itself into a state of streakings by throwing out quantities of superabundant fat—for a slow cooking process is carried on everywhere.

No marvel that the Cockneys rush with a kind of desperate determination to Gravesend, Herne Bay, Margate, Ramsgate, or any other of their favourite watering-places, and eat shrimps and lobsters, and take baths, with a perseverance that appears the very opposite of their general natures, as if they endeavoured every way to familiarise themselves to a new element, and were by degrees preparing to become inhabitants of the great deep. Davies the drysalter emerges from his dark-looking house in Upper Thames Street, and mounting his yellow slippers and telescope, sweeps the rounded horizon, and grows eloquent in 'reefing,' 'steering,' and 'boxing the compass,' even permitting the ends of his neckerchief to fly out loosely, and blend with Mrs Davies's green veil, because it gives him a kind of sea-going rakish-built look. He thinks it would have been a great improvement to have built all large towns by the sea-side—the houses would then have looked so pleasant in summer. His spouse reminds him that there is no walking on the sands, or going out in sailing-boats in winter. To this he acquiesces, and agrees that London is not so badly situated after all.

The railways are working wonders, by carrying out their thousands from London in summer to sweet breathing-places a few miles out, which only six or seven years ago it would have been half a day's journey to have reached; while now we can be set down in a world of leaves and flowers within the space of an hour. Pent in a populous city as we are, we have assuredly less cause to murmur than our forefathers, when, by paying ninepence, we can reach Sydenham, or Croydon, in little more than half an hour; and instead of getting charred in Cheapside or Cornhill, plant our feet where the bluebells blow and the skylark builds; or even stand where

> The leaves 'drop, drop,' and dot the crisped stream,
> So quick each circle wears the first away;
> Where the tall bulrush stands, and seems to dream,
> Or to the ripple nods its head alway.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

JUDGING from the experience of the last few years, it may be doubted whether an unreflecting and sentimental humanity is not more harmful than the individual and social miseries which it is professedly designed to alleviate. The best feelings, unregulated by judgment and knowledge, may lead to consequences the most disastrous. Compassion for the poor is a noble and proper feeling; but how mischievous when assuming the form of indiscriminate almsgiving, in which it breaks down the principle of self-reliance, checks industrial enterprise, and produces systematic mendicancy. Commiseration for bodies of workmen temporarily without employment is an equally commendable feeling; but how shortsighted that policy which, on the plea of finding work for these unfortunate operatives, proposes to exclude certain foreign manufactures from the country. Pity for a large class of young females in the metropolis, who undertake to make shirts at three-halfpence each, is not less a Christian sentiment; but how absurd to decry the employers of these females, when the whole cause of the evil is the too great supply of labour—the excessive competition of hands in proportion to the work to be executed; and how much more reasonable it would be in this, as in other instances of hardship, to relieve the labour market by emigration or otherwise, than to raise fresh competition by a public subscription of funds. In this way it could be shown that in very many things affecting general interests, zeal without discretion may be most unjust and dangerous in its dealings.

By far the grandest instance of this well-meaning but questionable policy was the abolition of slavery in our West Indian possessions. The measure itself was only consistent with principles of justice and humanity: it rid the British dominions of a disgraceful stigma; it liberated thousands of beings from compulsory bondage. All that is allowed; but was this great national act not tainted with the vice of imprudence, and have its more special promoters not been chargeable to a great degree with defeating by their zeal the ends which they and all others had professedly in view? It is of no use shirking the matter: the confession must be made. The abolition of West Indian slavery, while communicating freedom to a British population, has vastly increased the horrors of slavery in foreign tropical climes. Such a result never could have been contemplated by Clarkson and Wilberforce. The Anti-slavery Societies could not have anticipated that their doings were to have the effect of increasing the amount of slavery generally, and likewise of rendering the transmission of slaves from Africa more cruel and iniquitous than ever. Yet all this has happened. The public press is full of details respecting the extent and horrors of this post-abolition slavery; and we need not therefore go minutely into the subject. It is sufficient to know that all our expensive and ill-conceived plans for preventing the deportation of slaves to Brazil, Cuba, and other countries have failed; that we are now paying a

Digitized by Google

million and a-half of money annually to suppress the traffic; that this sum is worse than thrown away, for the slave-trade goes on vigorously notwithstanding, and with greatly increased cruelties; that slave-holding states rejoice in our act of abolition, as it gives them a partial monopoly in growing, by means of slave-labour, the sugar and coffee which we, the people of Great Britain, require.

As a means of redress for their alleged grievances, the West Indians earnestly request that the imperial legislature shall impose such high duties on the produce of Brazil, Cuba, &c. coming into the home-market, as will give them, the West Indians, a command of our trade. Such duties formerly existed, but by an act in 1846 they were much modified; and now, only for a brief period, is there a small discriminating duty. A return to high protective duties is strongly advocated by some parties unfavourable to free trade; but it is almost unnecessary to say that the realisation of any expectations on the subject is altogether hopeless. The people of England have now had an experience in buying cheap, and they will never willingly go back to buying dear sugar in preference. Sophistries may be employed to show that protection is a good thing, and not a few happen to be deceived by them; but the most illiterate housewife cannot be reasoned out of the evidence of her senses. The most adroit advocate of protection could not persuade her to pay sixpence for a pound of sugar which she was offered by somebody else for fourpence. The propriety of buying sugar, like bread, wherever it can be had cheapest, is now the received doctrine. It may be a vulgar mercenary doctrine, which is very much to be lamented, but sentiment cannot be infused into the buying of sugar. Pity is unknown in the negotiations of the counter. To speak plainly, we are too completely tired, worn out, and impoverished, in taxing ourselves, to think of making sacrifices for any class, colony, or nation. The West Indians may have expected something very different a few years ago, when they embarked their fortunes in sugar-growing property. All very likely; but it cannot be helped. We are in a shifting world; and it is the temper of the times to overhaul the conditions of national intercourse. In short, if the West Indians ever expected that, till the end of time, the people of Great Britain were to give them twopence or threepence a pound more for sugar than they could buy it for elsewhere, or, in other words, tax themselves to the extent of L.3,000,000, for the loss would be to that amount, they were in an unfortunate mistake—that is all.

According to the representations of those who seem interested in maintaining differential duties, the saving now effected in the purchase of slave-grown sugar cannot possibly continue; for as soon as, by our proper preference of a cheap to a dear article, we have altogether driven the West Indians from the field, the Cubans and Brazilians will possess so complete a monopoly, that the price of sugar will be raised: thus we are now pursuing a most shortsighted policy. This argument has been extensively used at public meetings, and also by a portion of the press; though we should hope without gaining many proselytes. Sugar is not an article of which there can be only a limited produce; and the supply, with some contingent and brief interruptions, may always be expected to be equal to the demand; while the competition in furnishing the supply will in all probability keep the price moderate. It is not to be denied, however, that just in proportion as we throw the trade into the hands of planters, remorseless as to their means of enforcing production, negro slavery will go on increasing in intensity. The Cubans and Brazilians appear to be looking forward to a period when fresh hands must be imported, fresh grounds broken up, and fresh capital employed. Never was the commerce in slaves more brisk, never was the lash plied so fiercely, as at the present moment; and yet a trade greater by far is anticipated. The expectation is founded on a knowledge of the fact to which notice has already been drawn—that a philanthropic zeal without discretion still guides the destinies of the West Indian colonies.

We should like to disappoint the hopes of these ruffians. Let the market by all means remain open to importations of sugar, no matter whence it comes; and for the sake of economy and humanity, let us withdraw our costly preventive service from the African coast. If the Cubans and Brazilians will have slaves in spite of us, let us be so far reasonable as to permit them to carry off the unfortunate captives in a manner not revolting to decency. Having thus far returned to common sense, we should desire to go one or two steps further. Supposing the West Indians to stand in need of such supplies of free labourers as would enable them not only to compete with slaveholders, but show to the world that the work of freemen is cheaper than the work of slaves—that it is better to *hire* than to *buy* men—let us place no obstruction in their way. What a glorious thing to demonstrate the truth of the doctrine of social economics, that *hired* is cheaper than *purchased* labour! and we venture to say that till this be demonstrated by evidence practical and undeniable—undeniable, because felt in the pocket—the odious traffic in slaves will not be abandoned, neither can it be put down. Some years ago, sanguine hopes were entertained that merely by employing the emancipated negroes in the British settlements, the greater economy of hired labour would have been realised. The circumstances which have prevented the realisation of these dreams need not be reviewed; whether employers or employed have been to blame, is now of little consequence. What concerns the present question is, the complaints by the planters that they cannot procure a sufficiency of labourers at fair wages. We are not without a suspicion that the complaints are for the most part groundless; but unfortunately the mother country is not in a position to disregard them. We avowedly, by our laws, prevent the West Indians from seeking for the assistance of fresh hands: they are not allowed to invite and hire negro labourers from Africa on a scale suitable to their alleged necessities. Inspired by the terror of originating a new slavery in disguise, negro immigration is said to have been checked, and a dearth of labour created. It is not to the credit of English sagacity that what is at the utmost a matter of detail in arrangement, could bring a rational principle to a dead halt. We have no right to prevent our West Indian fellow-subjects from hiring Africans if they choose to do so; all we have to look to is, that the practice shall not be abused. No doubt the ignorant and hapless natives of the African continent might too easily be seduced into bondage, on the plea of being used only as hired labourers for a limited term; but it is preposterous to say that the legislature could not enjoin such precautionary arrangements, both at the ports of embarkation, and within the colonies respectively, as would effectually shelter the personal liberty of the employed. We are at least solicitous that a well-devised plan of immigration should be tried, of course at the expense of the colonies, and with their approval. The direct benefit to be derived from the experiment might possibly turn out to be illusory, but an important object would be gained in throwing the entire cause of failure on those who are now concerned in crying out ruin from a dearth of labour. Were the experiment successful, how greatly should we have advanced in working out the problem of creating a wholesome intercourse with Africa.

We are sorry to say that, from all credible evidence, public and private, the present occupants of property in the West Indies are not generally the class of persons who may be deemed capable of grappling with the new circumstances into which the islands have been thrown. Alluding to the evidence on the subject of the sugar duties lately laid before parliament, and from which a select committee inferred that the colonies were ruined, in consequence of the withdrawal of protection, an able provincial print (the 'Manchester Guardian') sums up as follows:—'We have carefully examined the evidence, and we find none (if we exclude opinions expressed apart from facts stated) which can be considered as proving that assertion. We find, it is true, abundant evidences of ruin; but in almost every case it appears to have been completed before the sugar act of

Digitized by Google

1846, and from causes long antecedent to that measure. We find the strongest evidence, given by the West Indians themselves, of the prejudicial effects of mismanagement; of the consequences of encumbered estates; of the enormous charges imposed upon them by being mortgaged to British merchants, who, on their own terms, conduct their sales and purchases; who provide shipping at their own established rates of freight, irrespective of the common market rate; and of high rates of interest and commissions paid for loans. We find, too, evidence enough of the mischievous consequences of absenteeism; of the mismanagement of agents, to whom estates are intrusted; and of the enormous savings effected by those who have had the courage and the energy to pay even occasional visits to their estates. We find much evidence of the evil consequences of a want of capital; of the entire absence of suitable implements of husbandry; and of the great saving which has been effected where they have been introduced. All these, and many other facts, we find spoken to in the evidence; evils sufficient to have ruined the West Indies over and over again, whether they had been protected up to strict monopoly, or exposed to perfectly free trade. But although these facts abound in every page, less or more, strange as it may seem, not the slightest trace of them is to be found in the resolutions of the committee. There, all the blame is inferred to rest upon free-trade, and protection is pointed to as the only cure. The sugar act of 1846 is the bane, and a high differential duty is the antidote.'

The following extract from a private letter written by a resident planter in British Guiana appeared a few days ago in the 'Morning Chronicle,' and is corroborative of the above:—'If the planters would live on their own estates, feed on their own stock, and place their managers in their proper rank, they might keep their estates. It is more absenteeism than the equalisation of the sugar duties which impoverishes the landowners. While the proprietor lives in Europe, the manager occupies the mansion; his wife gets an establishment of servants; he has a stock of cattle, a garden, provision grounds, a good stable, with two or three good horses. To this he adds a handsome top gig, or more generally now a Yankee phaeton; his several jobbers are mixed up with the pay-list of the plantation labourers. Madam, if she is industriously disposed, employs some of the intelligent labourers to huckster round the country salmon, fish, pork, calicoes, &c. their job work being lumped in with plantation work. All this I see and know. A manager here should compare in position to a bailiff in England; and an attorney here to a steward in England. If either of them overstep these characters (which all do), the proprietor has only himself to blame.'

It would thus appear that the grand experiment of competing with free against slave labour cannot be effectually made under the existing social condition of the West Indies. Encumbered estates would require to be sold or abandoned; proprietors living as absentees in England would require to relinquish, or go at once and reside upon and cultivate, their estates; the whole race of attorneys, stewards, and mortgagees, would require to be swept away. Persons of intelligence, capital, and enterprise, who will not disdain to direct and superintend personally the working of their properties, are now, to all appearance, the men for the West Indies. We have already heard of such acquiring estates at an insignificant price, with every prospect of doing well upon them. Never was there a better opportunity for young men of this class making a fortune. Large estates are to be had for a trifle, and no kind of property would be so certain of yielding a good return. Whether there is to be a great and gradual regeneration of the West Indies by these means, will in some measure depend on the withdrawal of protective duties. Should these, in spite of all remonstrance, be aggravated, with a view of bolstering up a vicious system of management, enterprise and self-reliance will be discouraged; for it is the very tendency of protection to induce indolence and dependence. The West Indies, in a word, must be left to their own resources; and all that we are called on to do is, to accord them the greatest freedom of navigation, manufacture, and trade, and to place only a reasonably-qualified restriction on their engagements with negro immigrant labourers. Consistently carried out, there are the strongest grounds for believing that measures of this kind would in a few years raise the British West Indies into a state of prosperity superior to what they ever enjoyed under the deadening trammels of commercial protection.

'OLD WISDOM.'

The environs of Molsheim are amongst the fairest in the rich and fertile province of Alsace. The verdant pasturages which surround this little town are watered by the river Bruche, and scattered hamlets and highly-cultivated fields diversify the scene, whilst the bold mountain-range of the Vosges lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape, alternately rural and wild, arrests our attention each moment by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden corn-fields, and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with their dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet this sombre background serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening, the little gardens carefully kept, and the roads shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little wayside inns, used, not so much as resting-places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighbouring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans for amusement, the middle-aged to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous merriment proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might easily be recognised by the care he took duly to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man in the heyday of life, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than of a workman. He had just called for a bottle of cherry brandy with which to regale his companions, when one of the party, looking up the road, exclaimed, 'Bring another glass here, my friends; here is Father Solomon!'

'The Old Anabaptist!' was re-echoed on every side.

'Oh let us make room for him by all means,' said the giver of the treat; 'I must have a glass with Old Wisdom.'

The new-comer, whose approach had been thus hailed, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which is peculiar in those parts to the sect of Anabaptists. He walked with a firm step, which denoted neither haste nor slothfulness, leaning the while on a staff formed from a knotted vine. His countenance was venerable, and yet full of cheerfulness. As soon as he came within hearing, all the guests began to call to him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

'Good-day to you, Andrew,' said the old man in a friendly tone; 'and good-day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here, then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath day?'

'And you, Father Solomon,' inquired Stephen, 'from what church are you coming here through the meadows?'

'I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children; even from that whose incense is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation.'

'That is to say, you are coming from your fields,' replied Andrew. 'Well, sit down there now, good father, and tell us whether your wheat looks well?'

'Tell *me* first of all how you happen to be in the country now?' replied the old man as he seated himself at the place which had been left vacant for him. 'How

Digitized by Google

long has Mr Ritter's mill been able to get on without you?'

'What are Ritter and his mill to me?' exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened at this question. 'I care as much about them as I do about what is passing in the moon.'

'Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?' inquired the Anabaptist.

'I have no longer any master, Father Solomon,' hastily replied the young workman. 'I left the mill yesterday, and may it henceforth have nothing to grind, unless it be old Ritter himself! never will it have crushed worse grain.'

He then began to recount to the old man the long list of grievances which had finally led to his leaving the mill, of which he had been for ten years the director, mingling his narrative with imprecations against the owner, whom he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The Old Anabaptist listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, 'You have drunk the wine of anger, Andrew, and you see all your master's faults double. All you have now said only acquaints me with one fact—that you are out of place.'

'And do you think that I am the one most embarrassed by that?' inquired Andrew. 'Ask old Ritter what he thinks about it; see half his mills stopped, and every day that they stand still robs him of fifty crowns —that is, of fifty pieces of his flesh. The old miser will fall sick of vexation even before he is ruined. And this is what makes me so jovial to-day, Father Solomon; because what causes grief to old skin-flints, rejoices the heart of all good fellows. Here, more glasses, my friends, and let us drink to the discomfiture of the Jew of Molsheim.'

The Anabaptist took no notice of this challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of doing.

'I,' exclaimed the young miller; 'why, I mean to live like a *bourgeois*. Ritter was obliged to clear off all scores, and to line my pouch well before we parted. So long as any broad pieces remain to me, I mean to have a merry time of it.'

'And you have begun to-day to put this plan in execution?' inquired the old man.

'As you may perceive,' replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct, 'we are trying the taste of all the casks in the inn. Hollo! mine host, hast thou nothing new to bring us? Let us have some little *liqueur* here quickly that may soften the heart of Old Wisdom.'

But the old man, so soon as he had tasted the few drops of cherry brandy which he had allowed to be poured out for him, prepared to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

'Stay, good father,' he exclaimed; 'there is always both pleasure and profit in hearing you talk.'

'Yes,' said another, 'you must sing us some of the old German hymns.'

'Or you will tell us stories out of the Bible,' added a third.

The Old Anabaptist made some attempts at resistance, but they would not listen to any excuse: first his hat was carried off, then his staff, and finally he was forced to resume his seat by the side of Andrew.

The old man showed no symptoms of ill-humour at this species of friendly violence which was offered him. 'Everything must give way to youth,' said he cheerfully; 'but since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequence, and put up with one of my sermons.'

'Preach away—preach away then, Father Solomon,' exclaimed the merry group with one voice; 'we are all ready to listen.'

This willing acquiescence was easily to be accounted for by the knowledge possessed by Andrew and his companions of the nature of the old man's general mode of instruction. What he called his sermons were for the most part histories or parables taken from the Sacred Writings, whence he always drew some useful lesson; and even those who made but small count of this latter part of his discourses, liked to listen to the old man's narratives, even as they would have done to some fireside legend. Father Solomon was in their eyes a sort of romancer, whose inventions amused their imagination, even if they did not enlighten their reason. Andrew filled the glasses once more, and the whole party, each resting his folded arms upon the table, bent forward to listen with the deepest attention.

The old man proceeded. 'I will not relate to you,' said he, 'this day either any legend of our country or any stories drawn from the Sacred Volume; either one or the other would be too grave for your present mood. I will rather treat you as children, by telling you a nursery tale as it is related on the other side of the Rhine.

'In olden times, then, when everything was different from what it is now-a-days, there lived at Manheim a young man named Otto, who was intelligent and daring, but who never knew how to accomplish one important feat—that of bridling his own passions. When he desired a thing, nothing could prevent him from attaining it; and his passions resembled those stormy blasts which sweep across rivers, valleys, and mountains, destroying all that opposes their progress. Being wearied of the tranquil life he led at Manheim, he took it into his head one fine day to set out on a long journey, with the hope that he might discover fortune and happiness in its course. He accordingly swung upon his shoulder a packet containing his best clothes, placed in a belt around his waist all the money he possessed, and started on his way without knowing whither he was bound.

'After journeying on for some days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which seemed to stretch on all sides as far as the eye could reach. He here encountered three other travellers, who seemed to have paused, like himself, to repose themselves before plunging into its depths. One was a tall, proud-looking woman, with a threatening aspect, who held in her hand a javelin; the other a young girl, who lay half asleep in a chariot drawn by four bullocks; and the third was an old woman clad in rags, and with a rugged mien. Otto saluted them, and inquired whether they were acquainted with the road through the forest; and on their replying in the affirmative, he requested permission to follow them, lest he should lose his way.

'They all three consented, and proceeded on their way in company with the young man. The latter soon perceived that his companions were endued with powers which God has not bestowed on all his creatures, but this discovery awakened no uneasiness in his mind, and he pursued his journey, chatting the while with his three fellow-travellers.

'They had already gone on thus for some hours together, when they heard a horse's tread approaching. Otto turned round to see who it was, and recognised a bourgeois from Manheim, whom he had hated for many a long year, and whom he looked upon as his greatest enemy. The bourgeois soon gained on the pedestrians, glanced at Otto with a scornful smile, and passed on. All the young man's ire was roused to the utmost. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I would give all I possess now, and the best part of my future inheritance to boot, if I could only revenge myself on that man for his pride and his malice." "Do not distress yourself about that, for I can easily satisfy your wish," said the tall woman with the javelin. "Shall I transform him into a blind and infirm beggar for you? You have only to pay me the price of the transformation." "And what would the price be?" eagerly inquired Otto. "The right eye." "Gladly would I give it to be really avenged."

'The young man had hardly uttered the words, when the promised change was effected in the rich bourgeois, and Otto found himself at the same moment blind of an eye. He felt at first somewhat dismayed; but he soon consoled himself for his loss by remembering that his remaining eye sufficed to give him the enjoyment of witnessing the sight of his enemy's misery.

Digitized by Google

'In the meanwhile they continued to walk on for several hours without seeing any end to the gloomy forest; the road was each moment becoming more hilly and rugged. Otto, who was beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, looked with an anxious eye upon the chariot in which the youngest female of the party lay half reclining at her ease. It was so ingeniously constructed, that the deepest ruts hardly gave it more than a gentle swing. "All roads must appear short and good in this chariot," he said, approaching it with a wistful look: "I would give a great deal to have one like it." "Is that all you want?" rejoined the second of his companions. "I can satisfy your desire in a moment." She struck with her foot the chariot which bore her. It seemed to unfold itself, and a second chariot, of exactly the same graceful and easy proportions, and drawn by two fine black bullocks, presented itself to his astonished view. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he thanked the young girl, and was about to step into his newly-acquired vehicle, when she motioned to him to stop. "I have," said she, "fulfilled your desire, but I do not intend to make a worse bargain than my sister; you gave *her* one of your eyes, I require one of your arms."

'Otto was at first somewhat disconcerted by this request; but he was beginning to feel very weary; the chariot seemed waiting most invitingly to receive him; and, as I before told you, he had never been accustomed to resist the impulse of the moment. So, after some slight hesitation, he agreed to the bargain, and found himself seated in his new equipage, but at the same time deprived of his right arm. They now proceeded for some time on their journey without interruption. The forest seemed to stretch itself out to an interminable length. Otto soon began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst. The old woman clad in rags quickly perceived it. "You are becoming gloomy, my lad," said she. "When the stomach is empty, discouragement is not far distant; but I possess a sure remedy against want and despair." "What is it then?" inquired the young man. "You see this flagon which I carry often to my lips?" she replied. "It contains forgetfulness of pain, joy, and the brightest visions of hope: whoever drinks of it becomes happy; and I will not drive with you a harder bargain than my sisters, for I only require in exchange one-half of your brain."

'This time the young man rejected the offer. He began to feel a sort of terror at these successive bargains. But the old hag induced him to taste the liquor contained in the flagon, and when he had once done so, it appeared to him so delicious, that his resolution gave way, and he acceded to the bargain. The promised effect was not long in making itself felt. Scarcely had he quaffed the tempting beverage, when he felt his strength revive, his heart became joyous, and full of confidence; and when he had sung all the songs he could remember, he fell quietly asleep in his chariot, perfectly indifferent as to what might become of him. When he awoke, his three companions had disappeared, and he found himself alone at the entrance of a village. He attempted to rise, but one side of his body seemed paralysed; he tried to look about him, but the one eye which now alone remained to him was dim and uncertain; he tried to speak, but his tongue faltered, and his ideas were confused. Now at length he began to comprehend how great were the sacrifices to which he had so lightly consented. His three fellow-travellers had degraded him from the level of humanity—a crippled idiot, no other resource remained for him than to beg his daily bread from door to door during the remainder of his days.

Here the Old Anabaptist ceased. Andrew struck his fist upon the table, and burst into a noisy laugh. '*Ma foi*,' said he, 'I think your friend Otto was a fool, Father Solomon, and that he only got what he deserved. As to his three companions, they were thorough sharpers, whose names I should be glad to know, that I may take care to avoid them.'

'It is easy to tell you that,' said the old man, 'for their names are well known to all. The name of the tall woman with the javelin is Hatred; that of the young girl reclining in the chariot is Sloth; and that of the old hag with the flagon is Intemperance.'

'Well, I can quite understand that when one has to deal with such customers, one gets the worst of the bargain,' replied the young miller; 'but still I abide by my old opinion, Otto deserved no better.'

'Alas!' replied the old man gravely, 'I know some other people in the world who are no wiser than he was. What should you say, for instance, to a lad who, for the sake of ruining a master with whom he had quarrelled, exposes himself to the misfortune of being left without employment? Do you think *he* is blessed with his full sight?—or has he not rather sold one of his eyes to Hatred? Add to this, that he wishes to give himself what he calls a "merry time of it"—that is to say, to taste the pleasures of idleness, without reflecting that, once unaccustomed to labour, and enervated by idleness, he will no longer find it so easy to regain the use of the two stout arms which in former days constituted his wealth. Finally, to console himself under his vexations, he has already lost in the tavern one-half of his senses, and he will, before long, be deprived of the use of them altogether. If *Otto* was a fool, what opinion can *Andrew* have of one who is imitating his example?'

The group began to laugh; Andrew alone remained grave and silent. He did not seek any longer to detain the Old Anabaptist, but suffered him to depart without even saying farewell. Evidently the lesson had wounded him, as lessons which come home to our consciences generally do. But such counsels are often like those bitter draughts which at first are not only distasteful to our palate, but seem even to increase our malady; yet afterwards they prove a means of restoring us to health. Andrew reflected all night on Otto's history, and next morning he returned to Monsieur Ritter's mill, where he resumed the duties which he ought never to have abandoned.

EASTERN LIFE PRESENT AND PAST.*

Miss Martineau has committed an inadvertence in the preface to this book, which operates disadvantageously on its reception by those critics who compete with each other in priority of reviewing. She has mentioned the work merely in its character of a *journal of travels;* and as an author should know best what he has intended to write, few hasty examiners are likely to consider it in any other point of view. As a mere journal of travels, it is unquestionably open to the accusation constantly brought against it, of bookmaking, and more especially of the old-fashioned sin of seizing every opportunity of ekeing out the chapter by the aid of bygone historical matter. But if we let the preface alone, and look at the work in itself, we find it something very different from a journal of travels. The very titles of the four books into which it is divided ought to be sufficient to correct our first impression: Egypt and its Faith—Sinai and its Faith—Palestine and its Faith—Syria and its Faith. It is, in fact, a historical essay, written in the localities of the history, and illustrating the lucubrations of the learned by actual observation both of monuments and manners.

There is no living writer better fitted for a work of this kind than Miss Martineau. She is eminently an illustrator. Without the power to originate speculation, she is highly gifted in simplifying and popularising it. Unable to lead, she yet does more than follow; and the light which her talent for minutiæ throws upon the objects of research, must sometimes both surprise and

* By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. London: Moxon. 1848.

Digitized by Google

benefit their discoverer. But while cheerfully awarding her the praise of illustration, we must not conceal that she is subject to the usual faults of a mere illustrator. It is her business to explain, and therefore she must explain—or seem to do so. There are to her no difficulties she cannot surmount, no depths she cannot fathom, no mysteries she cannot solve. When the old geographers came to a part of the map of which they were ignorant, they wrote in it the words *terra incognita*: these are words which have no place in Miss Martineau's ample vocabulary. We may have an opportunity of exhibiting an instance or two of this defect in passing along; but our main business, of course, is to show the general spirit and character of the book.

It will be understood, no doubt, that in so far as the localities are concerned, this is a mere fashionable tour; and that the chief merit of the book, in its lighter parts, must consists in its presenting well-known objects in a new point of view, or at least with such adjuncts as confer an air of novelty upon the picture. This is precisely our author's *forte*. She sees more than most people, and very often sees differently, and has the faculty, besides, of investing even the most commonplace circumstances with an extrinsic interest belonging partly to imagination and partly to style and manner. The first thing in the book that strikes us as characteristic of Miss Martineau, as well as amusing in itself, is the antipathy she takes to the camel the moment she sets eyes upon that modern antique. 'Presently a string of camels passed through the Square, pacing noiselessly along. I thought them, then, as I think them now, after a long acquaintance with them, the least agreeable brutes I know. Nothing can be uglier, unless it be the ostrich, which is ludicrously like the camel in form, gait, and expression of face. The patience of the camel, so celebrated in books, is what I never had the pleasure of seeing. So impatient a beast I do not know—growling, groaning, and fretting whenever asked to do or bear anything—looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite, if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures; but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and hopelessness in the face of the camel, always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a *damned* animal. I wonder some of the old painters of hell did not put a camel into their foreground, and make a traditional emblem of it. It is true the Arab loves his own camel, kisses its lips, hugs its neck, calls it his darling and his jewel, and declares he loves it exactly as he loves his eldest son; but it does not appear that any man's affection extends beyond his own particular camel, which is truly, for its services, an inestimable treasure to him. He is moved to kick and curse at any but the domestic member of the species, as he would be by the perverseness and spite of any other ill-tempered creature. The one virtue of the camel is its ability to work without water; but out of the desert, I hardly think that any rider would exchange the willing, intelligent, and proud service of the horse for that of the camel, which objects to everything, and will do no service but under the compulsion of its own fears.'

The next originality is what she calls the 'after-glow'—a natural phenomenon we do not recollect to have ever seen alluded to before. 'I do not remember to have read of one great atmospheric beauty of Egypt—the after-glow, as we used to call it. I watched this nightly for ten weeks on the Nile, and often afterwards in the desert, and was continually more impressed with the peculiarity, as well as the beauty, of this appearance. That the sunset in Egypt is gorgeous, everybody knows; but I for one was not aware that there is a renewal of beauty some time after the sun has departed and left all gray. This discharge of colour is here much what it is among the Alps, where the flame-coloured peaks become gray and ghastly as the last sunbeam leaves them. But here everything begins to brighten again in twenty minutes: the hills are again purple or golden—the sands orange—the palms verdant—the moonlight on the water a pale green ripple on a lilac surface; and this after-glow continues for ten minutes, when it slowly fades away.' But it is vain to attempt giving any idea here of the scenic descriptions that sparkle in almost every page. These occur with special effect in the voyage up the Nile, during which our author seems to have been in a perfect fever of delight. The pranks of the crew, and their imitation of the Europeans, even when the latter nodded and fell asleep—the veiled women coming down to the river to fill their water-pots—the religious ablutions and prostrations of the men—the harrow drawn by a camel—the almost naked Arabs employed in irrigation with the primitive pole and bucket—the buffaloes swimming from bank to bank—the ferry-boat with its ragged sail and heterogeneous freight—the sugar-canes, wheat, and lupins, fringing the banks and clothing the slopes—the towns and villages girded with acacia groves—all transported the observer into a world of poetry and romance. And then the change of scenery in the night! 'No object was perceptible on the high black eastern bank, above and behind which hung the moon; but in her golden track on the dimpled waters were the shadows of palms, single and in clusters, passing over swiftly—"authentic tidings of invisible things."' And then the rising of Orion!—which 'shone forth, night by night, till the punctual and radiant apparition became almost oppressive to the watching sense. I came at last to know his first star as it rose clear out of the bank. He never issued whole from a haze on the horizon, as at home. As each star rose, it dropped a duplicate upon the surface of the still waters; and on a calm night it was hard to say which Orion was the brightest.' But the stars and the water yield to the prairie-like views that extend till they are lost in the distance; and these are all the better for the villages, overshadowed by dark palms, that dot the expanse, and the Arab husbandmen and their camels wandering by the river side. 'In our walk this evening we saw a pretty encampment of Albanian soldiers among the palms. One had to rub one's eyes to be sure that one was not in a theatre. The open tent, with the blue smoke rising—the group of soldiers, in their Greek dress, on the ground, and seen between the palm stems—the arms piled against a tree, and glittering in the last rays of the sun—all this was like a sublimated opera scene. And there was another, the next morning, when they took their departure southwards, their file of loaded camels winding away from under the shade into the hot light.' As a variety, a man would be seen crossing the Nile where it was very wide on a bundle of millet stalks, carrying his clothes on his head like a huge turban. The same custom, we recollect to have read, prevails upon the Indus; but there the water-chariot is usually drawn by a buffalo, the voyager having hold of the animal by his tail.

In another picture our author figures in person, and in a way which will surprise those who are not aware that literary ladies are frequently women, and sometimes philosophers. The morning after visiting Elephantine, the 'Island of Flowers,' she got up early to damp and fold linen, and then employed herself in ironing till dinner-time. 'By sparing a few hours per week, Mrs Y—— and I made neat and comfortable the things washed by the crew; and when we saw the plight of other travellers—gentlemen in rough-dried collars, and ladies in gowns which looked as if they had been merely wrung out of the wash-tub—we thought the little trouble our ironing cost us well bestowed.' This was a great mystery to the Arabs, and one which they never succeeded in comprehending. Another boat's crew, after a long consultation on the use of the flat-iron, had decided that it was the English way of killing lice. 'The dragoman of another party, being sounded about ironing his employer's white trousers, positively declined the attempt; saying that he had once tried, and at the first touch had burnt off the right leg.' But Miss Mar-

Digitized by Google

tineau ironed not merely from comfort, but on principle. 'I always thought,' says she, 'and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States, where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling; and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre helpless beings whose prerogative lies wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature.' This reflection was recalled to her memory when ascending the cataract of the Nile, where 'a boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sandhill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys poppled in the currents; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles, when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat, they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry "baksheesh." I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an imposing sight.'

On reaching Philæ, the 'Holy Island,' the enthusiasm of taste changes to the enthusiasm of religion, and it is no longer Miss Martineau who speaks to us, but an ancient priestess. Her first view of this congeries of temples had something of fatality in it; for when their vessel was being towed against the headlong current by the crew walking on the rocks, the rope suddenly snapped, and she swirled down and away—'none of us knew whither, unless it was to the bottom of the river.' The stern, however, caught on a sandbank; and being obliged to bring to for the night, the party set forth in another boat for Philæ. 'And what a moment it was now, when we trod the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men as Mecca now to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge propylæ, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypæthral* temple, all standing in full majesty under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient oaths was in my mind all the while, as if breathed into me from without; the awful oath—"By Him who sleeps in Philæ." Here, surrounded by the imperishable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant cataract, and watched over by his Isis, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the beneficent Osiris believed to lie. There are many Holy Islands scattered about the seas of the world—the very name is sweet to all ears—but no one has been so long and so deeply sacred as this. The waters all round were this night very still; and the more suggestive were they of the olden age, when they afforded a path for the processions of grateful worshippers, who came from various points of the mainland, with their lamps, and their harps, and their gifts, to return thanks for the harvests which had sprung and ripened at the bidding of the god. One could see them coming in their boats, there where the last western light gleamed on the river; one could see them land at the steps at the end of the colonnade; and one could imagine this great group of temples lighted up till the prominent sculpture of the walls looked almost as bright and real as the moving forms of the actual offerers.'

Here comes out the theory which governs our author in beholding, with the eyes both of the soul and body, the life past and present of the East. It is the old thought, that all knowledge is sacred, all truth divine. The ideas that now influence the destinies of mankind are as old as the civilisation of Egypt; and for aught we know, older. 'Osiris was to the old Egyptians what the Messiah is to be to the Jews, and what Another has been to the Christians.' In this, without giving any opinion as to the fact, we venture to think there is more of the appearance than the reality of heterodoxy. All Scripture is full of foreshowings and prototypes; and even when the family unity of mankind was completely lost, that Jehovah was by no means the peculiar God of a single tribe, is affirmed in the person of that mysterious Melchisedek, king of Salem, and 'priest of the most high God,' to whom Abram gave tithes of the spoils of battle, and after whose order was Christ declared, both by the prophets and the apostles, to be a king and a priest for ever. Osiris, whose sacred name Herodotus (the follower of a different faith) did not dare to pronounce, 'left his place in the presence of the Supreme, took a human form (though not becoming a human being), went about the world doing good to men, sank into death in a conflict with the Power of Evil; rose up to spread blessings over the land of Egypt and the world, and was appointed Judge of the Dead, and Lord of the heavenly region, while present with his true worshippers on earth, to do them good.' Among his allusive names were 'Opener of Good,' 'Manifester of Grace,' and 'Revealer of Truth,' and he was described as 'full of grace and truth.' In his name the virtuous entered into blessedness. Miss Martineau mentions the different theories by which learned men have attempted to account for this resemblance to a holier personage; 'but it is easy to perceive that she holds with those who, seeing 'that ideas are the highest subject of human cognisance, the history of ideas the only true history, and a common holding of ideas the only real relation of human beings to each other, believe that this great constellation of ideas is one and the same to all these different peoples; was sacred to them all in turn; and became more noble and more glorious to men's minds as their minds became strengthened by the nourishment and exercise of ages.' This is all we can afford upon so abstruse a subject; but it was impossible to avoid some allusion to it in a notice of such a book.

Our author's descriptions of the monuments of Egypt are always happy, but her picture of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs is curious for its brevity. In the days of Abdallatif, the ruins occupied the space of half a day's journey every way, and the learned physician of Bagdad was in ecstasies of admiration at the splendour of the sculptures. 'At the end of seven centuries,' says Miss Martineau, 'the aspect of the place is this. From the village of Mitrahenny (which now occupies the site) can be seen only palm woods, a blue pond, rushes, and a stretch of verdant ground, broken into hollows, where lie a single colossus, a single capital of a column, a half-buried statue of red granite, twelve feet high, and some fragments of granite strewn among the palms. This is all of the mighty Memphis!'

In her visit to the mummy-pits, idealising and *explaining* all things as usual, she endeavours to account for the funereal pomp and religious worship lavished upon cats and birds, by the reverence of the Egyptians for *instinct*; but she fails to show what claim these animals had, upon this principle, above the camel, the horse, or the ass. This is one of those spots on her varied map on which it would have been better to have written words analogous to the *terra incognita* of geographers. But such prudence would not have suited her intellectual habits—perhaps not her organisation. A curious proof of the peculiarity of the latter is given in her description of the ascent of the Pyramid. She forgot to take with her that instrument usually so indispensable to an absolutely deaf person—her ear-trumpet; but although eagerly conversing for nearly an hour with those around her, as might be expected in such new and exciting circumstances, she found no difficulty in hearing till she got down again to common life on the ordinary level of the desert! The view from the Pyramid, after all the fatigue of the ascent and descent—for there appears to be no real danger—is described in a sentence or two, and is probably not worth the trouble it costs.

* Hypæthral—open to the sky.

Digitized by Google

In taking leave of ancient Egypt, our author gives a picture of its life, which, although interesting, has not novelty enough to tempt us to extract at length. This Egypt is buried in sand; but the desert has answered to the interrogatories of learning and science, and we all know now that the ladies before the Flood lounged on chaises longues, and knitted, and netted, and darned as ours do; and that the little girls had dolls, and instead of yelping bow-wows, little wooden crocodiles with snapping jaws. We know, too, that some two thousand years before Abraham's visit to Memphis, the people worshipped one supreme God, whose favour in this life, and acceptance by him hereafter, were held forth as the great desiderata of human beings. Their passage through death to immortality was pioneered by a Divine benefactor, who had become the judge of the quick and the dead. Their notions of creation were drawn from the phenomena of the Nile; and they were 'taught that every mind, whether of man or brute, was an emanation from the Supreme; and that the body was only its abode and instrument; the soul being, from its nature and derivation, immortal.'

Cairo is a threadbare subject; but Miss Martineau even there contrives to amuse us. 'The little rogues of donkey-boys were always ready and eager close by the hotel, hustling each other to get the preference—one displaying his English with, "God save the Queen ros bif!" another smiling amiably in one's face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior right, and must relieve us of encroachers. Then off we went briskly through the Ezbekeeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers, with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck, from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure; past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques or serpentine nargeelehs; past the barber, shaving the head of a man kneeling and resting his crown on the barber's lap; past the veiled woman with her tray of bread—thin, round cakes; past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret, in hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer; past a handsome house or two, with its rich lattice, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse; past Shepherd's Hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out, or chatting before the door; past a row of artisan dwellings, where the joiner, the weaver, and the maker of slippers were at work, with their Oriental tools, and in their graceful Oriental postures; and then into the bazaars.' In these bazaars the tradespeople looked like kings and princes in fairy tales, and cheated like Europeans. The gentlemen of her party were purchasing clothes to wear on their journey in the desert; and 'after a world of effort, and of tying and hooking, and inquiring of prices, it came out that the clothes were second-hand; and they were pulled off much more quickly than they were put on.'

In Cairo, Miss Martineau gets into a passion about polygamy; and notwithstanding the schooling she had previously given her mind as to all sorts of liberality, she fairly declares that 'if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists; and that as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side, some one redeeming quality; and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy, but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it, the more is one's mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one's heart feel as if it would break.' The following scene from her visit to a harem gives an idea of the intellectuality of the native ladies. 'But the great amusement was my trumpet. The eldest widow, who sat next me, asked for it, and put it to her ear, when I said "Bo!" When she had done laughing, she put it into her next neighbour's ear, and said "Bo!" and in this way it came round to me again. But in two minutes it was asked for again, and went round a second time, everybody laughing as loud as ever at each "Bo!" and then a third time! Could one have conceived it? The next joke was on behalf of the Jewesses, four or five of whom sat in a row on the deewán. Almost everybody else was puffing away at a chibouque or a nargeeleh, and the place was one cloud of smoke. The poor Jewesses were obliged to decline joining us, for it happened to be Saturday: they must not smoke on the Sabbath. They were naturally much pitied; and some of the young wives did what was possible for them. Drawing in a long breath of smoke, they puffed it forth in the faces of the Jewesses, who opened mouth and nostrils eagerly to receive it. Thus was the Sabbath observed to shouts of laughter.'

So much for Egypt and its Faith, and its Life, Present and Past. The book relating to Sinai is quite as suggestive of reflection, but not very rich in extractable matter. Moses is of course its hero—that mortal but little less than divine, who brought forth into the desert a crowd of abject slaves, and converted them into a powerful nation; and who threw open to his meanest countrymen the loftiest mysteries of the Egyptian temple, converting the Israelites, in the midst of the gross darkness of the time, into a really 'peculiar' people. Our travellers followed, as well as they could, the track of the wandering Hebrews through the wilderness; and in their journey to Petra, Miss Martineau's recollections of biblical story are mingled with later events. 'We felt ourselves really now among the haunts of Esau and his tribe, and of the children of Ishmael, whose hand was against every one, as every one's hand was against them; and when, a little further on, we stopped in a hollow of the hills to rest, it was strange to remember who came here in later days, and what an extraordinary depôt this was for the merchandise of the East for a course of centuries. Up this pass came long trains of camels, laden with the silks, muslins, spices, and ivory of India, and the pearls of Arabia, and amber, gold, and apes from Abyssinia, and all the fine things that the luxury of Europe derived from the far East. These all came through Petra, and were lodged there for rest, and for no little traffic, as in a place wholly inaccessible by any foe. The eagle might pounce upon the kid among the areas of Petra, and the lightnings might dart down from the summits; but no human enemy could enter to steal, or arrow from human hand to destroy. Up this pass, then, had wound many a caravan laden with Oriental wealth; and in this hollow had rested perhaps many a company in ambush, and no doubt many a baffled foe. Those single trees, perched on fantastic heights, were some of them old enough to have been living in those days—landmarks to the traveller, and signal stations to the desert warrior.'

The descriptions of Petra and Mount Hor exhibit great graphic power; but our space warns us that we must hasten on to Palestine and its Faith—to Bethlehem and its fulfilment of the Promise, and realisation of all the human mind had panted after throughout so many thousand years. Miss Martineau deprecates the literal understanding of the Scriptures, which Coleridge called 'bibliolatry,' and turns to the great religious Ideas which have 'been the guiding lights of men from the remotest past, and which Christ presented anew, purified and expanded! What an exquisite pleasure it is to stand where Jesus stood, and look around upon the old faiths and sectarian tenets of the world, and bring forth from them all a faith and hope which should, notwithstanding dreadful corruptions, elevate mankind through many future ages!—to have insight into the sacred mysteries of Egypt, and the national theology and Law of Sinai, and the ritual morality of the Pharisees, and the philosophical scepticism of the Sadducees, and the pure and peaceable and unworldly aspirations of the Essenes, and to see how from all these

Digitized by Google

together come the ideas, and from the unseen world the spirit, of the religion which Jesus taught!' But these ideas and this 'spirit' she avows do not belong to the existing phase of Christianity; and her announcement will be heard either with pity or indignation by the religious world, that the actual Kingdom has already come 'in the new heavens and new earth of the regenerated human mind.'

'Syria and its Faith' has but little to do with the esoteric plan of the book. It comes in near the close of the work, and Miss Martineau appears to have had no room to elaborate the fertile subject of Mohammedanism. From this department, however, we take a picture of the markets at Damascus. 'The goldsmiths' bazaar was one of the most interesting; not from the quality of the jewellery, but from the picturesque figures of the workers, bending their turbaned heads over the blowpipes in their little dim shops. The alleys where galloon-weaving and silk-chain making, and the manufacture of slippers, were carried on, were very attractive, from the number of children employed. The little boys, weaving and shoemaking, were extremely industrious. They appeared to put their "Arab intensity" into their work, young as they were. Sometimes, in curious contrast, a dealer of graver years would be seen fast asleep in the next shop, his head laid back on a comfortable pillow of goods, and his whole stock open to the attacks of any one who chose to steal. The prettiest sight in connection with the bazaars was when a net was drawn over the front of the shop, to indicate that the owner was at prayers.

'I was altogether disappointed in the silk goods of Damascus. I saw very few articles that I thought pretty, more or less, though the fabric was substantial enough. There was a vulgarity about the patterns—especially about those which were the most costly—which perplexed me till I learned the secret. The famous old Damascus patterns, the inheritance of centuries, and of which every Damascene is proud, have been imitated by our Manchester manufacturers, so as to become quite familiar to English eyes. The effect of this in Damascus is curious. The inhabitants import our cotton goods largely; and when they see their own patterns again, the gentlemen think they look as well as their own heavy silks; and they make their wives wear them instead, greatly to the discontent of the ladies. The saving to the Damascene husbands is very great; as indeed it must be, if we consider the cost of dressing a dozen women in one house—wives and handmaids—in such costly articles as the heavy silks of Damascus. For my own part, I would rather wear Manchester cottons.'

REMARKABLE CASE OF SUSPENSION OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

PAINFUL as the idea may appear, it seems certain that disease is one of the avenues by which we are to approach a knowledge of the character and functions of the human mind. A curious light is thrown on the subject by cases of suspension of the mental faculties through the influence of shocks sustained by the nervous system. Mr Dunn, surgeon, London, reported one such case of extraordinary interest a few years ago: it appeared originally in the 'Lancet,' but we have now before us a reprint in the shape of a pamphlet.

The patient was a healthy young woman, and a dressmaker. While living with her grandfather, July 14, 1843, she accidentally fell into a river which traverses the park of Lullington in Kent. Rescued after a quarter of an hour's immersion, she was with difficulty restored to life; for several days she continued sensible, but indisposed; meanwhile she was removed to her home in London. On the eleventh day she was seized with a fit, which kept her in a state of complete stupor for four hours, on the cessation of which it was found that she was deprived of the powers of speech and hearing, and the senses of taste and smell, and that her mental faculties were quite benumbed or paralysed, giving no indication that she recognised any of her friends about her. The only remaining media of communication with the external world were the senses of touch and vision. Her sensibility to objects coming in contact with her was excessive, insomuch that the slightest touch would startle her. When left quite still, she appeared to be lost to everything that was passing around her. She did not even know her own mother, who attended upon her with the greatest assiduity and kindness. Mr Dunn goes on to state—'Her memory, and the power of associating ideas, were quite gone. Wherever she was placed, there she remained throughout the day. She was very weak, but her bodily health was not much deranged; the tongue was clean; the skin moist; and the pulse quiet and regular; but the bowels sluggish. Her appetite was good; but having neither taste nor smell, she ate alike indifferently whatever she was fed with, and took nauseous medicines as readily as delicious viands. She required to be fed. When I first saw her, she had no notion of taking the food that was placed before her; but a few days afterwards, if a spoon was put into her hands, and filled by her mother, and conveyed for a few times to her mouth, she would afterwards go on by herself until the whole was eaten.'

After some medical particulars, and an account of certain fits to which she was liable, Mr Dunn adds—'One of her first acts on recovering from the fit had been to busy herself in picking the bedclothes, and as soon as she was able to sit up and to be dressed, she continued the habit, by incessantly picking some portion of her dress: she seemed to want an occupation for her fingers, and accordingly part of an old strawbonnet was given to her, which she pulled to pieces of great minuteness; she was afterwards bountifully supplied with roses; she picked off the leaves, and then tore them into the smallest particles imaginable. A few days subsequently, she began forming upon the table, out of these minute particles, rude figures of roses and other common garden flowers: she had never received any instructions in drawing.

'Roses not being so plentiful in London, waste paper and a pair of scissors were put into her hands, and for some days she found an occupation in cutting the paper into shreds; after a time, these cuttings assumed rude figures and shapes, and more particularly the shapes made use of in patchwork. At length she was supplied with the proper materials for patchwork; and after some initiatory instruction, she took to her needle, and in good earnest to this employment. She now laboured incessantly at patchwork from morning till night, and on Sundays and week-days, for she knew no difference of days; nor could she be made to comprehend the difference. She had no remembrance from day to day of what she had been doing on the previous day, and so every morning commenced *de novo*. Whatever she began, that she continued to work at while daylight lasted, manifesting no uneasiness for anything to eat or to drink, taking not the slightest heed of anything which was going on around her, but intent only on her patchwork. Occasionally, indeed, and not unfrequently two or three times in the course of the day, she would have what her mother called her "fits." Whilst intent upon her work, and without any external exciting cause, her head would fall backwards, her eyelids close, her arms and legs become rigid, and her hands clenched. After a short time, varying in extent from a few minutes to half an hour or more, the muscles would become relaxed, the eyes open, and she would resume her work, apparently unconscious that anything had happened. About this time she began to show indications of feeling interested in the figures of the flowers and buds, &c. upon the silk, and other materials which are made use of in patchwork. The perception of colours, and the exercise of the imitative

Digitized by Google

faculty, were the first evidences she exhibited of psychical advancement in her present state. Although she had received a good plain education, and had been very fond of books, now she could neither read nor write, nor even be made to comprehend the letters of the alphabet. All her former knowledge and past experience appeared to be obliterated, or at least for the time to be buried in oblivion, with one exception—a feeling of dread or fright in connection with water; and she now began, *de novo*, like a child, to acquire ideas, and to register experience. Admitting that the senses are the only inlets of all the materials of knowledge, it was not to be expected when in this abnormal condition, with only the senses of sight and touch in communion with the external world, that her progress could be otherwise than slow in the extreme. However, she evinced an interest in looking at pictures and prints—more especially of flowers, trees, and animals—but when shown a landscape in which there was a river, or the view of a troubled sea, she became instantly excited, and violently agitated, and one of her fits of spasmodic rigidity and insensibility immediately followed. If the picture were removed before the paroxysm had subsided, she manifested no recollection of what had taken place; but so great was the feeling of dread or of fright associated with water, that the sight of it in motion, its mere running from one vessel to another, made her shudder and tremble, and in the act of washing her hands they were merely placed in the water.'

In January 1844, six months after the accident, she regained the sense of smell, and her mind began gradually to awake from its lethargy. Being taken back from London to her grandfather's in the country, she showed no recognition of the place, but bounded with delight at seeing the spring flowers, and even began to express her feelings in articulate language. A young man to whom she had been formerly attached was now brought to pay her daily visits; they pleased her, and she was uneasy when any accident prevented them. Thus matters went on till July, when her lover paying some attentions to another woman, she manifested the passion of jealousy, and at length, on witnessing a particular scene between the young man and his new mistress, fell down in a fit, which her friends feared would prove fatal to her. On the contrary, she awoke from it restored to 'the possession of her natural faculties and former knowledge, but without the slightest remembrance of anything which had taken place in the interval from the invasion of the first fit up to the present time.' She of course knew nothing of the apostasy of her lover; and her mother judged it well to remove her back to London, without any further disturbance to her mind from that cause. In the course of a few weeks she attained to her usual health in all respects. She had only lost a year of the memory of existence.

DR GAVIN ON BETHNAL GREEN.

A PROCLAMATION of the Scottish Privy-Council in 1619 speaks of Edinburgh as 'now become so filthy and unclean, and the streets thereof so overlaid with middings, as [that] the noblemen, councillors, servitors, and others his Majesty's subjects who are lodged within the said burgh can not have ane clean and free passage and entry to their lodgings; wherethrough they are resolved rather to make choice of lodgings in the Canongate and Leith, nor [than] to abide the sight of this shameful uncleanness, whilk is so universal, and in sic abundance through all the parts of this burgh, as in the heat of summer it corrupts the air, and gives great occasion of sickness.'* The city long continued to have a bad character in this respect, and one sometimes hears a conversation amongst ignorant people in the south, proceeding upon the supposition that Edinburgh is a strikingly odorous city, when those who have seen it with their eyes know it to be as remarkable among towns of its size for cleanliness, as it is for the picturesqueness of its situation and its architectural elegance. The large towns of Scotland are generally under good and efficient police regulation—though no doubt there are some defiles about them, the haunts of the extremely poor, which are by no means what they ought to be, and which it would perhaps be difficult for the most diligent besom to keep in decent order. While happy to think that our country has long got above this, as well as many other barbarisms, we Scotsmen never visit London without greatly compassionating the state of the nation who dwell therein; for not only is London ten times over the dirtiest place we ever set foot in, but it is a town which, apparently from the benumbing effect of bad habit, has lost the wish to be clean. In London, dirt is a privilege and a possession. It is patriotism to protect and defend dirt. What hope, of course, can there be that London will ever live cleanly, whether with or without an abjuration of sack? Truly we regard the abject state of the metropolitan millions with the sincerest pity.

We are led into these observations by perusing a treatise entitled 'Sanitary Ramblings, being Sketches and Illustrations of Bethnal Green, a type of the condition of the Metropolis and other large Towns.'* The work is the production of Dr Gavin, lecturer on Forensic Medicine in Charing-Cross Hospital. One point in the title we demur to—the phrase 'and other large towns.' Some large towns have dirty corners, or even districts; but to rank any of them with omnifetid London is the grossest injustice. Dr Gavin, being in practice in the eastern district of the metropolis, has set to an examination of Bethnal Green parish; not a mere glance over the leading streets, but a searching scrutiny of every cluster of houses, every court and alley, and the interiors of a vast number of the dwellings themselves. The results he has given in detail, as well as in tables and summaries, implying the condition of each place as to paving, draining, and scavengering, and the consequent condition as to sickness and mortality. It is rarely that we have any such matter reduced to a form in which we can grasp it so well as a definite fact. The houses are, in the first place, for the most part planted immediately on the ground, and below the general level of the surrounding soil: they are flimsily built, and in a ruinous condition; the inhabitants have damp to contend with both above and below. The rooms are at the same time small and overcrowded, so that, being unprovided with any means of ventilation, the most noxious air prevails in them all. These are particulars for which private parties, it may be said, are not responsible. Well, we only introduce them as the ground of the picture. Look now to those features of the case which properly come within the range of a police or municipality.

'*House-drainage is nearly wanting in Bethnal Green*; except in a *very small number* of cases, the houses, when they are provided with drains, drain only into cesspools; the number that drain into sewers is very small indeed. An immense number of the houses of the poorer sorts, and nearly all those in gardens, are unprovided with drains of any kind. The inhabitants, therefore, are compelled to get rid of their fluid refuse by throwing it on the gardens, yards, or streets. Sometimes holes are dug in the gardens or yards to receive the refuse water.

* Edinburgh Magazine, March 1818.

* London: Churchill. 1848.

Digitized by Google

These holes are frequently closely adjacent to the wells whence the occupants derive their supply of water.

'A great number of the courts and alleys are altogether unprovided with house-drains, or where they do exist, they are mere surface-drains, and are nearly always choked up, and thus become great nuisances. A great portion of the disease in the parish is to be found occurring in these filthy undrained courts and alleys.'

Then as to the removal of refuse—'The exterior appearance of the streets may, perchance, through the operation of paving and scavenging, be tolerably cleanly; but in scarcely any instance, when the houses themselves are visited, and the yards inspected, are not collections of all kinds of refuse, garbage, ashes, dirt, decomposing cabbage leaves, and other offensive vegetable remains, oftentimes dung, and sometimes putrescent animal remains, to be found, either abundantly distributed over the surface of the dirty yard, or piled into a heap in a corner. In either case the heap is exposed to the action of the rain, which soaks into it, hastens decomposition, dissolves the putrescent, fetid matter, washes it over the surface of the yard, and causes it to form an intimate union with the soil. Truly does such a soil sow the seeds of disease and death; every rain which falls augments the quantity and power of the poison, every sun that shines raises a vapour charged with deadly poison. The times at which the contractor's cart goes round is not certain; no provision, therefore, can be made to have the refuse in readiness for him. In name, he is bound, *on complaint*, to remove collections of ashes, &c. *but in practice it is not so.* Practically, therefore, the dust and garbage heaps of the poor must either remain on their premises, or they must themselves remove them. But they can only remove them from the yards to the streets: *there*, then, the refuse is deposited to rot and to putrefy, and mingle with the dust and mud, and to be scattered on the pavement, and to defile the passengers [exactly Edinburgh in 1619]. The filthy streets remain uncleansed till their foulness startles the eye of the scavenging department. During all this period, whether the refuse be on the premises, where it is continually accumulating, or on the streets, it is giving off vapours loaded with unhealthy emanations. Wherever I went, I found the most loud and bitter complaints against the dust contractor for the filthy state in which the inhabitants were compelled to remain, in consequence of his never, or very rarely, removing their dust heaps. These complaints in many places assumed the tone of the deepest indignation, and evidently arose from an earnest conviction of a great outrage being committed upon them, and of a cruel negligence or indifference to their wants and necessities actuating the authorities. "The people never die here; they are murdered by the fever!" was the exclamation of one inhabitant in Half Nichol Street. . . . It is impossible but that discontent and disputes should arise, and that working-men, finding their homes made wretched and uncomfortable, and surrounded with nuisances, should leave them for the public-house, there to learn, and soon to indulge in, habits of intemperance, which indulgence soon leads to vicious propensities, which in their turn give rise to a large class of crimes.'

The details regarding a necessary class of conveniences are of so horrible a nature, that we must leave them to be studied in Dr Gavin's volume. So also must we pass over certain nuisances, where, for a profit and a livelihood, the most abominable and noxious works are carried on in the midst of a wretched population. Of the streets, many of the principal ones are paved, some, however, only within the last few years, and generally with a neglect of inclinations for the removal of surface water. Many others remain unpaved. The cleaning of the thirty-three miles of street, and the hundred miles of byways in the parish, is executed by 'thirteen decrepit old men,' being a sufficient power to go over the whole surface *once in ninety days*, though practically four streets are cleaned twice a-week, and others once a-fortnight. The courts are as they have been described. Dr Gavin adds—'For a few additional hundreds of pounds annually, the parish could be effectually cleansed, and *kept clean*, in all its streets, alleys, and courts every day.' He also adds elsewhere—'The annual deaths of 352 persons is the *price in life* paid by Bethnal Green to support its present filthy state—a costly, and extravagant, and fearful sacrifice!' The price in the morals and happiness of the people, who shall attempt to reckon it!

Such is a sample of suburban London—very piteous to behold, as Mr Carlyle would say. It adds to the pain with which we reformed barbarians of the north regard such a deplorable state of things, that it might be remedied to some extent, were it not for that calculating spirit for which our southern neighbours are, however unconsciously, remarkable. 'It is presumed,' says Dr Gavin, 'that the most solid reason for the wretched condition of the great majority of the houses of the poor, and for the total absence of any attempts at improvement, consists in the fact, that the commissioners and guardians are themselves the chief proprietors of the dwellings of the poor; and that as they in general pay the rates themselves, and have already exacted for their tenements the highest attainable rents, any, even the slightest, increase of rates would only be an increase of their own expenditure.' Under such circumstances, he truly adds, to expect effectual improvements appears fallacious.

LIFE OF AN ARTISAN.

THERE is a volume before us which is not exactly to our taste. It is the life of a working-man by himself; or, to speak by the card, the 'Autobiography of an Artisan.'* If it were nothing more than what it professes to be, we should like it much, for we can hardly conceive anything more interesting than a genuine account of the fortunes of a working-man, written in the plain matter-of-fact style of his class. And on the other hand, if it were what it aims at being—a sentimental and philosophical history of the same unit of society, the production of a thinking and cultivated mind, we should perhaps like it still better. But this is neither one nor other. Of the flippant style of the book, we may take an example from the author's account of his first effort at industrial occupation. 'In the beginning of my eleventh year I was put out as an errand-boy to a draper, a situation I always disliked; indeed there was so much artificial civility interwoven into our polished draper, that I regarded it as better adapted to men compounded of "clock-work and steam," than to those sturdy flesh-and-blood Saxon bred, as if it required a bad French bow to sell a good French shawl. I was considered too uncouth to succeed in a business requiring so much conventional polish; and want of address was thought to be rather a disadvantage than a service to my master. My playing and loitering, when sent on errands, became so frequent, that in a few months I was discharged as incorrigible.' No man ought to make such confessions without an expression of regret for his folly.

The account the artisan gives of his marriage, an engagement which he undertook when destitute of employment, without a home, and not even possessed of so much as the petty fee necessary to be paid on the occasion, is equally objectionable. Why not acknowledge that it is by such errors that too many of his class fasten themselves down to irretrievable poverty! Notwithstanding defects of this nature, the book contains many pages worth reading, and more especially some passages in the life of a party of strolling players, which are full of a nervous simplicity not often met with in the writings of the present century. The author and his wife had turned players at a pinch; and in many places, to use his own language, 'Hunger had marked us for his own—he mocked us daily with breadless breakfasts and meatless

* By Christopher Thompson. London: Chapman. 1847.

Digitized by Google

dinners.' They were travelling on, loaded with the 'properties,' for they were too poor to employ a carrier; but the magistrates of the villages they passed through refused them permission to act, and the publicans, in reply to their request for a bed, seeing what they were at a glance, replied, 'No, no, no.' At length the desolate crew, with sore feet and sinking spirits, reached the village of Arnold, and after trying in vain every public-house they passed, arrived at the last. Here they became desperate, and ordering a whole pint of ale, and paying the threepence in ready cash, put the fateful question to the landlady—' "Can we sleep here to-night!" and the answer was, "I will consult with the master. Let me consider: you are players, are you not?"

"Yes, madam," I answered. She saw it; our shabby-genteel appearance told the tale.

"Well," said she, "I will inquire, and let you know; but I do not know how it will be, for we have had some players here lately."'

The answer was favourable—'They might stop if they liked.'

'Too frequently one difficulty courses another on the heels. We had promise of beds, but how were we to pay for them! Threepence was already gone. We might fairly expect that the price would be demanded before we were allowed to couch our harassed limbs in Mrs Reid's bed-linen. We took the stock of our ready cash: we could raise sixpence in copper amongst us. I had twopence-halfpenny and two farthings; Messrs Younge and Manuel three-halfpence each. It was expected that such a sum would not suffice to find sleeping accommodation for six of us; so it was charitably settled that I should take the whole amount—sixpence; that would provide a bed for my family, and the other two gentlemen were to reconsider what could be done for themselves. After a short deliberation, they resolved to travel back again to Blidworth, where they had reason to believe a bed would be cheerfully offered to them. After a day's fatigue—one of hard walking and hunger—they imposed upon themselves a turmoil of eight miles, over dreary heath roads, to secure a bed for my family.'

Still a difficulty occurred—a delicacy—a punctilio—which it was not easy to get over. 'I had two farthings,' says our sensitive author, 'in my sixpenny-worth of copper coin: but what would "appearance" say if the manager of the strolling company just come in was obliged to offer fivepence-halfpenny and two farthings for his bed! Sixpence current it might be, but would it look like a real respectable silver sixpence! No; such a meagre tender would operate against my future prospects, and would at once stamp me

"Bare, and full of wretchedness."

The thought stung me. A night's rest would be but momentary relief, if my poverty was to drive me away the next morning. Some means must be devised to avert such misery, and, if possible, to prove my respectability. I hastened out, and paced the dark street until a twinkling ray brought me to the window of a large shop. I looked in; its multifarious piles bespoke it the store-house of some village money-maker. An old gray-headed man, with spectacles resting upon a rather large nose, was poring over his day-book or ledger by the aid of a farthing dip, whose twilight threw the greater part of the large room into an awful gloom. All within was as still as the pillowed glade of a deep-robed forest at midnight, when the lazy winds have sunk to sleep. This, thought I, is the place wherein to effect my barter. I approached the old man, and asked, with all the politeness that my embarrassment could afford, "if he would favour me with change for two farthings!" This dealer in all sorts, whose name was Jones, was reputed doubly careful in guarding against loss in this world's dealings. He was scrupulously nice in all accounts of profit and loss; and in my case he could not see that a fraction of advantage was to be gained by the accommodation. After a long pause, he declined the favour, saying, "I would rather keep my halfpenny." I was rather anxious for the exchange. To expose my poverty was not, under present circumstances, a thing to be proud of, so again I modestly pressed for the change. "Are they good ones!" cautiously asked the old sugar-plum. The answer was "Yes." "Well," said he, "I must try; but I do not see what I am going to get by you: but I suppose you must have the halfpenny. I hope I am not going to do myself any harm by this transaction." I thanked him, buttoned down the money, and hastened back to "my inn!"

The landlady was a nice, cozy woman. She sat down with them by the fire, snuffed the candle, and talked of the stage—but not encouragingly: the very reverse. The poor players began to tremble as they thought of their reckoning; and the husband, in his alarm, introduced the subject of his skill in stencilling, and gave himself an excellent character as an artist. 'Before bedtime, I had the pleasure of receiving an order from her to "slap-dash" her parlour. Tired bones avaunt! the lodgings are already paid; yes, and a smell of the frying chop, to be purchased out of the surplus money, is already expanding our collapsed stomachs! We retired to bed without our hostess demanding the pay; we slept comfortably, and dreamed of bacon and tea-cakes. The next morning we were joined by our two companions from Blidworth: the sixpence furnished all of us with an excellent dinner.'

THE COCKROACH ON SHIPBOARD.

Most people, particularly if in warm situations, either from climate or local influence, know something of the cockroach; yet though pestered by its invasions, they may be unacquainted with some portions of its history. At the risk of repeating what may be more or less known, I shall venture a brief detail of my own observations, during an acquaintanceship of several years, when I lived in a very populous colony of the insect.

The family Blattæ, to which the cockroach (*B. orientalis*) belongs, is a very numerous and a very voracious one; and I first got acquainted with the species on shipboard, during a long voyage to the East. The insect is of a reddish-brown colour, with a body about an inch and a third long, and antennæ somewhat longer, making the entire animal about three inches. Those who have not seen an entire specimen, may have noticed portions of its legs and wings amongst the brown sugar in daily use, as it is fond of sweets, and happens sometimes to get entombed amongst its food. On first leaving England, being winter, not a trace of the insect was observed; but as we drew near the tropics, a few in the evenings began to make their appearance. These had evidently been dormant in their hiding-places during the many months the vessel lay in dock, and, reanimated by the increased warmth, now issued forth to resume their predatory habits. Objects of observation and interest being limited at sea, I took a fancy to the rearing of cockroaches, just as persons at home, with a wider range of choice, take to rabbits or chaffinches, or as Baron Trenck did to his solitary spider. My warren or cage consisted of a large jelly-pot covered with muslin, so as to admit inspection, but prevent escape. Here I reared many from the egg to maturity, and had them constantly for several years under my eye.

The female, which is somewhat stouter and shorter than the male, after expelling the egg, carries it some days about with her, fixed to the abdomen, ere she glues it up in some corner to be hatched. A new-laid egg requires six or seven weeks for this purpose, and then gives birth to fourteen or sixteen young ones. The egg itself is about a third of an inch long, of a compressed cylindrical form: it has a serrature along one side, which opens at the proper time for the escape of the young brood; and the heads of the young are all placed towards it in a double row. After impregnation, the first egg is deposited in the course of eight or ten days, and the female continues every eight or ten days thereafter to deposit fruitful eggs for many months. If kept apart when arrived at maturity, she lays no eggs. At the end of six or seven weeks, according to the state of the weather, the eggs are hatched, and the larvæ liberated from

Digitized by Google

their enclosure. They are then about the size of a lint-seed, whitish, semi-pellucid, and exceedingly tender, so as to be destroyed by the slightest touch. They have black eyes, and a darkish dull spot on the abdomen. In a few hours the skin hardens, and darkens in colour, from cream-colour to chestnut and deep brown, when the young insect runs nimbly about in quest of food.

Like all the tribe, when in this the larva state, they are, as they grow, under the necessity of casting their skins; and this curious process I have often observed and admired. The animal retires to some quiet corner, away from its fellows, and fixes itself in a depending position by its hinder claws. Remaining motionless for a few minutes, it begins to swallow air, and goes on doing this to such an extent, that its skin, no longer able to withstand the bursting pressure, splits open along the thorax or back. After the exertion thus used, it is forced to rest a while, when commencing afresh, it manages to wriggle its head and fore part of the body out at the opening; the antennæ next follow to their very tips, then the legs, one after another, to the extremity of the claws, so that when completely extricated, the exuvia or cast skin is the exact counterpart of the animal it covered. When thus quit of its old covering, it suspends itself to it, completely exhausted, by the anal appendages. In this condition it is soft, white, and helpless; and if found by its neighbours, very apt to be eaten up. It, however, speedily regains strength; and its first act, on finding itself able, is to turn round and eat up the softer portions of its old skin. A new skin speedily begins to encrust it, increasing in strength as it deepens in colour, till in a few hours it possesses strength and colour equal to the one it has shed. As the body in the meantime is still enlarged by the swallowed air, the new skin partakes of that enlargement; and when the insect's stomach has disgorged its windy contents, these are replaced by more solid material, in the shape of food. How often the skin is shed and renewed during the larva state of the animal I was unable to determine, but the whole time occupied from hatching to maturity is from ten to sixteen months. Abundance of food and warmth expedite, and opposite circumstances retard, the final change. At the penultimate, or last shedding of the skin but one, the insect of course passes from the larva to the pupa state; but as in the case with many others of the tribe, there is no perceptible difference between the two, unless it be a little in point of size; and at the last shedding, when the pupa passes into the imago or perfect state, the difference at first seems as little, for the new wings are scarcely noticeable, rumpled up on its back. These, however, soon unfold, expand, and become strong, so that, in the space of half an hour, the animal so furnished assumes a very different aspect. I have stated that the insect in all its stages is of a deep ruddy brown colour, but occasionally a pupa may be seen beautifully speckled with interposed markings of pale yellow.

Notwithstanding the length of time which elapsed from the period of hatching to that of maturity, and the small apparent number that at first made their appearance on board, yet in little more than a year our vessel was literally swarming; and it may well be imagined that matters did not amend in this respect during the other two years of our voyage. They proved exceedingly annoying to us inmates of the 'wooden walls,' from their voracity, filthiness, and noisome smell, as no place on board was sacred from their intrusion; and where the large ones could not enter, the little ones crept in. Wherever we went, above, below, to the hold or the mast-head, there might some of their number be seen. They usually crawled about quietly during the day, or kept out of sight in their hidingplaces, but at night-fall exhibited their full force, and issued forth '*in shoals and nations*.' At times during the night, and even sometimes during the day, the males, as if by one consent and impulse, bounced forth, fluttering their wings, and scampering along in irregular runs and short flights, striking one in the face, and crawling over his clothes, up his coat-sleeves, and trousers. At these times they seemed perfectly indifferent about their personal safety, and could be caught and killed without trouble. After being about a couple of years at sea, my bed cabin was so grievously infested with their swarms, that I attempted to lessen their numbers by trapping and killing them. For this purpose I took a water ewer and baited it with a little treacle in its bottom; for of all sweets, and this in particular, they are exceedingly fond; and attracted by it during the night, they dropped in to satisfy their appetite. Once in, they could not again clamber up the steep, smooth sides of the vessel, and in this manner I had it filled, night after night, within two inches of the top; yet notwithstanding the thousands thus caught and destroyed, I found the task a fruitless one, for there was no perceptible diminution of their numbers. I had also a tame snipe which lived entirely on cockroaches, catching and gobbling them down with great expertness; but they at last repaid the favour in kind, by fastening on its breast when asleep, and eating the flesh off its bones.

For food the cockroaches scarcely refuse anything: in the destruction of books they are not inferior to the Goths and Vandals; and all sorts of paper, written and clean, except brown, afford them a meal. The best method of preserving books exposed to their ravages, is to cover them with clean washed cotton or linen cloth, which they will not touch; but if soiled with anything edible, they will gnaw it through in the soiled spots. Cork they like very well, and are not averse to rotten wood, especially if impregnated with oil, though the pure oil itself they do not touch; casks of oil have been lost by their perforations through the softer portions of the wood; and in fact all sorts of casks are liable to be thus unceremoniously tapped, if the contents suit their palates. They will make a meal off salt meat, if boiled, and are very fond of fresh, but indeed refuse no sort of animal matter their teeth can gnaw, and these are none of the softest; even birds' skins, smeared with arsenical soap, they will greedily devour, as I found to my cost. Biscuits are their delight, and they waste more than they eat; for not only do they drill them in holes, but smut them all over: so bad did our bread latterly become from this cause, that absolute want alone could have forced us to use it. Leather-covered trunks are stripped by them in a short time, and shoes pierced into holes; they drink ink, devour vellum, and batten on the ordure of fowls. A bit of their fellows affords a high relish, and one is no sooner wounded, and unable to defend itself, than he is lugged away and eaten up; but worse than all this, they attacked even us, the lords of creation, and frequently, during sleep, ate our flesh to the bone. Though no exposed part is free from their depredations, yet they are more particularly disposed to attack the points of the fingers adjoining the nails, where they nibble away the skin to the quick. They have their own likings too, and prefer certain individuals to others; so that while some have nothing to fear, others cannot fall asleep with any part of their person exposed without sustaining injury from their pincers. Often have I seen our chief officer get up in the morning with his neck and ears clotted with gore, whilst our third officer was scarcely if ever molested by them.

A ship much distressed by scurvy once put into Guam, part of whose crew, poor wretches, half dead in their hammocks, had their limbs literally eaten by cockroaches in holes to the bones; and a few who had died unobserved, or been gnawed to death, were taken out with the flesh half devoured. Great guns have been entered in logbooks as 'destroyed by cockroaches,' and the sailors declare that they eat the edge off their razors! The damp sea air and salt water had no doubt corroded the former into holes, where the insects found refuge; and licking the oil off the edge of the latter, they probably left a little moisture instead, which soon roughened and blunted the instrument.

Cockroaches, like all other animals, have their ene-

Digitized by Google

mies; probably the most destructive of these is man, for the sailor abhors them, and always endeavours to kill as many as he can. They have perhaps next in order several of the ichneumous—species of flies that, like the cuckoo, are not at the trouble to hatch their own young, but force this office upon others, at the expense of their own natural brood. Many cockroaches' eggs are thus pierced by the ovipositor of two sorts of this fly, a small and a large one. Of the former, instead of a brood of fourteen or sixteen young cockroaches, I have counted as many as one hundred and seventy-one in a single egg; of the latter there are never more than one. The grubs of these ichneumons of course feed on the contents of the egg, which sustains them till ready for their change to the perfect or insect state, when they pierce the shell and take wing.

EASY WAY OF GAINING OR LOSING FIVE YEARS OF LIFE.

Early rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we will say that the average of mankind spend 16 hours of every 24 awake and employed, and 8 in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep 1 hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or 23 days of 16 hours each, the length of a *working* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of 40 years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping 8 hours a-day has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his 40 years.

Let him take 9 hours' sleep, and his year has but 342 days, so that he lives only . . 37½ ...

With 10 hours in bed, he has 319 days, and his life is 35 ...

In like manner, if the sleep is limited to 7 hours, our year has 388 days, and instead of 40, we live 42½ ...

And if 6 hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 411 days in the year, and live . . 45 ...

By this we see that in 40 years, 2 hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of *five years!* How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of 5 years! And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we had wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning!

VARIETIES OF MILK.

As far as we know, no nation uses the milk of any carnivorous animal. There is no reason for believing that the milk of this order of animals would be either disagreeable or unwholesome; but the ferocity and restlessness of the creatures will always present an obstacle to the experiment. The different milks of those animals with which we are acquainted agree in their chemical qualities, and is confirmed by the fact, that other animals besides man can be nourished in infancy by the milk of very distinct species. Rats and leverets have been suckled by cats, fawns by ewes, foals by goats, and man, in all stages of his existence, has been nourished by the milk of various animals, except the carnivorons. The milk of the mare is inferior in oily matter to that of the cow, but it is said to contain more sugar, and other salts. The milk of the ewe is as rich as that of the cow in oil, but contains less sugar than that of other animals. Cheese made of ewe milk is still made in England and Scotland, but it is gradually being disused. The milk of the ass approaches that of human milk in several of its qualities. To this resemblance it owes its use by invalids in pulmonary complaints, but it has no particular virtue to recommend its preference, and is only prescribed by nurses. Goat's milk perhaps stands next to that of the cow in its qualities; it is much used in Southern Europe. It affords excellent cheese and butter, its cream being rich, and more copious than that from cows. Camel's milk is employed in China, Africa, and, in short, in all those countries where the animal flourishes. It is, however, poor in every respect, but still, being milk, it is invaluable where butter is not to be procured. The milk of the sow resembles that of the cow, and is used at Canton and other parts of China. The milk of the buffalo is also like that of the cow, though the two animals belong to different species. Every preparation of milk, and every separate ingredient of it, is wholesome: milk, cream, butter, cheese, fresh curds, whey, skimmed milk, buttermilk, &c. Butter-milk and whey will undergo a spontaneous vinous fermentation, if kept long enough, and alcohol can be distilled from it. The Tartars, it is well known, prepare large quantities of spirituous drink from mare's milk.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

SONNET.

TO L——, CHRISTMAS.

THE earth is silent, and the winter air
Sullen with snows and storms; the chill night wind
Withers with scoff and scorn whate'er behind
Lags of the faded year in woodland bare.
Of all the glorious company that there
Of flowers once flaunted, none now shine for thee:
Mid way they left thee, for so friends will flee
When friends most need them. Must man, then, despair?
No! for I see through God's uncurtained sky
Openings of worlds which have no winter, night,
Sorrow, nor change! I hear the angels cry,
Like brothers, unto weary men of wo—
And weary men, where'er they are, reply—
'A child is born! to change all dark to light,
To heal the wounded, raise the weak who fall!
Glory to God on high! and peace even here below!'

M. S. J.

THE PIKE.

The pike, commonly called Jack when under three or four pounds in weight, is a well-known fish—like many of us, better known than trusted or treated. He is a greedy, unsociable, tyrannical savage, and is hated like a Bluebeard. Everybody girds at him with spear, gaff, hook, net, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. The horrible gorge hook is especially invented for the torment of his maw. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe—man. His voracity is unbounded, and like the most accomplished corporate officer, he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsy never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe—he can fast without inconvenience for a se'nnight. He can gorge himself then to beyond the gills without the slightest derangement of the stomach. He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at; and if he could hide his head—by no means a diminished one—his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but strange to say, likes better (for eating) the children of his neighbours. Heat spoils his appetite, cold sharpens it; and this very day (30th December 1846) a friend has sent me a gormandising specimen, caught by an armed gudgeon amidst the ice and snow of the Thames near Marlow. I envy the pike's constitution.—*Handbook of Angling.*

THE ELECTROTYPE.

We owe to Professor Daniell, the author of the sustaining battery, the discovery of the principle of electrometallurgy; to Mr C. J. Jordan, the author of the earliest published account on the subject in this country, the invention of the application of that principle to practical purposes in the arts, known as the electrotype; and to Mr Thomas Spencer the earliest improvement in the means of obtaining casts by the new process. But this account only applies to England; it is undisputed that the earliest practical results were obtained by M. Jacobi of St Petersburg. *Mechanics' Magazine for June.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 99 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 236. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848. Price 1½d.

A TRIP TO THE WYE AND SOUTH WALES.

We had lately the pleasure of making a flying visit to the West of England and a portion of South Wales. Devonshire, as far as Torquay, we tried in the first place; but repelled by the humidity of the climate, we were fain to seek sunshine, and a dry atmosphere, on the green and picturesque banks of the Wye. No man who has not been in Herefordshire can be said to have seen England; but to be seen rightly, it should, if possible, be visited in May, when the blossom of its orchards, and the rich green of its meadows, present the effect of a universal garden. Not only is the country beautiful in itself, but its approaches are charming. What a fine thing is the long winding vale of Stroud, with its sprinkling of white cottages among the trees, and fields to the tops of the hills—a scene in which is happily blended manufacturing industry with rural imagery! Through this vale a branch of the Great Western carries us onward to Gloucester, where we bid adieu to the rail, and take to coach travel.

I had been several times in Gloucester previously, but had not, till now, an opportunity of visiting the cathedral. It is a building whose antiquity carries us back to the days of the West Saxons, and unites in its style the rounded with that of the lighter and more fanciful Norman arch. Like most of the English cathedrals, it suffered by the civil wars, and much of its finer ornamental work is irretrievably destroyed. Latterly, the interior has been trimmed a little; and its monuments seem to be safe from further depredation. By far the finest thing about it is the cloisters. These form a quadrangular covered walk, entire as it was left by the pre-reformation clergy; and as such, I believe, it is unique in Britain. No archæologist should pass through Gloucester without seeing these famed cloisters. Beneath the choir of the cathedral there is a mortuary chapel, similar to that under the cathedral of Glasgow. Here we walk in crepuscular aisles among heavy rounded pillars, shortened by the accumulation of damp earth under foot. The large and dismal vault, which admits of restoration to at least a condition of decent cleanliness, is at present employed as a receptacle for skulls, ribs, leg bones, and other fragments of mortality, thrown up from the graves in the adjoining churchyard. It is a horrible sight. In one heap, I should think, there could not be fewer than twenty cart-loads of bones. The English are a curious people. What an uproar they make when a clergyman refuses to perform a funeral service at the entombment of their relations—with what indifference do they see and hear of the grubbing in graveyards, and of supra-terrestrial accumulations of mortality like the present! Perhaps the exhibition I am speaking of helps to make up the *show* of the cathedral, and renders it more worthy of the two shillings, per tariff, which our party of four had to pay for admission.

Gloucester is rising as a port for shipping, by means of a large canal, connecting it with the Bristol Channel; it is also becoming a considerable centre for railway traffic. When the railway to Hereford is completed, the upper Wye may be easily reached by tourists. To carry us westward to Ross, we procured an open chaise, and favoured by the finest weather, soon reached our destination, sixteen miles distant—intermediate country undulating and beautiful. Ross, where we remained a day, occupies a knoll on the left bank of the Wye, and with its church spire, antique gables, and one or two fancy turrets, forms a pleasing object in the landscape. The interior of the town is mean and irregular, and its lanes would make up a first-rate case for sanitarians. Alas, John Kyrle, thy good deeds, though inspiring Pope, have failed to inspire thine own townsmen! And is it not something of a shame to this prettily-situated town, with its vast capabilities for improvement and purification, that no new 'Man of Ross' should have arisen to emulate the efforts of him from whom it derives its only claim to celebrity?

At Ross, we took up our quarters at Barrett's Hotel, the situation of which, on the high ground overlooking, on the west, the windings of the Wye, it would not be easy to match: the green sylvan country spreading away in hill and plain; the clear river beneath mirroring the blue sky and its thin feathery clouds; the lazy movements of a boat in which is a party of pleasure; the Paul-Potterish herd of cattle browsing on a meadow beyond; the villas and hamlets embosomed in trees—all compose a picture genuinely English. But still more English are the tastefully-laid-out grounds of the hotel, with their rockery, trim paths, greenhouse, patches of flowers, and commodiously-placed seats—on one of which we are enjoying the balmy evening air, and watching the great broad sun as he prepares to descend among the Welsh mountains. Adjoining these grounds is the churchyard of Ross, and by a pathway in that direction are found some pleasing walks across fields and along shady lanes—all equally English.

Down the Wye, four miles from Ross, and on the opposite side of the river, is situated Goodrich Court, the handsome seat of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, and noted for its collection of armour and other objects of antiquity. Near it, on the top of a crag overhanging the Wye, is the ruin of Goodrich Castle, which was bombarded and destroyed during the civil wars, after a long and gallant defence by the Cavalier party. The view towards Ross from the summit of the ancient keep, to which we clambered, is one of the best points on the river. Below Goodrich, the banks of the Wye improve in picturesque beauty; and at one place they

Digitized by Google

rise into tall cliffs, richly decorated with natural foliage. From this to Monmouth is perhaps the finest part of the Wye. Following the carriage-road, and crossing the river at Monmouth to the high grounds on the south, we had some superb prospects, rendered additionally interesting from the many elegant mansions which here and there reposed in the bosom of the wooded banks. Seduced by a local guide-book, we proceeded three miles in a southerly direction from Monmouth in quest of a Druidic rocking-stone, which was said to stand on the summit of a conspicuous height in Dean Forest. Truly enough, after a pedestrian tramp to the top of a hill, escorted by a troop of juvenile lazzaroni, we reached the so-called rocking-stone, which in three minutes we discovered to be no rocking-stone at all, though sufficiently like one to form a subject of local wonder. It consists of a huge unshapely mass of a softish conglomerate, about twelve feet in height, slopingly resting, by a base of three feet, on a rock of the same material. The whole, in fact, is immoveable, and but one rock, as is observable from the stratification; and the form of a rocking-stone has been given only by the abrasion of the weather. A few more winters, and the point of rest will crumble away, causing the incumbent mass to go thundering down the hill over which it impends. As the public road is beneath, we cannot admire the temerity which leaves such an engine of destruction in its present precarious position. What mythic legends and stories are told of this rocking-stone, which assuredly never rocked since the creation! Geologically, the stone is curious.

Having on a previous occasion seen the lower part of the Wye, with Tintern Abbey and Chepstow, we had no wish on the present occasion to go further down the river; and so, returning to Monmouth, we proceeded thence by the pretty vale of Crickhowel to Abergavenny and Bwleh. We were now in South Wales, and spent a few pleasant days in rambling about Brecknockshire and part of Radnorshire—country all beautiful; green hills and glittering waters; old moss-grown churches; hamlets, and villages, not over-tidy; and plenty of toll-bars, all the reformatory doings of Rebecca notwithstanding.

From Brecon, a substantial county town, with a large military barrack, we crossed the hills in a southerly direction to Merthyr-Tydvil, a distance of twenty miles. On reaching the culminating point, and dropping down into the valley of the Taff, we found ourselves in a new world. The green wooded region of Brecknockshire, with its placid life, is exchanged for bare pastoral heights and valleys, filled with the ashes, smoke, and tumult of a Pandemonium. Merthyr may be called the centre of those great iron-works in Glamorganshire and adjacent counties which threaten to alter the character of South Wales—transforming a thinly-peopled country, with primitive habits, into a species of Lancashire; a Lancashire, however, without the intellectual qualities which distinguish that scene of English industry.

Everybody is recommended to visit Merthyr for the first time at night, when its furnaces, vomiting forth fires, are seen to the best advantage. We came upon the town in daylight, but having remained over-night, and seen the place at various striking points, nothing was left for us to regret. Situated in the higher recesses of a valley, which stretches southwards to Cardiff on the Bristol Channel, there never would have been a town here but for the discovery of coal and iron in the huge bare hills from which are gathered the waters of the Taff. In an early period of British history, a Welsh prince, it seems, here erected a church to the honour of Tydvil the Martyr, and hence Merthyr-Tydvil. This edifice modernised was, till lately, the only established church in the town. Stretching up the valley from the old church, and pinched as to standing-room, the town has grown and spread till it has reached the higher uplands; the only apparent principle guiding its movements being an attraction towards the iron-works which have from time to time sprung up. Everything great in this world has had small beginnings, and so has Merthyr. Centuries ago, the adjoining hills were discovered to contain iron ore, which was dug and smelted with charcoal. This was of course done on a small scale, but not so small as to save the woods from destruction. When all the timber which adorned the mountain sides was cleared away, it was discovered that iron ore could be smelted by coal; and there, in exhaustless abundance, lay strata of this useful fossil in the same hills as the iron. Now commenced the true Iron Age. In 1755, or thereabouts, smelting was begun on a tolerably large scale; and in the present century, it has been extended so as to include four establishments—the Cyfarthfa, Plymouth, Pen-y-Darren, and Dowlais works. Taking my statistics from 'Cliff's South Wales'—one of the best local guides I have seen in England—'the census return of Merthyr in 1831 was 22,083; in 1841, 34,977; and it is believed that in 1847 it was at least 45,000'—a vast population to be dependent less or more on four establishments. 'In 1847,' says the same authority, 'the place is in a state of the highest prosperity. There are now four iron-works in operation—namely, the Dowlais works of Sir J. Guest and Company, at which there are nineteen blast-furnaces; the Cyfarthfa works of Messrs Crawshay and Sons, at which there are thirteen furnaces; the Pen-y-Darren works of Messrs Thompson and Company, at which there are six furnaces (this firm possesses two other large iron-works); and the Plymouth works of Messrs Hill, at which there are eight furnaces. There are always some furnaces out of blast. Messrs Crawshay also possess the Hirwain works, six miles from Merthyr, at which there are four furnaces.' At Aberdare, in a valley extending from a lower part of the Taff, there were eight furnaces, and more were in course of erection.

From anything I could learn, the iron-masters are not proprietors of the hills from which they dig their ore and fuel. They are, I believe, holders of long leases of their respective tracts of country; and the expiry of these temporary holdings forms a serious social crisis in Merthyr. A short time ago, the lease of the lands held by the Dowlais Company expired; and the Marquis of Bute, as proprietor, not readily inclining to a renewal satisfactory to the other party, for some months the works were almost suspended, to the consternation and suffering of several thousand workmen and their families. At length, after a period of lamentable privation, the contracting parties came to an amicable settlement, and the intelligence of the event was hailed with the ringing of bells and other demonstrations of universal delight. What a critical state of society does this circumstance reveal! Reckoning men, women, and children, upwards of twelve thousand beings depending for their daily bread on the uninterrupted working of one establishment! Three thousand pounds paid weekly in wages by one company! Conceive all the four concerns stopped! We hope this is not a probable contingency.

With a small proportion of shopkeepers and tradesmen, Merthyr is nearly altogether a town of working people, the bulk of the houses being inhabited by persons engaged either in the mines or iron-works. It has a few police, but no corporate magistracy to exercise the usual and necessary functions of local government. Till I visited Merthyr, I had been in the belief that the Scotch were pre-eminent in dunghills; now my opinion was shaken. Not troubled with any compulsory arrangements to insure health or cleanliness, and there being to all appearance no superior intellects to project and execute schemes of improvement, the town is very badly kept, and in some of the back lanes, crowded with inhabitants, the heaps of refuse rise to enormous dimensions. But unpaved and dirty thoroughfares are not half so melancholy a spectacle as a dirty river. God has given mankind pure sparkling streams, and how much like a desecration

Digitized by Google

is the transforming of these living waters into a polluted gutter. Few rivers have so much reason to complain of misusage as the Taff. At Merthyr, where it ought to perform a useful sanitary function, it is an opaque dirty mass; and this dirtiness never leaves it till it pours, after a course of twenty miles, into the sea. Rinsings of coal and iron mines, and sundry torturings in the movement of machinery, are, it will be conjectured, the cause of this appearance. Besides these unpleasant sights, there is one more class of objects which help to destroy the picturesque in Merthyr. Up and down the vale, and crowding on the town as if about to bury it, are seen huge banks of black cinders and débris, the refuse of the furnaces and mines, locally called *tip*. Wheeled out by tramways, and continually extending its bounds, the tip is gradually covering the face of every hill and field. Green meadows and hedgerows are disappearing under the gloomy embankments; everywhere the heaps of black sterile tip wrap nature in an everlasting shroud.*

We visited, and were conducted over, the Cyfarthfa works, close to the town; and also the Dowlais works, which are situated at a distance of two miles above—nearly the whole way to the last-mentioned being lined with workmen's dwellings. The operations need no particular description. The only thing new to me was the hot-blast apparatus. Instead of cold air being blown into the furnaces, as was till lately the case, a powerful steam-engine is employed to force air into a species of oven, where, being heated to a high degree, it proceeds through pipes into the furnaces, by which greater efficacy is given to the process of smelting and working the rude masses of metal. From ore to the finished manufacture, the iron goes through several stages, the last thing done being to draw it into shape between grooved rollers. Bar iron, long rods for nails and bolts, and rails, are among the articles produced. The making of a railway rail, from the time it is a rough mass till it is drawn out and laid on the floor finished, costs only two or three minutes. Half-dressed, with begrimed perspiring faces, each handling a pair of long pincers, or toiling with long pokers in the fiercely-blazing furnaces, the men employed at these works labour with a diligence which seems to be almost supernatural. It is a dreadful struggle, too exhausting to be long sustained, and therefore relays of men shift every six or eight hours. 'The make of blast-furnaces,' says the authority already quoted, 'varies greatly, according to circumstances, and according to the quality of iron produced. Thus a furnace that will make 120 tons of forge iron, is not capable of producing more than sixty-five tons of foundry iron. The average make of pig-iron at Dowlais, where no foundry iron is made, amounts, we believe, to between 80,000 and 87,000 tons per annum; the average make of pig-iron at Cyfarthfa and Hirwain somewhat exceeds 60,000 tons.' Staffordshire and Scotch iron are imported to a small extent, to be used in some instances as a mixture. No iron is produced fit for cutlery or tools; all is of the coarse nature. At Dowlais, I was informed that the consumption of coal amounted to 1700 tons daily. Mr Cliff gives the following statement as to wages in 1847:—'Colliers earn from L.3 to L.5, 10s. per month, averaging about L.1 per week; miners earn about 18s. per week; furnace-men at the blast-furnaces, 20s. to 30s.; finers and puddlers, from 25s. to 35s.; ballers, from 20s. to 45s., averaging 30s.; rollers, from 25s. to, in a few cases, L.5, averaging to about 50s. per week. The average earnings are considerably reduced through the hill country of Glamorgan and Monmouthshires by intemperance, which leads to much loss of time.'

The larger proportion of the workmen are Welsh, and accordingly the Welsh language is generally spoken, though large numbers, here as elsewhere, speak also English. That Welsh should still be a prevalent tongue, must be considered a serious evil. For anything I know, it may be the most ancient and copious language in the world, but it unquestionably retards the moral and social advancement of the people; and it would have been well for Wales, as it would have been for the Highlands, that its aboriginal Celtic had long ago given way before modern English. Conserved in their primitive prejudices and superstitions, the lower Welsh are with difficulty moved to adopt enlightened usages. It is amusing to hear of schools in which children are taught to repeat English lessons without understanding a word of what they are reading; but when such things are heard of in connection with the church services, they are something worse than grotesque. In a rural district where I resided for a few days, the clerk of the parish could make the responses in the service only by rote. On the late occasion of a new and special prayer being issued, he could not, after a two hours' hammering by the clergyman, be made to read or follow it; and the divine, as a last resource, induced a gentleman of the neighbourhood to undertake the office of clerk when this particular prayer came to be uttered! What would be thought in Scotland of a parish precentor not being able to read? or of a church, such as I visited in one part of the country, from the funds of which a number of clergymen draw a revenue, and which yet is honoured with a service only one day in the year? These are painful things to reflect upon; and, united with the recent evidence, as laid before parliament, on the state of morals and education in Wales, demonstrate the utter hollowness and inefficacy of the system of polity which has for centuries afflicted this fine section of the United Kingdom. The Church is said to be at length rousing from its torpor, but is it not too late? Everywhere one goes in Wales, he sees the chapels of dissenters, without whose vigilant labours, it is acknowledged, there could have been in many places no public profession of Christianity for the mass of the population. Such at least is distinctly said of Merthyr by Mr Lingen in his report respecting the town; and considering the low state of education, with the general absence of a superior class in the great seats of manufacturing industry, the wonder is, that the people behave so well as they do. The cementing element in their social state seems to be money—the receipt of weekly gains; and while this lasts, not much is to be feared. But it may be regretted that the enormous sums paid and received in and about Merthyr should come to so little good. The houses of the workmen, which generally open to the street, have a clean and neat appearance; but they are said to be overcrowded, and the family means are inconomically expended. Much, I was told, is squandered on gay and expensive female dress for the sake of Sunday show; and the inordinate drinking of tea, purchased mostly on credit from hawkers, is described as a prevalent cause of impoverishment. In the gossipping tea meals the men do not participate; and when they return home, and find nothing to share with their family, they are 'the more ready to resort to the public-house.' On Saturdays and Sundays there is a good deal of heavy drinking, and drunken brawls are frequent. It will scarcely be credited that in Merthyr there is no savings' bank, in which the savings of the thrifty might be deposited. 'Formerly there was one, but the manager ran away, and carried L.2000 in deposits off with him; and the effect of this loss has operated very unfavourably on the people.' Why is there not a national security savings' bank in the place? or why do not the employers unite to establish and guarantee such an institution? We may, however, as pertinently ask, why the employers take so little trouble to cultivate humanising feelings in their men, and give them neither libraries nor reading-rooms? 'To provide for the education of the young, there are no schools of public institution except Sir John Guest's at Dowlais, and the National Schools at Merthyr. For the children of the men employed at the Cyfarthfa, Plymouth, and Pen-y-

* By removing the soil, and afterwards placing it on the levelled surface of the tip, might not a good purpose be served: the making, for example, of gardens for the workmen?

Digitized by Google

Darren works, no provision has hitherto been made, further than some trifling subscriptions by the proprietors to the National Schools.' When this was written by Mr Lingen, an effort, he says, was making. I did not hear that it had sensibly altered the situation of affairs. Where there are schools connected with iron works, they are supported by compulsory stoppages from the men, whether they have families or not. Besides the objectionableness of this practice, it says little for the considerate benevolence of the employers, one of whom, an absentee, I was told, makes upwards of a hundred thousand pounds annually by his works, and is reckoned as worth a couple of millions of money.

So ends my chit-chat on Merthyr-Tydvil. From this seat of energetic industry, we proceeded by railway down the vale of the Taff to Cardiff—a line of communication which offers an immediate outlet to the great iron trade of the district. Cardiff is also pretty much a creation of recent times. Until not long ago a poor Welsh town, it has arisen, under the fostering care of the late Marquis of Bute, to be a large, cheerful, and prosperous seaport. Cardiff Castle, a modern mansion built within the grounds of an ancient fortalice, may be said to form the kernel of the town; and here the late marquis died, lamented by the whole population. What this nobleman did from his own private resources exceeds in magnitude any private undertaking in the United Kingdom, the Duke of Bridgewater's canals excepted. Owning a large open moor between the town and the sea, he, with the aid of an act of parliament, caused a large portion of the land to be made into a series of wet docks, fit for the reception of vessels of all classes. These docks, extending about a mile in length, and entered by sea-gates forty-five feet wide, having a depth of seventeen feet at neap, and thirty-two feet at spring tides, present an imposing spectacle of shipping. Along one side runs the railway from Merthyr, and by this means the manufactured iron is transferred at once to the vessels which are to carry it to all parts of the world. 'The outlay in money on the whole of the works has, it is understood, exceeded L.300,000; to which should be added the value of the ground, and of the lime and stone, and piles, all of which belonged to the marquis.' I could not observe without regret that between the docks and the sea there exists at low water an extensive tract of sludge, composed of the matter with which the Bristol Channel is in all its conditions charged, and through which a passage for vessels will require to be artificially maintained.

I have little farther to say regarding our excursion. From Cardiff we proceeded across a pretty piece of low-lying country to Newport, a considerable town on the Usk, where large shipments are made from the Monmouthshire iron-works. By a screw-propelled steamer, more swift than pleasant, we were carried across to Bristol in the space of less than two hours.

W. C.

A HONEYMOON IN 1848.

One of my friends, who had never arrived at doing anything, from having been for the last ten years in a happy state of expectation of a consulship in the East, made up his mind some time since to settle in Paris. He is yet young, and much given to day-dreams. However, though he passed for somewhat of a visionary, he was taken up seriously by a banker in that matter-of-fact region the Bourse; the worthy gentleman having ascertained that my friend Henri Delmasures had some hundreds of acres of land in Beauce and Normandy on which to build his castles in the air. He was a romantic visionary, but yet a landed proprietor. The banker, after a whole night spent in convincing himself that his daughter must be happy with such a man—a conclusion he arrived at by a process of adding, multiplying, and subtracting—consented to bestow her hand upon him.

Mademoiselle Matilda Hoffman was not merely a young lady wrapped up in bank-notes or cased in bullion; she had, on the contrary, in the atmosphere of the three per cents., imbibed somewhat of the aërial grace of nature and poetry. The chink of the guineas had not prevented her hearing the airy voices that in every varied tone—but all soft, sweet, cheering—whisper the young heart, and fill its spring-time with delight. The dark, dull, close house in which she lived had not shut out from her all fairy visions of the

> —— 'Gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play in the plighted clouds.'

And thus when my friend spoke to her a language not very usual before the 24th of February, till which epoch nothing was more rare than a union of hearts, it was little wonder that she listened to it, then learned to love it and him who spoke it.

The only unions taking place of late in France were marriages between rank and ready money—between position and pelf. Nor, incredible as it may seem, was this altogether to be laid to the charge of too cruelly-prudent papas and mammas; for the young ladies themselves had more than their full share of the fault. A rage for titles, or a passion for gold, possessed every heart, and had dispelled all the delightful illusions, all the bright-glowing romance of life. It is not long since I heard a young creature, who had scarcely seen seventeen times the budding of the hawthorn, say in confidence to a friend, 'I will marry no man that is not either a nobleman or a stockbroker;' while the friend on her part reciprocated the trust reposed in her by a whispered determination 'never to marry any one but a prince or a banker.' But Matilda Hoffman troubled not herself either about the titles her Henri had not, or the money that he had: she was in love, just as the young were wont to be in the Golden Age. She was delighted to find that he did nothing, could do nothing, and wanted to do nothing. 'At all events,' she said to herself, 'he will not immure me in a bank; and we can go where we like, free to love and live for each other.'

It is but due to my friend Delmasures to say that he was quite ready to live for her. Matilda Hoffman had suddenly shone out upon him as the visible image of his beau-ideal of grace, goodness, and loveliness—as his taste personified. The matter was soon settled, and the marriage fixed to take place on the 24th of February.

On the evening of the 23d, after repeated calls, we at length succeeded in finding the mayor at home. Whilst the young lady was signing the necessary documents, the functionary entertained her with a lecture on politics and morality. He did not find it a very difficult matter to prove to her satisfaction that a government which thus sanctioned love by marriage was the best of all possible governments, in the best of all possible worlds, and might defy any attempt to subvert it. On leaving the mayoralty-house, however, neither M. Hoffman, the bridegroom, nor the witnesses, could find their carriages. Whilst the mayor, in all the loyalty of his tricoloured scarf, had been proving that there was nothing serious in this ebullition of boys and sucking children, the heroic and patriotic *gamins* had seized upon every hackney-coach, cab, omnibus, and other vehicle to make barricades.

That night Matilda passed alone in prayer for the dying. The next day at eleven o'clock Henri Delmasures presented himself at the banker's in the dress of the evening before, which it was evident he had not taken off all night, but with the addition of sabre and pistol, and no small quantity of mud.

'But, my dear friend,' said the banker, without raising his eyes from three or four newspapers he held in his hand; 'my dear friend, we cannot marry to-day.'

'Not marry to-day! Who says so?'

'Do you not know what has happened? The people have been making barricades. M. Molé succeeds M. Guizot; M. Thiers succeeds M. Molé; M. Odillon Barrot is in place of—— I forget whom—but no matter—the

Digitized by Google

people will soon be in everybody's place. Just glance at these papers: really some of the predictions are quite terrifying.'

'Not an instant is to be lost!' exclaimed Henri. 'Where is Matilda?'

He hurried to the young lady's room, and found her in her wedding-dress. 'My own Matilda, how lovely you are looking! But we must hasten to church, for in one hour it might perhaps be too late. You must not leave me longer in this revolutionary torrent that is carrying all Paris away. See, I have been fighting hard—were I not modest, I would say as hard as a *gamin*. To-morrow the republic—but to-day love!'

The terrified girl threw herself into the arms of her Henri. 'In mercy take me hence; far from the world if you will; but anywhere from hence!'

'But, my love, you must change this dress. We shall have to make our way to the church over the barricades.'

Before an hour had elapsed, the curé of the parish had pronounced the nuptial benediction in a small chapel, the humble walls of which were wont to witness only the plighted vows of those who had no wealth save their strong arms and true hearts.

'Now,' said Henri to Matilda, 'let us leave your father to finish his discussion with the curé on the present state of affairs, and let us fly to some steam-carriage that, swifter than the wind, will take us somewhere—I care not whither, provided it be to a country where we can peacefully enjoy our honeymoon.'

'Suppose we take the railway to Rouen? Well do I remember in the woods there an old château; it was enchanting, dear Henri. I spent six weeks there last summer wandering in its groves, with no one to speak to but the trees. I am only afraid it is too near Paris; let us go to the other end of the world.'

Henri and Matilda were soon on their way to Rouen, at the full speed of a train baptised that very morning 'the Republic;' and through the window of their carriage they were witnesses of the general flight attesting 'the magnificent national co-operation that had accepted the new institutions,' and their sincerity of the adhesions to the republic, convincing the universal confidence in the proclamations that order, liberty, and equality had been established. 'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace,' says the poet Bürger; but fallen courtiers can ride still faster. 'Only look,' said Matilda, 'at that servant in livery galloping so furiously, that I should not wonder at his outstripping us. Do you see him?'

'I see him,' answered Henri: 'it is one of the ex-ministers.'

'And that poor young woman who is dragging her feet so slowly along the rough road, and from time to time looking back with such a terrified air?'

'I see her,' replied Henri: 'she is a princess.'

Thus they beheld pass along before them all that, for nearly twenty years, had been the court and the administration. A dark page of history was unrolled upon the high road—the last unfinished story of kings and queens—'Once upon a time.'

Journeying in this way, the two lovers arrived at Havre. While strolling on the sea-shore in the evening, they perceived an old gentleman hurriedly making his way towards a steamer a little apart from the rest of the shipping. Henri and Matilda paused to observe him. It was the Monarchy leaving the soil of France; and the most determined republican would scarcely have chided the respectful salutation of the young pair—the respect of pity.

But they gave up an intention they had formed of going to London. Was it from reluctance to follow in the track of the fugitive monarch, to come in contact with the hoary head from which a crown had so lately fallen? Or was it the fear that the ex-king might carry about with him, however involuntarily, the seeds of a successful revolution? Perhaps each of these reasons had some influence in changing their route. Neither would they venture to Brussels, for reports had reached them, whether true or false, of a new edition of a revolution there as well as in Holland, where the people were demanding a little, and the king granting a great deal.

However, as go somewhere they must, they went to Switzerland—the classic land of honeymoons. 'Switzerland being already a republic,' said they to themselves, 'we need not be afraid of its wanting to make itself one.' In the confidence of this hope, Henri and Matilda rented a chalet by the side of a mountain, where they might place themselves and their love under the protection of the Landamann and the old Helvetian Confederacy. But they were hardly on their way to it, after a short stroll by the side of the lake, when they perceived a band of armed nationalists wheeling about them. It was at Neufchâtel.

They now turned their thoughts to Germany. 'Let us go to Germany,' said they. 'There no one troubles himself about anything but waltzing or metaphysics.' They set out, but they were scarcely half-way, when they were warned, 'Do not go to Vienna; do not go to Berlin.'

As their carriage was about to cross a bridge, a female equestrian, with her hair floating over her shoulders, and her long graceful velvet drapery falling over her Arab horse, yet withal of a martial air that might have become the queen of the Amazons, galloped up so suddenly to them, and threw herself so directly in their way, that the postilion had scarcely time to pull up the leaders. 'Back there!' she cried, as she presented in his face a little pocket-pistol.

The terrified postilion fell back upon the horse he was riding, while Henri, putting his head out of the carriage-window, recognised in the desperate Amazon the Countess de Landsfeld.

'Madame,' he said with a courteous smile, 'I beg to assure you that we are neither Prussian gensdarmes nor Bavarian municipal guards. Have the goodness, then, to reserve your powder and ball for some greater political emergency, and allow us to pursue our route.'

Lola Montès broke into a merry laugh, which made the mountains ring with its echo. 'They were like old courtiers, but a little more genuine—perhaps the last courtiers.

'Take good advice,' said she, 'wherever you get it. Go not to Germany: they have burned my hotel.'

So saying, the Countess de Landsfeld set off like an arrow from the bow, leaving Henri and Matilda to exchange glances of surprise, and to ask each other, in utter despondence, whither they were now to bend their steps—what country would receive them? 'Let us go straight forward,' at last they cried. And straight forward they went, through woods, and meadows, and ravines, till the Rhine became the splendid barrier to further progress, unless they committed themselves to its waters. They did so, and stopped not till they came to Johannisberg, where they met an old man seated in an arbour, with his bottle and glass before him.

It was M. de Metternich, who was drinking his last bottle of Johannisberg.

'Your excellency,' said Henri, respectfully saluting—the bottle—'your excellency will pardon me if, in presuming to address you, I derange the balance of power in Europe; but we are a young couple from France, who are in search of some pretty little cottage where we may give a few short weeks to each other. Your excellency—who knows all news better than any telegraph, any newspaper—will have the goodness to tell us whether there are any cottages in Germany?'

The diplomatic eye of M. Metternich flashed somewhat angrily; but seeing nothing but artless simplicity in the faces of the young couple, he filled a fresh bumper, tossed it off, and buried his face in his hands.

'My Lord Minister,' said Matilda timidly.

'I am no longer minister,' answered he.

'My Lord Prince,' stammered Henri.

'There are no more princes.'

Digitized by Google

'Well, my Lord of Austria.'

M. de Metternich raised his head, looking sad as a German ballad.

'Austria is no more,' said he in a gloomy whisper. 'Austrians have destroyed it in destroying me. Diplomacy is no more, for I am the last diplomatist; and I—— Oh, Talleyrand, thou hast done well to die! The great art of working the hinges upon which all politics turn is at an end for ever. The people break the hinges when they cannot open them, and the axe is a hammer that opens every lock. We have fallen upon evil times, when words are of no other use to statesmen than to express their thoughts, and that even when perhaps they have none to express. Pity me then; behold me reduced to swallowing my last refuge of diplomacy—that is to say, my Johannisberg wine, that wondrous beverage with which I have mystified all Europe for more than sixty years.'

And M. de Metternich was silent, having nothing more to drink or to say.

I now lost all trace of Henri and Matilda for some time, but rested satisfied that they had at length found the promised land, when this evening I received the following letter:—

'Brescia, *March* 19.

My Dear Friend—We have at length arrived in Italy, after having passed through twenty countries all in revolution. Up to this moment we have not had an hour's quiet, for wherever we turned, there burst the revolutionary waterspout. Whatever shore we reached, the waves broke in upon it, and drove us before them. We have been at Brescia about half an hour, and must leave it before the hour is over. We were afraid of Vienna—afraid of Milan. "No strangers!" was the cry there; and though I knew they meant the Austrians, yet I was not certain how far they might carry their nationality. We knew that Rome was celebrating a constitutional carnival; that Florence's Grand Duke was proclaiming constitutions; that Naples had a king to-day, and will have to-morrow a Masaniello. We thought of Monaco, but it appears a republic is proclaiming there. The republic of St Marino next occurred to us, but there they are seriously talking of proclaiming an emperor. A prophetic hurrah has reached us from the Don Cossacks. Asia has turned her eyes westward, and drawn the sword against the Emperor of all the Cossacks. Every day we see the moon rising, it appears to us under every form, and in every colour. I suppose you have it tricoloured in Paris? But it is not the honeymoon: alas! we know not where to find that! To what shore, favoured of Heaven, are we now to steer our frail bark of love, launched into the open sea in such stormy weather? We had joyfully cried out "land!" when we reached Brescia. Here in the fair fields of Lombardy, where spring has already come with her hands full of opening flowers and verdant foliage, we hope to forget the world and its revolutions; but hardly had we alighted from the diligence, than a huge creature, one of the rabble, collared me, and demanded if I were not the viceroy; for the report had been already spread that the viceroy, driven from Milan, was on his way to Brescia, which he believed to be friendly to him.

"My worthy friend," said I, "you really wrong me. I have just come from a country where the very word royal is erased from the dictionary." Apropos of the dictionary, have you still an Academy? By this time the diligence was surrounded by a crowd, not less demonstrative in its greetings than my first friend. I commenced a parley with them, interrupted from time to time by a poor nervous Englishwoman, white as her country's cliffs, protesting that though she did come from Munich, she was not Lola Montès. In a few minutes, however, a diversion was effected in our favour by the arrival of a second carriage. The mob rushed towards it, and seizing upon a man who alighted from it, dragged him into the next square. They say it is the viceroy: I am not sure; but one thing is certain, that the revolution is here as well as everywhere else. Danton said "that we did not carry our country about with us on the soles of our shoes;" but methinks I must carry about with me dust pregnant with revolutions.

'At length, in utter despair, I thought of Ireland. "I have heard of no revolution in Ireland." "If not," answered Matilda, "then we must not go; a revolution there would imply quiet, for it implies change, and the usual natural state of that country is disturbance."

'Her woman's wit at last suggested, "Why not go back whence we came?" She is quite right. Will you, then, have the goodness to call at my house and tell my English servant—but I was forgetting that the cause of liberty, equality, and fraternity would be compromised by my retaining him in my service—but tell any of my people you can find that we are on our way to Paris, and hope to spend our honeymoon at home?

'Farewell. I have but time to add, health and fraternity,

Henri Delmasures.'

BISSET THE ANIMAL TRAINER.

Sterne says it is easy to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'All is barren.' It is equally easy to glance at the capabilities of the brute creation, and cry 'All is instinct.' But what this instinct is, and what affinity it bears to man's boasted prerogative of reason, are questions of a graver character—questions which have demanded and received the attention of some of the wisest of our race; but which have as yet received, and are perhaps at present capable of receiving, only vague and unsatisfactory replies.

The actions of many animals, and even of insects, frequently exhibit an appearance of forethought and knowledge which may well excite our surprise. A remarkable instance of this appears in the construction of the honeycomb, which is formed, in every respect, on the most approved mathematical principles. The bottom of a cell must be composed either of one plane, perpendicular to the side partitions, or of several planes meeting in a solid angle in the middle point; otherwise the cells could not be similar without loss of room. For the same reason the planes, if more than one, must be three, and no more; and by making the bottom to consist of three planes meeting in a point, much material and labour is saved. The bees follow these rules with as much accuracy as if they had been regular students in geometry. Dr Reid, in the course of some perspicuous observations on this subject, observes—'It is a curious mathematical problem at what precise angle the three planes at the bottom of a cell ought to meet, to make the greatest saving in material and labour. It is one of those problems belonging to the higher parts of mathematics, called problems of maxima and minima. The celebrated M'Laurin resolved it by a fluxionary calculation, to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, and determined precisely the angle required. Upon the most exact mensuration which the subject could admit, he afterwards found that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of the cell of a honeycomb actually meet.' Though we apprehend there are few who would be disposed to dispute the doctor's pious and elegant remark, that 'the geometry is not in the bee, but in the Great Geometrician who made the bee,' it is a subject which, taken in connection with the many similar instances of skill and knowledge which meet us at every turn, is not only of deep interest in itself, but well worthy of the most searching investigation which our powers will enable us to give it.

But there is something beyond this. It is sufficiently remarkable, and not too complimentary to our mental supremacy, that a philosopher of eminence, in solving a mathematical problem of acknowledged difficulty, should find that he had but discovered a principle which such an insect as the bee had long known and acted upon. But however surprising the acquisition of such know-

Digitized by Google

ledge may be, it is the common property of the race. All honeycombs are constructed on the same principle, and the latest structure boasts no superiority over those formed centuries ago. Thus, however astonishing the original acquirement, there is no power of progression manifested. No Christopher Wren or Inigo Jones has arisen among the bees to breathe over the cells an atmosphere of taste and elegance, and teach the plastic wax to assume hitherto unknown forms of grace and beauty. From this absence of improvement, many philosophers have attempted to draw the line at this point between instinct and reason. Smellie, in his 'Philosophy of Natural History,' says instinct should be limited to such actions as every individual of a species exerts, without the aid either of experience or imitation; and in accordance with the same views, Dr Gleig, in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' observes, that no faculty which is capable of improvement by observation and experience can with propriety be termed instinct. If we accept this view of the subject, it seems doubtful whether we are not compelled to allow the animal creation the possession of another faculty in addition to, and above, this supposed boundary of their intellectual nature. For though Smellie speaks of the improvement of instinct, the doctor very consistently remarks, that to talk of such a thing 'is to perplex the understanding by a perversion of language.' And yet it is a fact, as remarkable as interesting, that the faculties of animals *are* capable of such improvement; and that this capability is not confined to the higher species, but extends downwards to those grades which had hitherto been considered as quite beyond the pale of civilisation. Of this we have had such abundant testimony, that almost every man's experience can supply him with the proof. Not only have the wild denizens of the woods been brought by Van Amburgh and others to a surprising state of docility and acquired knowledge, and the king of the forest been taught to leap through a hoop, the elephant to make as dexterous a use of his trunk as a *chevalier d'industrie* does of his fingers, and several of the nobler animals to sustain their parts with credit in the performance of a regular drama; but some of the very lowest classes have developed, in the process of teaching, such latent powers and capabilities, as not merely to excite our present wonder, but seem to warrant the conclusion, that as we increase the skilfulness of our training, these developments will be found to increase with it. We do not think that the philosophy of this part of the subject, considered apart, and as distinct from the ordinary manifestations of instinct, has hitherto met with the attention which it deserves. We cannot, however, with any degree of justice, make the same complaint of the teaching itself; for the number of practical professors has so increased of late years, that an exhibition of trained animals which, a century and a half ago, would have been considered as occupying 'the debateable land' somewhere on the road between cheating and sorcery, is now almost as essential a part of every country fair as those dear associates of our childhood—the wonderful puppet-show, with its men something larger than trees, and its skies something deeper than thumb-blue, and the venerable but ever fresh, mirthful, and delightfully-ridiculous Punch and Judy.

Among those who have directed their attention to the training of animals, there are few who have evinced more aptitude for the task, have prosecuted it with more ingenuity and patience, or produced more successful results from their labours, than a man of the name of Bisset, who was well known in London, and indeed in most parts of the kingdom, about the middle of the last century. We are not sure that we can claim for him the title of the father of the art; but it had certainly attracted little attention in this country before his surprising exhibitions gave it an *éclat* which it has never since lost, and which has now made it a regular branch of study among those who cater for the amusement of the public. Bisset was born in Perth about the year 1731, and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. Possessing that kind of talent which forms what is usually called 'a clever man,' he soon became noted as a skilful workman in the neater branches of the trade, particularly in what is technically called 'women's work;' and as Perth did not offer the encouragement to which he now naturally looked forward, he removed to London, where he not only found a wider field for the exercise of his abilities, but was enabled to push his fortune in another and more tender way, by becoming acquainted with a young woman of property, whom he soon afterwards married. This addition to his worldly means enlarged his views for the future: he established himself as a broker, was successful in his new business, and in a fair way for quietly accumulating a competence for the comfort of his old age, and then dying with only his 'grandchildren's love for epitaph,' when a chance circumstance gave a new current to his ideas, or at least changed the even tenor of his way. In the year 1739, he accidentally read in the newspapers an account of some surprising feats of a horse exhibited at the fair of St Germain's; this seems to have awakened in him a spirit of emulation, and he determined to see what he could achieve in the same way. It is scarcely probable that this circumstance drew his attention to animal teaching for the first time: such an incident, like many extraordinary accounts in our own day, might have made a transient impression, but would scarcely have produced such immediate results. It seems more likely that an early partiality for animals had caused him to feel an interest in their habits and modes of action, which led to a more attentive observance of them than is ordinarily paid. The nature of his early occupation, while it employed his hands, had allowed full leisure to his thoughts; and these thoughts were no doubt often engaged upon instances of brute capability which he had casually observed, and sometimes, perhaps, upon the means of further developing that capability by tuition. However this may be, the account, if it did not first cause him to think, certainly first induced him to act; and he immediately began those experiments which have placed his name so high on the list of animal teachers. The first objects upon which he tested his powers were a horse and a dog; with which his success was so decided, as to strengthen the belief that the system of training was no sudden and immature impulse, but the result of close thought and patient observation. This success encouraged him to extend his experiments; and for his next pupils he selected two monkeys, which he trained to the performance of a regular exhibition; one of them going through a good imitation of biped dancing, and tumbling on the tight-rope, while his companion held a lighted candle in one paw, and played a barrel organ with the other. As these feats began to attract attention, and draw considerable audiences to witness them, he resolved to pursue his system on a more extended scale; and the result was equally creditable to his ingenuity and his patience. Having procured three young cats, he contrived to teach them not only so to strike the dulcimer with their paws as to produce a regular tune, but to add their 'most sweet voices' to the concert, singing first, second, and third, in the regular way. This performance was sufficiently striking in itself, and doubly so at a time when such things were strange. We who live in an age when even fleas are 'industrious'—that is, apart from, and over and above, their usual vampire vocation—when cats turn coachmen to doves, and birds die and revive again at bidding; when mice are dressed as ladies, and go to bed with lighted candles; and monkeys remind us of the enchanted prince in the 'Arabian Nights;' we have been too much accustomed to these things for them to inspire us with any vivid interest; but in that day, when they possessed all the charm of novelty, their exhibition drew such crowds, that Bisset was induced to transfer the performance from his own house to the Haymarket Theatre. There his feline protégés made 'their first appearance on any stage' in the famous *Cats'*

Digitized by Google

Opera—a piece which, from its novel nature and interesting character, as an evidence that the brute creation possessed capabilities hitherto not only undeveloped, but undreamt of, brought such overwhelming audiences to the theatre, that in a very few days the fortunate *maestro* saw himself the possessor of nearly a thousand pounds. He now resolved to convince the world that however wonderful they considered it that such effects could be wrought on animals hitherto deemed to rank low in the scale of rationality, there was still 'in the lowest depth a lower deep,' from which equal food for astonishment might be drawn. He taught a leveret to beat its part in the singular concert, by beating on a drum with its hinder feet, and to play several marches in the same way. At subsequent exhibitions, sparrows, linnets, and canaries, spelt the names of the company, told the hour and minute of the day, and performed other feats of a similar nature; and as a crowning specimen of his power over the inferior races, he trained six turkeys to go through a regular dance; and one to fetch and carry like a dog, and, with blackened claws on a chalked board, to trace out the name of any person present that was placed before it. The means by which he contrived to accomplish such surprising ends, not merely with animals of recognised sagacity, but with creatures which had been deemed incapable of exhibiting a ray of intelligence, were of course known only to himself; and as the results appeared to warrant the presumption that he had found the golden key to the coffers of prosperity, he was naturally not anxious to peril his expectations by unlocking 'the secrets of the prison-house.' But though it is to be feared that, had his system of instruction been disclosed, it would not have been found to accord with the dictates of humanity—for he confessed that he had taught the poor turkeys on the Eastern method, by heating the floor beneath them—there is still much left for the results of ingenuity and patience, and much more for the existence of a capacity in the animals themselves, hitherto unsuspected, and perhaps even now capable of higher development under improved means.

Bisset's own labours in the field, however, now received a premature check. He had gone on for some time reaping his golden harvest, and no doubt calculating that the same seed would always produce the same fruit. But the simple-hearted shoemaker had yet to learn the instability of the popular mind. The novel character of his early exhibitions had caught the attention of the town; they became the rage, and every one was eager to witness them: this zest had now begun to cool; the votaries of fashion had set up some other idol; and poor Bisset had the mortification to see the benches, which had once scarcely sufficed to accommodate the crowds that eagerly thronged to fill them, now gradually grow thinner and thinner. His exhibitions were more carefully got up than ever, and varied by every means which he possessed; but all would not do: the public curiosity was satisfied, and they would no longer draw. Bisset did not find the expense of his establishment decrease in the same ratio as its magnetic powers, and saw his guineas melt away like snow in the sunbeam, till he was at last compelled to dispose of a portion of his long-cherished animals, and descend to an itinerant exhibition of the rest. Even this resource seems to have been only partially successful; for we find him in 1775 abandoning London altogether, and travelling through a portion of the north of England; till at length, finding it impossible to rekindle the extinguished embers of excitement, he resolved upon a totally opposite course of life—by exchanging a profession whose aim was to raise the brute as near as might be to the level of the man, for one which too often debases the man to the level of the brute. He opened a public-house at Belfast, and for some time seemed not to have an idea beyond licensed victualling. But the habits of years are not to be eradicated in a moment: the old tree is not to be drawn out of the earth like the plant of yesterday. It was not long before he possessed a dog and cat, whose feats did as much honour to his powers of teaching as those of their predecessors; and being put upon his mettle by the assertion that, however successful with more docile animals, he would never be able to overcome the obstinacy of a pig, he immediately purchased a small black suckling for three shillings in Belfast market; and training it to lie under the kit whereon he again plied his original trade, he bent his energies to this new and more difficult experiment with all the zest which a huntsman feels when he knows he is on the track of an old fox. For seven months, every means which ingenuity or experience could suggest were tried, and tried in vain: the brain of the pig seemed incapable of containing any idea beyond that of wash; and he was on the point of relinquishing the experiment as hopeless, when a fresh method of teaching happened to strike him. Unwilling to acknowledge himself baffled, he put it in practice; and with such a triumphant result, that at the end of another six months his pupil was on the high road for becoming what is not unfamiliar to us in the present day, but was then, we believe, an unheard-of wonder—a learned pig.

The hope of 'driving his pig to a good market'—the force of old habits—and perhaps the astonishment expressed at his success, and a little pardonable vanity in being able to show the world, which had neglected him, his ability to instruct and control an animal whose stupidity has long been an axiom, and whose obstinacy has passed into a proverb, succeeded in tempting him once more from his trade; and we find him in Dublin, in August 1783, exhibiting his pig at Ranelagh. His triumph over its native stubbornness had been complete; and besides manifesting a degree of docility and obedience more characteristic of a spaniel than its own species, it is recorded that it would cast up accounts with accuracy, spell the names of persons present without any apparent direction, point out the words they thought of, distinguish the married from the single, and kneel and make obeisance to the company at the close of the exhibition. These performances, which, after allowing for the usual charlatanism of such exhibitions, were still highly surprising, began to create what the newspapers call 'a sensation.' Some of the old tide of prosperity began to flow back; and Bisset already saw, in anticipation, the return of at least a portion of those guineas which had formerly weighed down his purse-strings. These expectations were strengthened when, on the weather's rendering it necessary that he should remove the animal into the city, and having procured the chief magistrate's permission, he advertised it for exhibition in Dame Street, many persons of distinction honoured him with their presence, and the applauses bestowed on his skill and patience were of the most flattering character. This event, however seemingly so auspicious, proved a fatal one for poor Bisset; for he had not occupied the room many days, when an officer—evidently one of those who consider that even 'a little brief authority' is worth nothing unless made the most of—broke into the apartment, under the pretext of its being an unlicensed exhibition, wantonly destroyed the apparatus which directed the performance, and loaded with coarse abuse the inoffensive proprietor himself, who in vain pleaded the magisterial permission as a sufficient sanction for his presence. A threat of a prison and the loss of his pig, if he dared to repeat the exhibition, was the only answer to his mild remonstrances; and the dread of the fulfilment of the menace, together with the destruction of his property, so terrified the poor man, that he lost no time in quitting a place where his hopes had been a second time so lamentably disappointed. He had scarcely regained his home, when the agitation of his mind, acting on a weak and enfeebled body, threw him into a fit of illness, which, in effect, brought both his interesting labours and personal anxieties to a premature close. For although he partially rallied, and being pronounced able to travel, had resolved to return to London, the scene of his early triumphs and his tran-

Digitized by Google

sient prosperity, a relapse of his illness overtook him at Chester, and a few days saw his quiet and harmless spirit removed to another world.

SNEEZING.

Among the many enchanting tales of the 'Arabian Nights,' in which our youthful fancy of old luxuriated, we remember there was one of a certain humpbacked schoolmaster, who gives the history of his unfortunate deformity. Among the various valuable precepts which he inculcated, those of politeness seem to have held a chief place; and when he sneezed, we are told the scholars were taught to clap their hands, and exclaim 'Long live our noble master!' One day the dominie and his pupils were walking in the country: the day was sultry, and they were all glad when at last they fell in with a well. But, if we remember aright, the bucket was at the bottom, and the worthy dominie resolved to descend and bring it up full. Having filled the bucket with the 'crystal treasure,' the master gave the word, and the youths forthwith commenced hauling him up again. When near the top, as ill luck would have it, their preceptor sneezed! Simultaneously the boys let go, and, clapping their hands, vociferated the accustomed 'Long live our noble master!' while the luckless dominie, bucket and all, went rattling down to the bottom again —breaking at once his back and many of his prejudices in favour of etiquette.

When this tale first met our youthful eye, little reflective though we were, sneezing we thought was an odd thing to make the subject of compliment. But the discoveries of our maturer years have sufficiently proved how very ignorant we must have been to come to any such conclusion. Jewish rabbi and Christian pope—Arab novelist and classic author—the sands of Africa, even the savannas of the new world—all furnish proofs of the high importance attached to the sternutative functions. Records of this are found in all countries and in all times—except the antediluvian.

And this brings us at once into contact with the Jewish rabbis—those extraordinary fellows, who seem to have been better acquainted with Eden than ever were Adam and Eve—who know all the secrets of the Ark, and would beat Noah himself at an inventory of its furniture. Such extensive chronological attainments must be invaluable in searching out the origin of things; and we are glad we can derive the early history of sneezing from authorities so unimpeachable. As there is no mention in the Sacred Writings of illness among men until some time after the Flood, the rabbis declare that sickness was altogether unknown in the early world. How, then, it may be asked, did men die in those days? Why, they just sneezed, and expired. So say the rabbis. They tell us, moreover, that Jacob, disrelishing this speedy exit from life, earnestly desired that some warning should be given in order to prepare for the momentous change. This, say the rabbis, was the object for which he wrestled with the angel. His prayer was granted: he sneezed, and fell sick. The hitherto unheard-of circumstance of a man sneezing, and yet surviving, must, on the supposition of the rabbis, have made a great sensation among mankind: still more would the advent of disease—and thus associated, sneezing thenceforth ranked as one of the most important phenomena of the human system.

So much for tradition. But mythology also pays a like homage to this 'wind of the head.' Sneezing is said to have been the first act of the first man made by Prometheus. After giving the last finish to his work, Prometheus, we are told, cudgelled his brains as to how he was to impart to it life and motion. The difficulty, however, was found to be a power: he needed celestial aid to accomplish his purpose. Accordingly, conducted by the goddess Minerva, he skimmed lightly through the regions of several planets, and at last approached the sun. This was the stuff he wanted. Concealed under the mantle of his divine guide, Prometheus neared the resplendent orb, and filled with its liquid fire a phial which he had brought for that purpose, hermetically sealed it, and forthwith regained earth sound in limb and overjoyed in spirit. Applying the flask to the nostrils of his statue, he opened it, and instantaneously the subtle sunbeams insinuated themselves with such power through the pores of the spongy bone that the image sneezed. Upon this impulse the living principle was diffused through the brain, the nerves, the arteries—and the image stood forth as good a man as its manufacturer. It is added that Prometheus, overjoyed at the success of his experiment, broke into words of benediction and of prayer for the preservation of the wondrous work of his hands; and that this first man, awakening into consciousness while the words were being spoken, ever afterwards remembered them; and on every instance of sternutation in himself or his descendants, imitated the example of his artificer.

It was thus that the poets of Greece and Rome endeavoured to account for the existence of the wide-spread custom of saluting any one who sneezed; but the monks of the middle ages have not been behind-hand with them in the attempt. According to their legends, in the days of St Gregory the Great there reigned a deadly poison in the air of Italy, so that any one who sneezed or yawned instantly fell dead; and in consequence of the great mortality, the Pope ordained that on all occasions when a yawn or sneeze occurred, the bystanders should repeat certain words of prayer, to avert danger from the luckless wight who had been seduced into so perilous an indulgence. But in this case the heathens have undeniably the advantage over mother church: in regard to truth, we believe they are pretty much on a par; but for the children of the Vatican to attribute to the sixth century the origin of what had existed for a thousand years before, is ignorance 'beyond all hooping.'

The custom was of long standing even in the days of Alexander the Great, whose preceptor Aristotle made it the subject of erudite remark. In all countries the spirit of the salutation was the same—from the terse '*Salve!*' of the Romans, to the rather Irish Orientalism, 'May you live a thousand years, and never die!' and among the Greeks and Jews the very word was identical —'Live!' The Greeks have a capital story in one of their comedies of an old fellow called Proclus, who had a nose so very big that he could not blow it, as by no possibility could his hands reach to the end of his nasal protuberance; and to give posterity a still better idea of this formidable proboscis, the Greek dramatist adds, that when this Mr Proclus sneezed, he could not even cry 'God help me!' as the nose was too far off for the ear to hear.

But far from being confined to classic ground and the realms of Asia, the practice existed even in the depths of barbarous Africa. Old accounts of Monomopata testify that whenever the king of that region sneezed, all those who were in the place of his residence, or even in the environs, were simultaneously apprised of it, either by signs, or certain forms of prayer made on his behalf, which instantly spread the intelligence from the palace to the city, and thence to the suburbs; so that nothing was heard around but devout wishes for the prince's health, and a kind of 'God save the king!' which every one was obliged to repeat aloud. More extraordinary still, this piece of etiquette was witnessed by the Spaniards among the natives of the new world. The author of the 'History of the Conquest of Florida' informs us that the cazique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of Soto, all the Indians present immediately bowed low before their prince, venting aspirations that the sun would preserve him, enlighten him, and be always with him.

A custom so singular and so universal could not fail

Digitized by Google

to attract the notice of ancient writers, who have endeavoured to deduce its origin from natural religion. The head, they said, is the principal part of man: it is the fountain of the nerves, of all the sensations—it is the dwelling-place of the soul, that divine particle which thence, as from its throne, governs the whole mass—that hence a peculiar dignity always attached to it, and men in early times used to swear by their head as by something sacred—that they never dared to taste or touch any kind of brain—that they even avoided naming the word, usually expressing it by a periphrasis, such as 'white marrow.' From all this, it is added, it is not strange that their descendants should continue to reverence the brain, and attach importance to sneezing, which is its most visible manifestation.

As the ancients cannot now defend themselves, it would be ungenerous to make disparaging remarks on this theory of theirs; so we will rather pursue our theme, and find the sternutative function, in unholy wedlock with superstition, playing the part of an influential, but on the whole very harmless, familiar spirit. Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, all listened to its 'warning trump' as to the voice of a present deity; and there are on record endless instances in which a sneeze has determined an embarrassed heathen in his line of conduct. One day, for instance, Xenophon was haranguing his troops, and just as he was impetuously exhorting them to adopt a hazardous, but in his view indispensable resolution, a soldier sneezed: spontaneously, says the historian, the whole army adored the deity; and Xenophon, skilfully profiting by the incident, wound up by proposing a sacrifice to the 'saviour god' who had thus counselled them to adopt the salutary plans of their general. In Homer, likewise, when Penelope, harassed by the importunities of her suitors, is venting imprecations against them, and breathing wishes for the return of her Ulysses, her son Telemachus interrupts her with a sneeze so loud, that it shakes the whole house: Penelope gives way to transports of joy, and sees in this incident an assurance of the speedy return of her long-absent husband. Even the wondrous demon of Socrates, which the sage so often consulted in the exigencies of his eventful life, was neither sylph nor salamander, if we are to trust a passage in Plutarch—neither genii nor conscience—it was a sneeze!

It is true there is something rather anti-romantic in a sneeze; yet in olden times, when Venus was still queen of beauty and love, a gallant would often not have exchanged the sound of its rasping blast for the softest breathings of Zephyr, or the sweetest song of the nightingale. Indeed, in the ever-shifting world of love—of all others the brightest, yet most troubled—this omen was regarded as the weightiest and happiest of all. Parthenis, a young Greek girl, who has rather foolishly allowed herself to get head and ears in love with a youth, after many sore struggles, and long irresolutions, resolves to write an avowal of her passion to her dear Sarpedon. Let us follow her to her bower or her boudoir. There she sits, the loving, foolish creature! with as heavy and anxious a heart as ever belonged to a sweet girl of sixteen. The gentle murmurs of the Ægean come floating into the room; and as she looks up, the evening sunlight falls cheeringly on her pale cheek as it quivers through the vine trellis. Her eye is brimming, and her heart flutters as she resumes her stylus; for now she is at the very crisis of her letter, and is avowing her passion with guileless ardour, when a light, rapid convulsion shakes the stylus from her grasp. She has sneezed! It is enough! Parthenis is once more all joy: for she knows that at the same instant Sarpedon is thinking of her with sentiments as loving as her own. The heathen divinities themselves seem to have sneezed when more than usually pleased, and inclined to be beneficent; and the poets used to say of persons remarkably beautiful, that 'the Loves had sneezed at their birth.' Cupid appears to have been especially fond of thus testifying his approbation, as we learn from the sweet little poem of Acmé and Septimellus, from which the following lines are translated:—

> 'Acmé then her head reflecting,
> Kissed her sweet youth's chrisate eyes,
> With her rosy lips connecting
> Looks that glistened with replies.
> "Thus, my life, my Septimellus!
> Serve we Love, our only master:
> One warm love-flood seems to thrill us,
> Throbs it not in me the faster?"
> She said: and, as before,
> Love on the left hand aptly sneezed—
> The omen showed that he was pleased
> To give his blessing.' *

This harmless superstition, however, seems to have ended with the classic ages; but the custom of saluting those who sneeze still survives in many parts of continental Europe. In the beginning of last century, M. Morin tells us that the Anabaptists in England had made themselves remarkable, among other things, by the 'whimsical zeal' with which they combated this custom; and in the preceding century, the essayist Montaigne said, 'Let us give an honest welcome to this sort of wind, for it comes from the head, and is blameless.' Snuffing, we fear, has had a hand in the decay of this remnant of ancient politeness; for we find the first-mentioned author lamenting that 'there is great reason to fear that we shall soon see this respectable custom die out; for sneezings have become so frequent, and so much in vogue, that it is rare now-a-days to see produced naturally those salutary functions which the human race has so justly deemed worthy of its respect. They are forced from nature whether she will or no, and it is no longer the same thing.' † There can be no doubt that superstition, from whatever cause arising, mainly engendered this respect for the function of sneezing; and accordingly, by the learned even of ancient times, it was frequently disregarded as a vulgar prejudice. But Clement of Alexandria, in his little treatise of politeness, goes further than this, and regards sneezing as a mark of intemperance and effeminacy: he says that it should be suppressed as much as possible, and is most unmeasured in his reprobation of those who seek to procure it by extraneous means. Though very many now-a-days set at defiance this anathema of the Greek Chesterfield, yet the usages of modern society coincide in the main with his suggestions; and when in company with those we respect, if sneeze we must, we at least endeavour to conceal it from observation.

Aristotle of old declared sneezing to be a favourable symptom of health; and the rather humorous light in which we generally regard it seems to confirm his decision. It is a gentle stimulus to a languid system—it is a refreshing evacuation of the head, which at once pleases and relieves us: such, say many, are the benefits of a hearty sneeze. But not so think many erudite disciples of Æsculapius. 'Hearty sneeze!' says Olympiodorus and his followers; 'why, sir, you're jesting with an earthquake, sir—an alarming physical convulsion! Does it not disfigure the prettiest face with epileptic tremors! It is a syncope, sir; nay, sir, it is a short epilepsy!' (*brevis epilepsia*). Verily this is a grave charge against sneezing. It is but lately that it first met our startled ears; but since then, we have ever looked upon a snuffer as a sort of swindler of the sexton—one who should long ago have been a source of revenue to some deserving cemetery company. Either the classic doctors are superannuated, or snuffers are infatuated sensualists, who, for the sake of a gentle titillation, and a still gentler nasal intoxication, peril in a single day more lives than a cat's. Their existence is a constant libel on the fair fame of Olympiodorus. Which, then, is right—the Greek or the disciple of Raleigh! The question, doubtless, seems *primâ facie* a very interesting one, affecting alike the queen on the throne and the child in the nursery; but on so grave a subject,

> 'Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?'

Perhaps much, as Sir Roger de Coverley remarks, may be said on both sides. For ourselves, we are content to

* Blackwood's Magazine.

† 'Mémoires tirés des Registres de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.' Vol. v. p. 445 Paris, 1736.

Digitized by Google

believe that, like the patriarch, we enjoy a reprieve from the perils of sternutation. Moreover, we don't give a snuff for a sneeze—no, nor take one either; but should any of our readers think fit to investigate the subject, perhaps the society *De Lunatico Inquirendo* may present him with a cap and bells for his pains.

A VOICE FROM THE DEER FOREST.

In the midst of the dust and fret of political turmoils, statistics of misery and crime, and the many vexing questions that agitate our larger seats of population, one's mind is inexpressibly relieved in getting into the private society of some familiar old author, or into the presence of some sweet picture of tranquillity and innocence, or, better still, into some remote nook of the country, where we at once find nature in her best dress, and the few inhabitants still in a tolerable state of simplicity. We must hasten to tell the reader that n relief of this kind has been afforded to us in unusual amplitude by a book of the day, which, finding us deep in the troubles which pervade the world, from Paris to Vienna, and from Naples to Holstein, carried us in an instant into such a natural scene, and such a mental intercourse, as we had scarcely believed to have been left to these later times.

Had it fortuned to an Englishman fifteen or sixteen years ago to visit the county of Elgin in the north of Scotland, he could not have failed to hear of the Earl of Moray's forest of Tarnaway, which then stretched for miles along the banks of a grand Highland stream—the Findhorn—in all the untrimmed luxuriance which he would have expected in going to wait on the duke in Arden. He would have been further surprised to hear of two brothers entirely realising the old ballad ideas of gallant young huntsmen—superb figures, attired in the ancient dress of the country, and full of chivalric feeling—who, giving up the common pursuits of the world, spent most of their days in following the deer through this pathless wild. Men of an old time they seemed to be, of frames more robust than what belong to men now-a-days, and with a hardihood which appeared to make them superior to all personal exposure and fatigue. At the same time, they possessed cultivated minds, and no small skill in many of the most elegant accomplishments. These gentlemen have since made their names known in connection with works illustrating our national antiquities; and it is to them we are now indebted for the book by which we have been so pleasantly witched out of the sense of these dreary days. It is, in reality, a report of their Tarnaway life, brought forth when looked back to from a distant land and a tamer period of existence, but still glowing with unwonted fires, and suffused with the colours of a rich imagination.

The first volume is composed of romantic and sentimental poems, which will, we fear, be felt as heavy, and this simply because of the indistinctness of meaning and purpose which belongs to the greater part of them. And yet there are fine things here, as, for example, in the following fragment of an address from the elder to the younger brother on parting:—

> ——— 'Sad for thee I sigh;
> Thou wert the loadstar of mine eye,
> Pleasant and ever true to me,
> Passing all maiden's constancy.
> Thou hast been woven in my heart
> Through every fibre's vital part;
> For on life's weary steep till now
> That we look downward from its brow,
> We shared in every care and glee
> From childhood to maturity.
> I shaped thy toys in infant day,
> And skilled thy hand in mimic fray;
> Within my cloak at winter hour
> Oft fenced thee from the wind and shower,
> And oft the weary summer's day,
> When hot the sun, and long the way,
> I held thy hand, and checked the stride
> Thy little footstep paced beside.
> Full often when the ford was deep
> I bore thee through the torrent's sweep;
> And oft to win the eagle's nest,
> Held fast the rope which bound thy breast,
> And when thy eager arm and grasp
> Too short the cushat's tree to clasp,
> Have lent my shoulder to thy foot,
> And borne thee upward from the root;
> Often I kept the orchard gap,
> Or shook the fruit into thy lap;
> And often at the twilight gray
> Held the fierce shepherd's dog at bay,
> While thou with willow brand and shield
> Routed the flock upon the field.
>
> The days of youth have come and gone
> Like shadows on the dial stone;
> And manhood's sterner hour has brought
> Realities—for visioned thought.
> We've proved each toil and peril task
> Which childhood apes in idle mask. * *
> Thou'st fought beside me in the melI,
> Warded the brand in conflict fell,
> And when the dreadful day was lost,
> And I was 'numbed with wounds and frost,
> Thou bore me from the carnage fleet,
> Through fire and smoke and battle sleet,
> Thou'st seen the joys, the hopes of youth,
> Wane from my heart like maiden's truth;
> Through days of grief and nights of care,
> Watched by my couch, and kept my chair.
> In sickness, sorrow, and despair,
> And when my sad soul ebbed away,
> Struck the sweet harp, and waked the lay,
> And stilled the trembling mortal strife,
> And called my spirit back to life.
>
> Alas! that I should live to see
> The day that we should severed be,
> Should look upon the earth and air,
> The springing flower, the sunshine fair,
> Should have a joy, a pride, a care,
> And thou not near to soothe and share. * *
>
> I stood where he had stood, and drew
> The sweet wood air as he should do,
> And trod his footsteps in the sand,
> And grasped the tree where leant his hand,
> And till mine eye could see no more,
> Gazed on the boat, the stream, the shore,
> The water he should ferry o'er,
> The lonely rock and clattach gray,
> Where he should land full many a day,
> When I was long and far away.
> I looked to heaven, and sun, and sky,
> The gray goshawk that hovered high,
> The dewy flower, the birken brae,
> And turned with broken heart away,
> That they could not—bird, flower, and tree—
> Look back and speak farewell to me:
> But they *do* speak, and make their mourn;
> The wren flits restless through the thorn,
> The linnet sits in greenwood still,
> The owl is silent on her hill,
> The gray hawk perches on the rock,
> Nor heeds below the cuckoo mock,
> And the buck bends his velvet ear,
> And wonders why he does not hear
> My wandering step and holla clear.
>
> But I shall turn in happier hour
> To rock and stream, and tree and flower:
> The boughs shall bud, and the bloom shall spring,
> And the little bird in greenwood sing,
> And the owl shall cry upon the tree,
> The dun deer bell upon the lea,
> And the gray hawk shriek to welcome me,
> And the sun shall shine on tree and tower,
> On bank and stream, on rock and flower,
> And all whereon I loved to see
> His blessed light shine merrily;
> And I shall sit thy board beside,
> And look upon thy arms of pride,
> And see thy trophies won the while,
> The antlers and the furry spoil;
> And sit beneath, and hear thee tell
> Of how they run, and where they fell.
> Oft shall we trace the feat again,
> By wood and stream, by hill and plain;
> And often in thy shallop light,
> Ferry the stream at morn and night.
> Oft couch upon the heather-bed,
> On the same mantle lay our head;
> And when the even light grows pale,
> Oft spread our meal upon the fail,
> Beneath the rock, beside the stream,
> And tell of this day as a dream.

Digitized by Google

So shall the dark years pass away.
And when at last our steps decay,
Upon the staff, ere day is done,
Still shall we totter to the sun;
And when we may not tread them more,
Look to the hill, and wood, and shore,
And gaze around on tree and flower,
Like travellers at parting hour,
And when shall come life's closing day,
And we from earth must pass away,
Near all that we have loved so deep,
Amid the heather we shall sleep,
Beneath the moss and lichen hoar,
Where often we have slept before.
Under our arm the fawn shall lie,
And o'er our head the owl shall cry,
And in the soft moss on our breast,
The wren and robin build their nest;
The hawk shall clamour on the heath,
The wandering buck shall bell beneath;
And every year at turn of spring,
Where the gray oaks their branches swing,
The cuckoo o'er our bed shall sing.
There shall the wild rose shed her flower,
And the bat fly at evening hour;
And there the wood-dove make her moan,
And the bee wind about the stone,
And drink the dew, and sink the bell,
And there the lonely breeze shall tell
When sweetly tolls the vesper knell.'

These are the words of nature in expressing one of her most beautiful feelings.

The second volume is wholly composed of prose notes, in which the popular attraction of the book chiefly resides. Here we find copious details concerning forest life and the craft of deer-hunting, together with many curious legends of the Highlands, and what is perhaps the most respectably useful thing in the work, many original observations on the habits of wild animals. The descriptions of the forest itself are of striking beauty and interest. 'Few knew what Tarnaway was in those days—almost untrodden, except by the deer, the roe, the foxes, and the pine-martins. Its green dells filled with lilies of the valley, its banks covered with wild hyacinths, primroses, and pyrolas, and its deep thickets clothed with every species of woodland luxuriance, in blossoms, grass, moss, and timber of every kind, growing with the magnificence and solitude of an aboriginal wilderness—a world of unknown beauty and silent loneliness, broken only by the sough of the pines, the hum of the water, the hoarse bell of the buck, the long wild cry of the fox, the shriek of the heron, or the strange mysterious tap of the northern woodpecker. For ten years we knew every dell, and bank, and thicket, and excepting the foresters and keepers, during the early part of that time we can only remember to have met two or three old wives who came to "crack sticks" or shear grass, and one old man to cut hazels for making baskets. If a new forester ventured into the deep bosom of the wood alone, it was a chance that, like one of King Arthur's errant-knights, he took a tree "to his host for that night," unless he might hear the roar of the Findhorn, and on reaching the banks, could follow its course out of the woods before the fall of light. One old wife, who had wandered for a day and a night, we discovered at the foot of a tree, where at last she had sat down in despair, like poor old Jenny Macintosh, who, venturing into the forest of Rothemurchus to gather pine-cones, at the same date again. Three years afterwards, she was found sitting at the foot of a great pine, on the skirt of the Brae-riach, her wasted hands resting on her knees, and her head bent down upon her withered fingers. The tatters of her dress still clung to the dry bones like the lichen upon the old trees, except some shreds of her plaid, which were in the raven's nest on Craig-dhubh, and a lock of her gray hair that was under the young eagles in the eyry of Loch-an-Eilean.

'If such danger had no real existence in Tarnaway, it was an appalling labyrinth to the simple muirland cotters, accustomed to no more foliage than a rowan-tree and a kail-stock, and who had no thought to guide themselves with the sun by day and the stars by night. It had been otherwise in the old time, for Tarnaway was only the remnant of the vast expanse of wood which had stretched over the plains and braes of Moray, from Rothemurchus to the sea, and from the shaws of Elgin to the ancient oaks of Calder and Kilravoch. Enclosed, like Cadzow and Chillingham, out of the remains of the ancient British forests, within its range every species of native tree bare testimony of its aboriginal vigour. . . . Natural oaks and ash have shown a diameter of six feet, and shoots from the stools of the former have grown seven feet in the first year. There was an alder opposite to Sluie which was eleven feet in circumference, and in other banks of the river grew birches from nine to twelve. In 1826, some of the forest roads and large tracks of the wild wood were avenued, and filled with the most beautiful beeches, equal, according to their growth, with the best of their contemporaries in Oxfordshire or Buckinghamshire. One approach to the castle was an alley of larches a mile in length, and of unrivalled magnificence; and many a secluded knoll in the depths of the forest was tufted by august spruces feathering into the grass, and exhibiting the richest foliage and most vigorous growth. It is probable that at that time Tarnaway was unequalled in Great Britain for the beauty, extent, and variety of its wood scenery. Its artificial productions, however, were less interesting than the remains of the mighty aboriginal pines, the oaks which had no doubt seen the Raid of Harlaw, and the gigantic hollies, which in some parts covered the "pots" and braes, and were not exceeded, perhaps not equalled, in Great Britain. Of the former there were a few, of which the largest were fourteen feet in girth, and of the latter many of the trunks were six feet in circumference, and supported a mass of foliage from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and so close, that the heaviest snow and driving rain never laid the dust at their feet. Many a storm have we sat out dry and warm under their green roofs, and often scared the humphacked bucks and ruffled woodcocks, which ran cowering before the drift, or dropped out of the blast to shelter where we had gone before them.'

Through this region and the neighbouring hills the two brothers pursued the deer for many a day. Sometimes they would lie abroad all night, waiting to renew the chase of some particular animal next day. Sometimes, to regain their home, they would cross the Findhorn under circumstances involving such peril, that, considering the frequency of the act, it is surprising that they escaped drowning. One of the things essential to such a life is to have deposits of refreshments concealed in various places throughout the wilderness, to which the hunter can resort when it suits his convenience. The brothers ultimately found it necessary to build a hunter's hut, in which themselves and their attendant could pass the night when occasion demanded. According to the description by the younger—'There is a high and beautiful crag at the crook of the river near the "Little* Eas"—a precipice eighty feet in height, and then, like a vast stone helmet, crowned with a feathery plume of wood, which nodded over its brow. From its top you might drop a bullet into the pool below; but on the south side there is an accessible wooly bank, down which, by planting your heels firmly in the soil, and among the roots of the trees, there is a descent to a deep but smooth and sandy ford. Upon the summit of the rock there is, or there was—my blessing upon it!—a thick and beautiful bird-cherry, which hung over the crag, and whose pendent branches taking root on the edge of the steep, shot up again like the banana, and formed a natural arbour and close trellis along the margin of the precipice.† Behind its little gallery there is a mighty holly, under which the snow rarely lies in winter, or the rain drops

* Eas beag [Little Waterfall].

† The bird-cherry shoots vigorously in this kind of reproduction.

Digitized by Google

in summer. Beneath the shelter of this tree, and within the bank at its foot, I dug a little cell, large enough to hold two beds, a bench, a hearth, a table, and a "kistie." The sides were lined with deals well calked with moss, and the roof was constructed in the same manner, but covered with a tarpauling, which, lying in the slope of the surrounding bank, carried off any water which might descend from thaw or rain, and when the autumn trees shook off their leaves, could not be distinguished from the adjoining bank. Its door was on the brink of the crag, veiled by the thick bird-cherries on the edge of the precipice; and the entrance to the little path, which ascended from either side upon the brow of the rock, was concealed by a screen of birch and hazel, beneath which the banks were covered with primroses, wood-anemones, and forget-me-not. Bowers of honeysuckle and wild roses twined among the lower trees; and even in the tall pines above, the rose sometimes climbed to the very top, where all its blossoms clustering to the sun, hung in white tassels out of the dark-blue foliage. There the thrush and the blackbird sung at morning and evening, and the owl cried at night, and the buck belled upon the Torr. Blessed, wild, free, joyous dwelling, which we shall never see again!'

Many adventures with the deer are recorded, some of them full of wild animation, and at the same time displaying the extraordinary sagacity of the animals. There is one story of a deer which, after being wounded, kept up a run till the third day, passing in this space of time over a large tract of country, and making many singular *treasons*, as the phrase is, in his attempts to escape. We have not room for any of these more lengthened narratives, interesting as they are, and must content ourselves with one which, in comparison, is little better than an anecdote, and yet is characteristic of the animal. 'One dark cloudy day, in the depth of winter, we followed a buck, which was like the German leg or the Wandering Jew, and took us all over the forest, into all the burns, and round all the lochs and heights, crossed through the middle of the castle park, down the road of the east farm, between the houses and the square, across the garden, and into the burn at its foot, where of course we lost him for a time. "Wonderful buck, sir!" said Donald; but "*buck*" only by conjecture: for whether buck, doe, or demon, we had never a glimpse of his head to say, and only judged his gender by the size of his slot and the wide spread of the dew-clees. With the burn he returned again into the forest, and only left the water, as we suppose, because he met an old woman's cow, which was standing up to her knees in the pool, where the long sweet grass grows down to the Glae-Lucrach. From thence he went away over the pots to St John's Logie, treasoned all over the wet woody bog, and into the brae of the Tober-shith. I made for the Giuthas-mòr, where a famous run comes up from the hollow, but the deep toll of the hounds passed along the middle of the bank, and went away for the river. I examined the slot, to see that it really had *four* legs, though, it is true, that was little satisfaction, since we have no authority that the fiend does not sometimes go on all-fours, as, according to the Arabians, he occasionally does on one. As long as the dogs led, however, we should certainly have followed, though he had as many legs as a millepede, or no more than a Nim-Juze. Where he went, however, or how we followed, it would be too tedious to relate. Keeping under the wind, we continually checked him by the cry of the dogs, until only old Dreadnought was left on the track, and at last the roe turned short in the face of a pass where I was posted before him, and took wild away for the hamlet of Ceann-na-Coille. This utterly threw me out, as there was no understanding such a buck—who, like Napoleon in Italy, left fortified posts on his flank, and otherwise disregarded the old pig-tailed rules of war—besides which, from his last direction, it was probable that he was a Brodie buck, and was gone straight away for his own woods. However, I followed to hear what had become of him; and though I lost the cry of the hound, tracked the slot till it brought me out of the wood to a little cottage, where I found Dreadnought, very unlike himself, pottering about at the gavel of the house. I thought he was bewitched, till, as I traced the buck's foot, I also lost it near the same place, and neither he nor I, by nose or sight, could make any more of it than if, like one of Tasso's dragons, the buck had started into the air. While we were groping in the road, and Dreadnought taking a cast about the house, to the great discomfort of the old wife's cocks and hens, she brought out the usual cottage hospitality—the bowl of "*set*" milk; and as I was rewarding her with news of her cow, which she had lost for three days in the forest, and was the same "knock-kneed, how-backit, glaikit horned auld carline" which had turned the buck in the morning—there was a challenge from old Dreadnought in the kailyard! I threw the bowl into the barley-mow, and sprang upon the dike, where I saw the deep print of the buck's foot in the soft mould of the potato plot, into the middle of which he had bounded from the road, clearing the dike at a right angle, over which the dog had run, wondering where he had flown from his last slot. I had scarce time to observe the marks, when the hound opened at full cry, made a demi-tour into the wood, across the road, and into the thorn jungle on the burn; from which, as before mentioned, we had lost our buck of the three days' run. As, however, the roe was now tolerably fresh, I judged that, rather than follow the water into the open pines, he would return for the birken braes and thorny hollows behind him. To intercept him, therefore, I kept the flank of the stunted firs, which, straggling over the moss between the burn and the castle road, are the connecting cover between the jungle and the woods. I had just left the tall trees, and was making for the dike, when the cry of the dog turned towards me; in an instant after, and for the first time in the day, I saw the buck himself; he came bounding through the centre of the little scroggy firs, glanced over the road, and as he leaped upon the dike, the shot just caught him in the spring with which he topped the fail.'

We conclude for the present with a picture of animated nature, which no common hand could have sketched. 'In the bedding season the does retire into the most secret thickets, or other lonely places, to produce their young, and cover them so carefully, that they are very rarely found; we have, however, deceived their vigilance. There was a solitary doe which lived in the hollow below the Braigh-cloiche-léithe in Tarnaway. I suppose that we had killed her "marrow;" but I was careful not to disturb her haunt, for she was very fat and round, stepped with much caution, and never went far to feed. Accordingly, when, at evening and morning, she came out to pick the sweet herbs at the foot of the brae, or by the little green well in its face, I trode softly out of her sight, and if I passed at noon, made a circuit from the black willows, or thick junipers, where she reposed during the heat. At last, one fine sunny morning I saw her come tripping out from her bower of young birches as light as a fairy, and very gay and "canty"—but so thin, nobody but an old acquaintance could have known her. For various mornings afterwards I saw her on the bank, but she was always restless and anxious—listening and searching the wind—trotting up and down—picking a leaf here and a leaf there, and after her short and unsettled meal, she would take a frisk-round-leap into the air—dart down into her secret bower—and appear no more until the twilight. In a few days, however, her excursions became a little more extended, generally to the terrace above the bank, but never out of sight of the thicket below. At length she ventured to a greater distance, and one day I stole down the brae among the birches. In the middle of the thicket there was a group of young trees growing out of a carpet of deep moss, which yielded like a down pillow. The prints of the doe's slender forked feet were thickly

Digitized by Google

tracked about the hollow, and in the centre there was a bed of the velvet "fog," which seemed a little higher than the rest, but so natural, that it would not have been noticed by any unaccustomed eye. I carefully lifted the green cushion, and under its veil, rolled close together, the head of each resting on the flank of the other, nestled two beautiful little kids, their large velvet ears laid smooth on their dappled necks, their spotted sides sleek and shining as satin, and their little delicate legs as slender as hazel wands, shod with tiny glossy shoes as smooth and black as ebony, while their large dark eyes looked at me out of the corners with a full, mild, quiet gaze, which had not yet learned to fear the hand of man: still, they had a nameless doubt which followed every motion of mine—their little limbs shrunk from my touch, and their velvet fur rose and fell quickly; but as I was about to replace the moss, one turned its head, lifted its sleek ears towards me, and licked my hand as I laid their soft mantle over them. I often saw them afterwards when they grew strong, and came abroad upon the brae, and frequently I called off old Dreadnought when he crossed their warm track. Upon these occasions he would stand and look at me with wonder—turn his head from side to side—snuff the ground again, to see if it was possible that he could be mistaken—and when he found that there was no disputing the scent, cock one ear at me with a keener inquiry, and seeing that I was in earnest, trot heavily onward with a sigh.'

OUR COUSIN EPPY FORBES.

We were on a visit to some friends, residing in a retired country town, when hearing of the eccentricities, or, more properly speaking, the peculiarities of an ancient lady, Miss Forbes by name, and comparing notes, we found that she was a cousin of our own. This relationship, indeed, was thrice removed; but according to Scotch computation, that is no very distant degree: so we determined to seek her out, and gain admittance to her domicile; a mark of favour not always vouchsafed to the many, the value of the privilege being of course enhanced to the favoured few. After more than one failure, our repeated summons, both with knocker and bell, being unheeded or unheard, we at length succeeded in introducing ourselves. Miss Forbes inhabited an old dingy-looking house, situated on the further hill-side, beyond the precincts of the town; it was several storeys high, tall and thin, and bare of windows towards the highway; and we understood that she had never crossed the threshold for the last twenty years, except to attend divine service in a neighbouring church twice on each Sabbath day. We were, moreover, informed that, since the death of her old servant, she retained no regular domestic, but always slept fearlessly in the habitation alone; her wants being attended to each morning, as the case might require, by a young girl, who gladly performed the simple offices required; for although Cousin Elspeth, or, as she was familiarly called, Eppy, was not reputed to be wealthy, but, on the contrary, was known to possess a very slender competence, yet the half of *that* she divided with those who were poorer, and needed help.

The door was opened by a stout upright old lady, very much scarred and disfigured in the face by the smallpox. On listening to our errand, and producing our credentials, Miss Forbes—for it was she—requested us to walk into the parlour and be seated. We really felt half abashed in the presence of this lone woman, for the simple dignity and calm courtesy of her bearing, old-fashioned and quaint though it was, repelled anything like familiarity or undue curiosity; whilst kindness unfeigned, and an innocent truthfulness, which evidently came from the heart, disarmed all wish, if such a wish existed for a moment, to turn her into ridicule.

After our pretensions to relationship had been freely discussed, and frankly admitted by the old lady, she produced refreshments of the most primitive order from an adjoining closet, inviting us to partake of them, and the breezy air on the hill-side had such an appetising effect, that we did ample justice to the wheaten loaf; but when our entertainer arose to leave the room, taking in her hand a vase of the classic shape, which, we are given to understand, the Pompeian damsels used to carry water in, and which Cousin Eppy designed for the same purpose, we insisted on performing the office for ourselves. But with a soft and gingerly step, and an air as dignified as that of some fabled princess, she courteously waved her hand for us to resume our seat, and swam out of the apartment, returning in about five minutes with the vase filled to the brim with sparkling ready-iced delicious nectar, eagerly quaffed by thirsty, dusty, matter-of-fact mortals. And yet, notwithstanding her hospitality and kindness, we intuitively felt that all attempts on our part to converse intimately as relatives were met with good-breeding, it is true, but also with an impassable barrier of self-withdrawal: so we readily accepted Cousin Eppy's invitation to take a turn in the garden, looking about us, nevertheless, in gratification of our curiosity, as much as circumstances permitted.

The reception parlour had literally nothing in it save a few high-backed antique chairs and a table; and in the small room leading into the garden (Cousin Eppy's own sanctum), in addition to the same articles of furniture, there was a Bible and Prayer-Book; but no sign of feminine occupation; no books save the best; no nicknacks or nonsense of any description. We heard the regular monotonous tick of the clock, but we looked in vain for a cat to enliven the scene with its companionable purr; and I speedily found myself picturing the long winter evenings of the past twenty years, passed alone, without books, without conversation, interest, or occupation.

By and by I endeavoured to frame a romance, with all its adjuncts, as appertaining to our cousin's history; but when I looked on the old lady's countenance, and conjectured at what epoch of her life the puckerings and seams had thus disfigured it, and when I learnt that she was only ten years of age when attacked by the virulent enemy which had left its mark behind, I no longer succeeded in fancying her the heroine of a bygone tale of sentiment, wherein celibacy and a love of solitude originated in the somewhat commonplace episode of disappointed affections.

The garden—if garden it might be designated, when its aspect was that of waste land, with long coarse grass luxuriantly waving, and wild rose-trees scattered about—lay on the hill-side, open and airy; a broad gravelled walk or terrace ran along the high part, while the domain was bounded by a row of hardy Scotch firs, whose stems were entwined with rich masses of honeysuckle, the summer bloom and sweet odours contrasting strongly with the wintry savage foliage of the dark evergreens. On this terrace, Cousin Eppy informed us, it had been her custom to promenade for at least three hours, during some portion of each day, for the last twenty years, leisurely sauntering up and down, shaded by her huge green parasol from the summer's heat and glare, and protected by a capacious muff from the winter's frost and cold. The view from this terrace,

Digitized by Google

which had a southern aspect, was a lovely and extensive one, far away over hill and plain; and in the distance, just peeping and glittering between the hills, the sea, the 'deep blue sea,' was discernible, with now and then the snowy sails of some passing bark, on which a ray of sunshine rested—the only moving object in the solitary scene. Here, too, half-hidden by eglantine and wild creepers, midway down the ascent, we found the fairy spring which had afforded us such refreshing beverage; the water gushed gently up into a small rounded basin, and from thence trickled away unseen beneath the profuse underwood of Cousin Eppy's neglected pleasure-grounds.

I longed to ask this strange antiquated cousin *how* she passed her time?—how she reckoned up the innumerable days which had glided by?—what her memories were, and what her hopes or anticipations? Was she devoted to contemplation, or was it the mere apathetic indulgence of a misanthropic disposition, joined to eccentric habits and whims? After-circumstances, indeed, proved that there was no mystery to be solved; for the time arrived when I enjoyed close and frequent communion with Eppy Forbes, and after a lengthened period had elapsed, her confidence and friendship; which latter marks of favour had been so sparingly dispensed by her during her long pilgrimage, that I felt myself especially honoured in possessing them.

She had been transplanted from her native Highland home at an early age, to fulfil the duties of companion and humble friend to a noble lady, with whom she had continued to reside after the latter's marriage with Lord Annesley. It was surmised that ties of 'blood-relationship' existed between the impoverished Scotch family and the wealthy English one from intermarriages long ago. Be that as it might, after more than twenty years' devoted attendance on her lady, ten of which were passed in a sick-room, tending the heroic and gentle sufferer, who at length breathed her last in Eppy's arms, she was installed as housekeeper at Annesley Park, which became a deserted mansion after Lady Annesley's death, and the situation, consequently, was considered a sinecure. Here Eppy passed ten more years of loneliness, amidst tapestried desolation and mouldering grandeur, happy in occasionally receiving tidings of her dear young lady, the only child of her late lamented mistress; but whenever Eppy came to this part of her reminiscences, she always spoke in a half-whispering mysterious manner, just as if, by so doing, she concealed what the world knew full well—namely, the sad history of the fair Maude Annesley, whose ill-assorted union and early death formed *the one* engrossing theme of poor Eppy's life, although she rarely indulged herself in *speaking* of it, and then with deep solemnity. She communed with her own heart silently in her chamber, and was still.

On Lord Annesley's decease, Eppy was removed from Annesley Park, and a small annuity being conferred upon her, together with the freehold on the hill-side, Eppy considered that she was permanently settled for the remainder of her days; and, as already mentioned, she had never quitted her home, save for the purposes of devotion, during twenty years occupancy.

It seemed Eppy Forbes's fate to pass her life amid scenes of suffering and solitude; and when trouble fell heavily on her noble patron, it fell heavily on Eppy's heart also, and caused 'her sun of life to set,' to use her own poetical expression. And she used to say, having once associated with the great, the good, and the learned, how was it possible she could bear to mix in inferior society? *She* could feel no new interests, and what to *her* were the petty concerns and gossippings of the little world around? No: she rose at six every morning, read her Bible, and performed her religious exercises, breakfasted, attended to her simple domestic concerns, received her poor patients—for Eppy was somewhat of a quack, though well skilled in the use of medicinal herbs—walked on her terrace and *sniffed the sea-breeze*, dined early and frugally, read her Bible again, walked again on her terrace, took a great many cups of tea, walked again, and read the 'Best Book,' and finally ascended to her 'observatory'—one of the empty rooms at the top of the house, from whence she made her own primitive observations, and still more extraordinary calculations concerning the heavenly bodies: in short, Eppy had invented an astronomical code of her own. In this 'observatory' she passed many peaceful and happy hours, far removed from earthly cares, pomps, and vanities; and though her usual hour of retiring to rest was at nine o'clock punctually, yet a cloudless starry night often enticed her to commit the dissipation of late hours.

There was one little episode during her long and passionless career which probably was as full of sentiment and interest to Eppy Forbes as a cherished remembrance of deep and sad import to others differently circumstanced. The good old lady would blush on repeating her simple narrative, and use her large fan, not without having frequent recourse to a bottle of pungent smelling salts. It was as follows:—One of the very few journeys she had ever performed was on her removal to Annesley Park, situated in a remote part of England. She travelled in a stage-coach, and the fellow-traveller who shared the inside with her was, as Eppy described him, 'a comely, fresh-coloured, elderly gentleman, who, she thought, must be a law practitioner, from the nice way in which he spoke, and also because he had a large *blue bag* with him.'

Eppy was a timid traveller, the road was hilly, and the coach was a fast one; but the pleasant gentleman with the blue bag reminded her that it was always the safest plan to sit quite still, with the arms kept close to the sides, to prevent their being broken, should an accident occur. Soon after enforcing this prudent and excellent advice, which Eppy scrupulously followed, there was a sudden crash, and the coach overturned. The insides happily escaped unhurt, but poor Eppy's terror was of course excessive. Her fellow-traveller was extricated first, and then she heard his friendly voice exclaiming, 'Give me your hand, madam; gently—gently. I hope you are not hurt. There—step lower, madam. Don't be afraid—you are all safe now!' The accident had happened within a mile or two of the nearest town, and in the midst of a beautiful wooded valley, and the passengers walked forward to wait until another conveyance should be in readiness. 'And only imagine my feelings,' Eppy added in a softened tone, 'when my amiable fellow-traveller, escorting me along the highway, amiingly asked if I knew by what means I had descended with so much ease from the topsy-turvy coach! I did indeed remember stepping on *something;* and never have I ceased to cherish the remembrance of so chivalrous an act. "Ah, madam," said this gallant knight, "your fairy feet rested for a moment on the knee of your humble servant, who, kneeling on the other, thus performed a page's duty, most happy in being able to tender his poor services!" I could not express my thanks, for I was perfectly overcome; and though I never heard of him again, or learnt who he was, yet had I ever married, I would have desired that my husband might closely resemble this charming individual.'

Worthy, simple, true-hearted Cousin Eppy! She passed away as calmly as she had lived, after only a few days' illness; and there came into my possession a small cabinet picture, the dearest hoarded treasure of her life, and which I succeeded in restoring to those who value it as an inestimable relic. It represents a bright happy-looking girl, with laughing blue eyes and waving sunny locks; and *this* was the resemblance of the fair Maude Annesley, who had died, it was said, of a broken heart ere the auburn ringlets turned to gray, or the snowy brow betrayed a line. As Eppy herself often used to remark, when gazing on that picture, 'it was an owre true lesson on the instability and perishing nature of earthly happiness and grandeur;' uncon-

Digitized by Google

sciously quoting the words of St Pierre, that 'Could we allow ourselves to be persuaded that there was no such thing as a future life, how many sorrows would remain without consolation!'

MISCHIEVOUS SCHOOLBOYS.

We perceive an amusing and not uninstructive article on 'Mischievous Boys' in the Glasgow Trainer's Monthly Record. The writer thinks that mischievous schoolboys have never had justice done them—they are called 'good-for-nothing young rascals,' whereas they are good for something, if teachers and parents only knew how to draw the good out of them. The true way of going to work with boisterous overbearing boys is to divert their energies into some useful channel; severity of discipline is unavailing, and perhaps only makes bad worse. We shall extract a few passages on the subject.

'Many melancholy examples might be given of the serious effects of [school] misunanagement of this kind on the after-life of some of the most gifted men our country's science and literature can boast. Punishment may coerce the tongue into silence, it may pinion the outward conduct, but the inward is beyond its power. The very force that squares the external actions by a series of compressions, stirs up rebellion within, excites the busy workings of the heart to belie the arm and the tongue, it encourages the constant frown, it educates the secret determination of revenge, it trains to a continuous sullen obstinacy of character, and not unfrequently converts the generous and openly mischievous boy into that most hopeless of all characters—the sloggedly and sneakingly mischievous.

'The recollections of every one will readily furnish many examples of the conflict here referred to, as maintained between the mischievous boy and the master. Have you ever seen, reader, such a boy, charged with faults in which he had no share, refusing either to plead guilty himself or to criminate others, standing calm and collected in the midst of a school of sympathising faces, before a teacher enraged, and helpless because enraged? Do you not remember, as lash after lash fell brutally on the boy's head or hand, and he struggled with the heroism of a martyr to keep back the tear that was forcing itself into shape in his eye, how every scholar felt as if he could spring upon the master and bear him to the earth? Never did this boy, the victim of the master's wrath, stand out so boldly as an example to the school. The master rendered this very punishment the means of greater mischief than ever the boy wrought; the scholars loved the one, and hated the other; and deservedly did they hate him.

'Far be it from me to look lightly on the conduct of the mischievous boy, or to attempt to extenuate his errors. All that I plead for is, that an effort be made to understand his character; that it be analysed and examined without prejudice, and with the sole desire of his good; and that when the ruling principle of his moral nature has been discovered, and separated from the others, it be mildly, yet firmly guided into healthful exercise. If he is fond of power, for example, let him have charge of some of the playground amusements, and the importance of his office will lessen the boisterousness of his manners. If he is fond of combinations, and causes incessant confusion, by arranging, in the intervals of school exercise, copies, or slates, or forms, after some newfangled methods of his own—the summary infliction of punishment, if he happens to be caught in the midst of his arrangements, will do no good; it will only drive him to seek, in less innocent, because more hidden amusement, the morbid gratifications arising from the muscular and intellectual exercise of his favourite pursuits. Let him have charge of the mechanical economy of the school, and have carefully shown him the order of everything, and I venture to affirm that not even a pen will be allowed to remain out of its place. It is unnecessary to multiply hints like these.

'When he is gratified in this way, and won to the master's side—when the teacher has thus thrown himself into the spirit of the boy, he can mould, and direct, and restrain at will this excessive love of power. When the moral character is thus led, the boy works cheerfully, his ruling intellectual faculty soon discovers itself, and the master is enabled to strengthen those other faculties that would lie unexercised, on account of the unvarying gratification furnished by the one class of favourite intellectual pursuits. By a simple, forbearing method of this kind, the openly mischievous boy, the "thorn in the school," "the plague of the master's life," may become one of the most powerful and pleasant instruments in his hand for the regulation of others; and a mind that would have been withered or guarled by a dignified, unbending Dombey-like chilliness, may *lauyeon* and blossom, and become richly laden with fruit.'

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—'Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin.' Oh the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business?—what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers?—what reward has he for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the labourer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and 'the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.' Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!—*Iler. W. Jay.*

TELEGRAPH.

There is a telegraphic line between Newhaven and Toronto, in Upper Canada, the route being *vid* New York, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, then crossing the Niagara river, below the Falls, and passing round Lake Ontario to Toronto—the entire distance of which is *nine hundred miles!* This is the longest distance yet traversed by electricity in a continuous, unbroken line.

ARITHMETICAL AND MATHEMATICAL WORKS.

W. and R. Chambers have now completed their series of Arithmetical and Mathematical Treatises for use in schools, or for private instruction, as follows:—

Introduction to Arithmetic,	1s 6d
Arithmetic, Advanced Treatise,	2s 6d
Algebra,	4s 0d
Key to Algebra,	2s 6d
Plane Geometry of Euclid, as improved by Simson, Playfair, and Bell,	2s 6d
Key to Plane Geometry,	2s 0d
Solid and Spherical Geometry,	2s 6d
Practical Mathematics, two Parts, each	4s 0d
Key to Practical Mathematics,	3s 6d
Mathematical Tables,	3s 6d

The foregoing is respectfully offered as a carefully-prepared series of elementary works on Arithmetic and Mathematics. The Plane Geometry has now been published ten years, during which period, from its remarkable cheapness and adaptation to the purposes of education, nearly sixty thousand copies have been sold. To render the work still more deserving of public approbation, a new edition, typographically and otherwise improved, has just been issued.

*** Sold by all Booksellers.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 237. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1848. Price 1½d.

THE VERY WISE, THE NEVER WRONG, AND THE INFALLIBLE.

The Very Wise, the Never Wrong, and the Infallible form a single class of persons, being all marked by one character, only in different degrees. Perfect Infallibles are exceedingly rare: the Never Wrong are more common, but still by no means numerous: Very Wise people are comparatively often met with. This estimate, however, cannot be presented with much confidence, for the characters are sometimes seen shading into each other in a remarkable manner, as circumstances and gusts of mental affiation may determine. Thus a very wise person, after several instances of extraordinary correctness of judgment, becomes for a time one of the Never Wrong; and thus a never wrong person, having an opportunity some day of reflecting on the singular exemption from error which appears in his conduct, begins to feel that he *cannot* be wrong—that he is, in short, Infallible. The regularly Infallible are least liable to variation and shading; yet even they are occasionally known, under a remarkable access of modesty, to feel as if there were, after all, some slight trace of human infirmity about them; so that they may be said, on such occasions, to fall back upon the Never Wrong, or the simply Very Wise. These, again, have also their syncopes, throwing them respectively back a very little in the gradation; seldom more than a *very little*. Upon the whole, the three grades or orders appear pretty distinct in society, the variations being too slight and infrequent to affect the case to any important extent.

The Very Wise people are not a people who make much pretension. That were in itself unwise, and therefore inconsistent with the character. It is unnecessary, for, without it, they stand in such a tremendous repute for sagacity, that their character can never be for a moment doubtful. They speak little on any point; but what they do say is always on such sure grounds, that it tells better than the largest and most eloquent discourse. They never talk about their own affairs, but leave you to imagine that these are managed with an accuracy and success not to be paralleled. In making prophetic remarks, they are apt to come behind rather than before the event; a fashion of prediction which answers quite as well with the multitude, at the same time that it is obviously the safest. They are also great on matters which have turned out ill, always showing in the most convincing manner how they might have been managed to a better purpose. Sometimes, without uttering a word, but merely by a look or a quiet smile, they produce such an impression, that the half-hour's argument of an opponent goes for nothing, and the gravest accusations against them are dismissed without farther defence. The fact is, they carry everything by character—but then how is character in the first place established? By having no violent tendencies of any kind, by always keeping a low flight in worldly affairs, by never committing themselves to anything. Such being the general conduct of the Very Wise, it may be argued of them that they are a class in some measure exceptive to human nature. They have not the regimental amount of the passions. Fancy, whim, and crotchet have been omitted in their composition. So they never, in the ordinary course of life, do any foolish thing, or any great thing, or make themselves very amusing. Neither, of course, are they in general very popular. They rest in a cold abstraction from the common circle, far too well satisfied with their own approbation (which they call the approbation of their own consciences) to heed much for the praise of their fellow-creatures.

It is curious, nevertheless, that all the most absurd things in this world are done by the Very Wise people. Ask who it is that lost the greatest sum by the failure of that ill-conducted joint-stock company, and you find it is one of the Very Wise. Who shipped most largely in '42 for Australia, when everything there was about to go to smash?—why, who but the wisest amongst us! Who was it that married his cook last year, to the discomfort of all his relations, and the infinite amusement of society for the statutory period of nine days?—and the answer is, again, one of the Very Wise. Whose house was that which was burnt down a few nights ago with the insurance just two days expired? Three to one a Very Wise person. Lately, if you had inquired of some super-earthly intelligence which of the sovereigns of Europe was to be, on some approaching forenoon, dethroned, and whirled away ignominiously from his palace in a cab, it would have been answered—the one who passed as above all a wise one. Who was the minister that was to be expelled from his seat in like manner?—a very, very wise one. This is a vexing consideration for the Very Wise people, but a source of vast consolation to the ordinary children of mortality, who like nothing better than to see that qualities which they vainly wish to possess fail to procure certain blessings to those who do possess them. It keeps up the wonderful system of compensation in society, and impresses on all whom it may concern the salutary truth, that we upon the earth here are none of us gods, but only men.

The Never Wrong are very wise persons, with a strong sense of that superiority of perception and judgment on which their reputation is based. The lady who said, 'Well, I don't know how it is, but I am never wrong in anything,' was not properly a Never Wrong person. Had she been, she would not have wondered at it, but seen that it was all in the fair course of things that *she* made no mistakes. True members of the Never-Wrong fraternity feel that such is their character from

Digitized by Google

the beginning: it grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength—so is no more a surprise than it is for the son of a monarch to find himself a prince. Infallibility may be considered as an exaltation of the character, which is the lot of a very few rarely-constituted persons. In the simplest matters of fact they are almanacs and Johnson's Dictionaries; in criticism, quarterly journals; in politics, oracles; in doctrine, popes. They do not converse—they pronounce. Contradiction, in the rare cases where it is ventured upon, is variously received, according to special peculiarities, but the handsome and magnificent way is the compassionate. 'Poor fellow! he thinks so and so. He means well, I daresay, but he knows nothing of the matter. I pity his youth.' Never Wrongs, and Infallibles of less perfect style, bluster; which is unfortunate for them, as it depreciates their reputation. The right man takes all variance of opinion coolly, as something to be expected in the imperfect state of human nature. 'Give them time, and a little more knowledge and experience, and they will see it as *I* see it, and as all thinking men see it.' 'Oh, my dear friend, it is needless to talk—it was all settled long ago: you are only a little behind, that's all.' Presenting new facts tending to different conclusions is of no use, as it is indeed to present new facts at all, for the true Never Wrong or Infallible can take no such things in: the truth is, it *was* all settled long ago—in his conceit. It is strange that, nevertheless, these are the people who make the greatest mistakes, and commit themselves to the greatest misjudgments. Who is it that, through the whole of existence, has been remarkable for the false plan of life, or the false code of opinion, or the false theory of science, of business, of criticism, on which he has proceeded?—ten to one an Infallible. It is vexing, but true. One could almost suppose that there was some supernal spite or waggishness in the case, delighting in the ultimate overthrow of such intellectual superbness, and Jacobinically desiring to see all men brought to a level.

Generally, towards the conclusion of little papers of this kind, I indulge in a few remarks of the nature of a homily. It is of course precluded in this case; for of what use would it be to tell the Very Wise not to be so very wise, or to warn the Never Wrong and Infallible against the errors to which they are liable? They would of course feel that they knew far better than I what they ought to be, and what they ought to do, and how to conduct all the various operations of their own minds. Far be it from me to attempt anything so hopeless as the enlightenment of the ultra-sage, or the correction of a habit of infallibility. I may, however, take occasion to point out the danger to which ordinary people are liable, if they by any chance are led to think themselves approximating to the very wise state, or becoming violently sound and correct in their judgments. The least approach to the condition of having no misgivings about anything, is a real subject for alarm to one who desires his own good in connection with that of his fellow-creatures. When one feels it coming on, he should instantly back sails, examine the chart, and heave the lead. He may depend on it there is something wrong, and nothing but the keenest self-examination and the most determined modesty can save him. In a word, my friends, try to be tolerably wise, but not Very Wise—endeavour to be respectably correct, but tremble at the idea of being Never Wrong or Infallible.

GOOD COUNSEL BETTER THAN GOOD PAY.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

Near the village of Elven, on the road leading from Varennes to Ploërmel, in the department of the Morbihan, there lived, about forty years ago, an honest peasant named Trédion, whose amiable and industrious wife Jeanne Marie had made him the happy father of a fine boy and a pretty little girl. Employment having become scarce in that part of the country, and Trédion having heard it said that high wages were given in the neighbourhood of Fougères, he took leave of his wife, embraced his children, and set off for that place, where he was very soon hired by a rich farmer of the name of Laignelet. The latter was an honest man, who cultivated his land with care; and besides a large flock of sheep, was also the owner of a great number of cows and pigs. His wife was an active, thrifty housekeeper, and God had blessed them with a numerous family.

Trédion had the good fortune to please the farmer, his wife, the children, and indeed every one; so that at the termination of a few weeks Laignelet said to him, 'Trédion, I like the way you do my business. You are a good labourer, and I should wish to keep you with me for some time. Will you hire to me for two years? I promise you sixty crowns at the expiration of that term, and a present of a new coat in addition to the bargain—your board and lodging free—and every Sunday you shall have your pint of good cider: in short, you shall be treated like one of the family.'

Trédion assented to this proposal, and during the two years he neglected nothing which could forward his master's interests. At one moment he was to be seen superintending the labourers digging potatoes, which are so well cultivated in Brittany; at another time working himself, ploughing, harrowing, tending the sheep and cows, or driving the pigs to fairs and markets. For ten leagues round there was not a farm servant to be compared to him. Trédion was not only diligent at his work, but it seemed as if good-luck attended all his undertakings. Consequently these two years appeared very short to all parties. Laignelet feeling that to lose Trédion would be to lose his right arm, resolved to keep him at any cost; therefore, when the day arrived for settling his accounts, Laignelet thus addressed him:—'My friend, I value your services too much to part with you, if you will only remain with me. Re-engage for three years more, and I will double your wages, and give you another new coat. Thus at the end of that time you will find yourself the possessor of a large sum, and can return to your wife, have cows and pigs of your own, and live comfortably and respectably with your family, instead of being obliged to work for others.'

The offer was tempting. The poor fellow consented, consoling himself with the idea that Jeanne Marie would not have disapproved had she been there, and that, in the meantime, she could get on very well with the help of God and of their son, who was ten years old when his father left home for Fougères.

Things went on even better during these three years than during the two first. The harvest was abundant, the wool sold well, the farm prospered in every respect, and gaiety presided at the evening fireside. Trédion, though somewhat superstitious, like all the natives of his province, was an amusing fellow, who bore good-humouredly the laugh which his ingenious simplicity created; and the children liked him because he told them stories in the long winter evenings. No province in France has more legends than Brittany.

Every one at the farm grew melancholy as the termination of Trédion's engagement approached; and to say the truth he felt himself somewhat heavy at heart, though he knew his duty recalled him to Jeanne Marie and his children. Laignelet and his wife, therefore, consulted together, and a few days before the engagement expired—a moment to which all looked forward with such sorrow—the farmer made an offer to Trédion of eighty crowns if he would remain with him but one year longer.

'Remember, my dear friend,' added he, 'that with these six years' wages you will be enabled to bring back to your wife a very large sum; and that with this money not only can you buy cows and pigs, but can also purchase a small house with an acre of land, where you and your family can live in happiness and independence.'

Trédion certainly felt some pangs of conscience, but

Digitized by Google

how was it possible to resist the temptation of securing such a future to himself and those most dear to him? Perhaps at that very moment his children were begging for a few potatoes at the door of some charitable person; but how they would be compensated for all their privations on his returning to them with so much money and two new coats! He engaged, therefore, for a sixth year in Laignelet's service.

This time the months seemed to pass with greater swiftness than before, and everything prospered at the farm beyond even the hopes of its proprietor, who in consequence built a new barn, purchased some additional acres of ground, increased his flock, and what was better than all, attributed the greater part of his good fortune to his faithful servant. Laignelet now determined to make one more effort to keep Trédion for another year. For this purpose he took him aside, repeated all his former arguments, not omitting the new coat and the pint of cider on Sunday, and finally assured him that to the money already due he would add three hundred crowns more at the end of the seventh year, which would then enable him to return home with a fortune!

Never was peasant more tempted than Trédion: however, this time nature triumphed. The desire of seeing his family was stronger than his love of money, and he had the courage to declare that he would prefer returning to Elven. Laignelet could not blame him; and this time he did not try to keep him against his wish, so strongly expressed.

It was easy to see, on the morning of Trédion's departure, that no one had closed an eye the previous night. He remarked that his mistress, the active housekeeper, had not been in bed, but had passed the night in making and in baking bread. They breakfasted in silence, and all were preparing in sadness to wish him good-by, when his master took him into his room and thus spoke to him at—'You have been my servant for six years, and no one ever before served me so faithfully. During all that time I have not missed one farthing in my accounts, and the cider has never once affected your head. Whatever I have paid you from time to time in advance of your wages, you may now keep; it is not too much, when I consider all you have spent on playthings for the children. Ah! how the little ones will miss their good friend Trédion: I hear them sobbing in the next room!' And whilst he thus spoke, honest Laignelet turned aside and wiped away a tear; but he instantly resumed: 'Trédion, my good friend, you ought by this time to know me well! I read in your countenance that we understand each other: is it not so? I thank you, then, for your faithful services, and for your friendship.' Here the tears rolled down Trédion's cheeks, for he could no longer control his feelings. 'Come, come,' said Laignelet, 'dry up your tears, and let us speak of business. Have you confidence in me?'

'Confidence in you, master!' exclaimed Trédion. 'Oh, most certainly!'

'Will you, then, listen to the good advice I am about to give you before starting?' added Laignelet.

'Most willingly, master; and I promise you to follow it strictly.'

'What would you say if I begged of you to accept my good counsels in lieu of the money I owe you; and if I persuaded you that, on arriving at home, you will admit that you had been a gainer by the bargain, will you not be satisfied? Now let me know if you really have confidence in me: do you accept my advice in place of your money?'

This question upset all Trédion's calculations. He had often heard such and such a farmer praised for the good advice he gave his servants; he knew it was customary to pay large sums to lawyers, whether their counsels were good or bad; he had also been told that neither the kings nor queens of France could decide on anything serious without consulting advisers, whom they paid highly. He considered Laignelet on a par with any of these counsellors, and had unlimited confidence in him; yet he did not esteem him so much as to prefer his advice to good coin of the realm; therefore, after a few moments' reflection, he replied—'To say the truth, master, I am quite taken by surprise.' Then making an effort to laugh, he added in a rather awkward manner—'Ah, I see how it is; you are joking, master. But no matter—it is better to laugh than to cry: still I should prefer my money, unless'——

Trédion could not conceal his anxiety to unravel this mystery, especially when he saw that Laignelet did not join in the laugh, but still tried to persuade him in the most serious tone.

'You are now leaving me,' said he, 'after having served me for six years, and have every right to the money you have so well earned. Do you think I could look you straight in the face if I intended to deprive you of one single shilling?'

'But, sir,' replied Trédion, 'how am *I* to look my wife and children straight in the face when they ask me for the money I promised to bring back from Fougères?'

'I know what is passing in your mind,' answered Laignelet; 'but I again assure you that if you accept my advice, you will soon be as happy with your family as I am with mine; nay more, you will arrive at Elven richer than you now are. But if, on the contrary, you unfortunately decide to put the money I owe you (and which I am ready to hand to you this moment) into your pocket, the charm will be broken, my advice will be of no avail, and you will reach home as poor as when you left it. Take, therefore, the advice I am willing to give you in place of your money, otherwise you will repent it as long as you live.'

Trédion still hesitated, twisted and turned in all directions, and looked up to heaven, as though he expected some good genius would fly down to free him from his embarrassment; but Laignelet, who was resolved to make him accept the bargain, anticipated all objections by saying, 'I know your thoughts, and it is not kind of you to doubt your old master's word; but I so sincerely wish your welfare, that I am determined to persuade you to follow my advice. I once more repeat, that it will be a great misfortune if you decide to accept your money, and refuse my advice. But if, on the contrary, you place entire confidence in me, and if, on arriving at home, you are not delighted with your bargain, you have only to come back and serve me for another year, and I will add a hundred crowns to the sum I already owe you.'

Trédion could no longer hold out against this tempting promise, and the perfect confidence he felt in his master finally decided him; while, half in hope and half in fear, he declared his willingness to accept—*advice in place of money.*

As soon as Trédion had consented to the bargain, the farmer begged of him to sit down, and to pay the greatest attention to what he was about to say. 'Listen to me most attentively,' added he; 'for unless you adhere strictly to my advice, I much fear you will pay dearly for your negligence; whilst, on the other hand, if you follow it to the letter, you will soon be one of the happiest of men.'

'I am all attention, sir,' replied Trédion.

'*Advice the first*,' began Laignelet: 'in returning home, never leave the high road; avoid all byways; and though the distance may be shorter, never go through a wood. Do you understand me?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Trédion. But he could not help muttering to himself, 'If the second piece of advice be no better than this, my money is well invested!'

'*Advice the second*,' continued Laignelet: 'if you stop in a strange house, especially at night, look around you well; and if you find that the master of the house is old, and the mistress young, leave it as fast as possible, and on no account sleep there. Will you recollect this advice especially?'

'Sir, I know it by heart,' replied Trédion; again muttering to himself, 'If I could find any one to accept of

Digitized by Google

my bargain at the same price, I would give it up to him this moment.'

But there was no retreat; he felt that he had nothing for it but to make the best of his bargain. He now thanked his master, and was about to go without asking another question, when the good woman of the house came into the room with the children, and M. Laignelet, taking Trédion by the hand, said, 'What do you mean by running off in this way, my good fellow? To set out without any provisions for your journey! Water is everywhere to be found instead of cider, but bread is not to be had so easily. My wife stayed up last night to bake, and has provided for all your wants. Take this large loaf under your arm, and eat it on the road; but put the small one in your pocket as a present from us to your good wife Jeanne Marie. When she tastes it, she will tell you there is no bread made like it in all Brittany. I will put it myself into your pocket. What! no button? Here, wife!—a needle and thread: sew up that pocket, or Trédion will lose his loaf.'

When the pocket was strongly stitched, every one embraced Trédion, and he bade them all a sorrowful farewell. The poor fellow was so affected by the grief of the children that he almost forgot the bargain he had made.

We shall not relate the various thoughts which troubled poor Trédion the first day of his journey: one moment accusing himself of idiocy, the next doubting his master's good faith, and then again trying to discover some cabalistic meaning in advice which had cost him four hundred crowns. The first evening he stopped at the cabin of a shepherd, who cheerfully shared his supper with him. The following morning he continued his journey, and in a little while fell in with two pedlars, who carried their wares on their back, and were on their way to the fair of Montfort. They travelled on together for some distance, and the mirth and gaiety of his companions put all Trédion's melancholy reflections to flight; but when they began to praise their goods, and begged him to examine them, his hand involuntarily sought his pocket, and his grief redoubled on finding it so empty. Still he was rich enough to spend fifteenpence on the purchase of a pair of scissors for his wife!

They soon afterwards arrived at a turn of the road leading from Montauban to Hedes, and one of the pedlars interrupted the conversation by saying, 'This must be the fingerpost they spoke to us of at the hotel last night, and this is the path which will save us two good leagues to Montfort.'

'It is the very one,' replied the second pedlar. 'Come, let us go this way, as it is the shortest.'

Trédion, as precious of his time, and as anxious to spare the soles of his shoes as his companions, was just about to follow them, when his master's advice recurred to him, and he stopped short that instant, repeating to himself, '*When you are returning home, always keep on the high road; avoid byways; and, above all, never go through a wood, though the distance may be shorter.*' He had paid too dearly for this advice not to follow it implicitly; so he bade the pedlars good-by, and walked on straight before him.

Nothing remarkable occurred until he arrived at Montfort, where, to his surprise, he found the two pedlars sitting at the door of a hotel, their clothes torn, their faces bruised, and telling every one of the way they had been used. They were still so agitated, that they could with difficulty answer Trédion's anxious inquiries; but when they did speak, they told him that the pathway they had chosen led them into the middle of a wood, where six men, armed with sticks, and their faces blackened, lay in wait for them; and not content with robbing them of their goods and all their money, had cruelly beaten them into the bargain. They fancied they recognised amongst these robbers the voice of the man who the day before had recommended them to take this short cut. Trédion consoled them as best he could, whilst he secretly congratulated himself on having so opportunely remembered the advice of his master; for though little richer than the pedlars now were, he at least had escaped being beaten. Unable to render them any further assistance, he took leave of the pedlars a second time, and pursued his journey. He stopped but once, and that at a spring of clear water, when he sat down on the grass, ate a portion of his large loaf, drank from the well, thanked God for having preserved him from the first dangers of his journey, and then, feeling much refreshed, walked on until evening.

The sun was setting when he reached the boundaries of the department of the Ille et Vilaine. He hoped to go on to Plelan, where he had an acquaintance, a shepherd, who would have welcomed him to his cottage; but it was even then dark, his limbs were failing him, and he saw with no small pleasure a light twinkling through the windows of a large farm-house. Here he determined to ask lodging for the night: he knocked at the door, and entering with the customary salutation of Brittany—'God bless you!'—was well received by a young woman, who asked him to walk into the kitchen; for the frank hospitality of ancient times still lingers in Brittany. Trédion, therefore, seated himself without much ceremony in the chimney corner beside a good blazing fire, lighted his pipe, joined in the conversation of two or three travellers, who, like himself, had sought shelter beneath this hospitable roof, and partook of a supper of fine potatoes and vegetables served up soon after.

Everything in the house bore evidence of plenty and comfort. Large flitches of bacon hung in the chimney; on a large dresser of walnut wood shone a service of bright pewter, mixed with a few china plates and some drinking glasses, which latter are looked upon by the farmers of Brittany as a sign of wealth and luxury. The lowing of the cows and the grunting of another species of quadruped no less familiar to Trédion's ear, reminded him of the farm where he had worked with so much diligence for six successive years. He looked round for the host and hostess of the house—he saw only the young woman who had received him on entering: she was very handsome, and very coquettishly dressed, but, apparently uneasy in her mind, was continually walking to and fro, and every moment stopping to look at the clock, as if she wished to make the hands move faster. Near him sat two travellers, honest-looking fellows, who, from their conversation, he soon discovered to be farmers on their way to the fair at Montfort, and who had but just arrived a few minutes before himself. They knew the owner of the house only by name; he was then absent, but was expected home every moment. A gray-headed old man soon entered, and bowing good-naturedly to every one, expressed a hope that they were all comfortable. His venerable and respectable appearance was most striking; and when the young woman advanced towards him in a most coaxing manner, Trédion at once thought 'that must be her father!' but on a question to the servant-girl, she whispered him—'He is her husband!' The young wife and the old husband retired together arm-in-arm. Laignelet's second piece of advice respecting an old husband and young wife now flashed across Trédion's mind. Starting up from his seat, and taking advantage of a moment when the attention of the others was engaged, he glided softly towards the door, and without wishing any one good-night, left the house.

The night had grown stormy. Trédion roved for some time round and round the farm, and at length entered a shed filled with sheaves of corn. Despairing to reach the high road before morning, and anxious for a little rest, he laid himself down in a corner of the shed, and closed his eyes; but he could not fall asleep as quickly as was his wont, his mind being too much disturbed by the occurrences of the three preceding days, and more especially by his own escape from the misfortunes of the pedlars. Laignelet's second piece of advice occupied his thoughts still more, though he

Digitized by Google

could not as yet understand what danger he should have incurred by remaining near the good fire in the kitchen. Silence soon reigned all around, and everything betokened how little annoyance the rain caused the guests who had found shelter beneath the hospitable farm-house. The lights which shone through the windows disappeared one after another, and every one seemed to have gone to rest.

'Who knows,' said Trédion to himself, 'but that my foolish terror may have deprived me of a comfortable bed, which doubtless would have been offered to me after supper?'

At that moment he heard a noise—the trampling of a horse: he listened, and suddenly it stopped under the shed. Peeping out stealthily, Trédion saw a young man dismount, fasten the bridle to a post, throw his dark cloak across the saddle, and putting his hand in his belt, draw forth a pistol, which he the next instant proceeded to load. Terrified at this sight, poor Trédion buried himself under the sheaves of wheat, not daring to look out again. Fortunately the horse was standing between him and this mysterious personage. The latter, believing himself alone, advanced a few steps in front of the shed. Trédion, now breathing more freely, ventured once more to raise his head: he had scarcely done so, when a gentle knock at one of the windows was immediately answered by the appearance of the figure of a woman from within, holding a light, thus proving that the robber—if he was one—had an inmate of the house as an accomplice. Trédion trembled but the more at this discovery: still, summoning up all his courage, he crawled along close under the house, and lost not one word of the following dialogue:—

'It is me, Madeleine,' said the man. 'I am come, according to promise, to rid you of your husband, and to find you another—one not forced on you by relatives. Have you taken care that suspicion of the crime shall rest on some one else?'

'Chance has served us better than my prudence,' answered she. 'Some strangers arrived to-night, and have remained to sleep. We can easily accuse them, and have them convicted.'

'May I then go in and follow you?'

'Come, and leave the rest to me.'

Here they both ceased speaking; and the man having climbed in by the window, it was instantly shut after him.

As may be imagined, Trédion's palpitations increased not a little. However, he had not as much courage as honesty, or he would have roused the house by a cry of 'murder.' His conscience reproached him with cowardice, still cowardice prevailed. He fancied the slightest noise would draw down on himself the vengeance of the assassin, whose figure he magnified into that of a giant.

'I shall be one victim the more,' thought he; 'but at least I will provide myself with undeniable proofs against the author of this crime, which I cannot prevent.'

Trédion took the scissors he had bought from the pedlars as a gift for his wife, and cut out a small piece of cloth from beneath the collar of the cloak which had been left on the saddle, and then with the point of the scissors pierced three holes in the bridle, but so small, that it was not likely they would be noticed. Having taken these precautions, he was creeping away from the shed, when he heard a heavy groan, which went to his very heart; but once on the high road, he quickened his pace, and was soon out of sight and hearing.

That same morning, before sunrise, Trédion crossed the boundaries of the department of the Ille et Vilaine, not more than ten leagues from his native village. From that moment he felt renewed strength animate him, and at six o'clock that evening he beheld the smoke rising from his humble home. Oh what happiness! Jeanne Marie was standing at the door looking along the road; said instantly recognising him, she flew with the children to meet him, and all embraced with the tenderest affection.

After a while, Trédion thought it proper to explain matters; but when he announced that he returned with his pockets almost empty, the family were thunderstruck, and Jeanne Marie had the cruelty to receive the present of the scissors without one word of thanks. The good woman could scarcely believe that Trédion was telling the truth, and begged him to relate all his adventures in detail. He did not require to be asked twice; and commencing from the first day he left them, ended by repeating word for word the advice given by the farmer of Fougères in lieu of his money.

'So this is all you bring back to us for your six years of labour and absence?' said Jeanne Marie, interrupting her husband. 'Is it possible you have returned empty-handed?'

This reproach reminded Trédion of the second loaf of bread.

'It's quite true,' said he; 'but I forgot that Madame Laignelet sent you a loaf of bread made with her own hands.'

His pocket was soon opened.

'Let us see,' said Jeanne Marie, 'if the women of Fougères bake better bread than those of Elven.'

Trédion's children leaped with joy at the sight of the white bread, so superior to the coarse oaten cakes they were in the habit of eating; but nothing could equal their surprise when, on cutting the loaf, the knife brought to light a purse containing fifty guineas, and a letter, the contents of which were spelled over by Trédion's son, and were as follows:—

'My dear Trédion—I trust this letter may reach its destination in safety, as it is intended for the messenger who carried it. Credulous and obliging as we know you to be, you would have run the risk of arriving at home as poor as you left it, if I did not force you to accept the advice given for nothing, although it really was worth the fifty guineas you were supposed to have paid me. It is not sufficient to have money, my dear Trédion; we must also know how to employ it. Make good use, therefore, of what you now possess; and that God may bless you, is the wish of your old master, LAIGNELET.'

On finishing the perusal of this letter, Trédion and his wife fell on their knees to pray God to return a hundredfold the blessings with which it concluded. Jeanne Marie's curiosity having only been suspended by this incident, her husband was obliged to continue his story for her satisfaction, relating, not without a shudder, the history of the pedlars who had been robbed and beaten, and the mysteries of the past night, in which Trédlon had so narrowly escaped being charged with such a horrible crime. How precious did Laignelet's advice now seem to Trédion's poor wife!

Prudence sometimes accompanies riches. Trédion and Jeanne Marie after again and again consulting over their gold, decided it was better to keep silent as to his adventures and his happy return, in order not to tempt the cupidity of their neighbours. It was only at the expiration of a few months that they employed the money, as Laignelet had advised, in the purchase of two fine cows, six pigs, and a pretty little cottage, with some land adjoining. Trédion felt very anxious to know what had occurred at the farm-house from which he had so narrowly escaped, and especially what had become of the two travellers he left there. The clergyman of the village alone appeared a safe confidant, and to him, after some time, he went, and gave an exact account of all he had seen and heard on his journey homewards.

'Wretched man!' cried the priest; 'through your fault two innocent men may be condemned to death. The trial is to come on to-morrow.'

'God forfend!' exclaimed Trédion in terror. 'What am I to do, sir?'

'Have you kept the piece of cloth?' asked the clergyman.

'Here it is, fastened by a pin to the lining of my coat,' replied Trédion.

The clergyman then wrote a note, and giving it to

Digitized by Google

Trédion, said, 'You must set out at once for Rennes in my carriage, and not stop on any account until you reach the gate of the court-house. Then send in this note to the judge, with whom I am acquainted; he will have you instantly summoned, and confront you with the jury, the prisoners, and the real culprits. Go now, and remember that you are the bearer of a decree which may save from death two innocent men.'

The next day, about two in the afternoon, the clergyman's carriage drew up before the court-house at Rennes, and in a few minutes afterwards Trédion was standing in the presence of the judge.

In truth that very day two men were to be tried for having entered the house of a rich farmer, and having murdered and robbed him while asleep. The accusation had been borne out by the young wife of the victim, who had made her declaration with the greatest confidence. According to her statement, the two murderers had fastened her to the bed-post, gagged her mouth, and bound her eyes, in which state she had been found next morning by the servants of the house, who instantly gave the alarm in the neighbourhood. The two prisoners, on whose persons had been found a purse filled with gold belonging to the murdered man, affected utter ignorance of the whole affair; but proofs were clear against them, and the defence made by their lawyer, eloquent though it was, only tended to confirm the court in the conviction of their guilt. After an hour's deliberation, the jury had that moment returned to pronounce its verdict, when the judge (to whom a note had just been handed) with some agitation addressed them, and said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, an extraordinary circumstance has occurred: a new witness has, without any summons, this moment arrived, and he declares his readiness to make a deposition in favour of the accused. I should deem myself unworthy of the post I occupy did I not request you to suspend your decision, which might one day prove both to you and to me a source of remorse.'

The judge then sent for Trédion, to whom the usual oath was administered, and he was desired to ascend the table. Every one present remarked the effect produced on the young widow by the entrance of this witness. She was seated near a tall young man, with whom she had frequently held counsel during the course of the trial. She now looked at Trédion, whom she at once recognised, in evident agitation; whilst he, encouraged by the prisoners' lawyer, spoke out boldly and clearly.

'My lord,' said he, 'before giving my testimony, I must request you will order the doors to be closed; for I am very much mistaken if the real culprits be not here present.'

At these words the young woman covered her face with her handkerchief, and the young man buttoned up his cloak. Trédion then began his narrative, and the murmurs of approbation from the audience proved that his testimony was believed: acquiring confidence, and becoming almost eloquent as he went on, he turned round towards the guilty woman, and pointing to her, said, 'There is she who came to the window to speak to the stranger: I should recognise her even better if she would say a few words in a low tone to the man who is sitting near her; for that man is the assassin himself: I know him by his figure, by his cloak, of which I kept a small pattern—here it is! Examine if this little bit of cloth be not wanting under the collar!'

This singular accusation, and this proof, of which they had not until now the remotest suspicion, filled the culprits with terror. While the jury were examining the cloak, Trédion added, 'Let this man also produce the bridle of his horse; and in it you will find three little holes made by me with the point of a pair of scissors.'

Trédion had proved enough: the assassin did not try to deny it; his accomplice fainted; and the farmers raised their hands to heaven, to thank God for their miraculous escape from an ignominious death.

The court broke up, and new proceedings were instituted against the true culprits, who were put into prison to await their trial: it took place three months later, when they were both condemned, and executed in the market-place.

Trédion for the moment was the 'lion' of Rennes. But he soon set off for home, paying a visit on his way to the farmers whose lives he had saved. He and his wife ever after lived in happiness and comfort, and brought up their children in the love and fear of God, often repeating to them that 'Good Counsel is better than Good Pay.'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

TORPIDITY OF ANIMALS.

The absence of the means of support for some animals in certain countries during winter leads to various expedients of nature, which cannot be contemplated without great interest. One of the most noted of these expedients is migration—the removal of the animals in a body at the approach of winter to climes where they are sure of obtaining food. Another is the falling of the animals into a state of torpidity, during which, there being nearly a total cessation of waste, nutrition can be dispensed with. The most noted sleeping animals, as they may be called, in our country are by no means low in the scale, being members of the highest vertebrate class—mammalia. The highest of these is the bat, which, while believed by the vulgar to be a kind of bird, is placed by naturalists very near our own species. The other sleeping mammals are, however, comparatively low in their class; there being of rodents, the hamster and dormouse; and of insectivora, the hedgehog and tenric. No peculiarity of organisation has been detected as leading to this state. It appears to depend wholly on the external temperature. When the animal is kept in a warm place, and duly supplied with food, it passes through its usual sleeping period in a state of sufficient liveliness.

It is at the approach of cold weather, at the fall of the year, that the sleepers withdraw to places of safety, where they may pass the winter undisturbed. 'The bat retires to the roof of gloomy caves, or to the old chimneys of uninhabited castles. The hedgehog wraps itself up in those leaves of which it composes its nest, and remains at the bottom of the hedge, or under the covert of the furze, which screened it during summer from the scorching sun or the passing storm. The marmot and the hamster [creatures much resembling the rat] retire to their subterranean retreats, and when they feel the first approach of the torpid state, shut the passages to their habitations in such a manner, that it is more easy to dig the earth anywhere else than in parts which they have thus fortified. The jumping mouse of Canada seems to prepare itself for its winter torpidity in a very curious manner, according to the communications of Major-General Davies, on the authority of a labourer. A specimen, which was found in digging the foundation for a summer-house in a gentleman's garden about two miles from Quebec in the latter end of May 1787, was "enclosed in a ball of clay, about the size of a cricket ball, nearly an inch in thickness, perfectly smooth within, and about twenty inches under ground. The man who discovered it, not knowing what it was, struck the ball with his spade, by which means it was broken to pieces."—(*Linnean Transactions*, iv. 156.')*

* Fleming's Philosophy of Zoology, ii. 47.

Digitized by Google

In the torpid state, the temperature of the animal's body sinks to about that of the surrounding medium. For example, it has been observed to go down from 100 to 43 degrees of Fahrenheit; but the exterior of the body is colder than the interior. The breath is drawn at long intervals; digestion is entirely suspended, circulation nearly so. The irritability is so much reduced, that parts of the limbs of the animals may be cut off without their giving any signs of feeling. A shock of electricity failed to rouse a dormouse. Experiments have shown that the hybernating animals in a perfectly torpid state consume no oxygen, and can live in an air which will not support either life or combustion.*

Reptiles, in as far as their sensibility to cold is greater than that of mammals, are more liable to fall into torpidity when exposed to the necessary conditions. It is well known that the frog and toad in this country spend the winter in slumber. Serpents and tortoises fall under the same rule in all countries where the temperature is sufficiently low. Aquatic reptiles, when about to hybernate, sink into the mud, and there repose for the season, the alligator previously stopping up its mouth with a pine or cypress knot. Land reptiles, again, withdraw into crevices of rocks and hollows in the ground, taking care that these are so situated as to promise protection from enemies. It is not known that any fishes hybernate; the usually equable temperature of the water may make this less likely to take place; but it is known that they are capable of that entire suspension of life which occasionally takes place in reptiles under the influence of frost. 'The fish froze,' says Sir John Franklin in the Narrative of his Journey to the Polar Sea, 'as fast as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two of a hatchet, were easily split open, when the intestines might be removed in one lump. If in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with much vigour after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours.' Toads have been in like manner frozen, so that their limbs might be broken off like pieces of glass without a drop of blood flowing, and yet, on being thawed, they survived.

Snails are amongst the most noted of the invertebrate animals which thus occasionally withdraw from the whole business of existence. Seeking some quiet crevice or nook, they retire into their shells, draw to the operculum as a sort of door, thus closing up their house, and then go to sleep. It is remarkable of them that they can become torpid at pleasure, and independently of temperature. Bees, as is well known, fall into utter insensibility under a low temperature, and readily revive when properly warmed. Spiders spend the winter sleeping in the corners of their webs. The cricket, which has been ascertained to be as liable to torpidity under cold as any other insect, is remarkable for its systematically avoiding this fate in winter by migrating —for it is a migration—to warm kitchens, bakehouses, and cottage firesides, 'where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as in the dog-days.'†

Some of the infusory animalcules have been found liable to suspension of life when merely dried. There are certain species which usually live in the mosses and gutters of house-tops. In summer, when the moss and the dust collected in the gutters become perfectly dry, it may be for months, the animalcules are dried up too, and lose every sign of life. Let a shower come, and they revive. In like manner the so-called 'eels' of mildewed corn, after lying dry, and to all appearance dead, for a long time, will come to life again on the application of a drop of water. Moisture has revived some animalcules after a torpidity of twenty-seven years. Of late years, it has been ascertained that animalcules, after being dried in the usual way, may be subjected to a temperature far above that of boiling water (284 degrees), and yet they may be restored to life by means of water.* It was once believed by naturalists that certain birds, the swallow in particular, hybernated at the bottoms of pools. This is now generally discredited, though not by all naturalists (see 'Fleming's Philosophy of Zoology').

Torpidity is regarded by an eminent French naturalist, M. Geoffroy St Hilaire, as 'a state of neutrality between life and death, into which certain animals are plunged in consequence of the stoppage of respiration, when it takes place under certain circumstances.' It seems but reasonable to infer that animals, while in this state, make no progress towards decay; the time during which it lasts appears to be no deduction from the ordinary or proper term of their lives, but simply something over and above. As far as observation goes, it is a state to which there is no necessary termination, apart from a change of the circumstances which have led to it. Thus if the fish caught by Sir John Franklin had been kept in ice for any number of years, we may presume that they would have been as likely to revive at one time as another, and when they did revive, would have the same prospect of life before them as if they had never been congealed at all. There is reason also to suppose, with regard to at least some of the torpid animals, that if they be entirely shut up from the external air at the time when the temperature changes, and the torpidity consequently ceases, they will remain alive so long as the air is excluded, though probably in a dormant state; and in such circumstances also, the ordinary processes of life being suspended, there is no necessary termination to the existence of these animals, any more than if the paralysing cold had been continued.

It is difficult at least to account otherwise for the discovering of live toads and other reptiles in full-grown trees and blocks of sandstone and coal, of which there are so many instances on record; while, on the other hand, this supposition affords us an easy key to what has hitherto appeared a great mystery. Such facts are indeed disbelieved by many scientific men; but for the disbelief there is no ground whatever, except the difficulty which has been felt of accounting for the facts.

M. Hubert, professor of philosophy at Caen, attests, in the volume of the French Academy for 1719, the finding of a live toad completely enclosed in the heart of an elm of the thickness of a pretty corpulent man; 'a more firm and sound elm,' he says, 'never grew.' In 1731, M. Leigne of Nantes laid before the Academy an account of a toad being found alive in an oak of still greater thickness, and which, from appearances, he thought must have been a prisoner for eighty or a hundred years. So familiar is this kind of fact in England, that, according to Mr Bree‡ woodmen, when their axe rebounds against an unusually hard part of a tree, are accustomed to say a toad must be concealed there, the animal being always surrounded with a hard case. It is not difficult to understand how the toad 'gets there.' When about to commence its winter sleep, it retires into any convenient hole it can find. Many take to crevices in trees. It is ascertained that this animal can squeeze itself through a very small aperture, in order to get the desired accommodation. Suppose that this is so small as to be too much grown up before next spring to allow of the escape of the animal, there is no doubt that the toad must remain a captive. It is known to be able to survive a long time in its ordinary state without food. Suppose that the next twelvemonth closes the aperture entirely, there we have the toad consigned to a vitality for which there is no necessary end but the destruction of its prison. Mr Jesse throws some light on this subject. 'I remember, says he, 'some years ago getting up into a mulberry-tree, and finding in the fork of the two main branches a large toad almost imbedded in the bark of the tree,

* P. A. Browne of Philadelphia; Report of American Geologists and Naturalists: 1847.

† Mr Gough, Nicholson's Journal, xix.

* 'Dover on the Revivification of Tardigrada and Rotifera. Edin. Philosophical Journal, 1843, p. 28.

† Magazine of Natural History, Nov. 1834.

Digitized by Google

which had grown over it so much, that he was quite unable to extricate himself, and would probably in time be completely covered over with the bark. Indeed there seems to be no reason why, as the tree increased in size, the toad should not, in process of time, become imbedded in it, as was the case with the end of an oaken rail that had been inserted into an elm-tree which stood close to a public footpath. This being broken off, and grown over, was, on the tree being felled and sawn in two, found nearly in the centre of it.'*

The instances of toads found in blocks of stone are so numerous, that even a reasonable selection of them would be tiresome. Many have been authenticated in a manner which, for any ordinary kind of fact, would admit of no dispute. The celebrated Ambrose Pare *saw* a block split from which a live toad came out. In many cases, although only workmen were present at the discovery, the two pieces of the block remained, with their respective portions of the cavity, to testify the truth to all eyes. Mr John Murray says, 'I have a toad in my possession, preserved in spirit of turpentine, taken from a cavity of the solid rock upwards of 200 feet deep: the space was quite sufficient to contain the body of the animal, and the gentleman who presented the specimen to me saw it alive forty-eight hours after its detachment from the rock.'† In February 1845, a live toad was liberated from a piece of shale in the Pendarran works, Glamorganshire. It was of large size, but weak; it had no vision or feeling in its eyes, and a membrane covered its mouth, so that no food could be given to it. Its spine was also crooked, apparently in consequence of the confined space in which it had lain. Its continuing to live without a breathing aperture is no marvel in this animal, for the skin of the toad may be said to be one universal lung for the arterialisation of the blood.

Dr Buckland some years ago made a number of experiments, in order to prove that toads could not long survive in such circumstances. They were conducted with an absence of ingenuity quite surprising in such a person. He enclosed a number of toads in compact sandstone, and a number more in porous limestone, and buried them under three feet of earth in his garden. After upwards of a year he took them up, when those immured in the sandstone were found dead and rotten, while those in the porous limestone were alive, but much emaciated; from which he inferred that it is impossible for toads to continue long alive in a state of complete abstraction from air and food.‡ It does not seem to have occurred to the experimentalist that the alleged confinement of toads in blocks of timber and stone might have commenced while they were in a state of torpidity, and that the change of temperature taking place where no means existed for the resumption of waking and active life, the animals would probably sleep on *ad infinitum*. The nicety of conditions required in such experiments is shown by what M. Geoffroy St Hilaire ascertained in the course of some which he made in the freezing of toads. He found that the animals only survived when the freezing was effected *slowly*.

For some time there existed a geological objection to the alleged discovery of toads in stones—namely, that they were often said to be found in rocks so low as the carboniferous formation, a part of the series antecedent to the existence of reptiles. This objection, however, is now removed; for so many batrachian fossils and footsteps of batrachians have latterly been found in this formation, that the existence of toads at that epoch can no longer be doubted. We observe that Mr Lyell has lately given in his adhesion to this doctrine.

We contemplate, then, the discovery of these prisoners of the ancient world as standing in an interesting connection with that suspension of animal life usually recognised under the names of torpidity and hybernation. Apart altogether from the extraordinary consideration that here we see living animals whose age is to be numbered by millions of years, which have survived the age of ichthyosaurs and pterodactyles, and to which the birth of the mammalian tribes was but as a passing event in the midst of a mighty series, these emancipated captives might be well worthy of the attention of naturalists, and particularly that class who devote themselves to the study of the fossil species. They are almost always described as in some way peculiar. For example, one found some years ago in the limestone of Carruber quarry in Linlithgowshire, was reported to us as having six toes. Now we know that the batrachian order have at this day a rudimental sixth toe (see 'Roget's Physiology'), a fact at once supporting the authenticity of the report, which came only from labouring men, and showing how much we may lose in science by continually rejecting and neglecting everything for which we cannot readily account.

* Gleanings in Natural History, p. 63.
† Magazine of Natural History, Sept. 1833.
‡ Edin. New Philosophical Journal, April 1832.

VISIT TO THE CHINESE JUNK.

One of the latest and most interesting sights of London has been the Chinese junk. The walls, omnibuses, and steamers have all concurred in placarding the Chinese junk—and as everybody has gone to see the Chinese junk, we went to see it also. A quarter of an hour by the Blackwall railway brought us to the remote extremity of the East India docks, in a recess of which, within a kind of paling, to secure privacy, lay the object of our curiosity.

Getting within the enclosure, we see before us this very odd-looking craft, as if it were run ashore on the beach; a short platform giving access to its deck. The first appearance is startling. The whole thing has the aspect of a monstrously large toy-ship; for besides being painted with divers gaudy colours, the sides are decorated with figures of dragons and other fierce creatures, designed, as may be supposed, to inspire terror in those who attempt to capture the vessel. In point of size, the junk seems to be of the dimensions of a brig of about seven hundred tons; but from the clumsiness of her build, and the heaviness of her timbers, we should doubt her capability of carrying a cargo of that weight. The stem and stern rise so high above the level of the mid part of the deck, that the shape approaches the crescent form—a half-cheese well cut down in the middle; and to complete the resemblance to the last-mentioned article, she has not, as we understood, any keel. The junk has three masts, not connected by ropes with each other, as in European vessels; and each mast is furnished with a yard, to which a sail is attached. On the top of the highest is a vane in the shape of an imaginary fish, the body formed of rattan work, the head and gills made of painted matting, with two projections to serve as antennæ, and to the tail are fixed long streamers. The rudder is composed of enormously large timbers, and furnished only with a tiller or long handle: it requires as many as fifteen men to move it when the helm is sunk to its extreme depth in the water. At the stem, or front part of the vessel, are hung two anchors made of iron wood, each consisting of several pieces lashed together with bamboo. With a sailing apparatus so very primitive, it is difficult to see how the vessel could perform a voyage from China to England; and from the account given, the enterprise was attended with much trouble.

The junk, which is called the *Keying*, is not a new vessel; it has been many years engaged in the Chinese coasting-trade, and was purchased for the purpose of being brought as a curiosity to Europe. Considerable

Digitized by Google

address was required in the negotiation, as well as getting her safely past the Bogue forts. Captain Kellett commanded her; and assisted by a crew of thirty natives and twelve English seamen, with the officers, he has the merit of navigating her to England. She left Canton on the 19th of October 1846, rounded the Cape on the 30th of March 1847, and anchored at St Helena April 17th. Here, to the amusement of the islanders, she remained till the 23d, and then put to sea. The intention was to proceed direct to England; but the mutinous state of the crew, and the shortness of provisions, compelled the commander to steer for America, and she arrived at New York on the 9th of July. After being exhibited at that city and at Boston, the Keying departed for England on the 17th of February 1848. On the 15th of March she reached Jersey, whence she was towed by a steamer, and arrived in the Thames on the 28th—the whole voyage, including the different stops, occupying nearly a year and a half. During the voyage in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, she proved herself an admirable sea-boat—that is to say, she stood out sundry violent storms and buffetings of the waves in a very surprising way. Her sailing capacities, however, were proved to be most imperfect: when there was anything like a head wind, she went to leeward. How she survived the tumbling about in the angry waters, becomes intelligible on a slight inspection. Besides the vast quantity of wood interiorly, there are twenty huge water-tight chests which form part of the fixtures, and by these means she is always pretty secure against sinking. We may now step on board, to have a look at the deck and cabins.

On going on board, we are surprised at the little standing or walking room on deck. From a limited clear space in the middle, stairs ascend to the higher portions fore and aft, far above our head. Large beams, gaudily painted, meet the eye everywhere; and before us, on one side of the vessel, is an erection forming a galley or cooking-house, which seems a monstrous incumbrance. Within this cooking-house there are two large pans, fixed on brickwork furnaces, which open outside. Beneath the openings to the furnaces is a trough or fosse sunk in the deck, which being filled with water to receive the cinders that fall from the furnaces, the risk of fire is avoided. We now descend to the saloon, which is half sunk below the deck, and half raised to form the first storey in the elevated poop.

The saloon is thirty-two feet long, twenty-eight broad, and fifteen and a half feet in height. Detracting from this spaciousness, however, there are two beams traversing the length of the apartment, breast high, as if to bind the vessel in this direction; so that in crossing from one side to another it is necessary to stoop twice beneath these uncouth stays. With this exception, the cabin is tastefully arranged; its sides and ceiling are painted yellow, and plenteously covered with paintings of birds, flowers, monkeys, &c. On the sides there are also hung some Chinese paintings in frames and musical instruments. From the roof depend a number of lanterns of fanciful shape and variegated colours. The Chinese, as is well known, are remarkably fond of lanterns and lamps; and as a regulation of police, every person is bound to carry one after nightfall. 'To such an absurd length do they carry this custom,' says a printed account of the Keying, 'that when one of the batteries, which had fired upon the "Alceste" in her passage up the Bogue, had been silenced by a broadside, and the soldiers who had manned it fled in the greatest alarm, instead of endeavouring to escape in the darkness of the night, each man seized his lantern and climbed up the steeps behind the fort. The great lighted and painted balloons which they carried formed a most excellent mark for such of our marines as might wish to fire at the retreating Chinamen, all fear of the consequences being forgotten in the practice of their daily, or rather nightly custom.' The saloon contains a round central table of beautiful inlaid wood, and a number of seats of equally tasteful construction. But the most remarkable piece of furniture is a cupboard-like shrine at the inner extremity of the apartment. This is a Joss-house, as it is called by the Chinese, from the Portuguese word *deos*, for god or deity, which they have ingrafted on their language. The Joss-house, which has a considerable resemblance to a Punch's show-box, contains in a sitting attitude the idol Chin-Tee, which is carved out of a solid piece of camphor-wood, and richly gilt. The odd thing about this female deity is, that she has eighteen arms, which spread out like a fan on each side, and in each hand is held an object in ordinary use, as a flag, an arrow, a bow, a flower, a bell, &c. The goddess sits so far within the Joss-house, that space is left in front for various devotional apparatus, among which is seen a censer containing gilt paper and pieces of scented wood, presented as offerings; a piece of the wood is slowly burning. Ascending to the deck, and then going up a flight of steps to the second gallery, we find between two small cabins a Joss-house for the use of the sailors, which is less ornamental than that below, but similarly provided with Joss-sticks and other votive offerings. The idol in this Joss-house is the deity of the sea, with her two attendants, each with a red scarf. Along the top of the stern are ranged a number of small flags, which add to the gaiety of the exhibition.

In this slight sketch we have omitted any notice of a variety of curiosities placed in glass cases, or scattered about the deck and galleries; likewise a number of Chinese sailors and officers, who, in proper costume, are seen lounging about the ship, as if very much at a loss what to do in the crowd of lady and gentlemen visitors. The Chinese sailors, it appears, were difficult to manage during the voyage. 'At first,' says the account already quoted, 'they were very particular in the performance of their idolatrous customs, burning paper, beating gongs, &c. in honour of their gods; but after a while they became negligent. It ought more correctly to be said that they voluntarily abandoned them, on the representations of Captain Kellett. One of their most common, and, to them, most highly-prized superstitions, was a belief in the efficacy of tying red rags on the rudder, cable, mast, and principal parts of the vessel, which were considered safeguards against danger. On an occasion when they were apprehensive of being attacked by a Malay proa, they tied red rags to the guns, and felt perfectly secure. One of their most revered objects was the mariner's compass: before this they would place tea, sweetcake, and pork, in order to keep it true and faithful. They gradually became accustomed to the European compass, and laid by all their own but two, which were marked, at their request, with the thirty-two points in Chinese figures, and eight divisions. During the storms and hurricanes which the Keying encountered, they were at first exceedingly terrified, but were soon restored to comparative calm by observing the steadiness and confidence of the English part of the crew. As soon as a storm was over they burned Joss paper in great abundance. A very interesting personage on board is Hesing, a mandarin of the fifth class, whose distinctive mark is a crystal button on the top of his cap. He is forty-six years old, intelligent, amiable, and gentlemanly. During the voyage he has learned a little English; but the Chinese idiomatic turn which he gives to the language, as well as the difficulty he has in pronouncing it, conspire to render him not easily understood, though he is very anxious to make himself so. Captain Kellett has also taught him to write his name in English characters, of which accomplishment he is somewhat proud. Like most of the educated Chinese, he writes his own language very beautifully.'

We left the Chinese junk very much gratified with all we had seen; and as the vessel will in all likelihood

Digitized by Google

be brought round to Liverpool, the Clyde, and other ports, after satisfying metropolitan curiosity, it is probable that many of our provincial readers will have an opportunity of visiting this interesting specimen of Chinese ship-architecture.

THE AGE OF TOWNS.

Towns are certainly the most remarkable and interesting of human works. When the poet Cowper said, 'God made the country, but man made the town,' he unconsciously paid no small compliment to his own race, in as far as a large city is a wonderful thing for man to make. There the most prominent characteristics of human life are developed, and the progress of society in the knowledge of both good and evil is most distinctly obvious. There, too, the remark that the greater part of human productions long outlast their author appears substantially true, as there are few of all the cities of Europe in which we cannot read in street, and church, and dwelling, as it were, the handwriting of generations whose very graves are forgotten.

Some of the inferior creation, such as rooks and beavers, have their towns also—chosen spots among old woods and streams—where they have built and burrowed from year to year, nobody knows how long; for their modes of life never vary; the successive inhabitants form their nests or dams exactly as their ancestors formed them when the mossy oaks were young, and their homes retain no history. It is not so with the cities of mankind; the thoughts and characters of different ages seem built up in them; and the contrast which many European towns present to each other in this respect has been often observed by tourists. Some, like the Old Town of Edinburgh, seem literally made of memorials of other times; and a stranger who walks their streets for the first time feels as if he were going back in the centuries. An enthusiastic Frenchman, in describing Abbotsford, called it a 'romance of stone and lime;' were the word altered to history, his description might suit those old-world cities. Others, like our New Town, have no story to tell of the past; but they speak mightily of modern improvement, popular progression, and advancement in what a German philosopher calls 'the art of living.'

The two great divisions of the Scottish capital thus furnish illustrations of the old and new aspect of things. Some British and many continental towns are similarly divided, and the traveller at once recognises the periods to which their different portions belong. But the age of cities, like that of individuals, cannot always be guessed from their appearance. Some are comparatively young, but have caught an old-established business-like air, from the combined effects of brick, coal-smoke, and commerce. Some look modern and busy to the new-comer, while their back streets are full of dim traditional houses, and quaint spires are seen beyond their fashionable streets and new-built squares. Some are old in name and situation, though new in form and materials: terrible visitations of war, or tempest, or fire, have swept them, in the emphatic language of Scripture, with the besom of destruction, time after time, but still the town has risen from its ruins.

Athens is an extraordinary instance of this class. It is, according to the most authentic history, the oldest city in Europe, having retained its present appellation for more than thirty centuries, through all the vicissitudes of empires and creeds that have passed over the world in the lapse of that long period; and in spite of fires, sieges, and plagues, whose very enumeration would occupy more space than this article, still presenting to the traveller's view the same outline of magnificent ruins crowning the rocky citadel known as the Acropolis, round whose base the city lies as it lay in the days of Plato.

Constantinople is the next oldest city of Eastern Europe. Its ancient name, as is well known, was Byzantium, having been built by the Greeks; but when Constantine became a Christian, the Romans, who were then strongly inclined to Paganism, showed so much hostility to the emperor's religion, that he determined to transfer the capital of his empire to this city, on which, accordingly, his own name was conferred. Old authors inform us that a great concourse of inhabitants from all parts of his vast dominions were induced to settle there by a promise of freedom from taxes of every description for three years, whilst artificers thronged to it in crowds, owing to the liberal employment afforded by the erection of palaces and other public buildings; so that Constantinople was styled the 'Eclipser of Rome.' Nor must we forget that the Turks, whose capital it has been since they captured it under the last of Constantine's successors, about the middle of the fifteenth century, have given it the name of Stamboul, signifying in their language the 'Queen of Cities.'

Rome is another example of durability, meriting almost in this respect the name bestowed upon her in her days of old Pagan pride—the 'Eternal City.' Founded upwards of seven hundred years before the Christian era, Rome is said to have been rebuilt three times over the ruins of successive cities, which in some parts are believed to lie more than sixty feet deep under the pavement of the present streets.

Most of the old cities of Italy belong to as early an age, and it is truly surprising for how many centuries men have continued to congregate on the same spots. Florence, the capital of Tuscany, famous as the birthplace of Dante, Michael Angelo, and many of the greatest in Italian art and literature, and still celebrated as one of the most beautiful cities of Europe, whose palaces and picture-galleries occupy half the journals of our tourists, has kept her place beside the Arno for more centuries than have been chronicled. Dante thus refers to her history: 'I was an inhabitant of Florence, that city which changed her first patron, Mars, for St John the Baptist; for which reason the vengeance of the deity thus slighted will never be appeased, and if some remains of his statue were not still visible on the bridge over the Arno, she would have been already levelled to the ground; and thus the citizens who raised her again from the ashes to which Attila had reduced her would have laboured in vain.' So firmly did popular superstition cling to Pagan relics in the middle ages; but it appears that the broken statue to which the Florentines attached so much importance was carried away by a flood that destroyed the bridge on which it stood, in the year 1337, without the ill effects which the citizens apprehended from the loss of their fancied Palladium.

Milan, now the capital of Lombardy, is also of old foundation. The precise date can scarcely be ascertained; but it was an emporium of cheese and corn before the Christian era. The city was twice razed to the ground—first by Attila, king of the barbarous Huns, who invaded the Roman Empire in the fifth century; and afterwards by Frederic Barbarossa, emperor of Germany, who vowed not to leave one stone of it on another, because the inhabitants—whom he had obliged to appear before him, by way of satisfaction for a previous rebellion, with ropes about their necks—had, after his departure, paraded his own image through their streets equipped in a similar fashion. Redbeard—such was the meaning of the emperor's surname—kept his word; and Milan has been taken, with more or less injury, by every conqueror from Charlemagne to Napoleon. During the ages of tilt and tournament, Milan was celebrated for the manufacture of armour, to the durability and beauty of which all the historians of those times testify; but when knightly fashions passed away before the invention of gunpowder and the advance of military science, the town returned to its earlier and more pacific commerce in cheese and corn, to which later centuries have added silk. Yet its cathedral, entirely built of snow-white marble, is still the admiration of all lovers of architecture; and its traffic in the commodities we have enumerated confers

Digitized by Google

an almost equal distinction on Milan in the eyes of the commercial world.

Naples, the city of Vesuvius, with whose bay and sky, lovely clime and lazy lazzaroni, so many views and descriptions have made the British public acquainted, is the successor of far older towns, which occupied almost the same site at the base of the great volcano, ages before its first-recorded eruption. There stood the beautiful Parthenope of the Greeks, believed to be as ancient as Athens itself. It was succeeded by the Neapolis, or new city of the Romans, from which the present city derived its name, and was the chosen residence of some, though not the best of their emperors. Since then, it has been overwhelmed by lava, rebuilt by princes, possessed by Goth, Saracen, Norman, Spaniard, and French by turns; but it is still the capital of the finest country in Europe, and the boast of its inhabitants, whose pride in it has dictated the proverbial saying, 'See Naples, and die!'

The two celebrated cities Venice and Genoa resemble each other in age and origin, as they did about the close of the middle ages in political position and commercial importance. Some inhabitants of the eastern coast of Italy, who sought refuge in the isles of the Adriatic from the horrors of the Gothic invasion at the beginning of the fifth century, were the founders of Venice; and some fishermen, who built their huts on a steep acclivity beside the western gulf at the same disastrous period, were the first inhabitants of Genoa. The power and splendour which both these cities attained, and their terrible contests for pre-eminence in Italy, occupy a prominent place in the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The commerce and colonies of Genoa penetrated as far as Krim Tartary; and besides being at one period the most powerful state in Europe—styled the bulwark of the Christian faith, on account of its successful war against the Turks—and the emporium of European commerce with the East, Venice is known to all the lovers of romance and poetry from Tasso down to Byron.

Padua ranks still higher in seniority. It was the birthplace of Livy, the Roman historian; and Virgil says it was founded over the grave of one of the companions of Æneas. It was devastated by Attila, taken by Charlemagne, and celebrated throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries for the learning of its university and the beauty of its velvets; yet in our own days its ninety-six churches and twelve colleges are almost as well attended as they were in that distant period.

The oldest town in France is Marseilles, there being historical evidence of its being built by a Greek colony in the same century with Rome; since then, Gauls, Romans, Goths, and Franks, as the ancestors of the modern French were called, have inhabited it in turn. It was twice burned down, and once literally desolated by one of those terrible plagues to which Europe was formerly subject; but it is still a well-known port of the Mediterranean, as it was in the days of Augustus.

The foundation of Lyons is uncertain. Augustus made it the capital of Celtic Gaul. An imperial palace was subsequently erected in the city, whence the Emperor Nero, of unenviable notoriety, is traditionally said to have issued a characteristic decree, by which all the poets of the town—who were, it appears, sufficiently numerous—assembled on the 1st of June at the temple of Apollo, in order to read their compositions before him, when the author of the best was rewarded with a laurel crown, and he of the worst had his choice to obliterate all he had written with his tongue, or be thrown into the Rhone. Whether this tale be true or not, history records that the city was burned to the ground, palace and all, by an accidental fire in the reign of that gentle censor of the press. The Burgundians made it their capital in the fifth century, after which, in spite of many conquests and inundations, it continued to rise in mercantile importance. The sect of the Waldenses was founded by Peter Waldo, a merchant of this city, in the twelfth century; and in the thirteenth it afforded refuge to all the Italians driven from their country by the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. The still more sanguinary contentions of the Protestant and Catholic parties in the sixteenth century all but destroyed Lyons; and the frightful devastations of the first revolution, in which its name was changed to Ville Affranchie, are well known to all acquainted with the history of that extraordinary time; but Lyons is still the second city in France, retaining its old appellation, its wealth, and its silk manufacture.

Paris is of a much more modern date. It was a small but fortified town in the days of Julius Cæsar, when the Romans took it from the Gauls; the Emperor Julian the Apostate erected, some say a palace, and others a fortress, on a small isle in the Seine, where now stands the church of Nôtre-Dame, about the middle of the fourth century. The Franks took it in 496, and fixed there the capital of their kingdom; but history records that twelve francs was the whole sum of taxes collected monthly at the northern gate in the reign of Louis Le Gros; and the first paving of the streets took place in the year 1190. Though comparatively new, Paris has had its share of vicissitudes. The 'black death,' as a frightful disease was called which ravaged Europe about the middle of the fourteenth century, left it almost depopulated; and in a terrible famine of the following age, a hundred thousand, being two-thirds of its whole inhabitants, perished in three months. It suffered many a siege, including that of the gallant Henry IV., against whom it was held by the partisans of the League, till provisions began to fail, and the king's army hoped to take it by means of famine: but Henry said he would never see the capital of his kingdom starved for the sake of a crown, and therefore commanded a free passage to be allowed for provisions of all sorts, which noble conduct, says a historian of the period, 'won him the city of Paris and the praise of all nations.' From that time till the present, Paris has seen more riots and revolutions than any other European capital.

It is strange that so small a portion of history should be occupied by the metropolitan cities of Portugal and Spain. Both Madrid and Lisbon owe their origin to the ages of contest between the Moors and Christians for possession of the Peninsula. In the days of the Cid, the former was a Christian village, without wealth or commerce, being situated three hundred miles in every direction from the sea; and the latter was a strong fortress of the Moors, taken by Alphons, first king of Portugal, about the middle of the twelfth century, with the assistance of some English Crusaders and ships from the Hanse towns, or seven free cities of Germany, who sailed up the Tagus for that purpose: since which time Madrid has had many kings and fires; and the destruction of Lisbon by the great earthquake in 1755 is chronicled among the memorable events of Europe.

London, which alone surpasses Paris in wealth and population, is known to be much older. But setting aside the story of its being founded by the giant Lud, a contemporary of the celebrated though somewhat uncertain King Arthur, history assures us that it was a Roman station in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, subsequently a city of the Saxons, and finally raised to metropolitan importance by William the Norman, who granted the citizens the following specimen of a charter, written on a morsel of parchment six inches long and one broad:—'William the king friendly salutes William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you all law worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward. And I will that every child shall be his father's heir after his father's days, and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong; God keep you!'

It is a remarkable fact, that since the date of this

Digitized by Google

charter, London has never been actually taken, though often threatened by enemies, and frequently visited by fire and pestilence, which were particularly in darker times the great destroyers of cities.

The early history of Manchester is highly curious. Originally a Roman station, and called Mancunium, it became in the Saxon times a subject of contention between the English and the Northumbrian Danes. When William the Conqueror compiled the Doomsday Book it appears to have had two churches. In the reign of Henry VIII. its charter was confirmed as a place of sanctuary; but the privilege was transferred to Chester in the following year, as it had been found to operate to the prejudice of the wealth, credit, and good order of the place. So late as the middle of the last century, an act was obtained to exonerate the town from the obligation of grinding corn at the free school mills; and no one dreamt of the immense cotton trade of which Manchester is now the emporium.

Birmingham took its name from one of the followers of William the Norman, on whom the greater part of Warwickshire was conferred, by way of reward for his services in the conquest of England. The baron was called Sir Hugh De Birmingham; and in the eleventh century he built a castle, round which grew a village, inhabited by his retainers on the sloping banks of the Rea, where now thunder the thousand mills and forges of Birmingham.

Bristol is mentioned among the fortified cities of Britain in the year 420. Its present name is said to have been derived from that bestowed upon it by the Saxons—Brightstowe, the Pleasant Place. In the latter part of the eleventh century, a market is said to have been held there for slaves, according to the feudal barbarism of the period. In the following age a monastery, whose magnificent remains still attract the attention of antiquaries, was erected on the same spot by King Stephen. A still more interesting fact connected with the history of modern improvement is, that the first barge passed from Bristol to Bath in 1727, the Avon being then for the first time rendered navigable.

York rivals London in age, as it did in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in almost everything. They were, in fact, rival capitals; York being much about the size of old London, and far better fortified, as Edward III. expresses it in one of his proclamations, for 'a bulwark to the land against the wasteful fury of the Scotch.' Parliaments were occasionally held here; and one remnant of ancient grandeur still retained, besides its massive towers and gates, not to mention the celebrated minster, is the title of lord conferred upon its mayor, who is the only civic chief in all England entitled to that distinction besides the mayor of London.

The two university towns Oxford and Cambridge are of uncertain age; they date at least from the Anglo-Saxon times. Cambridge appears to be the most ancient, there being tolerable grounds for believing it of Roman origin. Many towns in England have the syllables *chester* and *cester* as part of their names, and are understood from that circumstance to be, at the latest, of Roman origin, while some are known to have been British. The term cester, or chester, is obviously either from a castle (*castrum*) or a camp (*castra*), which had been placed upon the spot by the Romans.

Of all English towns that have risen to any importance, Liverpool is the most recent, with the exception perhaps of its new rival, Birkenhead. In the year 1710, Liverpool was but a fishing village; and the first impulse to its prosperity was said to have been given by the Guinea slave trade, at that period regarded as a lawful branch of commerce even by Englishmen. A story is current that Liston the celebrated comedian being hissed one night by a Liverpool audience, reminded them, by way of reprisal, that their city was built with the price of Guinea negroes.

Scotland having scarcely any distinct history before the eleventh century, we can date none of her cities from an earlier period with any certainty. The twelfth century is the commencement of the era of her privileged towns, none of which at that time contained any buildings but such as could be rebuilt almost as quickly as they were destroyed by invaders. Perth and Aberdeen are among the oldest towns; yet the former, in the days of Bruce, is spoken of as only 'a poor hamlet.' Edinburgh was of no importance till the latter part of the fourteenth century. Glasgow, though an ancient episcopal city, and in the seventeenth century a handsomely-built small town, may be said to have sprung forward in commerce and population within the same time as Liverpool. It is eminently a city of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Prior to 1697, Greenock was but an unknown hamlet, where some herrings were occasionally caught; but in that year the directors of the Scottish Indian and African Company came to a resolution of erecting salt works on the Firth of Clyde, and in the following year the inhabitants in vain petitioned parliament for a grant to build a harbour. Their failure in this project was supposed to have been owing to the hostility of the magistrates of Glasgow, who were jealous of the rising importance of the town; but the people of Greenock exhibited on this occasion an ingenuity and resolution which deserved to be successful. They entered into a contract with their superior, Sir John Shaw, under whom they held their properties in feu, and agreed to assess themselves in the sum of one shilling and fourpence on each sack of malt brewed into ale within the limits of the town. Parliament had refused to sanction this tax, but the inhabitants were unanimous; and as ale was then the universal beverage of the labouring classes in Scotland, a sufficient fund was raised to begin the harbour in the course of seven years. The whole expense was estimated at L.3555, which so alarmed the townsmen, that they agreed to transfer the harbour, with the tax already mentioned, into the hands of their superior on his advancing the money, which any mercantile house in Greenock would now consider as an item in its liabilities.

The metropolis of Ireland is said to have been founded by the piratical Danes in the beginning of the ninth century, and from them it derived its present name, Dublin, which in old Danish signifies the black pool; but why this appellation was given, tradition assigns no reason. Certain it is that Dublin continued the stronghold of the northern invaders, and the repository of their plunder from all the surrounding country, till the English conquest under Henry II., who made it the capital of his Irish dominions, and received the homage of his new subjects in a large pavilion, 'well made,' says a chronicler of the times, 'with smooth wattles:' nor was this regal residence much out of character with the rest of the city. Historians inform us that so late as the reign of Elizabeth the houses of Dublin were entirely constructed of wattles and clay: about this period brick began to be used: but the great increase of Dublin took place in the eighteenth century; and it is curious that no specimen of domestic architecture of an older date now exists within the liberties.

Cork owes its origin, in the middle of the seventh century, to a kind of monastic school, which a friar, called by his countrymen St Finbar, established on the site of the present city, then a solitary marsh: round this seminary the town gradually grew; and after the invasion, an English colony held it for one hundred years against the neighbouring chiefs; 'but they dwelt,' says the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' 'in continual fear, shutting the gates at service and meal-times, and always from sun to sun, neither did they admit any stranger who carried a weapon.'

Towards the north of Europe, the towns, like the civilisation, belong to later times than those of the south. The cities of the Netherlands in general took their rise from the revival of commerce in Europe at the close of the middle ages; Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and Amsterdam, were famous in the fourteenth,

Digitized by Google

fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries for the commercial wealth which flowed into each of them in turn.

Cologne is believed to be the oldest city of Germany, being built by the Roman Empress Agrippina, and considered ancient even in the thirteenth century, when its great cathedral was commenced, which was only half finished at the time of the Reformation, and still remains so.

Berlin, the present capital of Prussia, originated in rude huts built in the marshes of the Spree by the Vandals, who sought refuge there from the conquering arms of a German prince, known in history as Albert the Bear; but having at length conquered that district also, he erected a fortress there in the middle of the twelfth century, which in process of time became a town, and took the present appellation; it is not certain whether from the founder's name or the savage character of the country, which is now one of the best cultivated and most civilised in Europe.

The city of Leipsic is celebrated for two of the greatest battles of modern history; one in the war of the Reformation, at which Gustavus king of Sweden fell, and the other in 1813, in which the army of Napoleon was utterly defeated, and still more so for its great book fair, frequented by all the trade of Europe: yet at the close of the tenth century its site was occupied by a small Sclavonian village, situated at the confluence of the Barde with the Pleisse; and the first mention of Leipsic as a fortified city is in the twelfth century, in the time of Otho the Rich, who established the two fairs of Easter and Michaelmas. The origin of Hamburg was a church and a fort which Charlemagne built to protect the frontier of his empire in that direction from the Pagan Saxons.

Vienna, the Austrian capital, was once a Roman camp on the Danube, afterwards a stronghold of the Huns, from whom Charlemagne took it in the beginning of the ninth century; and it has experienced many a master and siege since, including that of the Turks at the close of the seventeenth century, from whom it was rescued by the celebrated John Sobieski, king of Poland.

The towns of the Baltic, including Stockholm and Copenhagen, were in the tenth century fortresses raised by the plundering Northmen, to which their ships brought home the spoils of southern and western Europe. Warsaw, now the capital of Poland, and so tragically involved in the history of that unfortunate country, was founded so late as the twelfth century by the Teutonic knights, a military order of then Catholic Germany, whose occupation was to defend the frontiers of Christendom from the northern Pagans; and by way of encouragement, the Pope conferred upon them a grant of all the lands they could conquer north of the Elbe, which was, at the period of their establishment, considered the boundary of civilisation.

Petersburg, the metropolis of the Russian empire, is well known to be the most modern capital in Europe, having been built almost as it now stands by Peter the Great in the early part of the last century: its old rival, Moscow, was founded by the Grand Duke Jurge I. in 1147. Perhaps no city in the world has experienced greater vicissitudes than this ancient capital. It was twice burned to the ground by the Tartars, and once utterly destroyed by the Poles, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century conquered that part of Russia, which, compared with recent events, may well illustrate how nations take their turn of power and prosperity. We have thus glanced at the ages assigned to the different towns of Europe by the general current of history; but it must be admitted that much uncertainty and many conflicting accounts exist on this subject, as the inhabitants of almost every town appear inclined to treat the age of their city exactly the reverse of their own, and tradition usually draws long bills on antiquity; but setting aside these doubtful authorities, it is evident that some cities have existed as long as two, and even three thousand years. What millions of human beings must have lived and died within their bounds in the course of these changeful centuries! It has been calculated that the whole inhabitants of Athens, throughout its different generations, would trebly outnumber all the nations of Europe put together; and even in the most recent of our great towns, how many successive generations have already grown up, and laboured, and passed away; so that to the newest, as well as the oldest among them, the philosopher's remark is equally applicable, 'The history of this city, truly written, would be the story of the world!'

ST ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF ADELAIDE.

In Nova Scotia, Canada, and perhaps every other colony, there is a St Andrew's Society—an association of Scotchmen, united to maintain friendly intercourse with each other; to assist poor wanderers from their native country, and to enjoy a festival one day in the year, the well-known 30th of November, or St Andrew's Day. We sometimes receive colonial newspapers giving an account of these annual meetings; and it is amusing in this, the home country, to observe the enthusiasm with which each speaker recalls—after dinner of course—remembrances of the hills, the dales, the rivers of old Scotland; the end of every three sentences being marked with *tremendous cheers*, and every speech followed first by *all the honours*, and then by a song or tune, such as 'John Anderson my Jo', the 'Flowers o' the Forest,' or the 'East Neuk o' Fife.'

A South Australian paper lately reached us containing an account of one of these national reunions, which took place last St Andrew's Day in Adelaide, at which about fifty Scottish and a few English gentlemen were present—'Mr Edward Stirling, J. P., in the chair.' We specially notice this meeting in consequence of the oratory having been somewhat less convivial and more business-like than is usual on such occasions; because more than one of the speakers made some observations on the subject of immigration; and also for another reason, which will immediately be noticed. The 'speech of the evening' seems to have been that of Dr Wark. After touching on the affections, and the number of individuals who had left the blue hills of Scotland for the bright sky and extensive plains of South Australia, he came to the great question—'Have our hopes been realised or disappointed in coming to this land? For his own part, he would say that all reasonable hopes had been more than realised. The bad odour which South Australia had got into at home arose from various causes. Many scapegoats were sent out, a disgrace to their friends at home, and nuisances here. These soon got rid of their money, and like the Prodigal Son, either contrived to go home, or write home dolorous and false accounts of the colony, which were readily believed, and earnestly circulated by dear mammas and fond papas. Instead of saddling their poverty on themselves, they maliciously saddled it on the land, on which they had wantonly spent their means. Others came here with the view of rapidly making fortunes, and returning quickly to spend their days in their native land. The high price of stock, labour, and food, at the onset, with sudden depression in value of every species of produce, blasted their hopes, and soured them at the colony, which they either left, or wrote of with disgust. The bad accounts from the many swallowed up, like the lean kine, the good from the few; and at length our celebrated countrymen, the Chamberses, through their extensively-circulated Journal, sealed the fate of emigration to this land among the labouring masses. The minds of the best people are sometimes abused; and it is to be hoped that the same honourable journalists will live to make some amends for the injury they have unwittingly done them.'

Here we take leave to interrupt the doctor. Thanking him for his compliment, we protest against the assumption that we ever said a word in disparagement

Digitized by Google

of South Australia unwarranted by the general information which a few years ago reached Great Britain respecting the colony, or by the actual results which followed. What we chiefly maintained was, that no colony could expect to thrive which did not betake itself to earnest industry; and that vast numbers in South Australia, having to all appearance relinquished an industrial career, in order to gamble in 'town lots,' ruin must inevitably follow. And did not the most ruinous consequences ensue, not only as respects the gamblers themselves, but the agricultural and pastoral interests? We are glad to think that bitter experience has cured this mad spirit of gambling, and that each man, instead of trying to pick the pocket of his neighbour, has betaken himself to his own proper line of industry. Changed in social character, with enterprising settlers spreading over its surface; blessed with one of the finest climates in the world; and suitable alike for the husbandman and store farmer—South Australia, as was lately noticed in the present Journal, offers a favourable field for a *judiciously-conducted* system of immigration. With this explanation, required to set us right with our South Australian friends, we may allow the doctor to proceed:—

'Since the settlement of this colony, the land had yielded her increase bountifully, while her flocks and herds had prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations. The fruits of the temperate climates, and many of tropical, are matured here to perfection. The land is capable of producing in abundance the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life. Some ten years ago this colony was a wilderness. Look now at the city of Adelaide—let us travel the length and breadth of the land, and witness stations on every available spot—and then we may see a literal fulfilment of the saying of the sacred poet—"The wilderness and solitary places shall be glad; the desert shall rejoice and bloom like a rose." As regards the climate, it is adjudged to be delightful, notwithstanding the occasional extremes of heat; and to speak professionally, he could bear testimony to its healthiness. In the hot season, disease was certainly severe among children in town; but go to the bush, and look at the little urchins waddling with bullock whips in their hands before they can lisp, and driving the plough before they are fit to be taught to read. In fine, this climate was delightful and salubrious, the soil abundantly productive; and to crown all, were not the bowels of the earth teeming with the richest and most useful mineral ores, and stones time immemorial termed precious? This colony was established to be, politically speaking, a self-supporting colony; but in the wide range of her Majesty's dominions, was there a known spot more capable of eventually being literally so? Abounding in the staple articles of food and raw materials of clothing, with an inexhaustible supply of useful and valuable minerals both for manufacturers and circulating medium, the time was likely to come when the supply we now draw from home and other countries might be manufactured within our own limits. Strong inducements had been held out to induce the labouring classes to come to the colony; and had they been disappointed? Most assuredly not. Whoever had not succeeded must blame himself, or must have met with extraordinary calamities. All who were willing and able to work found employment, at a rate of remuneration by which they could raise themselves in their circumstances. Many who came pennyless to the colony were now extensive proprietors: they now possessed property, and enjoyed a plentiful table, while their labouring companions they had left behind had wasted their bodies for a scanty subsistence, and were now beginning to see old age coming prematurely upon them.'

Dr Cumming was the next speaker, and he is equally pointed in his observations. 'It is the object of our society,' says he, 'to open up an intercourse with Scotland—the land of our fathers; and by giving information that can be relied on, unfold the capabilities of this great country. We all know that very many industrious farmers, mechanics, and labourers, can improve their circumstances vastly by emigration; and the smiling land of our adoption holds out her ample arms to welcome them. Though Scotland were to-day entirely freed from her entails, yet to the labouring man it would give little hope of rising above that of a labourer, or at most a poor tenant. Last century, delvers and ditchers were poorly paid, and it is no better now that the population has doubled. Here a few years of what at home would be considered moderate summer labour, affords the means of purchasing and stocking a freehold farm; and thus affording what to every well-principled man is the height of his ambition—provision for his family, and sitting under his vine and fig-tree, none offering or daring to make him afraid.'

Mr Frew, another speaker, says, 'We know of the distress at home; and if we could induce the starving peasantry to cast their lot among us, we should be helping them as well as ourselves. Let them come here—they would be heartily welcome.'

Alluding to the pastoral character of the colony, Mr Cumming speaks of the great impetus imparted by the introduction of Australian wool into the woollen manufactures of Scotland. Formerly, the Scotch manufacturers contented themselves with working only British wools, and so long as they did so, they carried on but a poor trade. A new state of things ensued on the introduction of the fine wool of Australia into the manufacture of tartans and tweeds. 'For years this new and peculiar trade,' says Mr Cumming, 'has been flourishing; and Scotland now stands at the very head of this branch of industry, and has produced a quality of goods fitting for, and yielding comfort to, royalty. It must delight them all to know that Hawick, Jedburgh, Galashiels, Menstrie, Alva, Tillicoultry, Stirling, and Bannockburn are flourishing from this cause. He could not forget that Perth, Crief, Auchterarder, and Auchtermuchty, boast of their Galas.' The pastoral interest, through whose agency the wool was produced, was a great one. He believed that in the Australian colonies there were about 6,000,000 sheep, besides cattle. In this province there were about 1,000,000, and yielding a steady increase. As fine wool was produced as was anywhere to be met with; and though sometimes a little carelessness had been complained of, yet there was every prospect of future praise as well as profit. The pastoral life had ever been the emblem of happiness, and honourable to all, from Abel downwards, and in this country it appeared to be a truly pleasant one.'

Next follows a speech on the mining interest. The discovery of mineral wealth has given a prodigiously increased value to the colony; 'but,' says the speaker, 'we are crippled for want of labourers.'

We may here drop the curtain on the scene. The thing that strikes us throughout the proceedings is the iteration of the cry—'want of labourers.' Give us plenty hands to help us to till the lands, to tend the sheep, to dig in the mines, to drive our cars, and otherwise assist us, and we will show you what we can do, not only for the colony and ourselves, but for the labourers themselves! Let us hope, as we said on a late occasion, that this cry for labour proceeds on no unsound consideration of what is due to labourers when they arrive; and that it will not be followed by a reaction like that which already occurred when bands of emigrant labourers, instead of being employed at fair wages, required to be supported for a time as paupers. We desire, in short, to see a properly-conducted system of emigration, not a heedless outpouring of human beings, likely to cause a glut in the market of labour. It would very greatly tend to promote confidence in demands for labourers or anything else, if the colonists—we speak not of South Australia alone—would on all occasions apply direct to the people at home, and not leave their wants to the chance of being imperfectly heard of through the colonial papers, which few in

Digitized by Google

Great Britain see, or what is equally useless, through the enginery of the colonial office. The St Andrew's Society of Adelaide, for example, is stated by one of the speakers at the above meeting to have for its object to 'open up an intercourse with Scotland, and by giving information that can be relied on, unfold the capabilities of this great country.' This is a useful and praiseworthy object; but why is it not carried into execution by the immediate dissemination throughout Scotland of such information as the society can vouch for—names of members being appended? As far as we have heard, nothing of the sort has been done; the society to all appearance contenting itself with a notice in a colonial newspaper, which not a dozen people in Scotland will ever see, and which has come into our hands only through the kindness of a friend. We repeat a hint which cannot be too frequently offered to the colonists—'You will never get what you want from the mother country till you appeal by direct address to the people!' Any communication of this kind will be gladly received from the St Andrew's Society of Adelaide, and we hope that such will be current amongst us before the next 30th of November.

THE LONDON BAKERS.

A MOVEMENT, as may be known, has lately been made towards meliorating the condition of the London operative bakers, which, from the following evidence of Dr Guy, laid before parliament, must be acknowledged to be bad enough.

'The journeymen bakers of London are almost without exception overworked. From 18 to 20 hours of continuous occupation, with perhaps a nap of from an hour to two hours on a board, may be stated as the rule with the large majority of the trade. It often happens towards the end of the week that the poor fellows are employed without rest or sleep for more than 48 hours on a stretch. The wages which the men receive varies from 10s. to L.1, 10s. a-week. The average will be about 16s. or 17s. A foreman will get from L.1 to L.1, 10s.; a second hand 16s. to L.1, 1s.; and a third hand from 10s. to 14s., in addition to an allowance of bread and flour. Considering the rate of wages in other trades, and the amount of work required of them, they are very badly paid. One reason of the low wages of journeymen bakers is undue competition. A man can set up as a master baker with very moderate capital; hence this trade is naturally overstocked, and profits are reduced so low, that many of the masters can only live by overworking and underpaying their men. Another circumstance which tends to reduce wages, and which is at least as effective as competition itself, is the bad state of health of the journeymen bakers, brought on by the very overwork of which I have been speaking. In all sickly trades there must always be a great number of men thrown out of work by illness; young healthy recruits are constantly coming up from the country to supply their place; and thus the labour-market is overstocked, and that, too, with men imporverished by illness, and too glad to be taken into employment on almost any terms. I do not attribute their liability to disease entirely to overwork. They are exposed to heat, which, while it exhausts them, renders them liable to colds, and seems to favour determination of blood to the head; to dust from the flour, which irritates the lungs; and to severe exertion, which leads to palpitation, diseases of the heart, and apoplectic seizures. There is also in the habits of the journeymen bakers something which tends still further to impair their health. They do not employ the only holiday they have in the week—the Saturday evening—in a manner likely to recruit their strength, preserve their health, or improve their morals. They meet at public-houses—not merely for the purpose of recreation, but when out of work, they use them as places of call. The bakers, I believe, have the character of being a dissipated body of men; but exposure to heat, overwork, and one evening in the week only for recreation, are circumstances favourable neither to mind nor body. They have not even the Sunday to themselves; for in the morning, and at noon of Sunday, they have to attend to the baking of dinners. They might go to church in the afternoon; but it is the natural tendency of the overwork to which they are subject to indispose them to frequent the church. The bakers, as a class, are short-lived. There are few old or even middle-aged men among them. The oldest man I saw was 65, but I believe there are a few older men at work. The average of the whole 111 was only 30½ years. I look upon this low average age of the journeymen bakers as a proof of the unhealthiness of their occupation. It is only to be accounted for by premature death, and the constant influx of young men to supply the place of the deceased. I found none in what may be termed robust health; that is to say, with healthy florid complexions. The diseases to which the bakers are most subject are rheumatic fever, erysipelas, inflammation of the lungs, and consumption; but especially the last two are their most severe and fatal maladies. The less severe diseases of which they complain are colds, rheumatism, indigestion, bowel complaints, skin diseases, and bleeding at the nose. Ruptures are common among them. I should think that there is no class of men, excepting perhaps the grinders of Sheffield, so liable to severe diseases of the chest as the bakers.

'Of 111 whom I examined, 19 had had some severe and lingering disease of the lungs, and 89 complained of being subject to less severe disorders of the chest. If the two numbers be added together, no less than 108 habitual or severe diseases of the lungs will have to be divided among 111 men. I attribute in part the dissipated habits with which the bakers are charged to their being overworked. People who have but one evening to themselves in the week, who have no time to cultivate their minds, and who are always in a state of bodily exhaustion, must be in great danger of finding the public-house too attractive. The bakers are exerting themselves for the abolition of night-work; and from what I can understand, there would be no difficulty in doing away with it altogether, except the opposition of a minority of under-priced bakers, whose profits arise from exacting an excess of labour from the men; that is to say, the majority of the trade are the slaves of the minority. The great majority of the bakers are from Scotland, a large number from Devonshire, and several from the other western counties: a few from Ireland. Scotland is the great nursery of bakers. The master bakers in Scotland and the western counties of England are in the habit of employing only apprentices, who are dismissed as soon as they are out of their time, and are thrown on the English labour-market. Most of them, I believe, come to London; and this adds to the competition by which the wages of labour are beaten down.'

Dr Guy further mentions that the great majority of masters and men look alone for a remedy to the interference of the legislature. It would seem almost unnecessary to say that any expectation of this kind must prove fallacious. Further than the general enforcement of certain sanitary regulations, nothing can be advantageously done by the legislature, unless it be the abolition of the window duties. But strangely enough, the very legislators who are seen lamenting over the darkened condition of the workshops in which the poor operative bakers of London are doomed to toil, divided, if we mistake not, against the repeal of the duties levied on windows. As regards the general question, it is extremely difficult to see how, according to existing tastes, and in present circumstances, the condition of operative London bakers is to be improved. A loud and very just complaint is made against night-work; but all know that this is caused by the public demand for hot rolls at breakfast, and there can be no possible remedy till the use of that species of bread is abandoned: then comes the excessive competition among employers,

Digitized by Google

which renders the smallest saving necessary: and lastly, the great overabundance of labour in proportion to the demand. Although one of the most slavish and deadly professions, young men crowd into it without the slightest regard for consequences. The vast redundancy in the labour-market is, in short, the main cause of the sufferings endured by the bakers; and we fear that this evil, to such an extent as may seem desirable, is not likely soon to be remedied.

A HEALTHY SKIN.

The scarf-skin is being constantly cast off in the form of minute powdery scales; but these, instead of falling away from the skin, are retained against the surface by the contact of clothing. Moreover, they become mingled with the unctuous and saline products of the skin, and the whole together concrete into a thin crust, which, by its adhesiveness, attracts particles of dust of all kinds—soot and dust from the atmosphere, and particles of foreign matter from our dress: so that in the course of a day the whole body, the covered parts least, and the uncovered most, becomes covered by a pellicle of impurities of every description. If this pellicle be allowed to remain, to become thick, and establish itself upon the skin, effects which I shall now proceed to detail will follow. In the first place, the pores will be obstructed, and, in consequence, transpiration impeded, and the influence of the skin, as a respiratory organ, entirely prevented. In the second place, the skin will be irritated both mechanically and chemically; it will be kept damp and cold, from the attraction and detention of moisture by the saline particles, and possibly the matters once removed from the system may be again conveyed into it by absorption. And thirdly, foreign matters in solution, such as poisonous gases, miasmata, and infectious vapours, will find upon the skin a medium favourable for their suspension and subsequent transmission into the body. These are the primary consequences of the neglected ablution of the skin. Let us now inquire what are the secondary or constitutional effects. If the pores be obstructed, and the transpiration checked, the constituents of the transpired fluids will necessarily be thrown upon the system; and as they are injurious, even poisonous, if retained, they must be removed by other organs than the skin. Those organs are the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, and the bowels. But it will be apparent to every one that if these organs equally or one more than another, which is generally the case, be called upon to perform their own office *plus* that of another, the equilibrium of health must be disturbed, and the oppressed organ must suffer from exhaustion and fatigue, and must become the prey of disease. Thus obviously and plainly habits of uncleanliness become the cause of consumption and other serious diseases of the vital organs. Again, if the pores be obstructed, respiration through the skin will be at an end, and as a consequence, the blood, deprived of one source of its oxygen, one outlet for its carbon, the chemical changes of nutrition will be insufficient, and the animal temperature lowered. As a consequence of the second position, cutaneous eruption and diseases will be engendered, and the effects of cold manifested on the system, and the re-absorption of matters once separated from the body will be the exciting cause of other injurious disorders. The third position offers results even more serious than those which precede. If a pellicle of foreign substance be permitted to form on the skin, this will inevitably become the seat of a detention of miasmata and infectious vapours. They will rest here previously to being absorbed, and their absorption will engender the diseases of which they are the peculiar ferment.—*Wilson's Treatise.*

A PLEA FOR HEDGE AND OTHER BIRDS.

Farmers and gardeners are sad enemies to hedge-birds. Making up their minds that they are enemies, and only such, they destroy them with an unsparing hand. They put a premium on their heads—their eggs—their young—their nests. They add cupidity to the destructiveness of youthful depredators, and goad them on to destroy, far and wide, every bird which builds a nest, as if it were amongst the thorns and thistles wherewith the Almighty had cursed our race. The ignorance of this is as great as its cruelty. Very often they hire the destruction of their best friends, and then grumble that their crops are gone by the aphis and the caterpillar. They grudge the bird the food which harbours the parent; and therefore it escapes, and breeds ten millions of consumers. We remember some sapient entry in an antique parish book, when the constable 'payd for vi. tomtits' heads;' and cannot but pity the poor wretches who have evidently more money than wit.—*Farmers' Journal.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye who the lack of gold would plead as lack
Of power to help another, think not so;
But where the stumbling steps of sickness go,
Follow with friendly foot; and in the track
Of life, when ye encounter, 'midst the snow,
Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back,
But lead them gently from their walks of woe
By such kind words as cast a brighter glow
Than gold around them. Oh be sure of this—
The alms most precious man can give to man
Are kind and truthful words; nor come amiss
Warm sympathising tears to eyes that scan
The world aright! The only error is,
Neglect to do the little good we can!

SONNET TO THE BUTTERCUP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A TRADESMAN'S LAYS.'

Will no one sing of thee, thou pleasing flower,
With livelier tint than daisy e'er put on?
Who, when warm Phœbus gives to May her dower,
Smiling art seen the grass-green meads among;
What time the cuckoo tunes his mellow flute,
And on the sward the grasshopper we hear,
'Tis then all gaily in thy yellow suit
A smiling floral star thou dost appear.
Memory wipes off the dust of time, and brings
Sweet recollections of those joyous hours,
When wandering gladly near Dove's pleasant springs,
I culled a copious harvest of thy flowers;
With pinafore filled out—a venturous boy
I tumbled in the grass, and shouted wild for joy.

ENOBT.

THE MIND.

Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realisation of the great ends for which he was designed; without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere mercenary motives and desires; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform, having no heart beating in common with those of his fellow-men, no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said not to live. His mind is shut in by a moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a regret. Such beings we have seen and wondered at—wondered that a mortal, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainment of intellectuality, should slumber on through a world like ours, in which is everything beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind, and the heart, and of such a diversified character, that we may never grow weary. If, then, you would wish to *live*, in the true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow-men, and in seeking their happiness you will promote your own.—*Zion's Herald.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 238. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848. Price 1½d.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

In a metropolis swarming with nearly two millions of inhabitants, and with its society organised on the highest artificial system, the struggle for existence is often most intense, and productive of expedients to earn the means of subsistence which would never be thought of elsewhere. At all times there may be said to be a large floating population with no regular employment, and whose wits are ever at work to earn a penny. Besides all other causes of impoverishment, many tradesmen are thrown out of employment by new inventions and discoveries; and many more are next to destitute from an error in the choice of a profession, and their inability to attain proficiency in their craft. These last, after numberless attempts and defeats, and many and bitter mortifications, give up the matter in despair, and go to swell the ranks of the unemployable and supernumerary class. What becomes of all these, and how their wants are supplied, is a mystery not easily fathomable. 'Ten men,' says a German proverb, 'cannot tell you how the eleventh lives.' The following brief sketches may contribute in some degree to clear up a portion of the mystery.

The Duck-weed Hawker.—Walking one day by the river side, in the neighbourhood of Battersea, sketch-book in hand, and meditating a design upon the Red House, I was attracted by a picturesque-looking figure, busily engaged in raking the surface of a stagnant pool. By his side, on the bank, stood an old wine-hamper, reeking with muddy ooze. Feeling curious to ascertain what was going forward, I approached the operator, and civilly questioned him as to his proceeding. The following dialogue may give the reader an idea of a branch of industry which I confess was unknown to me till then.

'My good fellow, if I may be so bold, what is it you are doing?'

'Oh, bless your honour! no harm. I only vants the duck-veed you see, sir; and they never sets no wally on it, so I gits it for nuffin.'

'But of what use is that green scum, or duck-weed, as you call it?'

'Did yer honour never keep no ducks?' (I was compelled to confess my inexperience.) 'Vy, then, I'll tell yer honour. Yer see this ere as grows on the top of the vater is duck-veed, and in course the ducks is fond on it; and them as keeps ducks is glad to git it, in course, at a low figure. So ye see, as I gits it for nuffin but my trouble, I can afford to sell it cheap.'

'You don't pretend to say that people buy it?'

'Don't I though? Ketch me givvin on it avay! I gits a penny a misure for every morsel on it; and voth the money, and no mistake.'

'And where do you find customers?'

'Vy, that's the vurst on it too. 'Taint much of a nosegay to carry about a feller; still I don't travel no great vays—hadn't need, you s'pose. Vell, then, sir, as you don't calkilate no hopposition, an' p'r'aps you'll stan' the price of a half-pint, I don't mind tellin' ye. My valk is Tuttle Street, the Hambury, and Strutton-ground, and Brewers Green, and Palmer's Village, and York Street, vere there's lots o' courts and alleys, and ducks in course.'

'Keep ducks there! Why, those are the filthiest neighbourhoods in Westminster.'

'That's the werry reason, sir: there *is* so much mud, they vants the ducks to gobble it up. He—he!'

'But where do they find room for them? There are neither yards nor ponds.'

'Oh, there's the street door front by day, and they doos werry vell under the bed o' nights. But I'm werry dry a' talkin', yer honour; and I musn't vaste no time, for yer see this ere sort o' green stuff vont keep not nohow, and must all be sold to-night.'

'Dry! why, you are dripping wet from head to foot.'

'Nothin' but vater, sir; and vater never vets Jakes, cos, d'ye see, I perfers beer.'

'Is your name Jakes?'

'No, sir, my name's Villums—Ned Villums. But they calls me Jakes cos I scums the mud-pools and ditches. But them as calls names pays their pennies; so I takes their tin and their compliments together, and never minds. Yer honour's a goin' to stan' summat, I know?'

Having complied with the poor fellow's demand, and helped him, as I best could, to shoulder his nauseous burden, I saw him trudge off beneath it, at a good five-mile-an-hour pace, to the sale of his moist merchandise. As he vanished with his dripping load, I could not help mentally comparing the present contents of the wine-basket to those of a past day—the sparkling juice of the grape to the reeking weed—and the different destinies of those who revelled round the bottles, and his who catered for the ducks. But the fellow was not to be pitied, and I felt that compassion would have been in his case injustice. He had health, humour, and spirits, which a wine-bibbing dyspeptic might have envied; and if his philosophy was not as elevated as that of Wordsworth's 'leech-gatherer on the lonely moor,' it was, to say the least of it, as practical.

Green food for Singing-Birds.—This is another article of perambulating merchandise peculiar to the great city, and one which meets with a regular and ready market during the greater part of the year. Chick-weed, groundsel, seed-grasses, and round green turfs, form the staple of the merchant's wares, with which he threads the streets and suburbs during the middle portion of the day; his cry being seldom heard before ten or eleven in the morning, and ceasing ere sundown,

Digitized by Google

when his customers and consumers go to roost. One of these verdant professionals passes my window thrice a week during the summer months, and I have frequently encountered him in occasional strolls for the last ten years. Tall and erect, brawny and broad-shouldered, and bronzed with the suns of sixty summers, he looks more like a trooper of the Guards than a retailer of chickweed. But he evidently delights in his way of life, which leads him to the green fields ere the lark is yet aloft; and as he plods his dilatory way along the public thoroughfares, he sings his loud and sonorous song to a self-taught tune. 'Groundsel and chickweed for the pretty little singing-bird,' is the song; and the tune, commencing by a chant of four words on C, the first note, runs down the scale, like the simple chime of village bells, to the octave below, upon which he dwells with a force and gusto that is quite catching, ere he resumes his everlasting Da Capo.

One day, while choosing a turf from his basket, to gratify an impudent pet bird, I questioned my tall salesman as to his inducement for following such a mode of life. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'I don't mind telling you, as you are a regular customer. The fact is, I couldn't do nothing else at the time I begun it, and wasn't fit neither for regular work. You must know, sir, I was bred a farm-labourer, and might have done well enough, for I was always fond of field-work, and cattle-tending, and such-like. But then, d'ye see, in eighteen-seven I listed — all along of a purty girl as didn't know her own mind—and main sad and sorry we both of us were when we found I couldn't be got off from serving. But that's neither here nor there. We parted, and in less than four years I went to Spain, where I had enough of sodgering. I've a stood, sir, up to my breast in growing corn, and seen the ears on't cut off wi' bullets as clean as a whistle. But that's no matter. I got a bad wound at Vittoria, which was the hardest day's work I ever see in my life. So I were sent home wi' a hartificial brain-pan, and eightpence a-day. I couldn't very well live upon that, you know, sir; so I comes up from Chatham (you know, sir, we're all sent to Chatham, up to Pitt's there, when we come from foreign parts), up to town here, to look about me. Well, sir, I couldn't get nothing as suited me, nor as didn't suit me either, for the matter o' that; and then my head did swim badly at times, though that's all right now, thank God! So, sir, I was a-standing one morning in one of them little streets by St Paul's when a gen'leman comes out of a countin'-house wi' green shutters, and a pen in his ear, and he says to me, "My good fellow," says he, "haven't you got nothing to do? I want a man," says he, "as got nothing to do." "No, sir," says I, "I han't; and I should be very much obleeged to you for a job." "Then," says he, "do you see that lark in the cage, and do you know what he wants?" "I see him plain enough, sir," says I; "and it strikes me he wants to get out." "No, he don't," says he; "he's not such a fool. He wants a fresh turf; and if you'll go and cut him one, I'll give you sixpence." "That's a bargain," said I, and away I went; but I found it a long way to the green grass, and that sixpence was arned harder than some. But I cut half-a-score turfs while I was about it, thinking there might be more birds than one with a country taste. Well, the gen'leman gave me a shilling when he knowed how far I had been, and I sold all the tothers for a penny a-piece. Arter that I took up with the weeds and grasses, and got a regular walk (one of my customers, as thinks his self very witty, calls it Birdcage Walk); and many's the bird in this here town as knows my song as well as his own. That was my beginnin', sir, and I've kep the game alive ever since; 'cept in winter-time, when I sells snow and ice to the 'fectioners, and brandy-balls, and sich-like, to warm the stomach on skating-days. And let me tell you, sir, I likes feeding the little birds, and being my own master, better than shooting and sticking my fellow-creeturs at another man's bidding; and between you and me and the post it pays better.'

With this the quondam grenadier departed, and in less than a minute I heard the well-known cry, 'Groundsel and chickweed for the pretty little singing-bird!'

The Mushroom-Hunter.—Pursuing an avocation which renders me occasionally liable to be abroad at all hours of the night, the opportunity is forced upon me of observing the various phases of London life which each succeeding hour reveals. Following the example of the Vicar of Wakefield, I never refuse the challenge of any man, whatever his apparent station, who proffers his conversation; and I have often found the gossip of a wayfarer both interesting and profitable, while I am not aware that I ever lost anything by giving them a hearing. Business-belated one September night, or rather morning, for midnight had long ceased tolling from the thousand churches of the city, I was seeking for a short cut homewards, and stood for a moment hesitating at a hitherto unexplored turning out of Gray's Inn Lane, when I was accosted by a man of strangely uncouth appearance, who inquired if I had lost my way. Upon stating that I merely wanted the shortest cut towards Holloway, he said he was going the whole distance, and beyond, and should be happy to show me the nearest road; adding, that he supposed I was desirous of getting to bed, 'which I,' said he, 'have just left, to begin my day's work.' 'A strange hour,' thought I, 'to begin a day's work; not yet one o'clock.' And as I walked behind him through the narrow and dirty lanes of that neighbourhood, I availed myself of the accommodation afforded by the gas-lamps to scrutinise his figure and costume. Of a slim and wiry make, and of the middle size, and about thirty-five years of age, I saw from his motions that he was active, agile, and a stranger to fatigue. His whole dress fitted his muscular frame almost as closely as that of Harlequin himself, but was composed of the vilest materials; half-leather, half-cloth, greasy, and rent, and patched and re-patched in a hundred places. A short pair of hobnailed Bluchers encased his feet; and a skull-cap of leather, guiltless of the smallest indication of a brim, covered his head, fastening under his chin by a strap. At his back hung a long, shallow, wicker-basket, with a canvas covering: this was strapped round his waist. He was accompanied by a small, black, and ugly half-breed terrier—an old hand, evidently, for he lost no ground, but kept uniformly before his master, and if he outran him, never returned upon his track, but waited quietly till he came up.

'That is a prudent dog of yours,' I said, as we emerged into a wider thoroughfare, and walked side by side.

'Ay, sir; he has learned prudence in the same school as his master. He was wild enough in his young days like myself; and, like me, he has found out that if he would be of any use to-morrow, he must take care of himself to-day.'

'You said you were just beginning your day's work; may I ask what is your occupation?'

'Occupation, properly speaking, I have none, sir—worse luck! I am one of a good many, driven from a

Digitized by Google

thriving trade by modern machinery and improvements. You must know, sir, I was brought up to my father's trade, that of a calenderer; and a very decent property the old man left when he died. Four thousand pounds there was in the three per cents., which I, like a fool, prevailed upon my poor old mother to throw into the business, for the sake of extending it, thinking I could make five-and-twenty per cent. of it instead of three; and so I might too, but for new inventions, which threw me out of the market, and brought us in the end to ruin. I sometimes thank God the old lady didn't live to see the upshot of it all. We passed her grave, sir, two minutes ago, in the Spa-Fields' burying-ground. Well, sir, when it was all over, I paid a good dividend; and the creditors, seeing how the matter was, gave me a couple of hundreds to begin again with. So, being always fond of books, and having a fancy for the trade, I thought I might do well enough—having only myself to look after—in a bookseller's shop; so I took a neat house in the New Road, and laid out all my money in books, and sat myself down behind the counter to wait for customers. Perhaps you would not think it, but there I sat from Monday morning till Saturday night without seeing a soul enter the shop except one child, who wanted change for a sixpence; and yet five or six thousand people passed the open door every day. The second week was not much better; few people came, and those who did come, wanted the books for less than they cost, and assured me—which I afterwards found was true enough—that they could get them for less elsewhere. The business never came to anything, as you may suppose. In the course of six months I found out, what I ought to have known at first, that I didn't understand it; so I closed with a man who offered to take the stock at a valuation, and relieve me of the house. A rare valuation it was! All the volumes were lumped together at sixpence a-piece; and I saw the major part of them a week afterwards bundled into a great box at the door, and ticketed "Ninepence each." I received something less than a fourth of the original cost of the whole, and walked out, not particularly well satisfied, to try again.

'I was afraid to venture upon any other business, and therefore looked out for a situation of some sort. If I could have written a decent hand, I might perhaps have got a berth as under-clerk; but nobody could ever read my writing; and though I threw away five or six pounds to an advertising teacher, who sports a colossal fist and goose-quill on his signboard, all my endeavours to mend it were of no use. I need not trouble you with the fifty attempts I made to gain an honest livelihood, further than to say that they were all for a long time failures. My money went by degrees. As I grew older I grew poorer, and went down of course in the social scale. I have been warden in a jail, whence I was turned out because a highwayman, whom I had compelled to good behaviour, swore I was an old associate; I have been a pedlar, and robbed of my pack on Durdham Down; I have been a billiard-marker, and kicked out by the proprietor because I would not score more games than the players had played; I have been cabman and hackney-coachman, till the omnibuses cut the cabs' throats; I have kept a fruit-stall on the pavement edge till it wouldn't keep me; I have hawked about the street every possible commodity you could mention; I have driven cattle to Smithfield, and thence to the slaughter-house; I have sold cats'-meat and dogs'-meat, and dealt in bones and rags; in short, I have done everything but beg, and have lived a whole week upon sixpence, because I would not do that.'

'I hope things are not so bad with you just now?' said I, desirous of hearing the conclusion of his history.

'Not quite, sir; there is truth in the old proverb, "He that is down can fall no lower." At first I suffered a deal of mortification from the neglect of friends of prosperous days, who were very liberal of their compassion and condolence, which are things I hate, but chary of everything else. I believe I conferred an obligation upon them all, when I resolved, as I soon did, never to trouble them again.

'One fine morning, after walking the streets all night for want of a bed, I found myself in Covent Garden market at sunrise, among a shoal of carts and wagons loaded with vegetables for the day's sale. The thought struck me at once that here I might pick up a job; I commenced the look-out in good earnest, and wasn't long of getting employment. I received threepence for pitching a couple of tons of cabbages out of a wagon, and scoring them off; but then I was only a deputy, and was paid half-price. This, however, procured me a breakfast, and gave me heart to try again. I picked up three shillings altogether in the course of the day, two of which I paid in advance for a regular lodging for the following week—a luxury I had not then enjoyed for some months. The next day was not a market-day, and I did not manage so well; but I stuck by the market, and learned many modes of earning a penny. I bought vegetables at a low price, or got them in return for my labour; these I sold again, and managed to earn something, at all events, every day. Once, on taking potatoes to a baker who purchased all I could get, I was asked for mushrooms, for which the old chap had a mighty relish. I promised to get him some, but found them too dear in the market to allow any margin for me; so recollecting that I had seen a vast number the year before in a certain part of the Barnet Road, during my experience as assistant drover, I set off on an exploring expedition. Having arrived at the spot, after a pretty close search, I succeeded in gathering a tidy crop, though not without a good deal of labour and inconvenience. I found that the sale of these paid me well for my trouble. I often make between three and four shillings by a trip, and sometimes more. But I soon found out that others reaped that ground as well as myself; and to keep it pretty well in my own hands, I find it necessary to be on the spot before the sun is up. By this means I get more; and what is of greater importance, they are of better quality.'

'And pray, does your dog perform any part in the business, or is he merely a companion?'

'Why, sir, I daresay dogs might be taught to hunt mushrooms as well as truffles; but there is no occasion for that, as mushrooms grow above ground, and can't well be missed. But my dog's part is to mind the basket, and he does the business well. You see I leave the harvest to his care, while I scramble through hedges and over ditches and fences in search of more. I saw you quizzing my surtout; 'tisn't much to look at, but it serves my purpose better than a coat with two tails. I can ram my head, in this thick shoe-leather cap, through a quickset-hedge, where a fox would hardly follow me; and when I have got this small bag full (producing a canvas bag from his pocket), I return and deposit them in the basket till the work is done. I am back again in the market by the time the housekeepers are abroad purchasing provisions for the day. My stock never hangs long on hand; and it is very seldom that I am reduced to the necessity of lowering my price, or consuming them myself.'

'This is a laborious calling,' I said, 'and one that cannot be very remunerative, or allow you to make much provision for the future.'

'Not much, sir, it is true; but yet I do make some. I save a shilling every week at least, and sometimes, in a lucky season, as much as five: that goes into the savings'-bank, and would suffice to keep me out of the hospital in case of illness, which I don't much fear, being a teetotaller, and pretty well weather-proof. I think it was Dr Johnson, but I wont be certain, who said, "No man ever begins to save unless he has a prospect of accumulation." I don't think that is altogether true; at anyrate if it is, I am the exception that proves the rule. I began to save, strange as it may sound, because I did not know what to do with my money. Having learned by necessity to live upon the smallest possible amount, I was afraid, when my gains

Digitized by Google

exceeded that, of again acquiring luxurious habits, which it had cost me so much to get rid of; for that reason I put the first five shillings into the bank, and have added to it weekly, with very few omissions, ever since. I will not deny that, with the gradual increase of my little hoard, a new prospect has opened for me, and that I only wait for the possession of a certain amount to begin business in the market upon a more respectable footing, which will allow me to dispense with my midnight labours.'

Here he ceased; and soon after arriving at the corner of the street in which was my own home, I bade him good-morning; and wishing a speedy and prosperous result to his economic endeavours, parted with the mushroom-hunter.

HISTORY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.*

A work with this title has come under our notice, which is full both of amusement and instruction—amusement even of a romantic character, and instruction of that kind which operates upon the mind rather by suggestive facts than dry reflection. We propose running through the volumes in such a way as to collect some general and popular idea of the history of the great institution referred to; and we shall thus be able to afford a better notion of the varied contents of the work than we could hope to give by means of the scanty extracts to which our space would limit us.

During the Civil War, when our merchants were unwilling to be robbed for the good of the state, they were in the habit of keeping their treasure in their own houses under lock and key. But their servants and apprentices were sometimes of a more patriotic character. Nothing would satisfy them but a share of the blows that were going; and in order to be able to serve their country, they made no scruple of carrying off the money intrusted to their guardianship. In such cases it usually happened that they were never more heard of. This made the merchants who had still anything to lose, and the servants who were honest, and still trusted, very uneasy under such a charge; and it became the custom, for the sake of security, to lend whatever money was not in use to the wealthy goldsmiths. The rich were glad to make the deposit without interest; but more necessitous persons received fourpence per cent. per diem, and the goldsmiths realised a handsome profit by lending at a much higher usance to persons of real solidity, whose pecuniary matters were embarrassed by the troubles of the time. By and by they extended their business; they discounted bills; they advanced money to government on the security of the taxes; and the receipts for the cash lodged in their houses passed current from hand to hand under the name of Goldsmiths' Notes. The goldsmiths, in fact, became bankers, till the two businesses were separated by Mr Francis Child. On the site of his banking-house stood formerly the shop of Mr William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, with whom Child was an apprentice. The apprentice married his master's daughter, as was frequently the case in the good old times; and at the death of his father-in-law, sinking the shop, he established a great banking business, which remains in full activity and undiminished respectability to this day.

The exact date of the commencement of this concern is not known, but its existing books go back to the year 1620. Hoares' began in 1680, and Snows' in 1685; and about the latter date a Bank of Credit was tried, but does not appear to have met with success. The want of a great bank was so sensibly felt, that the idea became an *ignis-fatuus* of enthusiasts, and was made a stalking-horse by projectors. Nothing was talked of, nothing thought of, but money. Lottery upon lottery turned the heads of the people. Engulfed treasures were to be rescued from the bottom of the deep; pearl-fisheries were to pay impossible per centages; joint-stock companies juggled and cheated as an example to later times. At this moment an individual rose conspicuous, amid the crowd, whose teeming brain originated the Bank of England* and the fatal Darien expedition.

William Paterson was a native of Dumfriesshire, and was educated for the church; but although he visited the West Indian islands on pretext of converting the heathen, it is supposed that he attached himself to the roving expeditions of the buccaneers, either as a spectator or comrade in their adventures. On his return to Europe, he brought into the affairs of everyday life a brain heated by such an education of circumstances, and an imagination fired by the stories related by the wild men of the sea of mines of gold and gems, and rivers with Pactolean sands. His Darien scheme we can only allude to. Rejected in England, and in various continental countries, it met with so warm a reception among the poor and cautious Scotch, that they rushed to subscribe to the Company, as Sir John Dalrymple tells us, with an eagerness not exceeded by that with which they signed the Solemn League and Covenant. Every effort was made to crush the Company at the outset, more especially by the English ministry and parliament, who, among other reasons for their hostility, feared that if it succeeded, the Scotch would in time become so powerful as to separate themselves entirely from England. Nevertheless, in 1698, twelve hundred colonists, under the conduct of Paterson himself, sailed from Leith, and arrived in due time at the golden isthmus, where, instead of unheard-of treasures, they met only with disease, famine, the sword, and, above all, the determined hostility of the English government, which issued proclamations in the West Indies forbidding supplies to be furnished to the Scotch at Darien. The result was, that they were obliged to abandon the colony; and of the whole body, only *thirty*, including the projector, ever saw again the pier of Leith. Such was the originator of the Bank of England, which, in spite of the most violent opposition from goldsmiths, bankers, usurers, and politicians, was incorporated by royal charter four years earlier than the Darien expedition, on the 27th July 1694.

There were at this period only four considerable banks in Europe—those of Amsterdam, Venice, Hamburg, and Genoa: the first three being merely establishments for the convenience of the merchants, and the last connected likewise, for its own advantage, with the state by means of a perpetual fund of interest on public loans. It was on the model of this Genoese bank that the Bank of England was planned, which began business in Mercers' Hall, and then removed to Grocers' Hall, where the twenty-four directors and fifty-four secretaries and clerks were seen at work together in a single great room. The salaries at this time amounted to L.4350; and it appears that interest of three or four per cent. was allowed upon deposits. Paterson was in the direction only one year, when, after his ideas had been made use of, 'the friendless Scot was intrigued

* History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions. By John Francis. 2 vols. Third edition. London: Willoughby. 1848.

* Paterson is also generally represented as the originator of the Bank of Scotland, which was established by an act of the Scottish parliament in 1695. We shall by and by show some reasons for doubting his alleged concern in the origin of this bank.

Digitized by Google

out of his post, and out of the honour he had earned.' These, however, are not the words of Mr Francis, who is inclined to receive with caution such easily-made accusations. Godfrey, the zealous coadjutor of Paterson, —for between these two the Bank may be said to have been established—met with a sadder fate, after as brief a career. He undertook the difficult task of carrying specie to William at Namur, and while in conversation with the king in the trenches, was killed by a cannon ball.

The directors had at first no fixed remuneration, but submitted to what the general court chose to allow them. Dividends were paid quarterly; and so small was the business, that in 1696, according to an account delivered to parliament, the balance in favour of the Bank was only L.125,315, 2s. Indeed for the first ten years it was engaged in a struggle for existence, and so low in its treasure, that it was sometimes obliged to cash, by quarterly instalments, notes payable on demand. The government, however, stepped in to its assistance. A new charter was granted, extending to 1700, and on such favourable terms, that we hear of great fortunes being made, and one of L.60,000 by a bank director. The public at the same time was benefited by the lowering of interest, running notes and bills being discounted at three per cent., and money advanced on merchandise at four per cent. This was a great change from the time of the old goldsmiths, although that was only a few years before, when the ministry was now and then obliged to solicit the Common Council for an advance of one or two hundred thousand pounds on the land tax, at ten or twelve per cent., and when the common councilmen themselves went round from house to house in their respective wards for the loan of money.

The convulsions produced by the South Sea Scheme in 1720 did not affect the Bank of England unfavourably. On the contrary, by the subsequent purchase of four millions of the stock of that illusive concern, it cleared above L.600,000. In 1722, by a new subscription, the capital of the Bank was increased to L.9,000,000; and at the same time was commenced the well-known REST, or reserve fund laid aside for casualties, which has increased with the increase of the business, and has frequently proved of great service. In 1726 we find that no notes were circulated of less value than L.20. The Bank removed in 1734 from the hall of the Grocers' Company, and established themselves in Threadneedle Street, on the site of the house and garden of Sir John Houblon, first governor of the establishment. The new office was comparatively a small structure, almost invisible to passers-by, being surrounded by private dwelling-houses, a church, and three taverns. In 1742 the charter was reconstructed, and forgery on the Bank, and trust-breaking on the part of its servants, were declared capital felonies. In the famous 'forty-five,' when the Highland army was at Derby, and London in momentary expectation of being sacked, we find the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street employed, somewhat indecorously, in warding off a run upon her, by employing her own adherents to present themselves foremost of the crowd with notes, for which they were paid in sixpences. This gained much precious time, without the sacrifice of specie; for the friendly creditors, making their exeunt by another door, immediately returned their small change to the treasury. About the same time she attempted a meaner, as well as a less successful trick upon her rival Childs', by collecting about half a million of their receipts, and sending them in at a single blow. The wary bankers, however, had got scent of the plot, and were provided with a cheque upon the enemy for L.700,000, drawn by the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. When the notes were presented in a great bag, they were examined singly, to give time for the cheque to be cashed in Threadneedle Street; and the malicious Old Lady was then paid in her own notes, which, chancing at the time to be at a considerable discount, a large sum was made by Childs' upon the transaction.

The first forgery took place in 1758, after the Bank had freely circulated its notes for sixty-four years. The criminal was Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linendraper, who was tempted to the deed by nothing more than a desire to pass for a rich man. At this time it was decided that the Bank was liable for the amount of stolen notes. In the following year, L.15 and L.10 notes were circulated for the first time, in consequence of an unusual scarcity of gold and silver. During the Gordon riots, we find the Bank engaged in actual warfare, with the old inkstands cast into bullets, and the clerks with swords by their sides instead of pens behind their ears. Military were posted within the walls lest matters should come to extremity; two assaults of the rioters were repulsed with great gallantry, Wilkes rushing out during the pauses of the fray, and dragging in some of the ringleaders with his own hands. Several persons were killed, and many wounded, in this skirmish, which inspired the directors with so wholesome a caution, that a military guard have ever since passed the night in the interior of the establishment. The officer on duty has a capital dinner for himself and two friends, and the hospitality of the City is said to be highly appreciated.

The Bank suffered more on an occasion of an opposite kind; for on the day of the proclamation of peace in 1783, the City was thrown into such a hubbub by the rejoicings, that the cashiers paid no fewer than fourteen forged notes of L.50 each. This was the era of Charles Price, an exquisite rogue, who had tried dishonesty in almost every walk of life, and distinguished himself in all. Comedian—valet—lottery-office keeper—stockbroker—gambler—forger: such was the sequence of his career. 'He practised engraving till he became proficient; he made his own ink; he manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and he counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers until the resemblance was complete. Master of all that could successfully deceive, he defied alike fortune and the Bank directors; and even these operations in his own house were transacted in a disguise sufficient to baffle the most penetrating.' His forgeries were so masterly, that some notes stood the examination of the ordinary Bank clerks, and were only detected (after payment) in passing through a particular department. He hired a servant by advertisement, whose curiosity was at length excited by being sent to purchase so many lottery tickets, and being always met on such occasions by his master in a coach, a foreigner apparently of some sixty or seventy years of age, with his gouty legs wrapped in flannel, a camlet cloak buttoned round his mouth, and a patch over his left eye. 'But had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer, that surprise would have been greatly increased.' The servant was at length taken into custody, and told all he knew; but his master had vanished like a spirit, and the forgeries continued as usual. Price now varied his labours by setting to work upon the genuine notes, adding a 0 to a L.10 note, and transforming other figures so dexterously, that on one day he pocketed L.1000. But the devil always deserts his friends at one time or other; and a note he had given in pledge for costly articles of plate with which he graced expensive entertainments, was clearly traced, notwithstanding all his dodges and aliases, to Mr Price the stockbroker. Upon this, seeing that there was no escape, he took the part of the hangman into his own hands, and the cross-road and stake were the meed of the forger. In those days it was dangerous for a man to look mysterious. George Morland, when skulking in the suburbs out of the way of his creditors,

Digitized by Google

fell under suspicion, and was so closely hunted by the agents of the Bank, whom he mistook for bailiffs, that he fled back into London. The directors, learning from his wife that the object of their pursuit was only a great painter, somewhat out at elbows in the world, presented him with a couple of their own engravings, passing for L.20 each.

The history of the suspension of cash payments in 1797, and of the subsequent act *restricting* the Bank from paying in cash, is too long for this abstract. We must content ourselves with saying that the establishment was embarrassed by the constant 'Give! give!' of Mr Pitt, who had all the world at war, and that the people, confounded by the signs of the times, ran in crowds to their bankers, in town and country, to demand money for notes. In order that the public might be put to as little inconvenience as possible, L.2 and L.1 notes were issued; and that the Bank was not really injured in its resources, was proved by its subscribing in the following year L.200,000 to the voluntary contribution for carrying on the war. In the first four years after the introduction of small notes, eighty-five executions for forgery took place. About the same time, the Bank was robbed by one of their cashiers, of the name of Astlett, to the amount of L.320,000. This man was condemned to death, but permitted to live in prison. Another cashier, of a very different character, and whose name is better known, Abraham Newland, died in 1807, worth personal property to the amount of L.200,000, besides L.1000 a-year in landed estates. This large fortune is accounted for by the profits on public loans, a portion of which was always reserved for the cashiers' office.

In 1816, the Bank had attained to such a pitch of prosperity, that a bonus was declared in the shape of an addition of twenty-five per cent. to the capital stock of each proprietor. An act of parliament was necessary for this, and the directors were authorised at the same time to increase their capital to L.14,533,000, at which amount it still remains. In 1821, Mr Peel's famous currency bill came into operation, and cash payments were resumed. A fraud of a bank clerk named Turner was discovered this year, and the delinquent escaped still more easily than the last. Owing to some failure in the proof, he was found not guilty, and betook himself to the banks of the Lake of Como with his spoil, amounting to L.10,000. In 1824, Fauntleroy was not so fortunate. Although a banker and a gentleman, he met the death of a felon on the gallows. This was another bubble epoch. The country laboured under a plethora of capital, and cured itself by bleeding till vitality was almost extinct. 'All the gambling propensities of human nature,' says the Annual Register, 'were constantly solicited into action; and crowds of individuals of every description, the credulous and the suspicious, the crafty and the bold, the raw and the inexperienced, the intelligent and the ignorant; princes, nobles, politicians, placemen, patriots, lawyers, physicians, divines, philosophers, poets, intermingled with women of all ranks and degrees—spinsters, wives, and widows, hastened to venture some portion of their property in schemes of which scarcely anything was known but the name.' The result was as usual: and, as usual, the wits sported with the national calamity, one of them advertising a company for draining the Red Sea, in order to get out the valuables dropped therein by the Children of Israel during their passage, and the Egyptians in their pursuit. When the reaction came, the Bank added to the consternation by contracting its discounts. Banker after banker came toppling down, both in town and country, to the number of seventy-three in a month; trade was at a stand-still; and the public panic made everything still worse than it was. 'The gloom which pervaded the metropolis was universal. A vague feeling of uncertainty as to the issue ripened into an indefinite dread of consequences, almost as harassing as the worst reality. A general bankruptcy seemed impending. The impression—for it scarcely amounted to a conviction—that the Bank itself, hitherto regarded as almost sacred, was sharing the danger of the time, added to the general anxiety. Up to this period, with the single exception of 1797, the term 'Bank' had been synonymous with safety. When, therefore, it was believed that, amid the general wrack and ruin, even the Bank of England was in danger, the great hall of the establishment witnessed an eager proffer of notes in exchange for gold, which, however, was met as promptly as it was made. No attempt was offered to withhold, as in 1797; no attempt to delay, as in 1745. It was probably partly owing to the unhesitating readiness with which the gold was paid as fast as it could be demanded, that the confidence of the public was so quickly restored. Had the holders of the notes felt that there was anything like hesitation, the alarm would have spread indefinitely, and the Bank must have suffered in proportion.' 'Gold! gold!' was the cry on all sides; and it was answered by another coinage as well as that of the Mint. Counterfeit sovereigns appeared with the new national issue, and were eagerly taken, because they *looked* like money. A reissue of small notes was still more essential; for in fact a great portion of the distress was owing to so many persons finding themselves destitute of a currency wherewith to carry on the business of life. The small notes, according to Mr Harman, 'saved the country;' and within a week after their appearance, the storm died away, and men were at leisure to clear the wreck. The projects brought during the mania into the market had nearly 6,000,000 shares, and required a capital of upwards of L.372,000,000. In the two years 1824 and 1825, L.25,000,000 was actually advanced by the English nation on foreign loans.

The establishment by the Bank of branch banks in the provinces appears to have excited much trading jealousy; but as these establishments at the present moment number only thirteen, there could not have been much cause for the feeling. During the reform fever in 1832, the Bank sustained the last run upon its gold made from political causes. In the same year the English nation made a vast onward stride in civilisation, by entirely remodelling the useless and brutal system of capital punishments. Forgery of bank notes was one of the crimes exempted, although the forgery of wills and powers of attorney was continued on the black list for a few years longer.

We have not thought it necessary to encumber this article with an account of the various renewals of the Bank charter. We may say, however, that it grew into a usage for the privileges of the incorporation to be *sold* to them by government from time to time. But we must not omit to say that the last renewal, in 1844, fixed the extent of the paper circulation at L.14,000,000; namely, L.11,000,000 on the security of the debt due for the public, and L.3,000,000 on Exchequer bills and other securities; and arranged that every note issued beyond that sum should have its representative in an equal amount of bullion. This year was distinguished in another way by the frauds of Fletcher and Barber, which excited much speculation at the time, chiefly on account of the doubt which appeared to exist of the guilt of the latter. The forgery of Burgess in the following year is likewise too recent to have been forgotten by our readers. This year is the epoch of the great railway mania, of which we are now witnessing the close, and counting the cost. 'The history,' says a London banker, 'of what we are in the habit of calling the "state of trade" is an instructive lesson. We find it subject to various conditions which are periodically returning; it revolves apparently in an established cycle. First we find it in a state of quiescence—next improvement—growing confidence—prosperity—excitement—overtrading—convulsion—pressure—stagnation—distress—ending again in quiescence.'

We must now allow Mr Francis to describe the office of the Bank in his own words. 'The interior arrangements of the Bank of England are not the least remark-

Digitized by Google

able part of its economy. The citizen who passes it on his way to his counting-house, the merchant who considers it as an edifice where he gets his bills discounted or lodges his bullion for security, and the banker who regards it in his daily visits only as a place to issue the various notices that interest him, look on it with an indifferent eye. Even to the stranger its external appearance is almost lost in contemplating the nobler structure which looks down upon it. But to visit its various offices, to enter into the mode in which its affairs are conducted, and to witness the almost unerring regularity of its transactions, cannot fail to excite admiration. The machinery of Manchester on a small scale may here be witnessed. The steam-engine performs its work with an intelligence almost human, as by it the notes are printed, and the numbers registered, to guard against fraud. When the spectator passes from building to building, and marks each place devoted to its separate uses, yet all of them links in one chain, he cannot fail to be affected with the grandeur of that body which can command so extensive a service.

'The most interesting place connected with the machinery of the Bank is the weighing-office, which was established a few years ago. In consequence of a late proclamation concerning the gold circulation, it became very desirable to obtain the most minute accuracy, as coins of doubtful weight were plentifully offered. Many complaints were made that sovereigns which had been issued from one office were refused at another; and though these assertions were not perhaps always founded on truth, yet it is indisputable that the evil occasionally occurred. Every effort was made by the directors to remedy this, some millions of sovereigns being weighed separately, and the light coins divided from those which were full weight. Fortunately the governor for the time being, before whom the complaints principally came, had devoted his thoughts to scientific pursuits, and he at once turned his attention to discover the causes which operated to prevent the attainment of a just weight. In this he was successful; and the result of his inquiry was a machine remarkable for an almost elegant simplicity. About eighty or one hundred light and heavy sovereigns are placed indiscriminately in a round tube; as they descend on the machinery beneath, those which are light receive a slight touch, and this moves them into their proper receptacle, while those which are the legitimate weight pass into their appointed place. The light coins are then defaced by the sovereign-cutting machine, observable alike for its accuracy and rapidity. By this 200 may be defaced in one minute, and by the weighing machinery 35,000 may be weighed in one day.'

The following is an account of the *personnel*:—'The supreme management of the Bank is vested in the whole Court of Directors, which meets weekly, when a statement is read of the position of the Bank in its securities, bullion, and liabilities. The directors have equal power, and should a majority disapprove of the arrangement, they might reconstruct it. Eight of them go out, and eight come in, annually, elected by the Court of Proprietors; and the system on which the affairs of the Bank are conducted is of course liable to change, as new directors may exert their individual influence on it. A list of candidates is transmitted to the Court of Proprietors, and the eight so recommended uniformly come in. Quakers and Hebrews are not eligible, although many are so well versed in monetary matters. When an individual is proposed as a new director, inquiry is always instituted concerning his private character.'

The Bank, as we have seen, commenced business with fifty-four assistants, whose salaries amounted to L.4350. The total number employed at present, according to Mr Francis, is upwards of 900, and their salaries exceed L.210,000. Of this sum the governor receives only L.500, and the directors L.300 each; but these gentlemen doubtless are remunerated in another way.

Having now skimmed these interesting volumes, with Macpherson's 'Annals of Commerce' open before us, so far as they go, we have only to beg our readers to understand that Mr Francis is a devout admirer of the Bank of England throughout its whole history—any incidental remarks of our own which may be supposed to have another tendency notwithstanding.

THE OLD FLEMISH BURYING-GROUND.

Amongst a widely-spreading relationship we reckoned the Flemish Quaker family of the Vanderheims, although circumstances had occasioned the ties of kindred to be overlooked or forgotten on both sides for many years. But at length circumstances led to a renewal of friendly correspondence and association, and to my becoming an inmate of their dwelling for a considerable time. This dwelling, with its gray and sombre aspect, had once formed part of an old convent, whose name, usages, and traditions had not altogether passed away, although they were refused a place in the memory of the Society of Friends. These good people found its spacious hall, vaulted chambers, great gates shutting out the world, and cloisters running round a square courtyard of shaven turf, with a sun-dial in the centre, surrounded by flower-beds, exceedingly agreeable to their peculiar habits and tenor of being; yet all peaceable and kindly as were their dispositions, they evinced undisguised repugnance when any allusion was casually made by the curious stranger touching on the bygone tales attached to their beloved home. The Vanderheims were among the commercial chiefs presiding over the quaint grass-grown Flemish town where they resided; whose green ramparts were unceasingly paraded by a few sentinels, ever keeping watch in mimic state. The town itself was as dull and slumberous-looking as the genius of its inhabitants, nestling amid waste dreary-looking sandhills, surrounding it on three sides, and stretching to the sea, while the fourth side presented an inland expanse of flat uninteresting country, interspersed with canals, and dotted here and there by a solitary windmill or a clump of stunted trees.

Coming from a gay French resort with elastic spirits and a free buoyant heart, this sojourn among my Quaker relatives apparently offered but slight prospect of enjoyment; and nought save a sense of necessity and obligation could have reconciled me to it, more especially on being introduced for the first time to three demure female cousins, my seniors by so many years, that with girlish impertinence I set them down as starched, cross-grained old maids. But this crotchet passed away like other follies of youth and inexperience; and I now look back on the many monotonous hours passed in that quiet Flemish dwelling, with the youngest of these 'cross-grained' cousins for my sole companion, as on the most tranquil and smooth, if not the happiest portion of my life.

The strict unvarying regularity of the household arrangements, unbroken by hopes, fears, amusemen', or excitement of any description, was only varied by the perambulations which I was permitted to take in company with Rahel Vanderheim, for whom walking exercise was prescribed by her medical attendant. She it was who readily undertook to make me by degrees an excellent pedestrian, and who daily brought bouquets of roses to my room; roses so exquisite in colour, rich in perfume, and peerless in form, that I became curious to learn from whence they were procured. The gardens in and around the town were far too scanty to afford a profuse supply; and if the honest Flemings coveted the possession of these blushing beauties as much as I did, there must be plenty of roseries *somewhere*. Rahel reminded me that the canals afforded easy means for the transport of all necessaries—flowers and vegetables being thus mostly brought from a distance; and the flower-market offering a pleasing picture in the early morning-time, ere the nosegays were sold and dispersed, she promised to take me to see it. My grave cousin, however, reproved at the same time the enthusiasm with which I spoke of this.

Digitized by Google

'Thee indulgest too much warmth of speech,' said she gently, 'for a discreet young maiden; thee shouldst remember that, like these fair short-lived blossoms, thee too must fade and die: perchance didst thee know from *whence* these roses come, thee mightest not prize them so highly!'

'Come whence they may, Friend Rahel,' I laughingly exclaimed, 'they pass through your dear good hands, and must be purified by the process.' But a demure shake of the head was the only rejoinder, with whispered words of a lesson to be read from the serious pages of real life on the first convenient opportunity.

One bright summer's morning, when the sun had just risen above the ramparts, and the first slanting beams had not yet rested on the gay parterres around the dial, we sallied forth from the Vanderheim cloisters. I accompanied Rahel to the distant quarter of the town where the market-place was situated. Arrayed in a little close bonnet, and pretty modest cap plaited around her sweet delicate face, with a basket in her hand containing condiments of various descriptions, she looked the personification of benevolence, or a sort of *Sœur de Charité*, though in a different costume. The market-place was bounded on one side by the church, a fine old cathedral structure, the flower department being arranged beneath its sheltering walls, and forming an alley of sweets, picturesquely contrasting with the gray mouldering background. Near the end of this alley, and piled against a buttress of the sacred edifice, was a far more splendid collection of fresh and blooming roses than I had ever seen before, except in a highly-cultivated rosery; and there I doubt if they are found as remarkable as these, which had a peculiar richness and depth of colour, while they loaded the air with a perfume as delicious as if exhaled from a golden vase of veritable Persian attar.

The attendant fairy of the flowers was a young and innocent-looking Flemish damsel, who curtsied to Rahel with the welcoming smile of old acquaintanceship, speaking to her in their native dialect, which of course I could but slightly comprehend. I knew enough, however, to make out that they were no strangers to each other; that Rahel inquired concerning the health and wellbeing of an aged grandfather; and that the girl's name was Mimi: the contents of Rahel's basket, moreover, were intended for this aged grandfather's especial use and benefit, while tearful eyes, grateful looks, and repeated curtsies on the part of pretty Mimi, acknowledged the kindness and solicitude of the good Rahel Vanderheim; and such a profusion of fairy roses were forced upon our acceptance, that surely never before had dirty *sous* been so profitably and delightfully exchanged.

On our homeward route, a rhapsody from me in praise of my blooming treasures was suddenly interrupted by Friend Rahel in these grave words: 'Maiden,' said she, 'these are roses of the Dead—reared amid desolation and decay, and thriving on mortality's corruption: many there be in this good town who would reject with aversion poor Mimi's gift of flowers from old St Lovendaal.' I cast a half-frightened glance on my lovely bouquet, half fearing to see it vanish away, even as the fruit found by the Dead Sea turns to ashes when about to be enjoyed: but notwithstanding Rahel's dislike to mystification, she deferred expounding the riddle until the following evening, when, after a long wearisome walk amid waste sand tracts, by the side of lame sluggish canals, we came to some broken ground, just sufficiently elevated to screen near objects from observation; and there, hidden in a hollow, partially surrounded by ancient yew-trees, was a deserted burying-ground.

The peasant liked not to pass that way at evening-fall; and as no road approached it, and it led to nothing, and nowhere, there it kept its long Sabbath of repose, resting in solitude and desolation. It was a quiet, holy spot, a few miles only from a populous town, but rising here a green oasis in the desert. Skulls and bones were scattered over the loose sandy surface; and here were curious moss-grown monuments; sunken headstones, with defaced inscriptions; quaintly-sculptured urns; broken railings hung with wild festoons; but amidst all this array of decay and death, innumerable rose-trees in full and gorgeous bearing arose in graceful life-like pride, shedding their perfumed sweets over all, and silently keeping watch above the dead. They were evidently well-tended and cultivated—and this was indeed a unique and solemn rosery.

Beneath a spreading yew-tree stood a cottage, or rather a hovel (for it deserved no better name), and on a low stool before the door sat a blind man, of extreme age, whose long silver locks floated on his shoulders; the sightless eyes turned towards a golden sunset, the white lips moving silently, as if in prayer. A young girl advanced hastily towards us with delighted exclamations: it was Mimi, the Flemish flower-girl—and *this* was St Lovendaal's.

How many of these ancient graves the old man before us had helped to form it was impossible to imagine: he had been the sexton for more than half a century, and was still permitted by the authorities to occupy the same cottage where he had always dwelt.

Here his wife and all his children slept around him; Mimi being the only one of his numerous family whom God had spared to solace and support his declining life. Well and faithfully had the good granddaughter performed her appointed duty; working early and late, summer and winter, the industrious girl, by knitting warm worsted hose and caps, so much prized by the comfortable Flemings, and by the produce of her rosery, was enabled materially to assist in supporting the blind old man. Mimi was too proud to be the recipient of mere charity; and many townsfolk who knew her well, and respected her pious and patient endeavours, aided her honest labours by becoming ready and liberal purchasers of her handiwork; so that in fact Mimi had always orders to execute, and never remained idle. It was not so easy to dispose of the produce of her solemn garden, *that* being often rejected with superstitious abhorrence; and the florist's trade might not have thriven so well, had it not been for 'friends at court,' in the semblance of church officials; for during all the sacred ceremonies and summer fêtes of her religion, Mimi's lovely roses were in high request for church decoration and embellishment.

But when the season of flowers was over, and the wintry winds swept across the dreary sand tracts—when the murmurs of the distant ocean seemed to whisper an unceasing dirge for the dead—then this must have been a trying and isolated position for a young and timid maiden. Mimi had been urged to quit her desolate home, and to take up her abode with her venerable grandsire, in a comfortable dwelling, sheltered and surrounded with flourishing orchard trees, where honey-bees and fair garden plots abounded; for young Peterkin the market gardener, whose large vegetable stall in the market-place was near the flower alley, had long loved and wooed her for his wife. But Mimi knew—for her grandfather had often said so—that the fragile thread of the old man's life would be snapped at once on leaving the spot where his life had been passed, and where all his cherished associations were centered. Here he found his way about alone, and visited the graves where his beloved ones slept.

'Moreover,' said Mimi with a blushing smile, 'if Peterkin really loves me, he must wait patiently; for grandfather, alas! has not many years to live. But the dear old man has a tender heart, and it would pierce him to think that his darling Mimi's happiness was only to be obtained through his death; so I have never allowed Peterkin to come here—grandfather knows nothing about it—and he never shall know that my love for him is shared by another. I am his sole earthly protector, though he often speaks of guardian angels being around us unseen. Ah, I would not lose grandfather's peaceful smile and fervent blessing for all else the world can give!'

Before quitting that Flemish town, I paid a last visit to St Lovendaal's burying-ground: it was during the early spring-time, and perfect solitude reigned around: the cottage was ruinous, and uninhabited, for the old man had been gathered to his fathers some months previously.

Digitized by Google

Mimi's face was seen no more at the stall beside the buttress of the gray cathedral church; but where greens and cauliflowers, mixed with bunches of wallflower, daffodils, and hyacinths, arose in towering heaps, the pious daughter, now the industrious and happy wife, still looked the same sweet patient Mimi as when presiding over the fairy roses from old St Lovendaal.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

VIENNA TO PRAGUE AND DRESDEN.

On quitting Vienna on the 8th of June 1847, we did not anticipate that, before the lapse of twelve months, the Austrian monarchy would be shattered, and the emperor, poor little man, a refugee in the Tyrol! At the same time it was evident that affairs were not in a healthy condition, as they indeed never can be where a government rests its authority on armed force, and strives to keep the people in a state of child-like tutelage. An impression of this kind was not lessened as we proceeded on our journey.

At seven in the morning we left Vienna by railway into Bohemia, and at ten at night arrived in Prague, the capital of that dependency of the empire. The road makes a considerable detour by way of Olmütz; and the trains, besides frequent and long stoppages, have in some places only one line of rails. I may here, once for all, mention that the German railways seem to be well and carefully conducted. The trains seldom go at a quicker speed than twenty English miles an hour; the guards appear to be of the rank of subaltern officers in the army; and at almost every station time is allowed for taking a little refreshment—the offer of cakes, bread and butter, ham, and coffee, being generally made to the passengers. The Austrians being great eaters of sausages, these articles, of all sizes, were exhibited on the Prague line in great abundance. Another characteristic in German railway conveyance must not remain unnoticed: to every train is attached a carriage with a 'Rauche coupé.' This is a division in which passengers may smoke, and for which they can have a ticket on application. We generally kept as far away as possible from these odorous compartments. On the present occasion the journey, though slow, was not tiresome. Fortunately we were, for the most part of the excursion, in a carriage along with some gentlemen not indisposed to converse in French, and by whose agreeable manners the time was helped pleasantly away. One gentleman amused us not a little with an account of his efforts to learn English, the difficulties of which he declared to be altogether insurmountable. The word which had most puzzled him, and which, he said, he never could be made properly to utter, was *apple*; and he listened to our repetition of it with the deepest curiosity and wonder. Such is a specimen of the chit-chat with which tourists have sometimes an opportunity of whiling away the time in continental travelling.

The railway, in the first place, pursues a course up a valley yielding a small tributary river to the Danube; and by many bends and gradients, at length reaches the top of the high grounds which divide the valley of the Danube from that of the Elbe. Having attained this point, which is not an unpleasing rural scene, with here and there cottages of peasant farmers, an infant tributary of the Elbe, flowing towards the north-west, came into sight; and down the train went into the great basin of Bohemia—a beautiful country, in which vast fertile plains are bounded by mountains that seem to shut it out from the rest of the world. It is from this hollowed-out form of country that the Bohemians compare their land to a kettle. Darkness settled on the scene before we reached Prague; but, not to detain us at the terminus, an officer of police was admitted into the train a few miles from the town, and by him our passports were collected preparatory to their being *visé* on our arrival.

Prague, or, as the natives call it, Prag, is one of the most curious old towns in Europe. Issuing in the morning from our hotel—the Blaue Stern, a modern edifice of immensely solid masonry, with a restaurant vaulted as if to be bomb-proof—we saw at a glance that, like Edinburgh, Prague possessed the air of a capital deserted by its nobles; and that houses of palatial grandeur, once the residence of princes, ambassadors, and abbots, and still ornamented with heraldic emblems, had sunk from their high estate, and now gave shelter to the meanest of the population. Prague, in short, is a wreck—a city ruined by the annihilation of Bohemian independence, and the flocking of the wealthier classes to Vienna. 'Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' Edinburgh and Dublin, as well as Prague, are well acquainted with the operation of that Scriptural truth. Latterly, by means of some patronising attentions from Austria, but chiefly from a native spirit of revival, and by becoming a central point in railway transit, this venerable city has shown signs of reanimation, or at least improvement; and accordingly, in several places we observed new streets springing into existence, and that gas-pipes were being laid in the principal thoroughfares.

Situated on the two opposite banks of the Moldau, which are here connected by a long and substantial stone bridge, ornamented with the statues of saints, the city covers a large space of ground, level on the right or east, but rising into a hill on the left side of the river. The town is chiefly on the right bank; and embosomed among narrow streets, lined with tall dingy houses, in this division lies the Judenstadt, or Jews' Town, a quarter to which our guide took care to conduct us as one of the curiosities of the city. Approaching the margin of the river, though little benefited by its waters, the Jews' Town bears a considerable resemblance to the closely-huddled thoroughfares of the more ancient part of Edinburgh. A body of Hebrews settled here in very early times; and their descendants, notwithstanding the cruel persecutions of the middle ages, so effectually maintained their position, that they acquired the privilege of jurisdiction as respects their own affairs; and this the Jews of Prague continue to possess. For the greater part wearing a long black dress, and with unshorn beards, they are readily distinguished from other citizens. The higher class here, as elsewhere, are dealers in money and articles of value, while those of a humble rank attend stalls for the sale of such old trumpery as is exhibited at doorways in the meaner parts of London. I could not walk through the confined alleys, in which aged members of the community were observed to be engaged in this humble traffic, without a sense of shame; for to the intolerant exclusiveness of Christians is alone imputable the narrow choice of professions to which the Jews find themselves condemned. Let us hope, however, that this long-cherished prejudice against an inoffensive and ancient, not to say deeply-interesting people, is at length vanishing from Europe.

The first thing to which we were conducted in the Judenstadt was the old synagogue; certainly a very curious place. It is said to be nine hundred years old; but this is evidently a mistake, for the style is that of the pointed arch; and the probability is, that the edifice was erected not earlier than the fifteenth century. The floor being below the level of the street, we descended to it by one or two steps; and the appearance of the interior, which is small, with a dingy light, may very well have impressed the notion of an antiquity at least double the reality. The roof and walls are blackened like a chimney, by the smoke from the lamps and torches which on certain occasions are burnt for several days together. The soot and dust of centuries remain untouched, as if too sacred to be meddled with; while the old deal furniture, shabby and rickety, seems to be falling in pieces. I could not learn the cause of this remarkable condition, which cannot be neglect, because the place, though deserted for newer and grander edifices on ordinary occasions, is still in use

Digitized by Google

for the more ceremonial solemnities of the Hebrew worship. At one end, on an elevation resembling an altar, and beneath a canopy, repose the holy books of the law, in the form of two large rolls of parchment, ancient, and curious, and beautifully written. These and other objects of interest we were permitted to examine without any restraint. From the old synagogue we went to the ancient burying-place of the Jews, which was at some distance, among equally coofined thoroughfares. It is a species of back-court, secluded within a wall, and as thickly covered with trees and shrubs as the vast number of stone slabs will permit to grow. Originally level in surface, the accumulations of five hundred years have swelled the ground into a kind of hill; and it being no longer safe to inter more bodies in the spot, burials have for many years taken place elsewhere. By pathways among the bushes we went round the enclosure, which is encumbered with what might be considered heaps of loose rubbish, but which in reality are piles of stones, that, in obedience to an ancient usage, common to other nations besides the Jews, have one by one been brought hither, to be laid on the graves of relatives, or of individuals eminent for their worth.

We now crossed the Moldau by the bridge, and ascended through winding thoroughfares to the summit of the high ground on which stand the royal palace, the cathedral, and other interesting edifices. As we advance, we are more and more struck with the contrast between the original grandeur of the buildings and their present state of decay. Some are in ruins, and everythiog in the lonely streets speaks of desertion and poverty. Near the top of the hill, from which a fine view of Prague is obtained, we visited a church and convent of Premonstratensian monks; and by one of the brotherhood—an aged gentlemanly person in a white woollen robe—we were admitted to see the large and valuable library of the establishment, which occupies one apartment fitted up with much taste. The polite old man showed us sundry bibliographical curiosities, including a book with the autograph of Tycho Brahé, which had been presented to the library by Baron Hassenburg. From this convent we proceeded to another, to see a collection of reliquiæ and other articles; and from that we were conducted across an open piece of ground, under a burning sun, to view what was formerly the abode of the kings of Bohemia, but is now a provincial palace of the emperor of Austria. It is a building of enormous dimensions, occupying the summit of a knoll; the back part overlooking a garden which stretches down a steep bank in the direction of the Moldau. The house is fully furnished in the French style, and in the state and family apartments are some fine pictures of Poussin, Carlo Dolce, Holbein, and Guido; and what is more interesting, portraits of the family of Maria Theresa. In one of these rooms, high above the garden in the rear, took place (May 23, 1618) the deed of violence which precipitated the Thirty Years' War. This act, as will be remembered by the readers of history, was the forcible entrance of certain Protestant chiefs into the council-room, occupied at the time by Sternburg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavata, with Fabricius as secretary—all in the Catholic interest of the emperor of Germany and his protégé the king of Bohemia. Not receiving, as they thought, a becoming answer to inquiries which they addressed to the council as to their participation in the cruel edicts of the emperor, the Protestant nobles unceremoniously showed Sternburg and Lobkowitz out of the room, and seizing on Slavata, Martinitz, and Fabricius, pitched them from the window into the garden beneath.* Strangely enough, and to the surprise of all concerned, their fall of eighty feet did not kill the unfortunate counsellors, their marvellous escape being accounted for by the circumstance of their landing on a dunghill which happened to be at the foot of the wall. The window from which this unjustifiable outrage was committed is of course pointed out to strangers. The last thing shown to us in connection with the palace was an ancient Gothic hall, fitted up with a chair of state and other seats, and used by the Bohemian dignitaries when taking an oath of allegiance to a new imperial sovereign. The emperor, I was informed, rarely visits Prague—one of the circumstances among others that has given umbrage to the Bohemians, and excited them to aim at an independent existence.

Adjoining the palace is the cathedral—an ancient Gothic structure, which has suffered much damage, both from the headlong ravages of iconoclasts, and the military bombardments to which Prague has at different times been exposed. It has a number of aisles and side chapels rich in monuments of historical interest, and also in articles in the precious metals, which adorn the different shrines. The popular saint in Prague is St John Nepomuk—a personage of great piety, who suffered martyrdom towards the end of the fourteenth century. The figure of the saint is seen in various quarters, and here, in the cathedral, is his mausoleum, consisting of a crystal coffin cased in one of silver, and supported by finely-sculptured figures of angels of the same metal. Nearly two tons of silver are said to be expended on these and other objects in this much-venerated shrine.

In descending to the lower part of the town, a number of houses traditionally interesting were pointed out; among others, the mansion of the soldier of fortune, Wallensteio, celebrated for his deeds during the Thirty Years' War, in which he was an antagonist to the illustrious Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus. In the intervals of his mad military career, Wallenstein lived here in more than regal splendour; but all memorials of his magnificence are now gone, with the exception of a few faded frescoes in one of the upper apartments, and a portion of an open arcade towards the garden.

While closing the subject of Prague, I am painfully reminded, by accounts reaching England through the daily press, that that unfortunate city, so quiescent at the time of my visit, is at present undergoing all the horrors of civil war. In quelling the revolt of the citizens, the town has been bombarded, from the heights near the palace, by the Austrian commandant, and great numbers of its houses laid in ruins. Whether this terrible act of repression will finally secure Bohemia to the Austrian crown, is matter of extreme doubt to all who are acquainted with the country. The people of Bohemia are of the Sclavonic race, speak the Sclave language, and hate the Germans, whom they look upon as intruders and oppressors. In the single circumstance of the Bohemian insurrection, it is dreadful to contemplate the condition of insecurity into which even the greatest of nations may be brought by keeping a forcible, and therefore immoral, possession of a country which the accident of war, or family connection, has placed in their power.

From Prague we designed to proceed to Dresden, by a route which lays open what is called the *Saxon Switzerland*; a remarkable district of country, intersected by the Elbe, and therefore approachable by steamers. Though a river of considerable size, the Moldau, which falls into the Elbe, is not navigable except by rafts and barges; and on this account it was necessary to cross the country to Obristwy, the highest point on the Elbe reached by steamboats. The distance being only fourteen miles, we drove across in a voiture, passing in the course of our journey numerous bands of male and female labourers engaged in cutting the Prague and Dresden railway, which, when finished, will complete the line of rails from Hamburg to Trieste. Obristwy is neither a town nor a village. It is a German château, which the proprietor lets as an inn, reserving to himself the use only of certain apartments—not a bad arrangement for a poor baron, and far from being unworthy of imitation in quarters nearer home. The inn part is the upper floors of the mansion; and here,

* See History of the Thirty Years' War, 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' No. 120.

Digitized by Google

with as good accommodation as is to be found on the continent, we spent the night previous to descending the Elbe. At early morn the expected steamer having made its appearance in a creek behind the house, it soon received on board a large number of tourists, among whom were Haulbach and other artists from Munich, who had accompanied us down the Danube.

This was an exceedingly agreeable day. The weather was beautiful, the company on board a very pleasant set of people, the scenery in some places picturesque almost beyond imagination, and the *cuisine* and the management of the boat left nothing to be desired in the way of physical comfort. It was the second time within a fortnight we had travelled by steam under English direction. The engine was English, and so were the captain and his clerk; a circumstance which somehow inspires confidence the greater our distance is from home. The early part of the voyage, which is within Bohemia, discloses few striking points, for here the land is generally level; but as we approach the mountain ranges that form the boundary with Saxony, and through which the river has worn for itself an opening, the scenery undergoes an entire change. As we approach this picturesque district, the boat stops at a village on the left bank to land passengers for Teplitz, a fashionable watering-place among the hills, at a few miles' distance. Farther down, on the right, the boat stops for a few minutes at Tetschen; and between this place and Schandau we enter the mountain gorges, and glide out of the Austrian into the Saxon dominions. At Schandau, the vessel pauses for half an hour, during which, while the officers of the Saxon police examine passports, the douaniers give themselves the trouble of plunging their hands into the various carpet-bags and boxes which are strewed along the deck. Liberated from this rather flurrying affair, the steamer is again on her way; and in viewing the superb scenery which lines the banks of the smooth-flowing Elbe, we forget the petty annoyances to which we had been recently exposed.

We are now in the Säxischer Schweitz, a designation far from correct, for the country has no resemblance to Switzerland—no snowy Alps, no lofty serrated mountains, no lakes, and no glaciers. The district needs no false appellation to popularise its beauties. These beauties are very peculiar. In the early ages of the world, geologically speaking, Bohemia was the bed of a lake whose waters gradually subsided as they found an outlet through the mountainous region on the north. Had this region been composed of granite or trap-rock, Bohemia in all probability would still have been at the bottom of an inland sea. The rocks, however, were fortunately a sandstone of different degrees of hardness; some parts being so soft as to yield to the abrasion of the waters, and finally to allow the drainage of the country by what we now call the Elbe. But this was a long process, which has left curious memorials in the existing masses of rock that were too hard to be carried away as sand to the German Ocean. For many miles along the river, and the back country on both sides, are seen tall blocks of stone, some rising as slender and rugged pillars to a height of three hundred feet, and others forming huge knolls as high as eight or nine hundred feet, with precipitous sides, partially clothed in vegetation, and so difficult of access, as to have afforded in some instances sites for castles during an age of insecurity and rapine. To obtain a proper idea of this extraordinary piece of country, it is necessary to climb to the top of one of the loftiest cliffs, and thence look abroad on the water-worn excavations. Over a large tract are seen variously-shaped masses of rock rising abruptly from an undulating plain, while in the centre of the scene the river is observed to pursue a winding course between steep crags or rich patches of meadow, composed of débris washed from the heights above. The most favourable spot for viewing this remarkable district, which is not less interesting to the geologist than to the artist, is the Bastey, a few miles from Schandau. The Bastey (Bastion) is a tall rounded mass on the right bank of the river, rising almost from the water's edge to the height of six hundred feet. Connected partly with the adjoining cliffs, which are hung with a drapery of green shrubs, the Bastey has been made approachable to the summit by means of wooden galleries and stairs. Around the top is a railing, to prevent accidents, and from the bartisan which it protects we have the pleasure of looking down in safety into the profound river course, on which the steamer is diminished in appearance to a toy. At the gorge at the foot of the Bastey is a country inn, whence a foot tourist, landed from the steamboats which daily ascend and descend the Elbe, may make a variety of exploratory rambles.

To aid the picturesque character of the district, the rock in the protuberant masses lies in horizontal strata, causing a resemblance to huge blocks of masonry. In some instances the softer material being washed from beneath the incumbent masses, great caverns have been formed; and one of these, the Cowstall, a vault open at each end, is one of the leading curiosities in the neighbourhood. What has been favourable to the picturesque, tends unfortunately to its own destruction. The cliffy banks of the river, owned in patches by proprietors who care more for florins than scenery, are in various places sinking under the quarryman's hammer; and already long stretches of the rocky precipices have, in the shape of square blocks, been despatched in barges down the Elbe to Hamburg and other cities of the plain.

Towards the termination of the rocky banks we pass on the right Lilienstein, and on the left Königstein, two of the loftiest hill masses; noted, as well as the adjacent heights, in the war of 1813, when Napoleon made the Elbe the base of his operations. On the level top of the Königstein is an ancient fortress which commands the pass of the river, and is so strong, as to have defied the gunnery of the French invading army. Passing these places of historical interest, and likewise several villages, we enter the level country at Pirna. Shortly we pass on the right Pillnitz, a palace occupied as a summer residence by the royal family of Saxony. We are now almost within sight of Dresden, which, occupying a low situation level with the river on its left bank, is speedily reached by the steamer; and here terminates our excursion by water.

SYMPATHY AND ITS ECCENTRICITIES.

SYMPATHY may well be considered one of the noblest attributes of man, and seems, as it were, the mark of his Divine origin. All his generous feelings—the readiness to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep'—have their rise in sympathy—that great bond which unites the society of mankind, and tends to the good of all. Sympathy even subsists between man and the lower creatures in no inconsiderable degree. Every one knows how the dog and the horse sympathise with their master, and how many instances are on record of the attachment shown by various creatures of different species to individuals of the human race, and how much man's sympathy for the lower creatures has been made subservient to their comfort. Beattie, in his Essay on Music and Poetry, observes, 'sympathy with distress is called compassion or pity; sympathy with happiness has no particular name:' and Adam Smith, in his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' defines it as 'a fellow-feeling with the passions of others'—that is, with such as we do not disapprove of. Neither of them, however, attempts to explain how its effects are produced—effects which we know are in a moment conveyed with all the rapidity of an electric shock. How it acts instantaneously on the nerves we cannot tell, but must rest satisfied that it is one of the phenomena of our being, depending, in the words of the learned commentator, Adam Clarke, 'on certain laws of nature, the principles of which have

Digitized by Google

not as yet been duly developed.' However, it is evident to all that without this gift life would be divested of happiness, interest, and pleasure. We are scarcely aware how many of our feelings originate in sympathy; from it associations spring, and that deep interest which we take in passing events in which we ourselves have no concern: it transports us at once into the pitiable situation in which we see others, although it may be that those who are placed in it are utterly incapable of feeling it themselves. Thus we feel the most tender pity for the dead and for the insane, and often blush for a fault or rudeness committed by those who are perfectly indifferent or unconscious that they have been guilty of such.

Actuated by sympathy, the patriot devotes himself to the service of others, identifying himself thoroughly with those who have inhabited the same spot of earth, and sacrificing every personal advantage to the attainment of some benefit for them. The patriotism of the dispersed race, and all their heart-yearnings after a home which they never saw, arises from a deep sympathy with those from whom they are sprung. The indulgence of this feeling, even when it casts a shade of the deepest melancholy, is attended by such a tender and exquisite enjoyment, that none would wish to forego it; and, as if it were to fix and strengthen it in the mind, it is called into action in mere matters of taste and fancy. An affecting tale, a pathetic air, a touching subject brought vividly before us by the painter's or the sculptor's skill—all awaken a sadness that is so pleasurable, that there is no greater gratification; the deepest tragedies are attended by crowds, and the nearer the illusions of the stage can bring them to reality, the more they please. Indeed when the representation is divested of an air of reality, or when a story in itself of an interesting character wants it, he no longer takes any satisfaction in them; while the wildest and most improbable fictions gratify, if the characters which they portray are made to act as would be natural in the situations in which they are placed—the reality of the portrait in one respect inviting our sympathy so as to make us forget its extravagance in another.

The susceptibility of genius to every touch of sympathy, and the power of awakening it in others, are perhaps its most distinguishing marks, and appear to be quite essential to its development. Whatever makes an impression on the man of genius excites some sympathy. In visiting ruins, he does not feel the mere pleasure of viewing them in their picturesque aspects, but finds a deeper interest in conjuring up to his imagination the remote times when they were as yet unscathed, and can sympathise with those who once trode the solemn aisles or lingered in the festive halls. His power of exciting the sympathy of others does not lie in the elaborate display and elegant finish of his art, whatever it may be, but in the earnestness with which he gives expression to his own feelings. Gluck was frequently heard to say, that when he was going to sit down to compose, he strove to forget that he was a musician—so necessary did he find it to give his whole mind to those passions which he wished to express. National ballads, composed under the influence of native scenery and feelings familiar to the clime, have such a powerful effect, that every one feels the justice of an observation made by one who well understood human nature—'It matters not who makes the law, provided you take care who writes the songs.' It has ample proof in the effect produced by the 'Ranz des Vaches' on the Swiss, when heard in lands distant from their home. All the tender sympathies linked with their native mountains and those they have left swell at the heart with such intensity, that they are frequently known to pine away and die of the fond yearning after home. Sir Joshua Reynolds once found himself affected to a considerable degree in the same manner. It was while he was abroad, that one evening, at the opera in Venice, an English ballad was played by the band, in compliment to the English gentlemen who were present. It happened to be the one which was the favourite in London when Sir Joshua was there. 'He had heard it played and sung in every street and in every company,' as we are told by Allan Cunningham: 'it brought back fond and tender recollections of home, and longings after social intercourse with friends, and all the happiness and pleasure he had enjoyed: tears started to his eyes, and he returned to England.' One of the most engaging private singers that ever charmed an audience had no power of voice, but had such exquisite expression, as he adapted his lays to his native melodies, as never failed to awaken a responsive feeling in every bosom, and few could ever afterwards hear these airs without having their sympathies with the feelings to which the bard had given expression revived. The sympathy over which Handel had such power was, in his latter days, transferred from the subjects with which he had so long delighted the public to personal feelings for himself. As the sightless old man took his place at the organ, and threw his whole soul into a sublime voluntary, all listened with breathless veneration; but when his fine composition—

> 'Total eclipse—no sun, no moon—
> All dark amid the blaze of noon'—

was sung by Beard with deep pathos, it was so descriptive of Handel's own situation, that everybody was affected to tears.

The skilful orator knows well that the most simple appeal to the sympathy of his auditors will produce an effect which all the ornaments of rhetoric would never achieve. It was this power of awakening sympathy that made Sheridan's memorable speech on the trial of Warren Hastings so effective, that it was absolutely necessary to adjourn the proceedings for some time, to leave an interval for feeling to subside, that judgment might not be warped. Kirwan the celebrated preacher, whose eloquence drew together such immense crowds in the churches of Dublin, was so successful in his appeals to the sympathies of those who heard him, that the sums which he collected for various charities were quite extraordinary—many among his congregation not only emptying their purses, but stripping themselves of whatever ornaments they had about them. Rings, watches, and even the epaulets of officers have been found on the plate handed round for the collection. On one occasion, while he stood in the pulpit to plead the cause of the Orphan School, he was taken suddenly ill: he looked mournfully round, and then merely pointed to the children, who were ranged in the aisle beneath him, and almost fainting, said, 'Feed my lambs,' and burst into tears: the simple appeal touched every heart, and the collection on that day exceeded any he had yet made. But it is not alone in the excitement of the most tender and lively emotions that the power of sympathy is seen—it has frequently produced effects of a startling, and in some instances of a fatal nature.

The sympathetic feeling has been so overpowering in some cases as to cause death. Among several which are well authenticated, is one of a boy who was taken to see an execution, who became so overcome by pity, that he fell back and died. The same have been frequently known to lose their senses by being confined in madhouses with those who were out of their reason; and it has sometimes happened that those without a shade of superstition have caught its tone from those who were its victims. The earnestness with which Blake the gifted painter gave expression to the wild delusions of his fancy, in his conversations with the visionary beings in whose presence he so often imagined himself, so far influenced the sympathies of some acute and sensible persons, that 'they shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man;' and thus were little short of acknowledging their belief in the reality of the enthusiast's illusions. His wife, who was ever by his side, and listened to his discourses with

Digitized by Google

those shadowy beings that he believed were with him, was firmly convinced that *he* both saw and heard them, though she could not. It is still more strange that many have been borne along the tide whose current they had previously been anxious to have seen stayed. There is something very exciting in the animated expression of popular feeling, and it has often happened that it has awakened sympathy in those opposed by judgment and sentiment to the cause which it passionately espoused, and led them on to act with the multitude. A young person well known to us went to one of those great meetings held in the south of Ireland in the year 1829 with feelings quite averse to the object of the assembly; but when he saw the crowd decked with their laurel branches, and found himself in the midst of the enthusiasm which pervaded all—when he saw handkerchiefs waving, and hats thrown into the air, and heard the loud acclamations of all about him—he felt his spirits become strangely agitated, and in a few hours returned to his home, his hat decorated by the distinguishing badge of the meeting—a huge sprig of laurel. It was thus with a lady of sober mind and sedate habits, whose conviction was against any faith in the unknown tongue, to which gift Mr Irving's church laid especial claim. She entered his chapel with a thorough horror of the delusion; but when she witnessed the excitement which prevailed—the eager attention of the congregation—the devoted and enthusiastic bearing of those who believed themselves suddenly endowed with the miraculous power—she felt very strange exciting movements in her mind; and as she listened to the wild jargon, she said that she was seized with an almost irrepressible desire to speak too in that mysterious tongue.

There is a very remarkable instance of the effect produced on a person of quick sympathetic feelings in the case of Charles Lamb, who went to see a farce which he had written, and for which he anticipated the most flattering success. Long before it was brought to a conclusion, loud and vociferous expressions of disapprobation sealed the fate; they were so vehement and hearty, that Lamb caught the infection, and his voice was loudly raised in the midst of the uproarious turmult, shouting with all his might and main, 'Off! off!' Adam Smith observes that our sympathy for others arises from our imagining ourselves in the same situation in which they are placed; it is this, he thinks, which makes us shrink and draw back our leg or arm when we see a stroke aimed and ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another. 'The mob,' he goes on to say, 'when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack-rope, naturally writhe, and twist, and balance their own bodies, as they see him do, and as they feel that they themselves must do in his situation.' Indeed this propensity to imitate the actions as we catch the feelings of others, is undoubtedly one of the distinguishing marks of sympathy. In Boerhaave's academical lectures on diseases of nerves, he mentions a very remarkable case of a young man who was under the influence of this imitative sympathy. He says 'he was addicted from his infancy to so great a degree of sympathy, that he would immediately imitate all motions made by others, and that without any inclination, and even against his inclination; insomuch that when he walked the streets he was obliged to look on the ground, to sit in company with his eyes shut, or to turn his face from his companions. If he saw a man shaking his head, that moment he would shake his own head; if he saw him laugh or smile, he would laugh or smile with him; if any one uncovered his head, he would do the same; if one danced, he would get up and dance along with him: in short, whatever he saw, he would mimic it immediately, in spite of himself. If his companions laid fast hold of him and tied his arms, and he then saw any one gesticulating and playing antics, he struggled hard to get loose, and felt within him the strongest motions, which he was not able to conquer. If asked what he was doing, he said he knew not, but was so accustomed from his youth, and begged to be left alone, because his head ached from such motions, and he was greatly disturbed in mind, and withal as much fatigued as if he had done them of his own accord.'

Sympathy has indeed its eccentricities, and many of the mysterious nervous affections seem peculiarly under its influence. The coughing of one person often induces it in another, and every one knows how irresistibly catching yawning is. It is said to have frequently happened in crowded churches and other large assemblages, that when a female has been suddenly seized with hysterics, others have been quickly affected in the same way; and there are many instances of the same kind in schools, when girls, from witnessing a schoolfellow under an attack, have been suddenly seized with the same disorder. There are accounts on record of the spread of disorders which were neither contagious nor infectious, so that it would appear that the same state of the nerves which prevails in the sympathy that prompts imitation must exist in these strange affections.

It appears evident that any deviation in the affections from their natural course is productive of evil, and we may perceive that it is remarkably so with regard to sympathy; and yet though liable to such strange and fatal eccentricities, we feel that this quality is absolutely essential to our wellbeing. So necessary did some physicians consider it towards effecting a cure, that they held an opinion that both physician and patient should have faith in the prescribed remedy, to insure its success. However questionable this assertion may be deemed, the necessity of finding some one to sympathise with our feelings is felt in all the concerns of life, from the most important event, to the most trifling amusement. The being cut off from this is perhaps what renders solitary confinement the most unendurable of punishments. It is remarkable how those who are deprived of their accustomed intercourse with their fellow-creatures, will endeavour to substitute something to satisfy their craving for sympathy: they learn to treat one of the lower creatures as a friend who can participate in their feelings. Many have opened their hearts to the winds and the woods. We knew a foreigner who did not understand English when first he arrived here, and could meet with no one who understood his native language; he afterwards described most vividly the uneasy state of his mind, which only found relief when he addressed the trees in his own language; and he would stay among them discoursing to them for hours together. The case of Phebe Hasell is remarkable: she was for years disguised as a common soldier; but she felt such a forcible impulse to repose a confidence, that she imparted her secret to a hole which she dug in the ground. When Sir Joshua Reynolds had nearly lost his sight, he made a pet of a little bird; and when apart from society, and no longer able to occupy himself with his painting, he would talk about his apartment with his little companion perched upon his hand, to whom he chatted as if it could understand all that he said.

In this hurried view of sympathy, we have felt more than once that, were we inclined to speculate upon a subject beyond our reach, we might indulge in the anticipation of the more vivid development of this wonderful characteristic, as being a probable means of increased happiness and delight.

POEMS BY A MECHANIC.*

It is in our day no special wonder to find men devoting the moments they can snatch from the daily routine of manual labour to intellectual studies or enjoyments. But instances of this kind are not yet so common that we can afford to pass them by without notice; and at the present moment we are admonished by the date of a little volume before us that we have neglected one of

* Poems and Songs, Scotch and English. By Alexander Maclagan. Edinburgh: Tait.

Digitized by Google

the most urgent duties of the periodical press. The 'Poems and Songs' that claim our tardy attention are in some instances not merely refined in sentiment, but exhibit throughout an easy elegance of composition which is rarely found in works of the class. In two or three of the pieces there is the strength, rudeness, roughness, nay, vulgarity if you will, which many suppose to be the prevailing characteristic of the mind of a workman; but in the external mechanism even of these there is a delicacy almost amounting to fastidiousness, not always found in the productions of the idle and the educated.

Neither in sentiment nor versification does the following little poem bear any mark of a handicraft employment:—

THE EVIL E'E.

An evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My pair wee thing, at last;
The licht has left thy glance o' glee,
Thy frame is fading fast.
Wha's frien's, wha's foes, in this cauld warld
It's e'en richt ill to learn;
But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

Your tender bulk I happit warm,
Wi' a' a mither's care,
I thought nae human heart could harm
A thing sae guid an' fair;
An' ye got aye my blessing when
I toiled your bread to earn;
But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

The bloom upon thy bonnie face,
The sunlicht o' thy smiles—
How glad they made ilk eerie place,
How short the langsome miles!
For sin' I left my minnie's cot,
Beside the Brig o' Earn,
Oh ours has been a chequered lot,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

I can forgi'e my mither's pride,
Wha drave me frae my hame;
I can forgi'e my sister's spite—
Her heart maun bear its blame;
I can forgi'e my brither's hard
And haughty heart o' airn,
But no the e'e that withers thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

I ken that deep in ae black breast
Lies hate to thee and me;
I ken wha bribed the fiends that press't
Thy father to the sea:
But hush!—he'll soon be back again
Wi' faithfu' heart, I learn,
To drive fra thee the evil e'e,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

We can afford only one other specimen; but we think it enough in itself to justify the praise we have bestowed upon this small unpretending volume.

I KEN A FAIR WEE FLOWER.

I ken a fair wee flower that blooms
Far doon in yon deep dell;
I ken its hame, its bonny hame,
But where, troth I'll no tell:
When rings the shepherd's e'ening horn,
Oft finds that soothing hour
Stars in the sky, dew on the earth,
And me beside my Flower.

It is not from the tints o' day
My gentle Flower receives
Its fairest hue, nor does the sun
Call forth its blushing leaves;
In secrecy it blooms, where Love
Delights to strew his bower,
Where many an unseen spirit smiles
Upon my happy Flower.

Ah! weel ye guess that Fancy gives
This living gem o' mine
A female form, a' loveliness,
A soul in't a' divine—
A glorious e'e that rows beneath
A fringe o' midnight hue;
Twa yielding lips wi' Love's ain sweets
Aye melting kindly through!

'Tis a' the wealth that I am worth,
'Tis a' my praise and pride,
And fast the hours flee over me
When wooing by its side;
Or looking on its bonny breast,
So innocently fair,
To see the purity and peace,
And love that's growing there.

Wi' saftest words I woo my Flower;
But wi' a stronger arm
I shield each gentle opening bud
Frae every ruthless harm.
The wretch that would wi' serpent wile
Betray my Flower so fair,
May he live without a cheering friend,
And die without a prayer!

A VOICE FROM LOUISIANA.

In the course of our literary labours, now extending over a period of sixteen years, it has ever been our object to avoid as far as possible all speculative matters on which large sections of people differ; and that not only as respects our own country, but other quarters into which our sheets may happen to travel. Some persons may think it was wrong to make this compromise, as it might be termed; but entertaining a strong opinion as to its necessity for insuring success in our peculiar course, it *was* made, and the engagement has ever been carefully adhered to. One consequence of this forbearance has been the diffusion of our publications very far beyond the limits of Scotland or England. In North America, and more particularly since the lowering of the import duty on books to ten per cent. *ad valorem*, the circulation of the works in question has been very considerable. From Boston, Massachusetts, many thousands of our cheap sheets and volumes are now disseminated, as from a centre, over the northern portion of the Union and Canada. Latterly, they have found their way into Louisiana and other southern states. There, however, for the first time, are they now stopped, and their local distributors so terrified, as to be obliged to withdraw a portion of them from circulation. Henceforth our winged sheets, like birds of ill omen, are to be caged at New Orleans: it is not likely that they will in future get even that distance, but be shot down in the attempt to cross the Carolinas. This curious fact has reached us through the American papers, and calls to be explained to our readers as something beyond a joke.

Avoiding, as has been said, topics on which there exists a marked and natural difference of sentiment, we have never considered that the principle *that every man has an inherent and indefeasible property in himself*, ought to be approached with the same reluctance. Slavery in all its forms, without regard to colour of skin, we have not hesitated on all proper occasions to describe as a heinous transgression of the law of God, and a trampling upon the rights of man. This it is which, in connection with our publications, has provoked the hostility of the south. A truth universally acknowledged by the humane and rational to be altogether beyond controversy, is nevertheless controversial in certain parts of America; or, more correctly speaking, is esteemed so dangerous, as to be entirely excluded from discussion. The article immediately concerned in causing the commotion now referred to, is an account of Slavery in America, forming the twenty-seventh number of 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts;' a work lately completed in twenty volumes, which, independently of this unfortunate brochure, has been

Digitized by Google

favourably received and spoken of by the reading world beyond the Atlantic. The account, which was drawn up with much care from the writings of respectable travellers, and which embodies no violent sentiment—being, in fact, what would be termed by many too moderate a view of American slavery and its consequences—is amusingly enough ascribed to the 'Abolitionists,' and is said to abound in falsehoods, although where or what these are, it has not been found convenient to mention. To those who are in the habit of looking upon slavery as a thing for which no honest man could offer one syllable of excuse, the following extracts from 'Le Courier de la Louisiane' (May 19 and 22), a newspaper published in French and English at New Orleans, and purporting to be the 'official paper of the United States, state of Louisiana, first municipality,' will probably be read with some degree of surprise:—

'LOOK OUT, CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH.

'The Abolitionists have a variety of ways and means for circulating their doctrines, even down here in this remote part of the Union. They have book-hawkers at work, who go from door to door offering literary works for sale with titles from which no one would suspect that the works themselves are tinctured with negro principles. We have seen a work in several volumes, beautifully printed and bound, which has been extensively spread over the Southern States in the mode we have indicated; and yet a considerable portion of one of the volumes is occupied with the grossest falsehoods and misrepresentations respecting negro slavery in the South. Not only have the publishers resorted to false accounts of the manner in which our slaves are treated, but they have got up engravings in the book, conveying notions of the life led by our slaves, of the most repulsive and falsest nature.

'This work, so far from deserving the patronage of southern people, ought to be kicked into mud holes, or sent to kindle fires under the sugar kettles.

'In order that every one may know this work when it comes in his way, we give the title at full length: "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," republished at Boston. It comprises several volumes, as we observed above, and is handsomely printed and bound: *hunc tu caveto—hic niger est.*'

'CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

'On Friday last we noticed the sale of this book in the South, and cautioned our fellow-citizens against it, as containing an article relative to "Slavery in America" most unjust and injurious to the Southern States. This article is in the third volume of the work, and it deserves the character which we gave it. It is indeed a revolting, distorted, and false picture of the treatment to which slaves, as well as free people of colour, are subjected in this country; and under the impression, as we were, that it was hawked from door to door for sale, we were quite right in speaking of it as we did. But we feel great satisfaction in stating that Mr Josiah Adams, the agent for the Boston publishers, called upon us and stated that as soon as he discovered the obnoxious article to which we alluded, he stopped the circulation of the book, and deposited in a box all the copies he had on hand with the intention of returning them to the publishers. He also stated that he went to the few persons who purchased the work, and asked permission to cut out that part of it which had given offence. Mr Josiah Adams is a worthy, high-minded gentleman, who abhors the doctrines and practices of the Abolitionists, and would undergo any loss of property, or sustain any privation, rather than be instrumental in promoting their views. He informs us also that the Boston publishers are far from being tinctured with Abolition principles. In correcting the impression which our notice of this work may have made upon the public mind, we conceive that we are doing an act which is due to one who is perfectly innocent of all intention to become a tool of the Abolition gang, and who in reality holds them in as much odium as we ourselves do!'

All this is very bad, but in its very badness there is a drollery. How we pity, and yet cannot help laughing at, poor Josiah Adams! Frightened out of his senses at having sold a book 'tinctured with negro principles,' like a judicious bibliopole, he hurries away to the purchasers of the volume, and begs they will permit him to cut out the obnoxious article! Then how thankful he is to thrust the whole mass of delinquency into a chest under lock and key! And lastly, how he posts off to explain everything to the editor of the 'Courier,' and beseech his mightiness to set him right in the eyes of the Louisianian world! He abhors the doctrines of the Abolitionists; would scorn to be a tool of the gang; would undergo any loss of property, or sustain any privation, rather than be instrumental in promoting their views! Good Josiah Adams; slavery-tolerating, freedom-hating, innocent, kind, dear Josiah Adams, we hope that your explanations have been indulgently received by a discerning public; and that under that paragon of constitutions in which all men are declared to be 'born equal,' you have been neither whipped, nor tar-and-feathered, nor hooted out of society, but are going on selling books as usual, happy to have got rid of what threatened to bring you within an inch of destruction!

Talk of a censorship of the press! Has any of the old European governments ever been more unscrupulous in suppressing what was unpleasing to it in literature, than the press of Louisiana has been on the present occasion? Talk of the obnoxious article containing falsehoods! Does it embrace anything more severe than the following advertisement, which occurs in the newspaper that attacks it?

'SUCCESSION OF JOSEPHINE FRANKLINE ELEYTAS, DECEASED.

'Second District Court of New Orleans.—By virtue of, and in obedience to, an order of sale, dated May 19, 1848, and to me directed by the Honourable the Second District Court of New Orleans, in the above-entitled matter, I will proceed to sell at public auction, in the Rotunda of the City Exchange, St Louis Street, between Chartres and Royal Streets, on Friday, June 23, 1848, at twelve o'clock, A.M., for account of said succession, the following named slaves, viz.:—

'Susan, aged about twenty-five years, with her two children, named Joseph, aged about three years, and an infant girl aged six months.

'And Ann, aged about twenty-six years, with her three children, named Mary, aged upwards of ten years; Susan, aged about five years; and an infant girl aged about sixteen months.

'Terms.—For the slave Ann and her children, cash; and for the slave Susan and her children, one year's credit, for approved endorsed notes, secured by mortgage on said slaves until final payment.

JOHN L. LEWIS,
Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.'

To ourselves, commercially and otherwise, the denunciations of the Louisianian press are matter of extreme indifference. Writing for no party, and with a boundless reliance on the efficacy of TRUTH, JUSTICE, and MERCY, we do not fear being able to find an audience sufficiently wide for all our reasonable desires.

USE OF THE HOUSE-FLY IN TEACHING.

An entomologist of high reputation sends us a brief commentary on a passage in 'Hints to School Trainers,' of the Glasgow Normal Training Seminary, written by Mr Stow, its intelligent director. 'I was glad,' says our friend, 'to observe so striking an instance of the superiority of Mr Stow's plan of *training* over that of merely teaching, in imparting to a child a thorough knowledge of the subject brought before him, because it so strongly confirms the

Digitized by Google

opinions I have long held as to the best way of teaching natural history in schools. I have often said that if I were a schoolmaster, my first lecture to the boys should be on the common house-fly, and my exordium, "Now, boys, all of you run up that wall, and perch yourselves on the ceiling, backs downwards, and stay there till I tell you to come down." This, besides rousing their attention, would of course excite a laugh, and then would come the question, "But why can't you run up a wall as well as a fly can, and, like it, remain on the ceiling?" Some sharp lad (if allowed, as they ought to be, to interrupt the lecture every minute with their queries) would probably answer, "Because flies are much *lighter* than boys;" and then would follow proofs by actual experiment, that bodies much lighter than flies cannot remain against a wall, or on a ceiling, because prevented by the laws of gravitation (which should be very generally explained if they had not been before), unless counteracted by some vital power of adhesion; and an explanation, by means of a microscope, of the various theories proposed for solving this difficult and not yet thoroughly-understood problem, concluding this part of the lecture by referring to this as a striking instance what marvels yet remain unexplained in the œconomy of the commonest insects, and of the beautiful provisions of the Father of all for their wellbeing and enjoyment. You will perceive that this very small fraction of the history of the house-fly, thus treated on the Glasgow plan of "training" the pupil to see all the difficulties of the question, and helping him to solve them, would occupy a full hour or more; but how infinitely more solid and extensive would be the knowledge thus imparted! In fact the common house-fly, on this plan, might be made the peg on which to hang the whole outline of entomological science, and far more effectually than by any dry regular abstract, such as is usually given.'

SMOKING.

The following observations on the use of tobacco are from an Ipswich temperance tract:—'Dost thou smoke, Bill?' said a tall, lean, sickly-looking youth to a fine, robust, healthy-looking lad the other day, as they passed me in the street; while at the same time a cloud of tobacco smoke came directly in my face, which made me wish most heartily that Bill did not smoke. I need not say how glad I was to hear the sorry-looking lad say, 'No, I don't.' Just as this conversation took place, two dashing young men passed me smoking cigars, the one about seventeen, the other about eighteen years of age. Turning my footsteps homeward, I could not help pondering on this almost universal practice of smoking, pursued alike by old and young, and ever and anon some of the faces of my neighbours and acquaintances would present themselves to my recollection, how closely were linked together great smokers and poverty—great smokers and pallid looks—great smokers and want of cleanliness. I took down my cyclopædia, and looked for the word 'tobacco.' 'Tobacco,' says the compiler of the book, 'contains an oil of a poisonous quality, which is used in some countries to destroy snakes, by putting a little on the tongue; on receiving it, the snake is seized with convulsions, coils itself up, and dies; and what is very singular, becomes almost as stiff and hard as if it was dried in the sun.' 'I have been,' says a very eminent medical writer, 'now twenty-three years in extensive practice, and I never observed so many pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, nor have ever known so many hectical habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious system of smoking cigars. I am entirely convinced that smoking and chewing tobacco injure ultimately the hearing, smell, taste, and teeth. The practice of smoking is productive of indolence; it opens the pores of the head, throat, neck, and chest, and then going into the cold, your pores are suddenly closed—hence arise disorders of the head, throat, and lungs.' Mr Curtis, in his observations on health, says, 'The excessive use of tobacco, in whatever shape it is taken, heats the blood, hurts digestion, wastes the fluids, and relaxes the nerves. A patient of mine, who used to boast of the number of cigars he could smoke in a day, produced ptyalism or salivation by his folly; and had he not abandoned the practice, he would have lived but a very short time.' Snuff is highly injurious to apoplectic persons, and those labouring under deafness and other diseases of the head—to the consumptive—to those afflicted with internal ulcers, or subject to spitting of blood. It is an uncleanly habit: it vitiates the organ of smell; taints the breath; weakens the sight, by withdrawing the humours from the eyes; impairs the sense of hearing; renders breathing difficult; depraves the appetite; and, if taken in abundance, gets into the stomach, and injures in a high degree the organs of digestion.

'BOILING DOWN' IN AUSTRALIA.

In addition to the demand for colonial consumption, and for salting, a new market for the surplus stock has been found within the last few years, by the discovery of the process of 'boiling down,' or converting the whole carcase into tallow. He who first put this plan into operation deserved the thanks of all the colonists; for had not this method, or some equivalent to it, been invented, cattle and sheep must soon have become almost unsaleable, as the supply had so greatly exceeded the demand, whereas now, though the colonial market should be overstocked, the animal, whether sheep or ox, is at least worth its hide and tallow for exportation. 'Boiling down' is a very simple and rapid process. The whole carcase, having been cut up into pieces, and thrown into large cast-iron pans, each capable of containing several bullocks, is boiled to rags, during which operation the fat is skimmed off, until no more rises to the surface. The boiled meat is then taken out of the pans, and after having been squeezed in a wooden press, which forces out the remaining particles of tallow, it is either thrown away, or used as food for pigs, vast numbers of which are sometimes kept in this manner in the neighbourhood of a boiling establishment. The proprietors of these places will either boil down the settler's sheep and cattle at so much per head, or purchase them wholly from him in the first instance, and convert them into tallow at their own risk. The value of an animal for this purpose depends of course entirely on his condition, and usually varies from 30*s.* to L.3, 10*s.*—*Bush Life in Australia.*

SAVING OF FUEL IN GAS-WORKS.

At the last meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr W. Kemp stated that he had made a valuable discovery in economising fuel at Galashiels gas-works. Where coal-tar is burned, it has an injurious effect on the furnace bars and retorts, the greatest annoyance arising from the rapid clinkering up of the furnace bars, to remove which the firemen had frequently to throw water into the furnace, which caused the rapid destruction of the bars. To prevent this, the idea occurred to Mr Kemp of using the exhausted tan-bark of the tan-works, which had the desired effect. The force-pump for injecting the tar into the furnace was next thrown aside, as it was found that the dry bark absorbed tar equal to its production at the works. His method is as follows:—The bark is dried, and mixed with the coke of the gas-coal, bulk for bulk; a pailful of tar is thrown upon it, not quite so much as it will absorb, and it is then turned over. The mixture burns with a fine clear flame, attended with less smoke than formerly; the furnace bars, by remaining unclinkered, admit the oxygen freely for the combustion of the fuel. Where tan-bark cannot be had, peat moss, loose and dry, makes a good substitute. Mr Kemp stated that in one year L.126 was saved in furnace coal.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS respectfully announce that a HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS, which has been preparing for them during the last two years, is at length put to press, and will be forthwith appear. Originally, it was intended to confine the work to a history of the deeply-interesting period from 1789 till the fall of Napoleon in 1815; but recent events have rendered it desirable to extend the narrative to 1848; and therefore, besides an account of the First Revolution, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, and the Reign of Louis-Philippe, it will include an ample notice of the late exciting scenes—the whole drawn from original sources, and presented in a comprehensive and popular form. The work, to consist of Three Volumes post 8vo., will be issued in portions convenient for purchasers.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 239. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848. Price 1½d.

PROGRESSIVENESS.

We once heard an esteemed friend declare that if anything more than another had enabled him to present a respectable front to society, it was his being always in a progressive state. He had never been at a stand-still in his course of life; much less had he ever gone back. He had been, on the contrary, so constantly moving onward, that no year found him precisely the same in any kind of attainments, those of fortune included, that he had been in another. Thus the principle of hope was ever kept alive within him, making all present sacrifices light, and all immediate indulgences indifferent. He was never in danger of being too easily satisfied with himself or other things; he had been kept active and cheerful all along. In fact, progressiveness had produced in him all the difference that there is between the stagnant pool and the lake having an outlet: it had been the prime element of his moral health.

There should be nothing surprising in this. All that we see of nature displays the principle of Progress—from the formation of a planet, to the development of a flower. Our physical being, from the cradle upward, is evermore a progress; it is a progress which we hope for in the life beyond life. It is only, then, to be expected that progress, as regards the *morale* of the individual, being in accordance with this great law of nature, should involve in it some powerful virtue or efficacy for good. Yet it is somewhat strange that you may read a whole library of treatises on human nature, without finding a word on this subject.

The same rule presides over the histories of nations. We turn with pity from the stereotyped nations of the East, to contemplate the progressive states of the West. We view with the same relative feelings the slow-moving England of the fifteenth, and the rapid-moving England of the nineteenth centuries. Take the liveliest people on earth, and place them under the cold shade of such a rule as that of Austria lately was, by which progress is forbidden—their spirit dies within them, and for ages there is nothing but commonplace life, fulfilling merely the conditions of rising, eating, and sleeping. Restore this people to a progressive system, and their energies quickly come to very different results. We are accustomed to regard the decline of the Roman Empire as a consequence of the dissolution of all the virtues which had marked the period of the Republic; but whence this dissolution of virtues? May it not have proceeded very much from the cessation of progress in the Roman greatness? They had conquered all that was within reach. The salutary strain on the national faculties under which this had been done, was consequently relaxed. Having no longer anything to make an effort for, any object for hope, they turned to seek excitement in indulgence; and hence their lamentable falling off, and final ruin. Much worse hypotheses have ere now, we think, experienced favour.

It might not be difficult to show that in the society which we see around us, the estimable qualities bear some proportion to the temptations which exist, within and without, to progress. We are all familiar with the fact, that a young man with moderate advantages for success in the world, is more likely to prove a good citizen than he who enters on his career with large fortune. In the former case there are all possible external provocatives to progress; in the latter none. If the endowed youth does well, it must be under the rare chance of his having an internal spring of activity which sends him onward in search of higher enjoyments than he starts with. The more general case is, that, having no motive for exertion, he gives his soul to ease and indulgence, makes no progress, and is nobody. Whence the strange alternation of prosperity and goodness in the generations of a family, if it be not from the one being poverty-tempted to progress, the next endowed for idleness and extravagance, and the next, again, set on by indigence to industry and virtue once more? It has been remarked that the greatest virtues reside at some distance from both extremes of society. This may well be. With the born rich progress is out of the question, for they possess all which other men find a virtue in seeking. The excessively poor have no hope of making themselves otherwise, and therefore never attempt progress. But among the middle classes, temptation to progress is the common case. All are struggling to attain some point which they think important to happiness; and they find happiness, and develop virtue, in the effort alone, whatever they may discover in the object when ultimately attained. Amongst these classes, salaried officials are necessarily condemned to less lively hopes of advancement than those who have the entire charge of their own fate. Among the former there is much steady worth and constancy, but the others are the men for demonstrating the active virtues. The independent commercial man who has come to a stand-still will be found, too, a very different man from the one who, though absolutely less wealthy, is going on in a constant progress.

One grand cause of the unsatisfactory state of the labouring classes in this country is their being so little progressive. The contrast between a poor shopkeeper, making every minute of his time, and every saving he can effect, tell on his permanent prosperity, and an artisan, of equal power of gain, idling and dissipating all above a certain amount of working time and a certain amount of earnings, is extremely striking. The one seems to be under a magnetic attraction towards prosperity and an attendant decency; the other under a repulsion with respect to the same things—a repulsion

Digitized by Google

which only a select portion of the class can overcome. Yet the labouring classes have nearly, if not fully, as good means and opportunities of advancement as the middle classes, if they only would allow themselves to see it. Many do indeed advance, and thus prove the truth of the rule as applicable to all. It is a false class opinion or feeling which seems to be mainly instrumental in keeping them down—something very much equivalent to the Irishman's cry, 'I *will* fall, and nobody *shall* help me.' They think themselves kept down by the other classes, and therefore remain down. Antipathetic to those other classes, and thus forbidding themselves the just ambition of rising to be of them; ever banding among themselves, and thus necessitating a sort of equality of condition, they may be said, as a body, to have taken a stand-still position. What is required to give them the same chance with the other portions of the industrious multitude is something very different from combination—it is competition, as to which among them, by the greatest exertion and skill, shall merit the greatest rewards, and by his foresight and self-denial, shall live not merely the most decent, but the most *elegant* life. They must consent to be severally progressive, as the middle classes are. They must learn to be not too easily content, and to look beyond the passing day. If the trading people had no idea beyond living from hand to mouth, coming into family cares in early youth, and struggling on through life in mean houses, without any taste of comforts, they would quickly get into as unsatisfactory a state. But they choose to be progressive instead; and hence the difference of their condition.

It would be well for every one who has the least influence over the fate of a fellow-creature to seek to make him, as far as possible, a progressive being. There is no person to whom the principle is denied in some form or other. If the young man of fortune has no need to struggle, as his father perhaps did, for wealth, let him set up some other good ambition before him—agricultural improvement, if he possesses land; in other cases, the dignities of the commercial world or of general society. If the successful poet has exhausted worlds, let him imagine new. Let everybody have something to strain towards, something to make him progressive. It is the true way to happiness, because it is the source of nearly all goodness.

THE UNDERCLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE coast of the Isle of Wight has been celebrated from an early period for the beauty of its scenery, and it is now as regularly visited by a crowd of summer tourists as the Lakes, the vales of Derbyshire, or any other of the show-places in England. One portion of it, the Undercliff, has of late years obtained celebrity on another ground—the excellence of its winter climate; and during the inclement season of the year, it becomes the residence of a large number of persons who, being sufferers from weak health, desire to procure the mildest atmosphere which can be obtained without quitting England. With Torquay, Hastings, and one or two other places, it shares the reputation of affording invalids a more suitable air, and a higher temperature, than can be found out of these favoured spots; and a stationary colony, of no less than from one to two thousand persons, settle in it about the beginning of November, and remain there until the end of April.

The Undercliff is situated on the south coast, over against France; or, as it is locally called, the back of the island. Geologists tell us that the Isle of Wight was at one time joined to the mainland, and they arrive at this conclusion from an examination of the strata, which are found to be continued and connected on each side of the present line of division. However that may be, it is certain that there is now a broad arm of salt water between the two, one branch of which is named the Solent, and part Spithead. If we cross this channel by one of the Southampton steamers to Cowes, and drive through the middle of the island to the opposite coast, we shall find ourselves, after getting over much inclined ground, at an opening between the downs, and standing at a considerable height above the sea. The downs, through a depression in which we are about to descend, form here a line five or six miles in length, and seem like a huge embankment thrown up to prevent the encroaching of the ocean. Before placing our foot on the 'yellow sand,' however, a narrow strip of land is seen to intervene, several hundred feet below, and this is the Undercliff. Having obtained access to it by a steep winding road, we stand upon a piece of ground exhibiting great irregularity of surface, varying in width from the third of a mile to a mile, and having a length corresponding of course with that of the range of down above. It is raised, like a terrace, fifty or a hundred feet above the sea, with a bare and abrupt face in that direction, but carpeted with grass to the very edge. Though I have likened this strip of land to a terrace, it must not be supposed that for its entire length it is on a uniform level, and in a straight line, like a garden walk. Far from that; it is continually moulded into rounded breasts, which are separated by broad channels, and have been partly demolished by the attacks of winds and waves. At spots it is subdivided into crescent and bow-shaped terraces, with an aspect towards the sea. Now and then it pushes forward promontories, like the angles of an external fortification, and headlands are tilted upwards, like the necks of rearing horses—a simile not unnatural or exaggerated to those who have seen the spot; for I have always been reminded, when I have stood in those positions from which I was able to look along a file of headlands, of the horses represented on the friezes of ancient temples, as thrown into various attitudes by the excitement of the moment. At some places the terrace wall has been broken through, and by most of the openings the margin of the water may be reached, down an easy slope called a cove.

Now if we take our stand upon the point of a battlement (following up the idea of a terrace), we look, on one hand, upon the open sea sending its rollers to the base; on the other, and at a short distance upon the down over which we were brought, to the Undercliff. We perceive that the face of the latter is in some places covered with a fine short herbage, scarred here and there by the elements, and showing the light-coloured earth beneath; in others, supported by long buttresses of sandstone, the front of which, under the action of the weather, has been worn into horizontal and parallel grooves, imitating the courses of stone in a wall. A narrow path runs along the edge of this upper tier of cliffs, and commands charming views of the country beneath, the whole of which is nothing more than gigantic landslips, the ruins of rocks fallen from above, and covered again with vegetable mould. The natural order of the strata has in many places been completely reversed, and the greatest confusion prevails amongst the dislodged masses. It is curious to observe the natural tendency of the earths, forming the cretaceous group of deposits, to mould themselves into outlines of a graceful flow. A spot which, at a comparatively recent period, was but a rude heap of débris, presents to the eye, under a thin coating of earth, the most beautiful curves, that softly swell into knolls and heights of various height and position. Looking down from an elevated station, such as the cliff path, the ground seems padded underneath with some soft substance. The last extensive landslip took place in 1799, when hundreds of acres were strewn with wreck. The cliff still continues to give way here and there, discharging every winter splinters of a few tons into the fields below.

The interval between the down and the sea is characterised by a curious inequality of surface; and it is surprising to find, within limits so narrow, such a number of walks, and such a variety of scene. Most persons will still give the preference, in point of beauty, to Bonchurch, notwithstanding that the number of new

Digitized by Google

buildings has much injured the simplicity and retirement of the little village, though it must be admitted that most of the houses are in good taste. Dr Arnold declared Bonchurch to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen on the sea-coast on this side of Genoa. On the whole, the country cannot be called woody, though here and there the trees are numerous, particularly towards the east end, where the foliage in summer must delightfully enhance the charms of the scenery. It may, however, be remarked, that the scenery is of a kind which is less than usually dependent for its effect upon the season's change; and the quantity of the ivy helps to conceal the bareness of the trees in the winter months. I do not know that the trees flourish with a richer sap than elsewhere, but with the luxuriance of the ivy I have been much astonished. The creeper is found enveloping every wall and rock, and most of the tree trunks, to such a degree that, as I hinted before, the wild work done by the winds of autumn to the deciduous foliage is on a bright sunny day little noticed. The rocky buttresses under the down are most beautifully festooned with the evergreen; it crawls over them like a vine, and bushes off into thick tods, that must form admirable winter retreats for invalid owls, if any such there be. In the coppices it is seen creeping along the ground amongst the grass, and there are whole acres entirely floored by it.

The Undercliff may be reached from the south by three depressions in the downs, and from the east and west by roads which pass over high shoulders. The downs swell into high heads at the points of widest separation: St Boniface Hill, on the east, rises to the height of three hundred feet, commanding a fine view of Sandoun Bay and the centre of the island; St Catherine's Hill, on the west, is about a hundred feet higher, and forms the most favourable *point de vue* in the whole island. The noble bay, terminated by fresh-water chalk cliffs, and those singularly-insulated rocks the Needles, stretches away from beneath the spectator's feet. The sea may be perceived at intervals on all sides, so that it is evident he stands upon an island; a very long line of mainland coast is visible from Beachy Head to the Isle of Portland; and beyond, the eye rests upon a great number of objects, the most conspicuous of which are the Sussex Downs and the New Forest. On a very clear day, it is said that even the French coast near Cherbourg can be seen. The ridge is crowned with an old octangular tower — the only remains of a chantry, founded here as early as 1323, and dedicated to St Catherine, whence the hill acquires its name. The builder directed that a priest should perform mass in it, and provide lights during the night for the guidance of vessels approaching this dangerous coast. It appears from old records that a hermitage occupied the spot before the chantry. What an appropriate situation for him who sought to combine a life of solitary meditation with an observance of nature!

> 'Where he might sit and rightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth show!'

Close by is the shell of a lighthouse, now suffered to go to ruin since the erection of a more modern building on the shore. It was found that mists so frequently obscured the hill, that a lighthouse placed there was nearly useless, being hid from view at the very time when it was most wanted. The tops of these downs produce furze and heather in abundance. There is also a good deal of decayed vegetable matter, forming thin layers of peaty earth, amongst which there are scurfy eruptions of flints, similar to the beds of stones we see on northern fells.

Let us now quit these windy heights, whither the invalid seldom ventures, for the clement district at their feet. Ventnor, the capital of the Undercliff, consisted a few years ago of not more than a dozen cottages. It has now become a town of five or six hundred permanent inhabitants, possessing a church, a post-office, a paving act, shops, coaches, and circulating libraries! A friend of mine who visited the place nine years ago, informs me that there was then only one butcher there, and that considerable diplomacy was requisite to secure a whole joint of meat. There are now four dealers in that article of food, and other tradespeople have increased in a like proportion. This sudden increase in the size of Ventnor, which seems to rival the progress of a town in the new continent, may be attributed to her Majesty's physician, Sir James Clark, who, in his work on the sanative influence of climate, pointedly called the attention of medical men and invalids to the Undercliff as a winter residence for those afflicted by throat or chest complaints. In that work he gives minute tables of the temperature, and of the fall of rain, and he declares that a more suitable climate for the majority of bronchial and pulmonary diseases cannot be found in Great Britain, being remarkably equable, as well as mild and dry.

To speak from my own experience, however (the experience, it must be remembered, of one person during one season), I should say that the climate scarcely deserves this encomium, to its full extent at least. The months in which I found it really superior are November and December. Many days occurred then such as I never saw excelled in beauty at the same period of the year in any other place. The three following months, however, were marked by much moisture. The wind blew with great violence from the south-west, almost invariably bringing rain; and when the wind intermitted, dense fogs enveloped everything, so that we seemed to be living for several days together under a ground-glass shade. The chief advantage of the Undercliff no doubt consists in its higher temperature, there being a difference of some degrees in the coldest weather between its climate and that of the most sheltered part of the country to the north. This is partly owing to the protection from northerly winds, previously referred to, as afforded by the lofty embankment of down, and partly to the reflection of the sun's rays from that screen upon the terrace beneath. This, on a sunny day, causes a wonderful elevation of the temperature in a short space of time; and the early appearance of wild flowers in the fields and woods testifies its fecundating influence on the earth.

Although Ventnor is now tolerably well supplied with shops, it is still wanting in many things which other watering-places consider essentials—good promenades, facilities for making excursions, amusements, and so forth. It is a little unfortunate that there are no sands laid bare at low tide in any part of the Undercliff; and one soon gets tired of slipping up to the ankles in shingle, or breaking one's shins on the weedy rocks. A little knowledge of botany and geology will afford visitors some pleasurable employment. On the latter subject they will do well to consult Dr Mantell's interesting publication.* It will be sufficient here to state, that in this part of the Isle of Wight the cretaceous group of deposits may be studied to advantage. The downs are capped with chalk containing nodules of flints; and then comes a stratum of argillaceous chalk called marl, rich with fossils. This is intersected by the roads which leave the Undercliff for the upper country, and the hammer will easily bring out at these spots a variety of organic remains—ammonites, nautili, scaphites, &c. Next, beneath this white marl, lie a series of sandstone beds, alternating with thin beds of chert and limestone. The latter, being of a firmer structure than the sandstone, resists the weather better, and hence arises the horizontal grooving before noticed. This group has been termed, collectively, the *upper green sand*, or, as Dr Mantell proposes to call it, *firestone*. A very pretty building

* Geological Excursions round the Isle of Wight, and along the Adjacent Coast of Dorsetshire, Illustrative of the most interesting Geological Phenomena and Organic Remains. By G. A. Mantell, LL.D., F.R.S. 1847.

Digitized by Google

stone is obtained from it, which has been universally used throughout the Undercliff. It contains numerous fossils, and a good deal of silicate iron, which communicates to newly-quarried blocks a green tinge on exposure to the air. The long line of cliff extending from Ventnor to St Catherine's Down consists of upper green sand strata. Underneath the sandstone is a bed of dark-blue clay, locally called *blue slippery*, but known to geologists by the name of *galt*. It is only now and then exposed to view; it holds peculiar species of ammonites and nautili, with other fossils. Wherever, by the fall and displacement of masses of strata, this clay is exposed to atmospheric action along the shore, it gives way, and the superincumbent earth losing its support, is carried down to the shingle. In this manner large quantities of valuable soil are totally lost to the owner, and the propriety of the local name is evident. The lower green sand lies below the galt in alternating argillaceous and arenaceous beds, measuring altogether more than a thousand feet in thickness. It is very rich in organic remains, but within the limits of the Undercliff it can only be seen in fragments. To see the beds *in situ*, the shore on each side must be visited.

And this leads me to speak of the Chines, a kind of ravine in the lower green-sand deposits, which is well known to all tourists in the island. The lofty sandstone cliffs which wall off the sea have been broken through at some places by a force which appears to have been very great, and suddenly applied. A split or chasm has been the result, which extends through the wall, narrowing as it leaves the shore, and generally terminating in a broad hollow or combe on the higher down. Such a gap is termed a *chine*;* it is usually lined with rocks sprinkled with trees, and along the bottom of the groove a little short-lived stream rushes to join the sea. It will be readily conceived that the Chines abound with highly picturesque scenery; and that, viewed from every point—from the sea, from the brink of the ravine, or from the down—they present a peculiar and interesting feature in the landscape. Luccombe and Shanklin Chines are to the east, Blackgang Chine to the west of the Undercliff district. All of them may be easily visited on foot from Ventnor by persons of ordinary corporeal strength; but properly to see the last-named one, it must be remembered that a boat will be required, which may be procured at the inn near at hand. This Chine is wild and bare, very different from the other two: a little runnel of water falls over a sombre cliff; and when the spectator pushes out far enough to draw St Catherine's Down into the picture, the effect of such a back-ground, seen in perspective through the rent, is magnificent. It will probably occur to the reader that Shanklin Chine, the most beautiful of the three, was described by Mr Leigh Richmond in one of his popular Tracts. There is a remarkable scientific phenomenon connected with the down above Shanklin. In the progress of the ordnance survey which has been extended over England, a deviation of the plumb-line from its perpendicular was observed to take place in the neighbourhood of this down. In Sir Roderick Murchison's address to a meeting of the British Association, he remarked that it was a surprising fact that this comparatively low chalk range should possess a power of attraction more than half as great as the dense and lofty mountain of Schehallien in the Scottish Highlands, the influence of which on other bodies was noticed by Dr Maskelyne, in 1774, whilst making his astronomical observations.

The streams that break out of the sand rock in the Undercliff are remarkable for their extreme clearness; one of the springs was dedicated in old time to St Laurence, whose name it still bears. It bursts out close by the roadside, and is received into an arched canopy of modern workmanship. On the top of one of the downs there is a spring called the Wishing Well, from a popular tradition that the mental wishes of persons who perform certain ceremonies at its side will be gratified—a power like that possessed by the Grasmere Wishing-Gate, which the pen of Wordsworth has immortalised:

> 'Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn.'

The chalybeate spring near the western extremity of the Undercliff is possibly more efficacious in bodily ailments, but the reputation of that does not appear to be very high.

The antiquities of the district are not very numerous. The churches of St Laurence and Bonchurch are small, and very ancient structures, which form picturesque additions to the scenery; but they do not afford much scope for the investigations of the antiquary, or much detail for the study of the architect. Not far distant from the former, and near a farmhouse called Woolverton, there are some old walls overrun by ivy, the only remains of an oratory, the origin of which seems to be quite lost; but it makes a pretty sketch in connection with the surrounding landscape, and that sketchers care much more about than a long history of monks and charters. The park and mansion of Appuldurcombe, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, three miles distant over the down, are objects of great attraction to strangers; and deservedly, for in addition to the beautiful views commanded by the former, the latter contains some valuable Greek and Roman antiques, and a choice collection of paintings by the old masters, most of them of great excellence. The interior of the house is shown on two days of the week to strangers, who have previously procured admission orders from the steward. The antiques and pictures were got together by Sir Richard Worsley, an ancestor of the present owner, who, in 1785 and the two following years, undertook a voyage to Italy, Greece, and the East, for the express purpose of making a collection. He freighted a vessel, and took competent artists with him, to make drawings of various remarkable objects. Pennant derives the strange-looking name from *y pwll y dwr y ewm*, words signifying in English, 'The pool of water in the hollow of the hill.'

* The derivation of this word has given rise to much speculation; perhaps its origin may be found in the French verb *échiner*, to strike violently, to break. Roads up steep hills or banks are called *shoots*, and it is not unlikely that we may find the origin of this word also in the French *chute*, a fall, a descent. Neither of these local terms have I met with elsewhere in England.

THE TREASURE.

In the upper apartment of an old-fashioned house in Paris were seated an old man and a young girl, whose appearance corresponded with the aspect of their habitation; for in both were alike visible a certain air of neatness and good taste, which can embellish even poverty itself, and give an air of elegance to the lowliest abode. Everything was in its place; the brick floor was carefully scrubbed; the faded green tapestry was free from every stain; and the windows were furnished with coarse curtains of white muslin, so thickly covered with darns, that it almost bore the appearance of embroidery. A few flower-pots stood outside the open window, and perfumed the room with their fragrance.

The sun was about to set, a purple light illuminated the humble dwelling, glancing on the fresh bright countenance of the young maiden, and playing around the white hairs of the aged man. This latter was reclining in a rush-woven arm-chair, which a careful and loving hand had furnished with cushions, carefully stuffed with tow, and covered with patched chintz. His mutilated limbs rested upon an old *chauffe-pied*,* converted into a stool, and his only remaining arm rested on a small table, on which lay an amber pipe and a tobacco case, embroidered with coloured beads.

The old soldier had one of those bold and furrowed countenances whose roughness is tempered by its frank and kind expression. A gray moustache concealed his

* A small stove for the feet.

Digitized by Google

half-parted lips, as he fixed his eye with an unconscious smile upon the young girl. She was about twenty years of age; a brunette, in whose winning and flexible features every passing emotion was portrayed. She held in her hand a newspaper, which she was reading aloud to the old man. Suddenly she stopped, and seemed to listen.

'What do you hear?' inquired the invalid.

'Nothing,' replied the young girl, while her countenance was expressive of disappointment.

'You thought you heard Charles?' inquired the soldier.

'It is true that I fancied so,' replied his young companion, slightly colouring; 'his day's work must be finished, and this is his hour for returning.'

'When he *does* return,' remarked Vincent in a tone of vexation.

Susan was on the point of seeking to justify her cousin, but her judgment was doubtless opposed to the attempt, for she stopped short, looked embarrassed, and then fell into a reverie.

The invalid soldier passed his hand across his moustache, and twisted it impatiently, his usual gesture when anything annoyed him.

'Our young conscript is making a bad campaign of it,' he at length began. 'He returns here out of humour; he leaves his work to frequent taverns and the racecourse: all that will end badly both for him and us.'

'Oh do not say so, uncle! You will bring him ill luck,' replied the young girl in a tone of deep emotion. 'I hope it is only a moment of delusion, which will quickly pass away. For some time past, my cousin has got some strange notions into his head, and he has not the heart to work.'

'And why so, pray?'

'Because he says he can't expect to better himself by his labour. He thinks that an artisan, let him work ever so hard, can have nothing to hope for the future, and therefore deems it best to live merely for the present hour, without carefulness, and without hope.'

'Ah! so that is his system, is it?' replied the old man, knitting his brows. 'Well, the honour of inventing it does not belong to him. We had also in our regiment reasoners of that kind, who gladly avoided marching with their comrades because the way was so long, and who dragged on their dull existence in the depôts, while their companies were taking possession of Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna. Your cousin, you see, does not seem to be aware that by putting one foot before the other, even the shortest legs will get to Rome at last!'

'Ah, if you could only get him to be of that opinion!' exclaimed Susan with anxious earnestness. 'I have often tried to change his mind by reckoning up how much a good bookbinder such as he is might economise; but when I come to the total, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women understand nothing about calculations.'

'And so I suppose you gave up the matter in despair, my poor child?' said Vincent, looking at her with a smile of mingled sadness and affection. 'I see now why your eyes are so often red'——

'My uncle, I assure you'——

'What makes you so often forget to water your gilly-flowers, or to sing your merry songs'——

'My uncle'——

Susan looked down as if confused, and twisted the corner of the paper. The old soldier laid his hand affectionately on her head—'Come, then; I do believe she thinks I am going to scold her,' he continued in a tone of brusque kindness. 'Isn't it quite natural that you should be interested about Charles, who is now your cousin, and who one day, I hope'——

The young girl made a sudden movement.

'Well, well; no, we wont talk any more about that,' said the veteran, checking himself—'we wont talk any more of that just now. But let us speak a little about this good-for-nothing boy, for whom you feel some *friendship*—that is the proper word, I think—and who, on his side, feels kindly towards you.'

Susan shook her head. 'He used to do so in former days,' said she; 'but for some time past, if you knew how cold he seems, how indifferent to me.'

'Yes,' remarked Vincent pensively, 'when one has once partaken of exciting amusements, the pleasures of home appear insipid: it is like drinking home-made wine after cherry brandy; one can understand that, my child; many of us know it by experience.'

'But they have been cured,' observed Susan; 'therefore Charles may be so too. Perhaps your speaking to him, uncle, might do him good.'

The old man shook his head doubtfully. 'Such faults as his are not cured by a few words, my child—*acts* are necessary. A man can no more be suddenly transformed into a reasonable being, than into a good soldier: he requires exercise, experience, fatigue: he must learn his business at the cannon's mouth. Your cousin, you see, is deficient in will, because he does not see before him any object to be attained. The great thing would be to find one which would stimulate him to persevering industry, but this is no easy matter: however, I will think about it.'

'It *is* he this time!' exclaimed Susan, who had recognised the hurried steps of her cousin as he ascended the stairs.

'Silence, then,' said the veteran; 'we must not seem to have been talking about him, so go on reading to me.'

Susan obeyed; but the tremulousness of her voice would quickly have betrayed her emotion to the ears of an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes rested on the printed characters before her, and her lips mechanically pronounced the written words, her thoughts were absorbed by her cousin, who had just then entered the room. As the reading continued, the young workman did not feel himself obliged to speak; so, without saluting either his uncle or cousin, he went over to the window, and stood leaning against it with folded arms.

Susan went on reading, without understanding a word she said. She came to that series of unconnected facts which are always to be found under the head of 'Varieties.' Charles, who had at first appeared *distrait*, ended by listening, almost in spite of himself.

The young girl, after reading a list of robberies, fires, and accidents of divers kinds, came to the following article:—'A poor pedler of Besançon, named Peter Lefèvre, resolving to make a fortune at any cost, conceived the idea of setting out for India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and of diamonds. He sold what little he possessed, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as cook's assistant in an American ship. Eighteen years passed away, and no tidings were received of Lefèvre; but now at length his relations have received a letter announcing his approaching return. It informs them that the *ci-devant* pedler, after enduring unheard-of fatigues, and incredible changes of climate, had arrived in France blind of one eye and short of an arm, but the possessor of riches valued at two millions of francs.'

Charles, who had listened to this article with growing interest, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise—'Two millions!'

'They will serve to buy him a glass eye and a cork leg,' ironically observed the old soldier.

'There is good fortune for you!' continued the young workman, without heeding his uncle's remark.

'And which it cost him a good deal to obtain,' added the veteran.

'Eighteen years of unheard-of fatigues!' repeated Susan, dwelling upon the words of the paper.

'What matter, when a fortune was in view!' replied Charles eagerly. 'The difficulty does not lie either in travelling over a bad road, or in encountering stormy weather to reach a good shelter, but in having to walk on with nothing in prospect at the end of our journey.'

'And so,' continued the young girl, timidly raising her eyes towards her cousin—'so you envy this pedler's

Digitized by Google

lot. You would give all your youthful years, one of your eyes, one of your hands'——

'For two millions?' interrupted Charles; 'most assuredly. You have only to find me a purchaser, Susan, at this price, and I will engage to give you a portion for pin-money.'

The young girl made no reply, but turned away her head; her heart was heavy, and a tear trembled in her eye. Vincent also was silent; but he had again begun to twist his moustache with a morose air. There was a long silence.

Each of the three actors in this scene was engaged in pursuing a peculiar train of thought. The sound of the clock striking eight aroused Susan from her reverie. She rose hastily, and began to lay the cloth for their evening repast. It was a short and gloomy one. Charles, who had passed the latter part of the afternoon in a tavern with his friends, would eat nothing, and poor Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honour to the frugal repast; for the hardships of war had accustomed him to *maintain the privileges of his stomach* in the midst of the most trying scenes. But his hunger was quickly appeased, and he returned to his arm-chair near the window. Susan, who longed to feel herself alone, soon put everything back into its place, took a light, kissed the old man, and retired to her little chamber overhead. Vincent and his nephew were left tête-à-tête; and the latter was also preparing to take his leave, when the old soldier made a sign to him to shut the door, and to come nearer to him.

'I want to speak to you,' said he seriously.

Charles, who expected to receive some reproaches for his late conduct, remained standing before the old man, but the latter made him a sign to sit down.

'Have you reflected well on the words which you spoke a few minutes ago?' he inquired, looking fixedly at his nephew. 'Would you really be capable of making a long and sustained effort in order to gain a fortune?'

'I—can you doubt it, uncle?' replied Charles, surprised at the question.

'Then you would consent to labour patiently, to work without intermission, to change all your habits?'

'If my doing so would accomplish any purpose—*Yes*. But why do you make the inquiry?'

'You shall be made acquainted with my reasons,' said the veteran, opening the drawer of a little escritoir, in which he kept the old newspapers which were lent to him by one of his fellow-lodgers. He searched some time amongst them, and at last took out one, in which he pointed out to Charles an article which he had marked.

The young man read it half aloud. 'Some steps have lately been taken with the Spanish government for the recovery of a treasure buried on the banks of the Douro after the battle of Salamanca. It would appear that in the course of this famous retreat, a company belonging to the first division, to whom the charge of several tumbrils had been committed, was separated from the main body of the army, and surrounded by a force so superior to themselves, that any attempt at resistance would have been in vain. The commanding officer, seeing that no hope remained of being able to cut his way through the opposing forces, took advantage of the darkness of the night to have the tumbrils buried in the earth by some of his soldiers in whom he reposed implicit confidence, then, feeling assured that no one would be able to discover them, he ordered his little band to disperse, so that they might each separately endeavour to escape through the lines of the enemy. Some few had the good fortune to succeed in rejoining their division; but the commanding officer, as well as all the men who knew where the tumbrils had been concealed, perished in the attempt. Now it has been positively affirmed that in these tumbrils were contained the money required for the expenses of the whole invading army—namely, a sum of about three millions.'

Charles paused: his eyes sparkled with delight; and he looked inquiringly at the veteran. 'Were you one of that company?' he exclaimed.

'I was,' replied the soldier.

'You know of the existence of this depôt?'

'I was one of those whom the captain charged to bury it, and the only one amongst them who did not fall beneath the heavy fire of the enemy.'

'Then you could give some indication on the subject: you could help to find them?' inquired Charles anxiously.

'So much the more readily,' replied Vincent, 'because the captain made us take as our point of *reconnaissance* the parallel bearings of a rock and two hills which helped to mark out the spot.'

'So you would remember it?'

'I could point it out as precisely as the position of the bed in this room.'

Charles sprang from his seat. 'Your fortune then is made!' he exclaimed energetically. 'Why have you been silent so long? The French government would have accepted any proposition you might have made to them.'

'Very likely,' replied Vincent; 'but anyway, my information could have been of no use.'

'Why so?'

'Spain refused the required permission: look at this.'

He held out to the young man a second paper, which announced, in fact, that the demand for permission to search for the tumbrils which had been buried by the French in 1812 on the banks of the Douro had been refused by the government of Madrid.

'But could one not do without this permission?' inquired Charles. 'Where is the necessity of attempting officially a search, which might be made quietly without any display. Once upon the spot, and the ground purchased, who could prevent the search?'

'I have thought about it many a time for the last thirty years,' continued the soldier. 'But where was I to find the money necessary for the expenses of the journey, and for the purchase of the field?'

'Would it not be possible to apply to some one richer than ourselves, and to put them in possession of the secret?'

'But how should we make them credit our report?—or prevent our confidence being abused, if they did believe it? And if by any chance we should fail in the attempt, or if it should turn out, as in the fable, that when the hour of partition came, the lion should keep the whole of the prey for himself, should we not then, in addition to the fatigues of the journey, and the uncertainties of success, have to brave the miseries of a lawsuit? Of what use would all this be, tell me? Is it worth my while to take so much trouble for the few days I have yet to live? No, no; the millions may rest in peace as far as I am concerned. I have a retired pension of two hundred francs: thanks to the good help of my little Susan, that, with the small yearly sum attached to my cross, is sufficient to supply me with tobacco and my daily rations. I laugh at all other wants as I would at a detachment of Cossacks.'

'And so you will let this opportunity escape you?' continued Charles with feverish earnestness. 'You will refuse all this wealth?'

'For myself, most cheerfully,' replied the old man; 'but for you it would be different. I could perceive just now that you were ambitious; that you would consider no sacrifice too great which would enable you to acquire riches. Well, then, amass the sum which would be necessary for our journey, and I will accompany you to the spot.'

'You!—Are you in earnest?'

'Earn two thousand francs, and then I will bring you to the very spot where the treasure lies concealed. Will that satisfy you?'

'Satisfy me, uncle!' cried Charles in a transport of joy. Then checking himself, he added in an anxious

Digitized by Google

tone, 'But how can I ever scrape together so much money? It never can be done.'

'Work courageously, and bring me your pay regularly every week. I promise you there will be no difficulty in accomplishing it.'

'Remember, uncle, what a trifle the savings of a workman can amount to.'

'That is my look-out.'

'How many years will be necessary?'

'You were just now ready to sacrifice eighteen years, as well as an eye and an arm, in the same cause.'

'Ah, if I were only *sure!*'

'Of acquiring a treasure? I swear to you by the ashes of the *Little Corporal* that you shall.'

This was the soldier's great oath. Charles saw that he was serious in the matter. Vincent encouraged him anew, by assuring him that his future fate lay in his own power; and the young man retired to rest resolved to begin a life of sober and careful industry.

But the hopes awakened within him by his conversation with his uncle were too splendid to allow of his sleeping. He passed the night in a sort of fever, calculating the means of gaining as quickly as possible the desired sum; settling how he would employ his future riches; and passing in review, one after another, as realities, all the chimeras which heretofore had only floated like dim visions before his imagination. When Susan came down next morning, he had already gone off to his work. Vincent, observing her surprise, nodded his head and smiled, but said nothing. He had recommended secrecy to the young workman, and resolved to maintain it himself. Moreover, he wished to see whether Charles would persevere in his good resolutions.

The first months of trial were full of difficulty to the young workman. He had contracted habits which it required no small resolution to break through. Incessant work seemed insupportable to him. He was now obliged to struggle against that capricious fickleness of purpose which hitherto had influenced his actions, to surmount the impulses of weariness and disgust, and to resist the importunities of his former companions in dissipation.

This was at first a difficult task. Many a time his courage failed, and he was upon the point of returning to his former habits; but his earnest desire to attain the proposed end reanimated him in his course. Each time that he brought to the veteran his weekly savings, and perceived how insensibly they were increasing in amount, he experienced a renewal of hope which gave fresh ardour to his endeavours—it was only a little step towards his end, but still it *was a step*. Besides, each day the effort became easier; for in proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. The assiduity with which he laboured throughout the day rendered his evening repose more welcome; the separation from his noisy and reckless companions lent a new charm to the society of his uncle and his cousin. Susan, too, had recovered her gaiety, as well as her frank familiarity of manner. Her every thought was given to her aged uncle and to Charles; and each day her careful love adorned their humble home with some fresh charm, and drew still closer those bonds of tenderness and affection which can make the lowliest dwelling the abode of happiness and peace. Charles was quite surprised at finding in his cousin attractions which he had never before discovered. She became insensibly each day more necessary to his happiness. Without his being aware of it, the aim of his life was gradually changing; the hope of attaining the *treasure* promised by Vincent was no longer his only spring of action: in all he did, he now thought of *Susan*; his constant desire was to merit *her* approbation, to become dearer to *her*.

The human soul is a sort of moral daguerreotype: let it be surrounded by images of order, of industry, of self-devotion; let it be illuminated by the sunshine of affection; and each of these images will imprint themselves upon its surface, and remain there for ever firmly fixed.

The life which Charles was now leading gradually extinguished his ardent ambition: he saw within his reach a purer and simpler happiness than any of which he had ever before formed a conception; his paradise was no longer a fairyland, such as the 'Arabian Nights' depict, but a narrow circle, peopled with homely joys which he could without difficulty embrace within his grasp. And yet this transformation, visible to all around him, remained a secret to himself. He did not know that he was changed, he only knew that he was more tranquil and more happy. The only new feeling of which he was conscious was his love for Susan. The treasure he was labouring for, instead of being his principal object, he now looked upon only as a means towards making his union with Susan more joyous. He looked forward to it as an important addition, but still only as *accessory* to higher hopes: also he now began to feel the greatest anxiety to know whether his love was shared.

He was one evening pacing the little apartment, while Vincent and Susan were chatting together beside the stove. Their conversation turned on Charles's former master, who, after thirty years of a life passed in honest labour, had just put up to sale his little bookbinding establishment, that he might retire to the country with his aged wife for the remainder of his days.

'Now that is a couple,' said the old soldier, 'who knew how to turn this world into a paradise; always of one mind, always in good-humour, and fully occupied.'

'Yes,' replied Susan thoughtfully, 'the richest couple on earth might well envy their lot.'

Charles, who had just then approached the stove, stopped a moment, and looking fixedly at his cousin, inquired, 'Then you would like your husband to love you, Susan?'

'Why, yes — certainly — if possible,' she replied, smiling, and slightly colouring.

'You can have your wish then,' said Charles warmly. 'You have only to say one word.'

'What word, my cousin?' said Susan with some emotion.

'That you will accept me for your husband,' replied the young man: adding with respectful tenderness, as he saw the surprise and confusion which this abrupt avowal of his intentions had produced in his cousin, 'Oh do not let that annoy you, Susan; it has long been my most earnest desire to ask you this question. I only waited on account of a certain reason with which my uncle is acquainted, but you see how it has escaped me against my will; and now only be as frank as I have been. Tell me whether I may hope that you can love me; our good uncle is there, so that you need have no fears that you are doing wrong.'

The young man's voice faltered; he took his cousin's hand, which he pressed within his own, and a tear trembled in his eye. Susan was silent, for her heart was too full to speak: and the old soldier looked at them both with a smile of mingled playfulness and feeling. At length putting his arm around the young girl, and drawing her gently towards Charles, he said gaily, 'Well now, speak, my little one.'

'Susan!' exclaimed her cousin, still holding her hand; 'one word, only *one* word—will you be my wife?'

She hid her head upon his shoulder, and a half-articulated 'Yes' escaped her lips.

'Eh, well now, I declare,' cried Vincent, clapping his hand on his knee, 'there was a great deal of difficulty about saying that much. Now you must both give me a kiss,' said he, kindly taking their hands. 'I will leave you this evening for talking over your secrets, and to-morrow we will speak of business.'

The next morning the old man, taking his nephew aside, announced to him that the sum which was required for their journey was now complete, and that they might set off for Spain as soon as they pleased. This news, which ought to have enchanted Charles, filled him, on the contrary, with painful emotion. To

Digitized by Google

think that he must leave Susan at the very moment when their intercourse was becoming such a source of happiness—that he must encounter all the uncertainties of a long and difficult journey, when it would have been so sweet to stay in his now happy home! The young man was almost ready to curse the millions which he must go so far to seek. Since the time when he had gained a new object of interest in life, his desire for riches had gradually lost its hold upon his mind. What use was there in seeking for wealth to purchase happiness?—he had found it already. He did not, however, express these thoughts to his uncle, but merely declared himself ready to accompany him at an hour's notice. The old soldier reminded him that age was less hasty than youth in its movements, and asked for a few days' delay previous to their departure. 'Meanwhile, I wish, Charles,' said the old man, 'that you would borrow from our neighbours those old newspapers which tell of the famous depôt on the banks of the Douro; we can look over them carefully together, and may perhaps find some information that shall be useful to us on our arrival there.'

The young man having made the desired application, they were, in the course of half an hour, seated side by side, poring over some well-thumbed papers. Charles at first found only the details with which he was already familiar—the refusal of the Spanish government—the fruitless researches of some Barcelona merchants. He thought that every document had been read, when his glance rested upon a letter signed by a certain P. Dufour.

'Peter Dufour!' repeated Vincent; 'that was the name of the quarter-master of the company.'

'So he is called here,' replied Charles.

'Heaven save me! I thought the brave old boy was in the other world long ago; he was the confederate of the captain. Let us see what he has to say for himself.'

Instead of answering, Charles uttered a cry of disappointment; he had looked over the letter, and on perusing its contents, had turned deadly pale.

'What on earth is the matter?' inquired Vincent.

'The matter indeed!' repeated the young workman. 'The matter is, that if Dufour speaks truth, we may as well stay at home.'

'Why?'

'Because the tumbrils were filled with powder instead of silver!'

Vincent clapped his hand to his forehead with an exclamation of surprise and disappointment. Susan laid down her work, and fixed her eyes mournfully on her cousin. The latter was the first to recover from the stupor occasioned by this unexpected discovery. After a few moments, he rose up with a look of cheerful animation, and approaching Susan, seized her hand, exclaiming, 'After all, here is my best treasure—one I would not give up for all the silver that may be buried in Spain and France too! So cheer up, good uncle, and let us make the best use of what is left to us. With true hearts and strong hands we can never be poor. Can we, Susan?'

'Never,' she replied; and her eyes expressed even more unbounded confidence than was implied in the single word uttered by her lips.

The old man slowly raised his head, and repeated the well-known proverb, '*L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose.*' Then, after a moment's thought, he continued, 'I hoped to have seen you both wealthy before I died; but perhaps it is best as it is. Don't let us forget, however, your savings, Charles—Peter Dufour's letter cannot rob us of the two thousand francs; and,' added he, smiling, 'I have some savings of my own, thanks to the management of this good girl: we will see what can be done with it all.' So saying, he rested his head on his elbow, and seemed for a while lost in meditation. At last he raised his head, and cried out joyously, 'I have it—I have it!'

'What have you, good uncle?' exclaimed the young people simultaneously.

'Patience, patience,' replied the veteran with a knowing smile; 'you shall know it all in good time. Will you call a hackney-coach for me, Charles? I have some business out, and it is still early in the day. Susan, child, I shall want you to come with me.'

His desire was obeyed; and as he drove through the streets, he acquainted her that his heart was set upon establishing them both in the business which had been just relinquished by Charles's former master. 'And,' added he, 'Mr Lebrun is an honest man, and will lend me a helping hand in the business. What say you to my plan, child?'

'Oh it would only make me too happy, dear uncle,' she gratefully replied.

They called on Mr Lebrun, and were so successful in their negotiations, that on being again seated in the coach, the old man knocked his stick with vehemence on the floor, exclaiming, 'By the ashes of the Little Corporal he *shall* have it!' Susan kissed his hand with joyful affection. 'Only let me see you settled in your own *ménage*, and I shall die happy,' said the old man with some emotion. 'But remember, Charles is to know nothing about all this yet,' he continued, looking earnestly at the young girl.

'It will be very hard to keep it from him, uncle.'

'But it must be kept,' rejoined Vincent in a decided and somewhat grave tone.

Susan was silent; for she knew there was no appeal from such a decision. It was very difficult, however, for her to keep this secret from her lover; and it would have been still more so, but that Charles was so fully occupied at this moment, that he had little leisure for conversation.

About a fortnight afterwards, on a fine holiday, Vincent proposed to the young people that he should treat them to a drive. 'And afterwards,' continued he, 'you can go out together, and enjoy more of what is going on.'

This they joyfully acceded to. At the end of a few minutes' drive, to Charles's great surprise the carriage stopped at the door of the *magasin* which had formerly belonged to his old master.

'What is the man about?' he inquired rather impatiently.

'We shall see, we shall see,' replied the old man smiling.

The steps were let down. Vincent, leaning upon Susan, got out, and entered the shop. Charles was about to follow them, when the name of 'CHARLES VINCENT,' in large gold letters, placed above the entrance, arrested his eye. For one moment he stood petrified; the next he hastened into the shop, and embracing his uncle and cousin in a transport of joy, exclaimed, 'Ah, this is your secret! and you have kept it from me all this time,' said he reproachfully to Susan.

'It is the last I will ever keep from you,' she replied, looking somewhat confused.

'Yes, yes; it was all my fault; so don't scold her. No scolding to-day,' repeated the old soldier, hobbling into the back room, where a huge block of wood was burning brightly on the hearth, and a small table was laid for dinner. The furniture was plain, but neat, and the tablecloth white as snow. Vincent, shaking his nephew by the hand, said, 'Charles, you are welcome as the master of this house.'

'Thank you, thank you a thousand times, uncle; but,' turning to his cousin, 'I do not care to be the master of it, unless Susan promises to be its mistress.'

'And so she will,' interrupted the old man. 'Don't you remember her promise?'

'Yes, but I wish her to repeat it once more.'

Susan blushed, and gave him her hand.

Need we say what a happy and joyous evening followed this explanation.

Before many days had elapsed, Mr and Mrs Charles Vincent were installed in the formal possession of their new habitation. Susan carried the same cheerful and elastic spirit into her married life which had sustained

Digitized by Google

her in her earlier and more trying course; and even in her busiest moments, she found leisure to talk with the old soldier, as he sat by the fireside in a comfortable arm-chair, with his beloved pipe and pouch placed conveniently at his side.

A year passed away, and the first anniversary of their wedding-day found this happy trio still happier than on the eventful day which fixed them in their present comfortable dwelling.

At supper, the old man drank to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

'Thank you, good uncle,' said Charles; 'and whatever share of enjoyment may be mine, I have to thank *you* for much of it, as it was you who first taught me that happiness does not lie in wealth or distinction, but in a life of honest industry, and a mind at peace with itself. You, too, I have partly to thank,' continued he, smiling and looking at his wife, 'for having given me here a greater treasure than ever I hoped to have possessed, had our expedition into Spain been crowned with the most entire success.'

THE OPPROBRIUM OF MILTON.

Our readers may remember the famous controversy on the alleged expulsion of Milton from his college, and its termination by a sort of compromise on the part of his defenders. They will perhaps be glad to hear that another belligerent has now appeared on the side of the poet, with the standard of 'No surrender!' and that he seems to have finally set the question at rest.

It is no wonder that the great poet—whose prose would have immortalised him, even if the 'Paradise Lost' had never been written—was the object of every kind of scurrility and calumny. Some of his works were ordered by proclamation of Charles II. to be burned by the common hangman; and his fellow-Christians were called upon by a private assailant to 'stone the miscreant to death.' One of his contemporaries, Winstanley, declared of him that, notwithstanding his possession of some small poetical merits, 'his fame is got out like the snuff of a candle, and will continue to stink to all posterity, for having so infamously belied that glorious martyr and king, Charles I.' Another of them, Aubrey, who was seventeen years younger than Milton, brought against him the specific charge of having been '*vomited*, after an inordinate and riotous youth, out of the university;' and even Johnson, in a new generation, suffered his church-and-state feelings to influence his judgment both of the poet and the man. 'I am ashamed,' says he, 'to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction.'

To prove these charges, there were no college entries, and no contemporary reminiscences brought forward. The sole evidence was some words in a Latin elegy of his own; and yet this elegy he himself republished, with all its supposed damnatory proof, not more than two or three years after the charge by Aubrey, to which he replies as follows:—'I must be thought, if this libeller (for now he shows himself to be so) can find belief, after an inordinate and riotous youth spent at the university, to have been at length "vomited out thence;" for which commodious lie, that he may be encouraged in the trade another time, I thank him; for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary favour and respect which I found, above any of my equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the fellows of that college wherein I spent some years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay; as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me.' In his Second Defence, he says still more distinctly, that his father sent him to college, where he studied for seven years with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon his character, till he took the degree of master of arts.

The elegy, however, according even to the more friendly commentators, was not entirely to be got over. They absolved him from expulsion, but consented to a verdict of rustication: in the Irish fashion, they split the difference. The verses that bear upon the question are as follow, with the criminatory words in italics:—

> 'Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
> Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
> Jam nec arundiferam mihi cura revisere Camum,
> Nec dudum *vetiti* me *fœris* angit amor.
> * * * *
> Si sit hoc *exilium* patrios adiisse penates,
> Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
> Non ego vel *profugi* nomen sortemve recuso,
> Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.'

We now give the literal and obvious translation of these verses:—

The city which the Thames laves with refluent wave detains me,
And my sweet native place possesses me not against my will;
Now I have neither a desire to revisit the reedy Cam,
Nor does the love of a *domestic hearth, lately forbidden*, torment me.
If this be *exile*—to have visited my father's household gods,
And, free from cares, to follow charming leisure—
I refuse not the name or the lot of a *banished man*,
And gladly I enjoy the condition of *exile*.

The commentators could not bear entirely up against this evidence. The poem refuted the charge of expulsion, because the author, towards the close, talks of returning to Cambridge; but Warton declared that the italicised words would not suffer us to determine otherwise than that Milton had suffered sentence of rustication, or temporary removal from college; and Johnson thought that no other meaning could be given, even by kindness and reverence, to the term *vetiti laris*, 'a habitation from which he is excluded.' Succeeding writers followed on the same side; and thus it was settled that the great poet had suffered at least a temporary banishment from his *alma mater*, in punishment of some transgression of the rules, or some offence he might have given to the governors of the college.

This may seem at first sight a small question, but in reality it is a very important one. The rustication of Milton has often served as an excuse to meaner spirits, and perhaps it may before now have been pleaded successfully with some silly parents. The cause was wholly unknown, but the authors of the original charge of expulsion accused him of profligacy of every kind. Here was an example and apology for all succeeding *roués*; and the youth of 'spirit,' who scorned the decencies of collegiate life, fancied himself a kindred soul with the haughtiest of men, the most elegant of scholars, and the most gifted of poets. But as regards Milton himself the question is still more serious. The charge is not confined to rustication—it involves deliberate falsehood. His temporary exile from college might have been caused by some very venial trespass, perhaps by a praiseworthy, even a religious scruple; but his solemn denial, if the fact were true, would throw a stigma upon his character, which the brilliance of his genius would only render more conspicuous.

But Milton did not merely deny the fact; he collected for publication, in less than three years afterwards, his Latin poems, and placed the elegy *Ad Carolum Decoctum* (the one referred to above) the first in the series. It is strange that this unconsciousness should have struck even the more friendly commentators as something merely tending to disprove the charge of actual expulsion, while they still considered that of rustication as completely established! But so it was; and thus the matter rested, till the appearance of an article in the last number of the 'Classical Museum,' in which

Digitized by Google

Dr Maclure, one of the classical masters in the Edinburgh Academy, shows that the meaning of the ode has been mistaken from first to last, and explains the otherwise unaccountable unconsciousness of Milton by the simple fact, that it does not contain one word which can justify the interpretation affixed to it by the learned and adopted by the ignorant.

'It is surprising,' says Dr Maclure, 'that in the face of these remarkable passages, which could not have been penned by one who was conscious of having incurred disgrace at college, the expressions in the elegy should ever have been construed, I need not say by "kindness and reverence," but even by malevolence and contempt, so as to lend support to a slander thus indignantly repelled by the object of it! To me it seems clear as day, that when properly interpreted, they afford not a shadow of countenance to the injurious calumny. They occur in an elegy written in London during a vacation, in the poet's eighteenth year, and addressed to his schoolfellow and friend Charles Deodate. This gentleman, after leaving Oxford, had established himself in Cheshire, whence, as appears from the poem, he addressed an epistle to Milton, probably a poetical one, in which it would seem, ignorant of the feelings with which his friend had come to regard the university, he concluded with him on his absence from it during the vacation, and spoke of this temporary separation *as a state of exile*. This view of his position in London Milton repudiates in terms not very complimentary, I grant, to his *alma mater*, but which most assuredly do not support the imputation that has been founded on them. But it will be said, admitting that in this way the use of the words *exilium* and *profugus* is explained, how do you account for the phrase *dudum vetiti laris?* Nothing is easier: indeed I am filled with surprise that its true meaning has so long escaped discovery. The commentators have hitherto understood these words as if they referred to the poet's cheerless apartments in Christ College, Cambridge! Milton was too good a Latinist ever to employ the word *lar* for a purpose so unsuitable. He uses it here in its only proper sense—to denote his *home*, his *father's fireside*, to revisit which during term-time had, by the discipline of his college, been *lately forbidden him*. In short, he enumerates amongst the delights of his present situation, freedom from the home-sickness with which he used to be tormented at Cambridge. When read in this light, the passage assumes consistency with itself, with other portions of Milton's writings, and with the register of his college; and what is perhaps of higher importance, while it rescues the memory of the greatest poet and one of the ripest scholars of England from a shade that has long rested on it, it deprives giddy and thoughtless youth of a precedent they are fond of quoting for their own irregularities and contumacy.'

In order to show at a glance the effect of this new reading, we will slightly paraphrase, in the points referred to, the literal translation given above:—

The city which the Thames laves with refluent wave detains me,
And my sweet native place possesses me not against my will;
Now I have neither a desire to revisit the reedy Cam,
Nor does the love of my father's fireside, lately forbidden me during term-time, torment me.

If this be what *you* call exile—to have visited my father's household gods,
And, free from cares, to follow charming leisure—
I refuse not the name or the lot of a banished man,
And gladly I enjoy the condition of exile.

The correctness of this construction of the last four verses is probable from the fact, that the elegy is a reply to his friend's epistle—a circumstance which former commentators appear to have overlooked; while that of the first four requires merely a moderate knowledge of Latin to insure acquiescence at once. Indeed, now that the thing is pointed out, the translation Johnson gives of *vetiti laris* seems little less than absurd. The word *lar* is one of the most expressive in the language. It is not merely 'a habitation:' it is a home in the deepest meaning of the term—a hearth hallowed by the spiritual presence of the household god. It is quite beyond belief that an accomplished Latinist like Milton could apply such a name to his solitary room, at a college of which he takes so little pains to conceal his dislike and contempt.

Dr Maclure is entitled to our thanks for the light he has thrown upon this interesting point in literary history. Himself a Schoolmaster, he has proved to be so far more *au fait* of the trade than his brother schoolmasters Warton and Johnson; and he has relieved from unmerited obloquy the character of the illustrious schoolmaster Milton.

BYRNE ON SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr J. C. Byrne presents a general work on the Australasian colonies, the result, as he informs us, of several years' personal acquaintance with them. The book, as a whole, does not come up to the expectations excited by the title;* but understanding that titles are generally dictated by publishers, under views of their own—short-sighted ones generally—we are willing to believe that this is not the author's blame. Not having space wherein to follow him over the whole of the colonies which he describes, we deem it best to concentrate attention upon that one which is at present the subject of greatest interest at home.

South Australia is about three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, the extent of land within its limits exceeding 300,000 square miles. Though during the summer months hot winds, which blow from the northward, occasionally prevail, yet the climate is extremely salubrious, and the air exhilarating, buoyant, and light. Nor do these winds, 'which appear to pass over vast arid regions, where moisture is unknown,' last long, giving place to cool, refreshing, southerly breezes, 'which soon reinvigorate the constitution, and dissipate the effects of the parching gales.' Copious, too, and frequent are the rains which visit this favoured colony, 'whose soil is in general admirably suited for cultivation, and produces the most abundant crops.' 'Scattered,' says Mr Byrne, 'over the vast area of South Australia, there are acres of rich land on which millions of an industrious population might be settled. Besides wheat, oats, barley, and Indian corn, the soil produces hops, tobacco, the vine, and indeed all tropical fruits and plants, with a very few exceptions. The mulberry is now successfully cultivated, whilst the colony bids fair, at no distant date, to become an extensive wine-producing country.' Nor is this all. 'South Australia has proved itself to be well adapted for the growth of the finest wool; and the boundless acres of natural pasturage, not calculated for agriculture, present an extent of country which, even at the rapid rate of increase observed by Australian flocks, it will take many long years to occupy.

'Amongst the population of the colony there are a considerable number of German agriculturists, who have mostly succeeded in acquiring small farms.' Their disposition inclining them 'to acquire a homestead and farm of their own, they dislike remaining in a state of servitude and dependence on others for their daily bread; and to this is attributable the extent of cultivation in South Australia, and the cheapness of grain—these small cultivators being able to produce at a much lower rate than large landholders, who rely solely on the labour of others. This formation of a yeoman class must greatly tend to promote the prosperity of the colony; and in this class of its population South Australia excels both New South Wales and Australia Felix, where there seems to be a desire that only two classes should exist—the great landholder

* Twelve Years' Rambling in the British Colonies, from 1835 to 1847. By J. C. Byrne. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1848. [The colonies actually noticed are those of Australia and New Zealand.]

Digitized by Google

and stock-proprietor, and the mechanic and labourer. This is much to be deprecated; and it speaks well for South Australia that the principle is not enforced there. It is a striking fact,' adds Mr Byrne, 'that although the population of South Australia has not doubled within the last seven years, yet the extent of land actually under cultivation has increased nearly fifteenfold within the same period. In 1840,' he next assures us, 'the population were about 14,000 in number, the number of acres under cultivation being then only 2503; whereas in 1846 the number of inhabitants amounted to 22,390, and the number of cultivated acres to 33,292. The repeal of the corn-laws,' he proceeds, 'has opened the home markets, and at present, South Australian wheat is represented as sustaining a very high character with the corn-dealers of London, being quoted at the same price as the best Dantzic, which, on an average, is fully ten per cent. higher than the best home-grown wheat. The Mauritius and Cape of Good Hope also present a near and good market for Australian wheat.'

To sheep-farmers it may be important to state, that in South Australia there has, within the last five years, been a rapid and important increase in the growth of wool. In 1842, the wool exported to Great Britain yielded only a return of L.29,749; while in 1846 the returns amounted to L.105,941. We are about shortly to refer to the second great source of Australian wealth—namely, her rich copper mines; but we cannot dismiss the agricultural part of our notice before we have called the attention of the class interested to the following extract:—'One great advantage to the farming class of South Australia lies in the employment afforded them at all seasons, when otherwise unengaged, in carting ores from the mines to the seaport. In the year 1846, the amount paid for cartage by the Burra Burra Mine alone exceeded L.30,000; and as the produce of this mine is largely increasing, and numerous others are being opened, it would be difficult to calculate the amount that will be annually distributed for carriage amongst the South Australian farmers. Already the mine owners have found it impossible to procure in the colony sufficient carriage, so they have resorted to the expedient of advertising in the neighbouring colonies, in order to induce persons to proceed to South Australia and become carriers.' South Australia, Mr Byrne thinks, 'is eminently and especially the country best calculated for the labouring emigrant.' The dark feature is the character of the aborigines. Inoffensive enough in the neighbourhood of Adelaide and the more settled country, on the frontiers of the colony, and especially towards the Murray River, they are fierce and ruthless, exhibiting great hostility to the whites. They are, however, rapidly vanishing from the land—'the firearms of the whites doing the work of annihilation!' This is bad; but, according to Mr Byrne, there is no remedy; for we are told that, though philanthropists have used many efforts to civilise the natives, all attempts to do so have as yet proved failures. Fierce savages they still are, and continue practising cannibalism 'from a horrible fondness for the revolting food; nor is there the least hope that the practice will be abolished among them as long as they continue to exist as a race.' Let us hope there is a slight portion here of unintentional exaggeration. Mr Byrne had on one or two occasions the misfortune of falling in with several bands of these savages, and of enduring no inconsiderable amount of suffering from their hands. But if the natives in the neighbourhood of Adelaide are gentle and timid, making capital 'catchers of strayed sheep,' why should we despair of the 'Border rascals becoming also, as population increases in their neighbourhood, well-bred, decent, nay, even useful members of society!' That we may not be accused of concealment of facts, let us out, too, with another well-authenticated disclosure of Mr Byrne's: there are at least eighteen different species of snakes, many of them beautiful, and almost all of them dangerous, in the settled Australian colonies!

Having thus considered Australia as a merely agricultural colony, we shall next consider what are the other elements of wealth of which she is actually in possession. Let us 'begin at the beginning.' South Australia, though as a British colony not yet 'in her teens,' has already, after struggling through dangers and difficulties almost incredible, suddenly merged into affluence, prosperity, and fame. She was made a British province in 1834—her only inhabitants being at the time a few runaway convicts and the cannibal aborigines—and became a British colony in 1836; so that, as such, she is not older yet than eleven and a half years. It is needless to specify all the causes which induced the difficulties in which the infant colony got most foolishly involved: they are matter of history; and it need only be specified that a reckless spirit of speculation ruined everything. From this lamentable state of affairs, repeatedly noticed in these pages, the colony at length revived, and latterly it has become the wealthiest of all the colonies of Britain. This has arisen from a discovery, made in 1844, that Australia, in many of its districts, possesses vast mineral riches. 'The mineral discoveries of 1844,' says Mr Byrne, 'attracted attention, raised all from despondency, and threw a bright gleam of hope over the future.' And now the ultimate effects of its mining operations on British commerce and mineral property in England are at present inconceivable, and must be left to time to develop.

Having given a table of the import and export returns of South Australia from 1841 to 1846, the export return for 1841 being as low as L.40,561, and that for 1846 as high as L.287,059—'What,' proceeds Mr Byrne, 'the exports of South Australia will be in the course of a few years, it would be folly to attempt to predict.' Copper has become a grand article of export; but this trade is only in its infancy. There is no country on the face of the globe possessed of such rich copper mines, or so *accessible to water carriage*, as those of South Australia. The Cornwall mines can bear no comparison with them. 'Their value may be said to be three times as great as those of Cornwall, and yet many of the Cornwall mines pay 100 per cent. on the capital embarked in them; of what, therefore, might not the South Australian mines be capable, if their working were encouraged? It is not only the mine-owners and population of the colony who would be benefited by the development of its mining resources; a market also would be created for the consumption of British manufactures, for which the colonies could pay by an exportation of copper required in the home market.' If the mines of South Australia beat those of Cornwall, they also excel the Chilian. 'The working of the Chilian mines is attended with great difficulty and expense, and is mainly carried on by British capital, on which only a small dividend is paid. Situated amidst the Andes, where it is impossible to form carriage roads, the ore has to be conveyed from these mines by strings of mules with wicker panniers slung across them, to distant ports of shipment. The depth of the workings and the length of the galleries are also extreme, and necessitate the employment of thousands of men, whose sole duty it is to convey the ore on their backs in baskets to the outlets of the mine. All this adds to the expense; and the cost of the Chilian ores must very much exceed that of the South Australian ores by the time they arrive at a shipping port; and yet they do not, on an average, exceed, or *even equal*, much of the colonial ore that has already been imported into England within the year.' After this, we scarcely wonder at hearing Mr Byrne assert that 'under the crown there is no colony that presents such bright prospects for the future as South Australia.' Adelaide, the capital of the colony, occupies the very centre of the immense circle around which her mineral wealth extends. A range of hills, which run north, and nearly parallel to the Gulf of St Vincent, border on this beautiful town; 'mineral specimens have been discovered in every part of this range; but the mines chiefly worked, and which have given such a reputation to the colony, lie to the northward of Adelaide: the chief of these is the Burra Burra Mine,' of which the author gives the following description in a quotation from the letter of a friend:—'In the morning we took an early walk, and obtained a glimpse of the mine from the summit of an intervening hill, but were closely immured for the re-

Digitized by Google

mainder of the day, in consequence of excessive rain. Early on the following morning our breakfast was cut short by the announcement that Captain Lawson was "waiting to accompany us under ground," at the principal workings; and having provided ourselves with subterranean "toggery," we made a hasty but becoming toilet, and hastened to attend our kind conductor in his descent. The huge cargoes which have been shipped, the piles of ore we had seen at the port, the hundreds of draught oxen and ladeu drays we met in their progress to the wharf, the thousands of tons of ore around the workings and near the intended smelting-house, their daily accumulations, and the reports of credible, unbiassed witnesses, had prepared us to expect much; but before we had passed through a single gallery, as the larger horizontal diverges or levels are very properly called, we saw enough to convince us that we had commenced the examination of a mine incomparably richer and more productive than any mine of any kind we had ever seen in the United Kingdom.

'We passed through a succession of galleries and chambers, as the larger excavations are justly termed; one of them being large enough to hold a congregation of a hundred or two persecuted Covenanters, and sufficiently lofty for the pulpit and desk, which those simple but devout worshippers managed to dispense with. In our progress we had to ascend successive perpendicular ladders, with a lighted candle retained between the forefinger and thumb; afterwards to make our descent by similar contrivances, and others much more rude; until, in divers wendings, prostrations, twistings, turnings, clamberings, and examinations, we had spent nearly three hours under-ground, and passed through or looked through the greater part, if not all the extensive subsoil operations.'

In addition to the Burra Burra, Mr Byrne enumerates a number of copper mines already opened, which, for richness and variety, are almost its rivals—such as the Princess Royal, the Kapunda, the Montacute, the Rapid Bay, and the Wakefield: to all this prosperity we find two drawbacks—and as we have already advised intending agricultural emigrants of the existence in these lands of snakes and anthropophagi, so to those who may think of purchasing mineral ground we also exhibit the worst, as we have done the best view of the matter. The want of coal is therefore, we say, stated to be a considerable barrier, as it renders the smelting of the ore on the spot where it is dug to a great extent impossible; but the matter is far less hopeless, in Mr Byrne's estimation, than the reformation of the aborigines — for hear how the difficulty is got over:—'A recent discovery of the application of electricity to smelting copper will create a complete revolution both in the intentions and prospects of the mining interest of South Australia.' Again: 'The island of Van Diemen's Land is at the distance of only a few days' sail from Port Adelaide, and there coal abounds in most available situations for shipping. This coal could be imported at an average price of from ten to twelve shillings per ton on an extensive scale; and then the question would arise, whether it were better to bring the coal to the copper ore, or the latter to the former? Some of the inhabitants of the colony did propose to erect smelting-houses on a small island composed almost exclusively of coal, which lies off the coast of Van Diemen's Land, and where there is good anchorage; but the scheme does not appear to have been followed up, on account of the lethargy of the authorities and mercantile classes of the island.' Although we do not intend to hazard an opinion on the merits of the question, we must remind the reader of the existence of what is called the 'royalty tax.' So soon as specimens of the copper ores of Australia reached England, they were pronounced by the most eminent judges to be amongst the richest imported into this country from any part of the globe. Alarmed lest the working of mines should withdraw agriculturists and others from their field labours, and regarding it as but reasonable that mining property should contribute somewhat, in proportion to the amount of labour it absorbs, to the fund by which the expense of introducing emigrants of the labouring class is provided for, Earl Grey, on the 30th December 1846, confirmed a royalty tax imposed by the governor of the colony, with the consent of his council, in the March of the same year, of one-fifteenth 'upon all minerals raised from lands thenceforward to be alienated from the crown.' When this tax was first announced, the colonists were, we are told, highly indignant, and its total repeal is still demanded. Notwithstanding all this, Mr Byrne, addressing the numerous families in England possessed of a small competence, but who are anxious about the future maintenance of their children, does not hesitate to say most emphatically, 'transfer yourselves to South Australia; you will there obtain three times the interest of your money, and you will be able to live at less than half the cost, whilst to the younger branches of your families many sources of employment will be opened, for there is no such excessive competition as exists at home.'

All kinds of labourers, mechanics, and domestic servants earn capital wages in South Australia. Professional men are not in requisition, there being too many of that class already there. 'In the constitution of its society,' we are told, 'South Australia has been especially favoured; comparatively few persons who have been convicts have crossed to this colony, and among her original colonists were a large number of men previously occupying most respectable positions in England—men of intellect, talent, and perseverance; and even her emigrants were originally chosen with a care seldom exercised in the case of any other colony. . . . Much good society is to be met with in Adelaide: ladies bright, fair, educated, and accomplished; and gentlemen who would not suffer by a comparison with any other colonists in the world. We regret to learn, however, that at the mines the large wages earned by the men generally promote intoxication; and indeed over all the colony drinking too much prevails.'

Adelaide possesses a theatre, a savings' bank for the lower classes, besides three or four lodges of freemasons, half-a-dozen of the Odd Fellows, and an abstinence society. There are also four newspapers published in Adelaide, two of them twice a-week, the others weekly; not to mention a subscription library supported by the more respectable inhabitants. But we must now draw to a close. Before doing so, however, it is but fair to say that, in order to render our article useful to the general reader, we have scarcely, by our extracts, done justice to the work of Mr Byrne.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.*

The Garret Master.—This is not a title assumed by any particular class, but rather a sobriquet bestowed upon one who cannot correctly be said to belong to any. He is operative and manufacturer, merchant and labourer, combined in one person; and has dealings both wholesale and retail, after a fashion of his own. No man can rightly accuse him of sapping our commercial system by an undue extension of credit, seeing that it is very rarely that he trusts anybody, and still more rarely is anybody found who will trust him. He works at any easy trade, and manufactures articles of every sort or description that may be wanted, which he has wit or ingenuity enough to turn out of hand. Two things are essential to a man's becoming a garret master: in the first place, he must be able to practise some occupation which requires but little capital to set him up in business; and in the second place, he must be unwilling, either from a spirit of insubordination, a love of idleness, or a feeling of independence, or else incapable, from want of average skill in his calling, to work as a journeyman. Whatever be his motive, it can hardly be the love of gain, since his profits, so far at least as one can judge from his personal appearance and domestic surroundings, must fall far short of those of an average workman. There may be some few exceptions to whom this general character is not appli-

* Continued from No. 238.

Digitized by Google

cable; indeed I know there are; but the more respectable of the number would, I have reason to think, subscribe to the truth of this delineation of the general body—if body they can be called—who live in perfect isolation, and never come together.

Every one who walks the streets of London, if he ever exercise his observation at all, must have remarked, amongst the infinite variety of wares disposed for sale inside and outside of the endless array of shops that line the public thoroughfares, a prodigious number of articles which are not, properly speaking, the production of any particular or known species of handicraft; or if some of them be such ostensibly, it becomes apparent upon inspection, and upon a comparison of prices, that they are not the manufactures of well-practised hands, but are hastily and fraudulently got up, to delude the eyes of the unwary by the semblance of workmanship. Picture-frames, looking more like gilt gingerbread than carved gold, which they should resemble; small cabinets of cedar-wood, and miniature chests of drawers, which seem to stand midway between a toy and a domestic implement; easy (to break) chairs, which a man of fifteen stone would crush to pieces; mirrors of all sizes, each one affording a new version of your astonished face; slippers and clogs of every possible material; boys' caps at half-a-crown a dozen, of every variety of shape and colour, manufactured from the tailors' clippings; whetstones of every geological formation—*trap* (for customers) predominating; cribbage-boards, draught-boards, dominoes, and chess-men, at any price you like; work-boxes, writing-desks, and music-stands, glued together from the refuse of a cabinet-maker's workshop; carpenters' tools incapable of an edge, among which figures a centre-bit, with twenty pieces, for five shillings—a bait for amateur mechanics, which has astonishing success; towel-horses, that will fall to pieces if not tenderly handled; and flights of steps, leading to a broken head, or something worse—all demand attention by their plausible appearance and astonishingly low price. But these are not all. The heedless bargain-hunter may fool away a good round sum as easily as the veriest trifle. Gaudy pianofortes, magnificent-looking instruments, labelled 'Broadwood' or 'Collard,' may be had at 'an immense sacrifice' (this is true in the buyer's case), which ought to be warranted not to stand in tune for twenty-four hours, and to become veritable tin-kettles in a twelvemonth. Horrible fiddles, by the thousand, constructed only to sell and to set the teeth on edge, lie in wait for the musical tyro; seraphines that growl like angry demons, until they become asthmatic, when they wheeze away their hateful lives in a month or two, are to be found in every broker's shop, together with every other musical instrument you could name; all untrue to prove that of the best articles are to be procured in London, so are the worst, and that too in abundance.

Nor does the evil stop here. 'The world is still deceived with ornament,' and the imitators of things real know it well, and make a good market by the knowledge. Wo to the scientific student who, anxious to economise his funds, buys his necessary instruments of any other than a well-known and established maker! In no department of manufacture is there a more profitable field for humbug and plunder than in this. All descriptions of scientific instruments, surgical, optic, chemical, engineering, and others, abound in every quarter—the pawnbroker being the chief medium or middleman through whom they find their way to the luckless experimentalist. Telescopes with conveniently soiled lenses; camera-lucidas, by means of which Argus himself could see nothing; scalpels, lancets, and amputating knives, never intended to cut; surgical saws with tender teeth; air-pumps in want of sucker; pentagraphs, with rickety joints and false admeasurements; unseasoned glass retorts; crucibles sure to split on the fire; opera-glasses with twopenny lenses in tubes of specious magnificence; and a thousand other things, which are manufactured weekly in large quantities, but never for any other purpose than to pawn or to sell, are to be met with in every street, and proclaim the industry of a class of operatives whose labours are anything but a benefit to the general community.

It is not my intention to lay all these enormities upon the shoulders of the garret master; indeed many of the manufacturers of the vile wares above-mentioned are men of considerable capital, those especially who fabricate and deal in the more expensive articles. But yet justice to the subject of this sketch compels me to declare that the guilty parties are mainly members of his class; although individuals are not wanting among them, the history of whose lives would present the praiseworthy struggle of industry and integrity against adverse circumstances. If the reader will accompany me to the narrow theatre of his operations, he may behold the garret master in the midst of his avocations, and then form as lenient a judgment as the somewhat singular spectacle will admit.

On a summer evening in the year 184-, having been requested by a country correspondent to make inquiries respecting the execution of a commission intrusted to one of this tribe, I set out in the direction indicated in his letter, and arrived at the door of the house in which the garret master dwelt about half an hour before sunset. The place was a back street running nearly parallel with Holborn, in the neighbourhood of one of the inns of court, and one that, judging from the height and structure of the houses, had once laid claim to a character for respectability, not to say gentility: but all such pretensions had evidently long been given up; and the lofty dwellings, fashioned originally for the abodes of easy and comfortable independence, now stood in begrimed and dingy neglect, the uncared-for tenements of the artisan and the labourer. The door of the house I entered stood fastened open; and the loose boards of the bare passage, wanting scraper, mat, and oil-cloth, bent and clattered under my feet. The walls, from the door to the summit of the topmost stair, were of a dark-brown colour, arising from the accumulated soiling of half a century, and polished by the friction of passers up and down, except where some few tatters of the original papering yet hung about them, or where the plaster had been knocked away, through the careless porterage of heavy articles. The banisters as far as the first floor were in tolerable repair, though some of the rails showed by their want of paint that they were substitutes for others which had left the rank. Higher up, they were half deficient; and near the top storey had been removed altogether, probably for fuel, by some starving inmate, and replaced by a fence of rough slab deal. Of this I was rather sensible by touch than by sight; for the skylight that should have illuminated the staircase was covered over, with the exception of one small cranny, plainly to exclude the weather, which would else have found entrance through the broken panes. I should be sorry to afford the reader too accurate a notion of the villanous odour that infected the atmosphere of the house; it would have perplexed even Coleridge—who said that in Cologne he 'counted two-and-seventy stenches'—to have described it. It seemed a compound of spirits, beer, and stale tobacco, of rancid oil or varnish, with a flavour of a dog a month dead. I should mention that I knocked at one of five doors on the third floor, when three of them suddenly opened, but not the one to which I had applied my knuckles. Three dirty-faced matrons in dishabille, two of them having infants at the breast, made their simultaneous appearance, and inquired what I wanted; one of them informing me that 'the doctor' was not within, but would be found at the —— tap. Mentally wondering who 'the doctor' thus domiciled could be, I stated that I had business with Mr T——, and requested to be shown his door. 'It is the fifth door on the floor above,' said the woman who had mentioned 'the docter,' withdrawing as she spoke. Arriving at the door in question, I could hear a murmur of voices, and the whirling of a wheel in rapid motion. The door was opened immediately at

Digitized by Google

my summons, and the rays of a lurid sunset streamed in upon the landing-place. The woman who answered the door seemed astonished at my unlooked-for appearance, and plainly expected a different party. As she drew back to make room for my entrance, a scene met my view, too common, I fear, in the industrial resorts of our great cities, but one calling aloud for amendment and redress in every possible particular. In a room, the dimensions of which might be about sixteen feet by eleven or twelve, were living an entire family, consisting of certainly not fewer than eight persons. Near a stove, placed about a yard from the fireplace, the funnel going into the chimney through a hole in the wall above the mantelpiece, sat the garret master, Mr T——, in the act of filling his pipe. Beyond a shirt, dirty and ragged, canvas trousers, and a pair of old slippers, cut down from older boots, he had nothing on his person, if we except a beard of a month's growth. A lad of seventeen or eighteen, similarly nondressed, whose unwashed flesh peeped through a dozen rents in his garments, was busy at an old rickety table turning pill-boxes, some score of which were scattered on the board in front of him; as he turned for a moment at my entrance, he showed a face haggard and wan, the index of bad diet and early intemperance. Seated at a carpenter's bench, which, together with the lathe, occupied the whole portion of the room next the window, was a girl of nineteen or twenty, engaged in carefully spreading gold leaf upon the word 'cupping,' previously written with varnish upon a strip of glass. Her costume, surmounted with a tattered man's jacket, would have disgraced the 'black doll' usually suspended over a rag-shop; the same indication of semi-starvation and (alas that it must be said!) of intemperance was legible in a countenance that ought to have been, and indeed was once, interesting. At the end of the bench, in the corner of the room, a boy of twelve or thirteen years was occupied in French-polishing a few small and showy frames adapted for the reception of the glass labels. At the other corner, to the left of the lathe, was a still younger child—I can hardly say of which sex—busily fitting the covers to the pill-boxes, and laying them in dozens for package; while an infant of scarce three years was asleep in the shavings under the bench, where, it was evident from the presence of the brown and grimy blanket-rags, he would be joined at night by other members of the family. There was no bedstead in the room; but what was presumably the bed of the parents—a heap of filthy bundling—lay on the floor between the door and the corner of the apartment. While I was making inquiries concerning the commission of my country friend, the mother stepped between me and the father, to whom I had addressed myself, and intimated by a look of shame, alarm, and intreaty, that she was the more fit party to be questioned. The man, however, told her with an oath to stand aside; to which command she paid no attention, but proceeded to inform me they were on the point of completing my friend's order, and that the goods should be forwarded to my address, if I would leave it, early on the following morning. While she was speaking, I heard a light foot on the stairs; and the door opening, a little girl of about six, almost decently clad in comparison with the others, entered the room, clasping a black bottle carefully in both hands. The mother, apparently unwilling that a stranger should be aware of the nature of the burden brought by the child, was about concealing it in a cupboard; but the father, who, I now for the first time perceived, was on the high road to intoxication, swore at her angrily for pretending to be ashamed of what he proclaimed she liked as well as anybody, and loudly demanded the gin bottle. With a sigh and a look of shame she complied with his desire, when he immediately applied himself to the contents with an air of dogged satisfaction. The child who had brought in the gin was the only one of the family that had the slightest appearance of health in the countenance; and she, it was easy to see, owed it to her fortunate position as general messenger to the whole, and to the exercise and free air this function procured her. All the rest were in a sort of etiolated condition—pale and wan from confinement, bad air, and worse food. The dress of the whole family, with the exception of that of the little messenger, who was kept in some show of decency for the sake of appearances, would not have sold for a penny above the rag price in Monmouth Street. Neither mother, nor daughter grown up to womanhood, seemed to have preserved a relic of that graceful sentiment of personal propriety, which is the last thing that the sex generally surrenders to the 'want which cometh like an armed man.' But here want was not the destroyer: a fiend of more hideous aspect and deadlier purpose held undisputed sway in this wretched abode of perverted industry and precocious intemperance. As I departed down the crazy stairs, I could not help compassionating the hapless mother, whom I thought it more than probable the hateful vice of intoxication had first oppressed, and then seduced. Her bloated countenance left no room for doubt as to the truth of her tyrant's assertion; but there remained on it yet the trace of former truthfulness and kindliness, and the burning sense of shame attendant upon her present condition. On the coming down of the family—the son, the daughter, the toiling children, the sleeping infant—it was too painful to reflect.

The Label Printer.—The next day, my friend's commission requiring it, I paid a visit to one of the same class in a different line of business. In one of the small courts leading out of Drury Lane I found this worthy, whose occupation was that of printing labels in gold letters upon coloured paper. Fortunately for the fair sex he was a bachelor, and being on the verge of fifty, was likely to continue so. All the implements of his art, and they were not few, together with his bed and his beehive-chair, were around him in a room a dozen feet square, and which he gaily styled the 'parlour next to the sky.' His press was a contrivance such as I had never seen before, economising both space and labour at the penalty—which he seemed to care little about—of abominably bad work: the pressure was produced by the action of a pedal near the floor under the machine, and consequently the labour of rolling in and rolling out, indispensable in the common printing-press, was avoided. When I entered, he was actually printing the word 'LODGINS' upon half-a-dozen strips of polished azure paper, applying powdered gold, with a pencil of camel-hair, to the varnish or size used instead of ink, as each was impressed! Upon my pointing out the liberty he had taken with the orthography of the word, he seemed not to comprehend my meaning; and remarking that he never did nor could understand any of the hographies, seriously inquired what was wrong. Being at length made aware that another o was wanting (but not before he had made careful reference to a dog's-eared dictionary), he assumed a look of strange mortification and perplexity. It was not altogether that he was ashamed of his ignorance; of that the poor fellow had been too long conscious; it was rather that he could see no remedy in the present case. 'This, sir,' said he, 'is a *noosance*, and no mistake; this is my biggest fount, and there is but one alphabet of it beyond the vowels!' After a minute's consideration, however, and scratching of his grizzled pate, he brightened up, and went on with the affair as it was, with the consolatory declaration that they were no great scholars thereabout; that there were others no wiser than himself; and that the things were for people in the court, who would never find it out; to which he added, that 'if anybody had a right to spell a word as he chose, it was a printer short of types.' Somewhat tickled with the fellow's good-temper and accommodating philosophy, I sat down to wait for my friend's packet of labels, which he said only required taking out of the finishing-press to be ready for delivery. I learned from his conversation that he had served his time to a little bookseller and printer at a small town on the Welsh coast;

Digitized by Google

but he had spent most of the seven years in running about the town as circulating librarian, or waiting in the shop, and not as many months altogether in the office, where there was generally nothing to be done. Discharged of course at the end of his term, to make room for a new apprentice with a new premium, he had come to seek his fortune in London. After considerable difficulty and disappointment, he at length succeeded in obtaining an engagement in a large office. On taking possession of his 'frame,' he said he was at first so alarmed at the exploits of the numbers of clever and rapid workmen around him, that he had not the proper use of the few faculties he could boast, and could think of nothing but his own want of skill. This state of mind only made the matter worse. Nervous and excited, he endeavoured to make the same show of celerity as the others, and got through the first day in a state of complete bewilderment. The second and third passed off a little more to his satisfaction; and he was beginning to nourish some small degree of hope, when on the fourth day the first evidence of the value of his labour was put into his hands, in the form of a proof copy of his work, sent from one of the readers, whose office it is to mark the mistakes of the compositor, for the purpose of correction. Such a horrid amount of blunders he declared the world had never seen before at one view: to the sheet upon which the broad page was printed, the corrector had been compelled to join another, to afford space to mark the errors. 'Upon my soul, sir,' said he, 'I could not stand the sight of it; moreover, the man behind me was grinning over his frame, and telegraphing the whole room. I wished myself a thousand miles away; and seizing my hat and coat, bolted down the stairs as fast as I could run. I got a letter in a few days from the party who recommended me, desiring me to return and resume my work; but I could not do it. The face of that chap grinning over my shoulder has given me the nightmare fifty times. That's six-and-twenty years ago, and I have never been near the place since.' Sick of the printing, he had next tried the work as a bookbinder, which, as is usual in country towns, he had learned as well (or rather as ill) as the other; but here also he found himself equally at fault. Discharged from the bookbinder's, to make room for a more expert hand, he found himself cast upon the world with no available means of subsistence. Want of funds, speedily followed by want of food, drove him again to make application to the printing-offices; but now he avoided large houses, and was at length fortunate enough to locate himself in a suburban establishment of small pretensions, where he got board and lodging, and a nominal salary, doing what he could, for just what the proprietor, who was as poor almost as himself, could afford to give him. Here he stayed, on and off, as he said, for more than a dozen years, during which he contrived to add something to his knowledge of the business, and to save a few pounds, with which, on the demise of his employer, he purchased a part of the materials he had so long handled, and commenced printer in his own right. It appeared that the whole of his gains during all the years of his mastership had not averaged much above L.40 a year, out of which he had to pay 3s. 6d. a week for the rent of his room. He showed me his stock of implements, consisting principally of solid brass blocks, engraved in relief for the purpose of gold labels attachable to the thousand-and-one wares of druggists, chemists, haberdashers, fancy stationers, and numberless other traders. The blocks were for the most part the property of his employers; and he found it his interest to keep a small stock of each on hand, to meet the demands of the proprietors. He attributed the blotchy impression which characterised all his work mainly to his rickety press, and sighed for a better, which he had yet no prospect of obtaining; but he observed that though his work would look very bad in ink, it was a very different thing in gold; that made even a blotch ornamental, and of which people seldom complained of having too much for their money.

This poor fellow presented the most remarkable instance of unfitness for the business he followed that I ever met with. With huge, horny, unmanageable fingers, and defective vision, he pursued a craft, to the successful prosecution of which quick, keen sight, and manual dexterity are indispensable. Requiring a knowledge of at least so much grammar as is comprised in the arts of orthography and punctuation, he was profoundly ignorant of both. Thirty years of practice as a printer had not taught him to spell the commonest words in the language, as I became aware from certain cacographic despatches on business matters subsequently received from him. Honestest of bunglers! one-half of his painstaking existence was passed in repairing the blunders of the other; and yet it is a question whether he did not enjoy his being with as much relish as any man that ever lived. His cheerfulness was without a parallel in my experience: an inexhaustible spring of hilarity seemed welling from every feature. Nature had more than compensated him, by the bestowal of such a temperament, for all the sports of fortune. Proof against calamity, he grinned instinctively in the face of adverse circumstances; and once declared to me that he did not think any mortal thing could depress his animal spirits, unless it might be a drunken wife; whether such an appendage to his fortunes might succeed in doing so he couldn't say, but he had no intention of making the experiment.

He died the death one might almost have wished him, considering his solitary lot. He was found by an early visitor one morning dead in his beehive-chair, the newspaper in his hand, a half-smoked pipe broken at his feet, a pint of hardly-tasted ale on the hob of the empty grate, and the candle burnt out in the socket on the little table at his side.

INSTANCES OF MANUAL DEXTERITY IN MANUFACTURES.

The 'body' of a hat (beaver) is generally made of one part of 'red' wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman, and years of long practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately, and then together. The workman takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his 'bow' to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres: these flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

The curved shell of metal buttons is prepared by means of a stamping-press; but instead of a punch, a curved polished surface is used. The workwomen employed to stamp the little bits of copper acquire such dexterity, that they frequently stamp twelve gross in an hour, or nearly thirty in a minute. This dexterity is truly wonderful, when it is considered that each bit of copper is put into the die separately, to be stamped with a press moved by the hand, and further removed from the die. The quickness with which the hands and fingers must be moved to do 1728 in the hour must be very great.

In type-founding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior; the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the

Digitized by Google

whole surface of the interior, without any superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking-bottles much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do this so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is apparently an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe, and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred dozen in an hour!

In pasting and affixing the labels on the blacking-bottles much dexterity is also displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting, the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman, and laid aside. This is done so rapidly, that the threefold operation of pasting, jerking, and laying aside is repeated no less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the wasteful spectator the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into casks much neatness is displayed.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off 20,000 or 30,000 heads without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from 10,000 to 15,000 of these heads in a day.

The reader will frequently have seen the papers in which pins are *stuck* for the convenience of sale; children can paper from 30,000 to 40,000 in a day, although each pin involves a separate and distinct operation!

The pointing of pins and needles is done solely by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pin-lengths in his hand, spread out like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of the circumference to its grinding action.

In stamping the grooves in the heads of needles, the operative can finish 3000 needles in an hour, although he has to adjust each separate wire at every blow. In punching the eye-holes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such dexterity, as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors!

In finally 'papering' needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper 3000 in an hour!

FACTORY EDUCATION IN LANCASHIRE.

The following is an extract from the recent report of Leonard Horner, Esq. inspector of factories:—'It has been often said that the attempt to educate the children proposed by the factory acts has been a failure: it is only so when good schools are not within reach; where there are good schools, not only do the parents of children and the owners and managers of factories, with comparatively few exceptions, willingly send them, but the children make good progress: their three hours' daily attendance, from eight to thirteen years of age, is found sufficient to give them a very considerable amount of instruction, and I have visited schools where some of the half-time children have been amongst the best scholars. Thus in a late visit to a British School at Lees, near Oldham, established mainly by the exertions of Mr William Halliwell and Mr Atherton, owners of mills there, and admirably taught by an able and zealous master, Mr Atkins, I heard a large class of factory children go through an excellent examination in English history, geography, and on the cotton plant, its properties and applications; the chief monitor and examiner being a factory half-timer of twelve years of age. I found in the same manufacturing town similar proofs of factory children making good progress, in another well-taught school established by the Moravians there, and conducted on the plan of the British School by an intelligent master trained at the Borough Road School.'—*Manchester Examiner, June 27, 1843.*

TO THE SNOWDROP.

FULL oft the poet has essayed to sing
Thy merits, simple flower; nor quite in vain.
Yet not to thee may I devote the strain
Of eulogy; but to that glorious King,
Who bids thy silver bell his praises ring,
And doth thy leaves so delicately vein;
Making thee meek and modest through thy mien,
The darling of the progeny of spring.
Ay! many a brighter flower the vernal gale
Will kiss, but none to which affection clings
As unto thee; who, as the strong sun flings
His brightness on thee, dost so meekly veil
Thy face: as at the Light celestials hail,
The seraphim theirs cover with their wings.

ROMANTICISTS.

It may not be altogether superfluous to explain what Strauss and the Germans mean by a Romanticist (*Romantiker*). The Romanticist is one who, in literature, in the arts, in religion, or in politics, endeavours to revive the dead past; one who refuses to accept the fiat of history; refuses to acknowledge that the past *is* past, that it has grown old and obsolete; one who regards the present age as in a state of chronic malady, curable only by a reproduction of some distant age, of which the present is not the *child*, but the *abortion*. Poets, who see poetry only in the Middle Ages, who look upon fairy tales and legends as treasures of the deepest wisdom; painters, who can see nothing pictorial in the world around them; theologians, who can see no recognition of the Unspeakable except in superstition, who acknowledge no form of worship but the ceremonies of the early church; politicians, who would bring back 'merrie England' into our own sad times by means of ancient pastimes and white waistcoats—these are all Romanticists. It is quite clear that, however modern the name, the Romanticist is not a new phenomenon. There have ever been—will ever be—men who, escaping from our baffling struggle with the present, dream of a splendid Future, where circumstance is plastic to their theories, or turn themselves lovingly towards the Past, in whose darkness they discern some streaks of light, made all the more brilliant from the contrast—this light being to them the only beacon by which to steer. Antipathy had its Utopists and Romanticists, as we have our Humanitarians and Puseyites.—*Edinburgh Review.*

WHAT LONDON IS.

London, which extends its intellectual if not its topographical identity from Bethnal Green to Turnham Green (ten miles), from Kentish Town to Brixton (seven miles), whose houses are said to number upwards of 200,000, and to occupy twenty square miles of ground, has a population of not less than 2,000,000 of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly 10,000 streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, &c. It consumes upwards of 4,560,000 pounds of animal food weekly, which is washed down by 1,400,000 barrels of beer annually, exclusive of other liquids. Its rental is at least L.7,000,000 a year, and it pays for luxuries it imports at least L.12,000,000 a year duly alone. It has 537 churches, 207 dissenting places of worship, upwards of 5000 public-houses, and 16 theatres. —*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE MORAL REGENERATOR.

He will need much patience, much forbearance, much Christian love, and the charity that 'hopeth all things,' that hopeth when there seems every reason to despair. He must proceed, like the Vicar of Wakefield in his prison, fortified by hope alone. There is always room for hope: the profligate ruffian is often nearest relenting when he seems most brutal; he is then, it may be, only endeavouring to harden himself against what he considers a rising weakness; and a little more perseverance, another word in season, may complete the conquest, in spite of the struggles of his worse nature.—*Haggarth's Hush Life.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 240. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848. Price 1½d.

HUMAN HYDROPHOBIA.

One could almost suppose that hydrophobia, in a certain modified form, was an endemic in human society as well as amongst dogs. The lower portions of the community, in particular, seem to consider themselves as having a prescriptive right to suffer from it. The diagnosis of the malady in the human patient does not point to a catastrophe altogether so abrupt and tragical as in the canine, but it is attended by circumstances quite as sinister. Dirty faces, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirt all over, are the symptoms which most forcibly arrest attention; and yet bad as these are, we know that there are worse effects underneath the surface, for where physical dirt goes, there also resides moral degradation.

We know no country of Europe where there is so little disposition on the part of the people, as in ours, to give themselves even that exhilarating kind of ablution which is derived from bathing. At the present season, the traveller on the continent finds the rivers alive with swimmers; and we remember, when sailing down the Loire to Nantes, observing the steamer frequently surrounded, more especially when nearing the great manufacturing city, with crowds of black heads and white shoulders. In Russia, where the people have not got beyond the middle ages, the lower classes do not yet know the use of a shirt, but wear it above their trousers in the form of a kilt. They have not, however, abandoned the bath. Towards the end of the week, they feel a prickly and uncomfortable sensation in their skin, and at length rush eagerly into the hot steam, and boiling out the impurities of the preceding six days, begin life again with new vigour. In summer, they do not wait for days and times, but merely get up an hour earlier, and dash into the nearest pond or river. In *our* refined country, dirt causes no uneasiness. It is allowed to harden upon the skin, choke up the pores, and contaminate the whole being, moral and physical. It blunts the senses to such a degree, that the husband does not detect it in the wife, nor the mother in the child. All are alike. All have forfeited the dignity of human nature, and sunk into a lower scale of animal existence.

While mentioning the custom that prevails in Russia, we are struck with the proof afforded there of the connection between moral and physical cleanliness. The state of the bath-house of the hamlet is an unfailing index to the character and position of the inhabitants. If it is neat and trim, the people are good and happy, and their feudal lord kind and considerate; if poor and ruinous, there is tyranny on the one hand, misery on the other, and depravity on both.

In respect of its contagiousness, or inclination to spread, the human malady seems not a bit behind the canine, although certainly the immediate symptoms are less virulent. It has been implied that the stain of dirt extends from the skin of the individual over his life and conversation. But it does more than that: it contaminates his family; it daubs his neighbours; it forms a nucleus round which impurity gathers, and strengthens, and spreads. Insignificant at first in itself, it becomes a social evil of importance. It is one of the units which gives its character to the aggregate; and, rising out of a thing which at first was only scorned from good taste, shunned from individual repugnance, or laughed at out of sheer folly, we see spreading over the land vice, misery, pestilence, and death. Yet we observe the symptoms of this formidable disease with a glassy and indifferent eye, while those of canine hydrophobia inspire us with horror and alarm, and drive us to dog-murder in self-defence!

The dread of water is seen in the human subject in another form, in which it is attended by a different class of effects—different, but not very unremotely allied to the preceding. Almost everywhere the use of water as a beverage appears to be felt as a sort of original doom, designed as a penalty for the sins of mankind; and everywhere are efforts made to disguise it in some way, so that the patient may believe he is swallowing something else. Much ingenuity has been expended upon this curious process; but in certain conditions of society, it seems to be of little consequence what taste is superadded, or by what means the superaddition is made. The grand thing is *transmogrification*. Amongst the poorer classes in China, a decoction of cabbage leaves is felt as a relief: amongst the upper, the tincture of the more elegant tea-leaf is employed. In the western world, the refuse of fruit and grain, subjected to fermentation and distilling, is brought into requisition. The Norman converts his good cider into execrable brandy; the other French maltreat their wine in a similar way; in Russia, the sickening quass becomes the maddening votki; in Scotland, honest twopenny is sublimated into whisky; and so on throughout the whole habitable world. That this sort of hydrophobia is merely a modification of the other, is established by the fact, that they who most abhor water as a cleanser, abhor it most as a drink. A cleanly person will frequently condescend to take a draught of pure element with his meals; but you never saw a man with a dirty face who would not greatly prefer some poisonous and ill-tasted compound. At the tables of the upper classes you find the water-karaff most in demand; at those of the lower classes the beer-jug. The quality of the beer is of no consequence. We never knew it so freely drank in our own neighbourhood as at a time (some twenty years ago) when the sole effect of the worthy brewer's manufacture was declared to be to *spoil the water*. Even amongst the abstainers from these

Digitized by Google

deleterious liquors, there are many who must still have their water disguised: hence their extensive patronage of lemonade, ginger-beer, and other weak though comparatively innocuous mixtures. The whole affair reminds us of a literary work published in London nearly twenty years ago by a Bond Street hairdresser, which gave a sort of catalogue *résumé* of the various materials used for lathering the beard—all except one; for the magnanimous barber scorned to mention—soap.

The connection between the worst symptoms of the two kinds of hydrophobia we have described needs little illustration. The dirtier an individual is in his person, family, house, neighbourhood, the more pestilent are the expedients he falls upon for disguising the taste of the abhorred water. In other words, the progress of the disease is naturally exhibited in the intensity of its symptoms. A man of sublime cleanliness may be found drinking pure water; with a little taint of human weakness one may indulge, likewise, but only occasionally, and in moderation, in beer, ale, wine, or even stronger brewings; while your true hydrophobist—a dingy, vulgar desperado, whom the very children on the street know and detect even when he happens to be sober—stupifies himself habitually with the worst form of alcohol. Does it not appear that there is an unjust distinction made in our treatment of human and canine patients? We do not propose that the former should be hooted and hunted like the latter out of society, or that they should be mauled with sticks and stones, or shot, poisoned, hanged, or drowned. They might not like it. It might cause some discontent. It would perhaps be better to let it alone, and try to manage some other way. But what other way? How would a pump answer at the end of every street, to be worked by the police? A passer-by, caught in the fact of hydrophobia, whether the dirty or drunken form of the disease, might be pounced upon, and put under the spout, when the remedy administered might be proportioned to the intensity of the malady. To say that this would be an infringement of the liberty of the subject is nonsense; for if society has not the right to repress a contagious disease by any means in its power, we might as well lay aside the habits of civilisation at once, and betake ourselves again to woods and caves. Peter the Great was the ablest doctor in the world, and it would not be amiss if we were to take a lesson from his school. The grand obstacle in the way of his project for civilising Russia was the beards of the nobles. To expect to teach European refinement to a man with a great, matted, beastly beard, was out of the question; and he tried by every Delilah-like stratagem he could think of to shear off the strength of barbarism. All would not do; and Peter had then recourse to a *coup d'état*. He sent against the malcontents an army of barbers, who rushed in upon them in their native woods, shaved their beards by main force,

> 'And dragged the struggling savage into day.'

That some such plan as this may in time be tried, seems probable from the fact, that the sister-malady, Ignorance, is already treated by compulsory remedies. When a dirty little ragged boy is seen on the streets in some of our more civilised towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should in like manner be sent to the pump; and this, you may depend upon it, would be a great assistance in his education. When offenders are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being well washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the men had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all.

THE WEST INDIAN PLANTER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

In taking a view of our own misfortunes, or of those of our neighbours, we are too apt to attribute to ill-luck that which is only the natural consequence of the sufferer's own failings. Extravagance, carelessness, weakness of character and purpose, perhaps an accidental oversight, ignorance of the world, or a want of that prudence which should prevent us from too hastily embarking in enterprises for which we are not prepared either by study or experience—one or all of these may generally be found at the bottom of every failure, if we do but give ourselves the time to examine.

A remarkable instance of this came under my notice during my residence in the West Indies. So invariably unsuccessful was my subject throughout all his undertakings, that he acquired the name of 'The Bewitched;' and the more simple inhabitants, considering his misfortunes as brought about by supernatural agency, did not even scruple to insinuate that he must have first made, and afterwards broken, a compact with the Evil One, who, for revenge, had set a blight upon everything he touched. Yet few individuals have ever started in life under circumstances more favourable to success than Fred Hamilton. Adopted by a bachelor uncle, who had been nominated to the governorship of the island in which I resided, in the days of highest colonial prosperity, he was called upon to act as secretary at the early age of sixteen. His education was defective; but for the colonies, this was of little importance while other qualifications existed; and our hero was persevering, adventurous, industrious, and saving even to parsimony, while the steadiness of his character was proverbial. He was not twenty when he thought he had laid by sufficient to embark as planter; and it just happened about this time that there was a fine plantation for sale, whose owner had returned to England with an immense fortune; and so rich was the soil, so well cultivated and well managed, that it was reported to yield from 50 to 100 per cent. The estate itself was invested with a great deal of romance and interest in the eyes of the inhabitants. It had been first planted by a certain Count Lopinot, a refugee from St Domingo, who would have been sacrificed during the rebellion but for the fidelity of his own domestics, who not only saved him from the fury of the insurgents, but followed him to this colony, there to continue as his slaves, and labour for his fortune. Count Lopinot, when he died, might at least have left the gift of freedom in his will to his generous deliverers; but such notions never occur to planters, or when they do, they soon give place to a weightier consideration for their heirs; and thus no other token of acknowledgment was ever given to these devoted negroes than in naming the estate, which the count called 'La Reconnaissance,' in remembrance of what he owed them. The negroes who survived him preserved a strong attachment to his memory. He had been invariably kind and indulgent to them, sharing in their labour, their hardships, and their fare; and the contrast he formed to the hard-tasking, unfeeling owner who succeeded him, only made them cling with greater fondness to his name. The old ones left his memory as an heirloom to the young; the new generation grew up with his name on their lips; and every year, on the anniversary of his death, the negroes would assemble with their children on his grave; and at sundown, the hour of his burial, they would sing the wild chorus of grief, and fling garlands of flowers on the spot where he slept.

Digitized by Google

It was of this estate Fred now became purchaser, having agreed to pay half the value down, and the rest in yearly instalments. He was delighted with his acquisition, which presented at crop-time a scene of stirring interest. Bands of young men and girls coming in to the mill laden with canes, and laughing with joy; groups of women watching and directing the process of grinding; and round about the caldrons, in the boiling-house, intelligent negroes, all busy and active in the manufacture, and cheering one another with their wild chorus songs, their stories, and their jokes. All went on well for a short time; the negroes were laborious and faithful, the estate well stocked, and sugar so profitable in the market, that Fred looked forward to a return which would not only pay off the first instalment of the debt incurred by the purchase, but be sufficient to realise a handsome surplus beside. As he was indulging in these reflections, planning his future movements, and picturing to himself a brilliant fortune, home intelligence arrived announcing a fall in the sugar market so great, that not enough could be realised to meet the debt of the estate. Fred was startled, but not discouraged, for he had not been wholly unprepared for the fluctuations of the West India market, which at times were so great as to give to planting something of the character of gambling. Yet an error had been committed in the time chosen for the speculation—an error which wiser heads than his commit, when in their commercial adventures they take not into consideration the onward march of social and political changes, and their necessary influence on the private affairs of men. The question of the emancipation of the slaves, so often discussed, and so often set aside, was at last beginning to gain ground in England. But the colonists would not believe this, though they saw the markets steadily suffering; and our hero had been as obstinately blind to the fact as the rest when he had ventured as a slave-holding planter.

His first difficulty had come upon him, and the fall in the sugar market was afterwards related as a fatality connected with him, particularly when it was remembered that, to add to his perplexities, Sir James —— now suddenly fell ill, and died a victim to the effects of the climate. This was a terrible blow to the young colonist, who lost in his uncle not only his best friend, but all hope of future favour with the men of power in England. Even the fortune he was led to expect was found legacied to poor relatives, Fred being considered too favourably embarked in life to need more than a family keepsake. To add to his mortification, he soon had to resign to another governor not only the government villa he had been accustomed to inhabit, but to a young successor the office of secretary, which had hitherto given him dignity and income.

Thus circumstanced, Fred prudently resolved to go down to live among his slaves on the estate. His first care was to reduce the expenditure: he dismissed his manager, and in his place worked early and late, in order to turn everything to profit, and prevent unnecessary waste. With this, he was prudent enough never to lose sight of the physical welfare of his negroes; and I even remember meeting him in a shop about this time clad, as I thought, very shabbily, while he was purchasing good warm clothing for his slaves. But neither economy nor good management could prevail against the commercial depression of the times. The markets became worse and worse; all West India produce was now at a discount; and the price of sugar continued steadily to sink, till the planters, alarmed and disconcerted, and being unable any longer to bear the expenses of a manufacture at all times very heavy, tore up their canes, and laid out their lands for other produce.

Fred alone bore the pressure with patience, believing that sugar was too long down not to rise at last. He still struggled on through his difficulties to maintain the expense of sugar-planting. By way of helping himself to do so, he resolved to embark what money he had on hand in some channel of profit; and finding a great demand in the market for cattle, an epidemic having swept the island of domestic animals, he took the opportunity, when a ship was about to sail for the coast of Africa, to order a cargo of bisons from the banks of the Senegal. In a few weeks the ship returned; and so eagerly were the animals sought by purchasers, that it was calculated Fred Hamilton might have made upwards of £2000 profit that morning had he been disposed to come to terms; but after some bargaining, he postponed the sale, and sent his bisons away to the savannas to be refreshed by green food, thinking that it would improve their appearance, and thus enable him to derive a greater profit from them. And it really seemed to turn out as he expected; the few he had sold to form samples of butchers'-meat had been so much approved (the hump on the back had been found particularly tender), that many customers showed signs of meeting the extravagant demands of the young speculator, and volunteered to follow him to the place where the animals were grazing. But a very different scene to that which they expected now met their view. Full twenty head of cattle were lying dead on the ground, all swollen and disfigured, from the effects of poison, while those which remained alive were drooping and dying. Was it the deed of some hidden enemy—some revengeful slave? No: but Fred Hamilton, in sending the animals to the savannas, had never paused to consider their physical circumstances. Pent up and starved during the voyage, and proportionably eager to satisfy their hunger when the means were at hand, they had lost that instinct which should have taught them to distinguish between different herbs, and consequently had fallen victims to the poisonous weeds with which the new soil abounded.

The next speculation in which we find our hero engaged is matrimony; for he now considered the possession of an heiress the fairest and easiest way of rising out of his increasing difficulties.

Nora Grantley was at this time decidedly the belle of the colony. But her large lustrous eyes and fringing lashes, and her rich brown locks inframing a complexion fair as the rose, were not her only charms; she had a mind simple as it was accomplished, and a heart warm as youth, innocence, and native goodness could make it. Better than all in the eyes of our colonist, she had a fortune, the amount of which was perfectly well known to Fred, as it was lodged in his brother's bank in England. It was precisely what he wanted—not investments of any kind, but hard cash at the disposal of the lady herself. Fred became painfully impatient to seize a prize apparently within his reach; and with anxious steps he hastened to make acquaintance with Major Grantley, the father of the young lady. Nora proved agreeable to the suit, the father encouraged it, and Fred was at length received as an acknowledged suitor. It had been well for Nora, however, had Fred never thought of her.

From the time of his uncle's death, Fred had become careless and imprudent in the choice of his companions, merely from a love of that flattery which, in the days of his uncle's power, had been profusely offered to him, and which he could no longer obtain but from those of a lower grade. Among the sycophants and parasites who were always about him, there was none so distinguished as George Morven—a young man of indifferent character, but possessing the seductive qualities of wit and a handsome person. He had missed Fred of late in their joyous haunts, and determined to learn the cause, he set off for La Reconnaissance, and soon overtook his friend, bent on the same journey. They spent the night in revelling, and when morning came, the negroes found the two gentlemen asleep in the open air, in a state which plainly told of their excesses. Now, the dew, or, as some have it, the moonlight, of tropical climates has generally a fatal effect upon those who sleep exposed to its influence, and Fred awoke ill, and with the muscles of

Digitized by Google

his face drawn completely awry. In the delirium of fever he raved continually about Nora, and about a little antelope brought to him by the captain of the bison cargo, and which, it seemed, during his last interview with Nora, he had promised to present to her next day. Morven, who, to do him justice, nursed his friend during his illness with brotherly care, renewed the conversation one day when he found the patient recovering, and offered to take the little creature to town with intelligence of his health to the lady, shrewdly remarking that it would keep him fresh in her memory. This offer was readily accepted, and many a message went and came from that day between Major Grantley's domicile and La Reconnaissance, until George Morven professed himself obliged to leave him to see after some affairs of his own in town. Having now left alone, Fred scarcely waited for the doctor's leave when he mounted his horse, and rode to town to see his Nora. The evening was bright and beautiful, and the road was lined with gay and fragrant blossoms; glittering birds twittered merrily on the boughs; and broad-winged butterflies were robbing the bells of the cactus, or sporting unconcernedly along, now alighting on the horse's neck, now dancing before our traveller's steps, as in joyous token of his coming bliss. Yielding to the pleasing influence, Fred mused on his future destiny, and the object which was to brighten it; and recollecting the taste which Nora had for binding her tresses with wild-grown wreaths, he tore from the palms the blooming garlands which twine about their trunks, and quickening his pace, arrived soon after at Major Grantley's by the courtyard gate, as it was customary with visitors riding. The first object he noticed was the antelope, which came bounding towards him, presenting her slender neck for the garlands which her master flung about her. Followed by the little favourite, he entered the house: but where was Nora? Alas! the place was desolate! Not a creature was to be seen, save one female domestic, who was standing at the door looking mournfully down the street. It was from this poor negro woman that Fred now learned the cause of the desolation around. Nora, the idol of so many, the good, the beautiful, the accomplished, had eloped with Morven, and the old major had left the house distracted to seek his child.

Some years afterwards I chanced to see Nora. Alas, how changed! She, the hard-working drudge, by turns cooking a scanty meal for her drunken husband, and scouring the floor, I could scarcely at first believe her to be the same with the beautiful heiress, reared with such lavish affection and tenderness! Her father? Alas! he had long sunk into the grave; and her fortune—it was gone! But to return to the disappointed lover. He, it is said, was so overpowered at the unexpected account, that he fell senseless on the floor. Much pity cannot in justice be accorded to him. A true lover would not have become a night reveller; a true lover would have shrunk from trusting to the mediation of an unprincipled boon companion. A suitor from unworthy motives, he only met his proper reward. The unhappy Frederick suffered a relapse from excess of grief; but he was soon abroad again, and actively looking about for some other means of improving his fortune. Indeed it was eminently required. The sugar had sunk more and more with every season; the planters no longer gave way to alarm; they were past that—they despounded; and Fred was fain at last to follow the general example, by rooting up the canes, to give place to some other produce. He now divided his estate between the planting of coffee and cocoa, at that time the two most profitable articles in the West India market; and so well did he manage, that it was not long before the precious plants began to flourish. But alas for his expectations, which had still outlived the signal failures of the past! One morning during his rambles among the cocoa walks, to his dismay he discovered all the buds to be devoured by caterpillars of an enormous size, which swarmed in such extraordinary numbers as even to amaze the negroes themselves, accustomed as they are to tropical plagues. The coffee, too, was a failure; shrivelled and imperfect, the berries proved all valueless.

Amazed at a calamity which, of all the planters of that quarter, seemed to touch him alone, our colonist began to consider himself as the victim of his own negroes. He assembled them forthwith, examined them, accused them of dealing in Obeah magic, and punished them as though he had proved the crime. Yet what, in reality, was the cause? He had changed the cultivation of his estate from a kind which his negroes understood, to one of which both master and slaves were equally ignorant. From false notions of economy, he had not even allowed himself the assistance of a manager; and when the season came for clearing the leaves of insects, the cocoa bushes were ignorantly neglected, and consequently devoured before the time of harvest came round. As for the coffee, its cultivation proved a failure, because the site of La Reconnaissance was by no means adapted for its growth; a circumstance which Fred Hamilton had entirely overlooked. Thus still was misfortune traceable to some deficiency on his own part.

Having little to occupy him for a time, Fred began to collect all the fallen timber on the estate, which he was so far successful in selling, that the proceeds enabled him to embark in a speculation of another kind. He purchased a piece of land just outside the town, on the borders of a pleasant savanna, where the broad tufts of the bamboo and sheltering cinamon make the air cool and fragrant. On this he erected a villa. The house was handsome, the garden, too, was charming. It had a Grenadilla arbour, patches of Spanish rose, and shrubs of the much-prized Irish brier, which scents the air with its leaves, though it refuses to bloom in the tropics. Then mimosas in abundance, trumpet and wax flowers, and a hundred others which he took care to introduce, to say nothing of a precious corner laid out for European vegetables, and which alone was enough to make the place desirable. He was not long in meeting with an advantageous offer for his purchase; and he was about to close the agreement, when a claimant most unexpectedly started up to dispute the title, which Fred had unfortunately neglected duly to examine. As matters stood, he might even then have extricated himself from the dilemma, had he listened to the counsels of a friend, who advised him to compound, and submit the matter to private arbitration, rather than engage in a suit; but Fred was tenacious, and would not yield an iota of what he held. So did the suit begin; and it may be pending yet for anything I know.

To meet the demands of the men of law, Fred found himself obliged to sell some of his negroes. He perceived with satisfaction that the slave market was rising. There happened to be in the harbour a ship recently arrived from Barbadoes with a cargo of slaves smuggled from that island; and Fred, calculating on the favour which the government officers were testifying to the captain, ventured on the purchase of a lot, which he intended to take down to the estate, feed into proper plight, and sell again at a profit. And so far he had succeeded in his plans, that they were already trained and managed to excellent condition for the market, when one morning, as he sat calculating his probable gains on their sale, a strauge negro entered his hall and presented him a paper, an official despatch, proclaiming the Barbadian cargo free.

How such an inconsistency could take place, can only be explained by that partial administration so usual in colonies far from the controlling power of the mother country. The smuggling vessel had not only been allowed to enter the harbour unopposed, but the custom-house officers had passed the cargo, the registrar had entered the names of the negroes in his record, and even the protector of slaves had given the necessary license for their sale. But a private quarrel having arisen soon after between the latter gentleman and one of the pur-

Digitized by Google

chasers, for revenge, an inquiry was immediately instituted into the illegal proceedings of the late importation, in order that the protector's opponent should be summoned to pay the penalty of the offence. Suffice it to say, that more opposition was offered to the sentence than had been contemplated; public curiosity was roused, and the punishment intended only for one, was soon found necessary to extend to all those who had been engaged in the forbidden purchase. Remonstrance was vain—petitions were useless—the authorities had frowned; and even Fred, who hastened to town to solicit connivance, was forced to submit. Alas! he had bought those slaves on credit; his debts had already increased to such an amount that he began to despair in good earnest; and what was worse, with the loss of hope vanished much of that nice sense of honour and self-respect of which he had once enjoyed the reputation. Purchasers of the smuggled cargo attributed their losses to his unfortunate partnership in the concern, and reported their conviction to all the gossips of the place. His dealings were mistrusted, his rectitude questioned—nay, his very payments were looked upon with superstitious dislike. Women would sit in their balconies of a moonlight evening and relate long tales of his quarrels with the Evil One—how his new house was haunted, his cattle poisoned, his possessions cursed; and it was even asserted that winged demons had been seen flitting about his head as he was riding home one night in the gloom. At last even poor Fred's friends began to shun him—the weak, because they could not rise superior to public opinion; and the selfish, because he no longer brought them interest or honour.

Forsaken by all, Fred Hamilton was glad to turn to one who, being a despised man, and of the outcast race of mulattoes, he judged would only be too glad to have the honour of befriending him, a white man. Sam Bruton, flattered by his notice, showed himself willing to serve the planter; he lent him money in his distress, and daily transacted little matters to his advantage, which, owing to general prejudice, would otherwise have been neglected. Fred thought little of these things. Like all white people, he considered the coloured race born for his benefit, deeming it recompense enough to permit any service at their hands. And when he saw Bruton's sister, it was not love that drew his attention, but the hope of obtaining a female superintendent on the estate to tend the negro children, and visit the patients of the hospital. But Lolotte was beautiful: she had one of those houri-like southern faces which set one dreaming of Paradise. And modest she was withal, and humble in her demeanour, as became one of her rejected race. Hamilton became fascinated; and almost unconsciously he made use of expressions which gave the poor girl to suppose that she had conquered the prejudices of caste. The brother was frantic when he found he was only trifling with his sister's happiness.

It would have been easy to stop this annoyance in former days, when a white man might with impunity have inflicted Lynch law on a refractory mulatto; but the times were altered now—things were in a state of transition; scarcely any one knew his ground. The mulattoes had grown arrogant through government favour; and the planters, too well aware of this, shrank from quarrels, which, in the issue, would only humble them before a race of people they had hitherto trampled upon with impunity. Fred, therefore, saw the expediency of temporising, and with well-feigned candour he showed his books to the young coloured man, and explained the difficulty of his affairs. 'You see,' he said, 'I am on the brink of ruin—my only hope lies in the willingness of my relatives in England to help me; and you will understand the impolicy of displeasing them just at, this moment by a marriage which they would never forgive: only wait a little till I can do it with impunity.' Bruton yielded, but he watched him night and day; and he soon found that Fred, whether disgusted with his own importunities, or advised by his friends, was actually negotiating for a commission in the army, and preparing for a final and clandestine departure from the island. I remember one evening taking a stroll in company with some friends to Bruton's hut to see Lolotte, now broken-hearted and forsaken; for the little family, so well conducted and knit together with affection, had excited universal interest even among the race whose privilege it was to despise them. We found Lolotte reclining on a couch, with a rosary on the back of a chair near her, and a prayer-book on the seat. Her cheeks were sunken and haggard; her complexion, once so soft and golden, was now of an ashy paleness; and her large eyes shone with a light almost unearthly. She was hardly able to speak from exhaustion; yet when we rose to depart, on one of our party casting her eyes upon the prayer-book with a smile of approval, she made an effort to whisper, while her eyes filled with tears, 'It was for him I was praying: should you see him, say that Lolotte forgives him, and poor Bruton too has promised to forbear.' . . . She could say no more, and we hurried away, secretly rejoicing to feel that her sorrows would soon be at an end. Nor were we mistaken, for in a few days afterwards we caught a sight of Bruton passing our house clad in mourning. He was graver than usual; but his countenance was also calmer and more resigned. We knew then that it was all over; and a very little after, we heard of Fred as busily as ever engaged in studying tropical agriculture, from which we judged that he had given up his commission, and had once more settled down to his wonted interest and occupations on the estate.

Bruton, in the meantime, had not forgotten his sister's wrongs, and in his desire for revenge, had been plotting the final ruin of her destroyer. Aware of the state of Fred Hamilton's affairs, he had written a full account of them to Coleman, former proprietor of La Reconnaissance, and principal creditor of his present owner, than which a more effectual means of sinking his enemy could not be devised. And now that the estate was thriving, our planter's experience telling, and the harvest really ripening, Coleman, who for some years past had been unable to obtain his due instalments, arrived to claim the estate in person. And to complete the last link of Fred's misfortunes, no sooner were the forms of seizure complied with, than the general emancipation of slaves was proclaimed; so that, after all, Fred had not even the right to claim a shilling of the compensation money allowed to the slave-owners. The day on which he resigned La Reconnaissance, he borrowed a wagon to convey his movables to town, directing them to a hotel; while, with sorrow at his heart, he went by a bypath to take a last look at the estate. Strange that the same man who had but lately made such strenuous efforts to abandon the spot, should now feel such difficulty in summoning up resolution to leave it. He wandered up and down the walks he had planted like one in a dream, here pausing to contemplate the well-laden shrubs of cocoa, there turning to listen to the gurgling stream which watered them, or rushing senselessly through the tufts of Indian flag and tangled lianas which partly concealed the banks. So he continued till night came, and then he lay down beneath the tall coral-trees and slept till next mid-day, when, by mere chance, one of the negro women of the estate found him still on the ground, and burning with fever. With the help of a companion whom she called to her assistance, she carried him to her hut, where, with that instinctive kindness characteristic of the African, she tended him night and day, placing all her little gains and possessions at his command. But the hand of sorrow had pressed too heavily on his head, misfortune after misfortune had crushed his spirit, and he looked at the future with despair. Thus without a friend, without a home, without a hope on earth, received for charity into the hut of one of his own negroes, did the nephew of his Excellency the Governor of ——, the brilliant secretary of '82-, the fortunate purchaser

Digitized by Google

of La Reconnaissance, now at the age of twenty-eight, sink broken-hearted into the grave.

Alas! how many an adventurer has gone forth like him, full of ambition, elated with hope, impatient of gain, and ended as he did, without a friend to close his eyes! A mournful lesson to those who feel inclined to leave the slow certainty of home advancement to pursue the brilliant phantom of 'El Dorado!'

A too great love of gain, to the exclusion of every other thought and feeling, seems to have been our planter's defect. He might have succeeded in more settled countries; but here, the current of events was stronger than he could stem, and he had not genius to humour the stream till he could safely and conveniently swim to the shore.

As a relief to the melancholy catastrophe, we have pleasure in stating that those negroes who had been sold away from La Reconnaissance, sharing in the general boon of emancipation, were soon enabled to return to their old friends and relations; and we have since heard that many of them have even become small proprietors on that spot of land they had so richly deserved to inherit.

IMPORTANCE OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.

It is one of the marvellous arrangements of Providence, that results of the greatest magnitude and importance are not unusually caused by operations apparently so insignificant as to be reckoned scarcely worthy of notice. Nothing, however, is really insignificant—all has a meaning—all tends to one harmonious whole in the order of creation.

Some beautiful illustrations of this proposition are to be found in the animal kingdom, particularly in the immense and wonderful influence of minute animated organisms upon the actual form and mass of the globe! The chalk formation fills every reflective mind with wonder. The chalk-beds of England are many hundred feet thick, and many miles in extent. Who raised this wall of white around our coast? Who piled up those precipitous masses, from which all the labour and skill of man can only detach a few comparatively insignificant morsels? 'We did!' utter a myriad-million animalcules, whose dead bodies we thus behold. It is beyond conception; but the microscope assures us of the fact. These vast beds are composed of the shells of infusory animalcules. A 'line' is the 12*th* part of an inch. Now these creatures vary from the 12*th* to the 280*th* part of a *line* in thickness! It has been calculated that ten millions of their dead bodies lie in a cubic inch! 'Singly,' says a popular writer, 'they are the most unimportant of all animals; in the mass, forming as they do such enormous strata over a large part of the earth's surface, they have an importance greatly exceeding that of the largest and noblest of the beasts of the field.' Theirs is a safe humility; for while the greater creatures have many of them become extinct, and left no posterity, the descendants of these ancient earth-architects live and thrive to this very hour. The polishing-slate, or tripoli of Bilin, presents us with another instance in point. The investigations of that greatest of microscopical observers, Professor Ehrenberg, have shown that this substance consists almost entirely of an aggregation of infusoria in layers, without any connecting medium. These are much more minute than the chalk animalcules. A cubic line contains about twenty-three millions of them, and a cubic inch has been calculated to be the cenotaph of forty thousand millions of these beings! The weight of a cubic inch is about 220 grains, and that of the siliceous shield of a single animalcule is estimated at the 187,000,000th part of a grain! The infusorial rock at Bilin forms a bed fourteen feet in thickness, and about fifty hundredweight is annually consumed of it at Berlin for different purposes. Two origins are now ascribed to limestone—one, that of chemical precipitation; the other, which has a direct connection with our subject, ascribes the formation to the labours of the infusoria. There can be no doubt that many of the enormous beds of this substance with which we are familiar are the results of the accumulation of innumerable millions of these tiny creatures. They swarm in all waters, indifferently in salt as in fresh; and secreting from the lime held in solution by such water the necessary material for their shields or calcareous skeletons, they form by their enormous aggregation, in process of time, the vast strata of which we speak. For this purpose, it is necessary that they should be capable of multiplying immensely; and this they do by the different processes of spontaneous fissuration, gemmation, and the development of ova. The white calcareous earth so common at the bottoms of bogs and morasses has its origin in the ceaseless labours of these creatures; and the 'bog-iron ore' of geologists consists of the ferruginous shields of others. Thus, as has been aptly remarked by the old Latin proverb, 'iron, flint, and lime, all formed by worms,' which was probably a sly sarcasm against philosophy, modern science has shown to be actually true in the history of the animalcules. The Great Pyramid of Egypt has been looked upon by men as a miracle of human power and skill: yet every stone in its composition is a greater far, for the limestone of which this vast structure is built was erected long ago by an army of humble animalcules more numerous than all the hosts of a thousand Pharaohs. It has been finely said by Young—

'Where is the dust that has not been alive?'

though perhaps he little knew the wide application of the truth he was enunciating. In Lapland, we are told that in certain places there exists a stratum of earth called *bergmehl*, full of fossil animalcules. It contains four per cent. of animal matter, for the sake of which the wretched inhabitants, when hard pressed for food, collect this earth, and mixing it up with a portion of the bark of trees ground to powder, use it as food. The town of Richmond in Virginia is entirely built on a bed of siliceous marl composed of these creatures, and on the average about twenty feet in thickness.

From the consideration of these stupendous results of animalcule labour, we may turn to the equally interesting one of that of the zoophytes. When we mention the term coral formations, it will certainly convey to the major part of our readers that impression of the vast importance of apparently insignificant beings which we desire, since, thanks to the interesting and popular character of many of our valuable scientific works, much information on the subject is now abroad. Let us, however, mention a few of the remarkable works executed by these indefatigable labourers. Captain Flinders describes a coral-reef on the east coast of New Holland which is 1000 miles long. In one part it is unbroken for a distance of 350 miles. Enormous masses of this structure also brave the fury of the wide-spread waters of the Pacific. These groups are from 1100 to 1200 miles long, by 300 or 400 in breadth. The following extract from that most interesting work, 'Darwin's Journal,' will convey a good idea of the extent of these labours in one spot—Keeling Island, which is an entire mass of coral:—'Such formations rank high amongst the wonderful objects of this world.

Digitized by Google

Captain Fitzroy found no bottom with a line 7200 feet long, at a distance of only 2200 yards from the shore. Hence this island forms a lofty submarine mountain, with sides steeper even than the most abrupt volcanic cone. The saucer-shaped summit is ten miles across; and every single atom, from the least particle to the largest fragment of rock in this great hill—which, however, is small compared with very many other lagoon islands—bears the stamp of having been subject to organic arrangement. We feel surprised,' he adds, 'when travellers tell us of the vast dimensions of the Pyramids and other great ruins; but how utterly insignificant are the greatest of them when compared to these mountains of stone accumulated by the agency of various minute and tender animals.'

The entomologist, jealous for the honour of his science, will tell us that a similar lesson may be learned by equally striking illustrations from the page of insect life; nor is it a violation of our prefatory compact to include the displays of insect power under the dynamics of insignificance. When countries have been shaved of their increase, when kings and councils have been perplexed, and whole nations have trembled, at the sound of an insect's wing, we are justified in giving their deeds a record in this place and on this occasion. Let him that can count the leaves of the thickest forest despise, if he can, the powers of that legion of caterpillars of which Reaumur speaks as having brought a premature winter upon a dense wood in France which he visited. Every tree was overrun with them; and in a brief time, from the refreshing green of spring, the whole scene assumed the parched brown aspect of late autumn. Such was the alarm excited, that an act of the government was called forth, decreeing that everybody should assist in the extermination of the insects. But they were not to be annihilated by 'act of parliament:' cold and rain killed them. The Hessian fly, supposed to have been carried by the far less formidable Hessian troops from Germany, committed for a length of time the most awful ravages in North America. At one period it was thought they would annihilate the culture of wheat altogether. They came in enormous numbers, thickening the very air, crossing lakes and rivers like a cloud. In a tumbler of beer, 500 met death by drowning! The privy council, we are told, met day by day to consult what measures could be adopted to destroy these ravagers. Expresses were despatched to France, Austria, Prussia, and America, for full information; and the minutes of council and necessary documents fill upwards of 200 pages. All this about an insignificant fly! The weevils, likewise, have an evil name for their destroying powers. Every voyager knows them, and has watched their manœuvres in his biscuits, or has been on the point of swallowing hundreds in his soup. A great brewer used to say that he collected them out of his granaries by bushels; which cannot be wondered at, when we remember that a single pair will, in the course of one year, become surrounded with a family of 6000! Our grapes are often cut down for us, and withered before their time, by the larvæ of other insects. In the course of the last century they multiplied so excessively in Sweden, that numbers of meadows became white and dry, as if scorched. The larvæ of our childhood's friend, 'Daddy long-legs,' some years ago entirely destroyed hundreds of acres of the best and richest pasture-land, all becoming brown, dry, and dead. A piece of turf, a square foot in size, when examined, contained the enormous number of 210 grubs! After all, what are these to the locusts, that oppressive scourge with which Providence occasionally visits nations? To quote a single instance:—In Russia, in 1650, they came at three points in vast multitudes; they darkened the very air, covered the earth, and in some places their dead bodies formed a stratum four feet deep; the trees literally *bent* under them, and were of course stripped clean in a very little time. On one occasion they are said to have been the indirect causes of the death of about a million men and animals. Surely here is a display of power which redeems insects from the stigma of insignificance!

But this is not all. The insect known as the *Teredo navalis* commits a more subtile, but scarcely less terrible work upon the wooden structures of our piers. The piers of Holland are suffering immensely from the destroying powers of this humble insect; and apprehensions are seriously entertained that, by its injuring the timber-work of the dams, the day may come when the country will be flooded. The authors of the 'Introduction to Entomology' tell us that the piers of Bridlington Harbour, in our own country, are going rapidly to ruin by the attacks of a little wood-louse! In three years they reduced a three-inch plank to less than an inch in thickness. What will be thought of our subject when we state that a ship of the line, a British man-of-war, was attacked by insects, and the vast structure more roughly handled than she had been in the severest action? So seriously, indeed, had she been injured, that it was only by firmly lashing her together that she could be saved from foundering with all on board! And lastly, the *termites*, or white ants, are worse still. Think of an army of puny insects sweeping away every relic of a village, or reducing a monarch of the forest to the thickness of brown paper; or, more audacious still, threatening the gorgeous palace of the governor-general of India with ruin! We may well join, then, with Mr Lyell, while wondering at the vast and often suddenly-created powers of the insect world, in saying, 'If, for the sake of employing on different but rare occasions a power of 200 horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at great cost in the intervals, we should greatly admire the invention of such a machine as the steam-engine, which was capable at any moment of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during the periods of inaction. The same kind of admiration is excited when we contemplate the powers of insect life, in the creation of which the Author of Nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, to be detected only by careful research, are ready in a few days, weeks, or months, to give birth to myriads; but no sooner has the destroying commission been executed, than the gigantic power becomes dormant.'

Our final illustrations may be taken from the kingdom of inorganic nature. Our endeavour is to show the vast energies of the expansive force of such an insignificant thing as a drop of frozen water, or a foot of heated rock. Whoever has read Scoresby's interesting and valuable work on the arctic regions, must have been struck with the account he gives of the broken state of the rocks in Spitzbergen. On landing, he ascended the beach towards several hills of some elevation; but he found that climbing was almost impossible, in consequence of the excessively loose state of the stones on the surface. It was in vain to attempt to walk, as the feet lost their hold, and the traveller came down in a shower of stones. The only pace to be adopted was that of a sort of jumping run,

Digitized by Google

which proved inordinately fatiguing. 'These rocks,' he writes, 'appear solid in the distance, but on examination, they were found to be full of fractures in every direction, so that it was with difficulty that a specimen of *five or six pounds* in a solid mass could be obtained. The least movement sent floods of stones down the rock. Cliffs of a thousand feet were found fissured in every direction; and toward the sea-edge, stones weighing more than two or three ounces each could not be obtained. Darwin makes the same observation on Terra del Fuego and within the Andes. Here, he says, he often observed that where the rock was covered with snow, its surface was shivered in an extraordinary manner into small angular fragments. On the Cordilleras, the rock crumbles in great quantities, and masses of detritus slide down every spring like great avalanches. There can be no doubt that this enormous destruction of rock is due to a very simple cause. Many of our public buildings suffer in a similar manner; and in the severe winters of Quebec, the most serious damage is done to the granite piers by the same force. Yet the power which thus levels the great mountains by degrees, and brings them to communion with the dust of the lowly earth, is but the expansion of water, which, becoming infiltrated into their substance, or dropping into crevices, rends them asunder, when it is in the act of freezing, with a force nothing can resist. How important an agent this is in the work of renewing the earth we need scarcely say.

From certain experiments made in America by a gentleman of practical scientific research, it appears that it is impossible, in countries having a variation of more than 90 degrees Fahrenheit annual temperature, to construct a coping of stones five feet long in which the joints will be water-tight. Mr Lyell, proceeding on the calculations arrived at in these experiments, states that if we can suppose a mass of sandstone a mile in thickness to have its temperature raised 200 degrees Fahrenheit, it would lift a superincumbent layer of rock to the height of ten feet. 'But suppose a part of the earth's crust 100 miles thick, and equally expansible, the temperature of which was raised 600 or 700 degrees. This might produce an elevation of between 2000 and 3000 feet. The cooling of the same mass, again, might afterwards cause the overlying rocks to sink down again, and resume their original position. By such agency we might explain the gradual rise of Scandinavia.' Calculations have been made by geologists which appear to account for the elevation of land in Sweden by a rise of only 3 degrees temperature (Reaumur), supposing the stratum to be 140,000 feet thick. Upon a similar supposition, the rise and fall of the waters of the Caspian Sea might be explained, supposing its bed subject to alternate elevations and depressions of temperature. Again, if the strata were principally clay, as it is well known that that substance contracts when heated, we might account for the subsidence of land on the supposition that the clay strata were contracting under the influence of heat. No one at all acquainted with the enormous, the, in truth, immeasurable force of contraction and expansion under the influence of caloric, will feel a doubt that the cause assigned is at least adequate to the effects produced. Yet how insignificant a thing an icicle! how apparently inappreciable the amount of increase in a heat-expanded stone!

When all creation inculcates the same truth, it would be manifestly easy to multiply examples by rambling over many other equally interesting fields of study. But to give a complete view of the subject is neither within the scope, nor is it the legitimate object, of an 'article.' It appears, indeed, as if the wisdom and power of the Creator were in nothing more manifest than in the astonishing force He has committed to the charge, not of the great and mighty of this world of nature, but to the humble and individually feeble insect or animalcule. The remark of Sir John Herschel forms an apposite conclusion to our paper:—'To the natural philosopher there is no natural object that is unimportant or trifling. From the least of nature's works he may learn the greatest lessons.'

A FRENCH ODDITY.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in the beginning of May, when, leaving my little chamber in the Rue des Beaux Arts, I bethought me of a stroll in the Tuileries Gardens. I sauntered along the quays on my side the Seine, now looking at a print, now stopping at a bookstall, until I came to the Pont Neuf, by which I crossed the water, and then proceeded direct to the gardens. The fountains were showering their bright rain in the sunshine, the parterre had been freshly done up, and the grass was vividly green; even the windows of the palace had all been mended, so as to show no signs of revolutionary violence. Everything looked neat, and beautiful, and pleasant. Above all was the clear crystal air of Paris, the atmosphere of which gives a transparency, and breathes an elasticity, which is preciously peculiar to the fair city of the Seine. I loitered a moment over the few flowers, and then passed on to the sunny dry parts, by the sides of which chairs are placed, and furnished at a sou a piece to those who desire their accommodation. On these were seated a bright array of French mammas, with their exquisite bonnets, and the hues of their dress so chastely chosen; and by them their nurses, in their various provincial costumes, with caps piled up with lace in all grotesquely graceful fashions, and arrayed in colours bright and decided, making the scene quite picturesque and piquant. Around played the children, little bonny brunettes or blushing blondes, full of gay grace or pretty pettishness. I could not, however, help again observing, as I had done the day before, while taking the same walk with my friend Elihu Burritt, the predominance of pugnacious playthings among the boys. Each little lad had a tiny tricolour, or a bit of a drum, or a tin sword by his side, supported duly by scabbard and belt. Many had guns, and some of these had even metal bayonets. French fame and French folly had already entered those little heads. It is a gay and pleasing sight, however—mammas, nurses, and children, in those sunny Tuileries Gardens. I thought of my own 'wee bairnies' and walked on.

I passed into the shade under the splendid chestnut trees—then brightly green in foliage, and beginning to show their groups of snowy-white flowers, delicately tinted with a blushing pink—to the right of the gardens from whence I had entered. I sat down on one of the fixed stone seats, at the foot of a chestnut which had perhaps the biggest bole and the most spreading umbrage of any in the place, and had just perused the third page of the last new revolutionary pamphlet, when my attention was distracted by a buzz and suppressed titter in the nearest path. I looked, and saw all eyes turned upon a strange figure which was strutting down the middle of the pathway. It was that of a young man, with an odd conformation of head, the forehead retreating, and the crown low, hair almost colourless, and without either hat or cap. He was dressed in a bright green coat with gilt buttons; he wore a red neckcloth, with the collar slightly turned over; and in one hand he carried an immense opera-glass, and in the other a switch of a cane, both of which he used in a most ridiculous fashion.

The poor creature was evidently of weak intellect. It was not 'Poor Joe,' down in our woodland village north of the Orwell; but his Sillyness of the Seine, fine in his folly, not *un sot*, but *un simple*, cackling with conceit, a goose of glory. On he promenaded along the path, apparently unaccompanied, except by the glances of the curious. Wishing to study a specimen of the French fool, I rose and followed at a little distance, skirting along the trees, so as to be unobserved by my subject, and thus to avoid the possibility of giving him pain. Rumour ran before him,

Digitized by Google

and fame followed him. He by no means avoided attraction. Now he grimaced with his hand, smoothing down his hairless chin; now he twirled his little yellow cane in all kinds of curious circles, until it flew from his hand, and he was compelled to the undignified action of stooping to pick it up: now he seemed to be humming a song, sensibly to his own satisfaction. He was in his greatest glory, however, with his opera-glass. Every now and then he applied it to his eye, and took a sweeping survey of everything within sight. As ladies approached, he exhibited himself to perfection. He was evidently fascinated with the fair; and when any appeared within about eight or ten yards of him, he halted, drew himself up in a position in which his two legs were close together, and duly placing his cane under one arm, deliberately levelled the barrel of his glass at the fresh faces which fronted him. Having thus done execution, to the dismay of some, and to the laughter of others, and to his own entire satisfaction, he lowered his glass, and jauntily journeyed on.

Fate, however, follows fame, and glory glides away. Some *gamins*, observing our hero, followed him, evidently having an intelligence among themselves, for some time closely. At length he entered the circular walk at the end of the gardens nearest the Champs Elysées. Here some of the lads continued to follow his steps, while others went round the other way, on purpose to meet him. Our hero had fallen into the trap. He continued his round, and was met, as intended, by the oldest lad, who, touching his cap—for the French are ever polite, even in fun—said, 'I hope monsieur is enjoying his promenade?' 'Yes, yes, monsieur,' was the answer, for the French even say monsieur to boys of five or six. A few more words were exchanged, which I did not catch, and then, 'Will you oblige me with your arm?' said the dirty, ragged gamin. It was enough. Our hero was off. In an instant his self-satisfied look was changed to one of the extremest distress. His walk, before so smart, so stylish, or so solemn, was metamorphosed into an exit composed of shuffling, wading, swimming, running, and flying. His opera-glass was plunged into his pocket, his cane held tightly in his hand, and with his arms rowing like awkward wings, his knees knocking together, his head poked out, and his back bent in, he either fled or flew, and I soon lost sight of the French fool amid the chestnuts. 'Will you oblige me with your arm, monsieur?' said the gamin; but love of fame and vainglory would have nothing to do with such liberty, equality, and fraternity. In walking home, I thought that the poor French fool was, after all, only an exaggerated type of the defects in his national character; and that beneath the fact which had passed before me something of a moral lay concealed—namely, that republican institutions would have considerable difficulty in harmonising with French foolery.

DR CHANNING.

Dr Channing's writings have been widely diffused, and have exerted a remarkable influence in this country as well as in America. Our natural desire to know the history of a mind the workings of which have been so powerful, and to see how far the lofty ideal of a writer is embodied in his own life, is gratified by a copious memoir of him just published by his nephew. We shall extract a short account of him from this large work, which is reprinted in England, under the protection of a late copyright law.

William Ellery Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, United States, on the 7th of April 1780. His maternal grandfather, William Ellery, was a man of eminence, and at one period a member of Congress. He lived to the age of ninety-three, and his beneficial influence was gratefully acknowledged by his namesake. His father, William Channing (whose grandfather emigrated from Dorsetshire in 1712), was an able lawyer, and attorney-general of his native state. He was an hospitable, benevolent, and religious man, and had deep horror at profaneness. His son 'owed it to him, that though living in the atmosphere of this vice, no profane word ever passed his lips.' His wife, who lived to the age of eighty-two, and was treated by Dr Channing with great filial reverence, was remarkable for her rectitude and simplicity of character, and for an entire truthfulness too rarely to be found. She exercised a scrupulous thoroughness in her domestic details, and was somewhat rigid in her discipline. William was early remarkable for purity and self-command: he avoided bad company, and was accustomed, in a gentle tone, which removed offence, to rebuke all obscenity and profaneness. He was early actuated by the rule—not to let the left hand know what his right hand did. He had a peculiar regard for the rights and feelings of others; and his tenderness was manifested in his treatment of animals; and he was equally distinguished by noble-heartedness and courage. These features of his character are displayed in interesting anecdotes. His father's death in 1793, which left his family in very reduced circumstances, stimulated his independent energy and foresight for others; but a shade of premature seriousness was given to his temper.

At fourteen, he entered Harvard University, at Cambridge, near Boston, United States. As a boy, he was noted rather for his contemplative habits than for his attainments. He had not been a quick scholar, and his anxiety to understand thoroughly whatever was presented to him gave him the appearance of dulness. It is said that he found the difficulties of acquiring Latin to be insurmountable, until an assistant in his father's office, taking pity on the plodding boy, gave him such assistance as helped him forward. The first step being taken, his progress in the classics was rapid; but his chief taste was philosophy; and with noble aspirations, he possessed an early ardour for freedom. As a student, he was remarkable for the eloquence and beauty of his compositions.

Those who knew him in after-life as a frail, attenuated invalid, would hardly recognise this description of him by his fellow-student Washington Ailston, the poet-painter:—'Though small in stature, his person at that time was rather muscular than slender. I should think it was even athletic, from the manner in which he prolonged the contests with heavier antagonists in the wrestling-matches that were then common among the students; and for animal spirits he was no less remarkable than for his intellectual enthusiasm, amounting occasionally to unrestrained hilarity, but never passing the bounds of propriety. I well remember his laugh, which could not have been heartier without being obstreperous.' He records with deep gratitude that he was preserved from the contagion that surrounded him. 'The state of morals among the students was anything but good; but poverty, a dread of debt, well-chosen friends, the pleasures of intellectual improvement, regard to my surviving parent, and an almost instinctive shrinking from gross vice, to which natural timidity and religious principle contributed not a little, proved effectual safeguards. Had the bounds of purity once been broken, I know not that I should ever have returned to virtue.' He and his friend Story (afterwards an eminent judge) declined the use of wine even at convivial entertainments.

His classmates urged him to apply himself to law, as affording the best field for his eloquence; but he writes, 'In my senior year, the prevalence of infidelity, imported from France, led me to inquire into the evidences of Christianity, and then *I found for what I was made.* My heart embraced its great objects with an interest which has been increasing to this hour.'

After leaving college, at the age of eighteen, he spent part of two years at Richmond, Virginia, as tutor to the

Digitized by Google

family of Mr Randolph, a gentleman of station. This period exerted an important influence over his whole life. He saw quite a different phase of society, and heard opinions which were new to him. He admired a generosity and frankness which contrasted favourably with the avarice and calculating prudence of the north. He was, however, disgusted by the sensuality that prevailed, and saw that the demoralising influences of slavery, which, however, had not reached their subsequent enormity, extended to the master as well as to his victim.

'Absorbed in the duty of teaching during the day, and living much apart from the family, Mr Channing was prompted by his wish for quick advancement to pass most of the night in study. He usually remained at his desk till two or three in the morning, and often saw the day break before retiring to rest. He had also gained from the Stoics, and from his own pure standard of virtue, ascetic notions of curbing the animal nature, and of hardening himself for difficult duties. For the purpose of overcoming effeminacy, he accustomed himself to sleep on the bare floor, and would spring up at any hour of waking to walk about in the cold.' He suffered from insufficient clothing, as he did not allow himself to use the money sent him from home; and he spent his salary in the purchase of books. He found himself too meanly clad to accept the invitations which would have cheered his spirits. 'This slight experience of poverty sank deep into his memory, and gave him through life most tender compassion for the needy.' He 'passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitements of heart and mind, so absorbing, as often to banish sleep, and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion.' He 'was worn well-nigh to a skeleton.' From his ignorance of the laws of nature, he sinned against his bodily constitution, and suffered accordingly. In his system were planted the germs of disease, the growth of which overshadowed his whole life, and greatly diminished his powers of usefulness.

On his return from Richmond, a thin and pallid invalid, he remained a year and a half at home, pursuing his theological studies, and instructing one or two pupils. He had access to a valuable public library; and what was of more consequence to one of his susceptible temperament, to a fine sea-coast; which he visited, not like Demosthenes, to make his eloquence audible amidst the waves, but to awaken his soul by the voice of nature. 'No spot on earth,' he says, 'has helped to form me so much as that beach: there I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest: there, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions: there, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of the power within: there, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves: there began a happiness, surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the works of God.' This delight in nature pervaded his life; and many portions of his biography manifest his enthusiasm for scenery, and his discriminating perception of its peculiar beauties.

In 1803 he resided at Cambridge as regent of the college, an office the duty of which was to exercise a general superintendence over the building in which he lived, and which allowed him ample time for self-improvement. At this period he seems to have read less than he thought and wrote. He thought it better that a few thoughts should be clearly impressed on his mind, than that he should be lost in the chaos of universal knowledge, which had hitherto distracted him. The unsleeping vigilance of conscience which distinguished his moral also pervaded his intellectual nature. He would not rest content in superficial glimpses of a truth, but desired to view it in all its bearings, and listened with the utmost candour to every objection. He had an 'unappeasable desire to obtain such a view of any subject as should have coherent wholeness in itself, and be at unity with other views which he regarded as established.' When he read, he had his pen in hand, and noted questions, hints, statements, germs of interesting views, &c. which were afterwards accurately classified. And when engaged in thought, he would write down what occurred to him, as a means of gaining clearness and definiteness.

He began to preach in his twenty-third year, and so great was the admiration excited by his genius and devotional spirit, that he at once received invitations to two churches in Boston. Conscious of weak health, he accepted the invitation of the humbler society in Federal Street, which, however, soon rose to importance through his eloquence; for this 'made a sensation such as had been long unknown in Boston, distinguished as many of her ministers justly were'—and in a few years a new and spacious edifice was erected for him. In the most delicate manner he provided for his family, whom he invited to live with him, endeavouring to keep from them the knowledge of his kindness; and he faithfully redeemed the assurance he made his mother, that she should never find the duties of a Christian minister were inconsistent with those of a son. He never saved from an ample income, giving to the poor what his own relatives did not need, and being so narrow in his outlay upon himself, that only his great neatness preserved him from an unbecoming meanness. He selected for his own use the worst rooms in his house, and declined even necessary comforts. Though we cannot but respect the holiness of his motives and his moral heroism, we see that his opposition to nature was injurious. His health continued to suffer; his spirits were affected; and whilst the world admired his success, he often felt such despondency, from a sense of unworthiness, much caused by bodily langtuor, that he almost resolved to quit his profession. His extreme seriousness repelled many whom he desired to win; but those who were intimate with him were impressed by his devoted love and gentleness.

He devoted himself assiduously to pastoral ministrations, and made as cheerful a sacrifice of the time which he intended for study or pulpit preparation, as he did of his strength or money, when he saw any who needed it; but from the usual error of ministers, in delaying composition till the last, this often constrained him to sit up late on Saturday night, which of course increased the exciement of his Sunday labours. He took a deep interest in the children of his Society, to whom, before Sunday schools were introduced, he gave familiar instruction. The simplicity of his language, and his heart-opening love, made his addresses to them very intelligible and attractive.

It was a source of much distress to him that the intolerance and exclusiveness of the times forced him to engage in controversy. He carried into the field, however, the spirit of justice and true charity; and as soon as he deemed that he had in some measure established the right of private judgment, and fairly displayed the great principles at which he had arrived after faithful inquiry, he gladly retired from polemical theology.

In 1814 he married his cousin, a lady of property, who seems to have been well fitted to promote his happiness. Henceforward his life was singularly serene. His asceticism was softened, and his greater cheerfulness of spirit rendered the sacrifices which he continued to make more beneficial to others. He had always formed a remarkably high estimate of the female sex, and this was practically shown in a regard for their rights. It was his opinion, on which he always scrupulously acted, that married women ought to have the entire control over the property which they brought with them. Whilst the respect, and love, and comfort which surrounded him made his outward condition prosperous, his constitution was so much impaired by his early struggles, that he was unable to continue his ministerial duties, and he sought health in a visit to Europe. Here he met with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others, whom he valued for their writings; and the varied scenery and the new phases of society which he

Digitized by Google

observed, with entire rest from anxious duty, and communion with other minds, seemed to make a new era in his life. Of England he always spoke in terms of respect and affection. 'Nowhere on earth,' he writes, 'will you find a people more high-minded, more jealous of their rights, more bold in expressing their thoughts, more resolute and earnest in putting forth all the powers of human nature.'

It was not till 1824 that he contributed to an American periodical those essays on Milton, Fenelon, and Bonaparte, which procured him such celebrity. He never was anxious for fame, and seemed singularly indifferent to the reception his writings met with, as far as his own celebrity was concerned; though he was eager for their diffusion, on account of the truths he believed them to contain. He was in the habit of avoiding the sight of criticisms on himself, whether eulogistic or the contrary; and he found the task of revising what he had once published an ungenial one. 'I have something,' he says, 'of the nature of the inferior animals in regard to my literary offspring. When once they have taken flight, I cast them off, and have no need of further acquaintance.'

He gradually retired from his pulpit duties, as he found the exertion and excitement extremely injurious; but his concern for human welfare seemed to grow with his years. Peace, temperance, education, and freedom, found him an able and discriminating advocate; though he thought it best to decline all connection with associations, and to utter his voice as an individual. His Lectures on Self-Culture, and on the Elevation of the Labouring Classes, contain the best expression of his principles and aims. A friend deemed these efforts a waste and perversion of his powers! But he felt that it was especially the duty of the spiritually-minded to show how what is divine may mingle with, and be brought out in, common life, and in every condition. These lectures obtained an extensive circulation among the operatives in Great Britain.

In 1830 he went for his health to Santa Cruz (Cuba), and the horrors of slavery which he there witnessed revived his early impressions; and, as he says, he went through a regeneration on this subject. He made preparations for the work which he subsequently published; and he stated some of his feelings from the pulpit when he returned: but the excited state of public feeling, and a reluctance to join the Anti-slavery party, many of whose measures he disapproved, led him to keep it back for some years. In 1834 he had much conversation with the Rev. S. J. May, who took a warm interest in the movement, and expressed his objections to the severity, harshness, and vehemence which he thought the characteristics of the Abolition meetings. Mr May, after listening for some time, very forcibly and warmly urged upon Dr Channing that if the cause of freedom was injured by improper advocacy, those should be the last to complain who were capable of doing the subject justice, yet had allowed themselves to be silent. 'At this point,' says Mr May, 'I bethought me to whom I was administering this earnest rebuke—the man who stood among the highest of our great and good men—the man who had ever treated me with the kindness of a father, and whom, from my childhood, I had been accustomed to revere more perhaps than any one living. I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of my temerity. His countenance showed that he was much moved. I could not suppose that he would receive very graciously all I had said. I awaited in painful expectation the reply he would make. It seemed as if long minutes elapsed before the silence was broken; when, in a very subdued manner, and in his kindest tones of voice, he said—"Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of your reproof; I have been silent too long." I never can forget his words, look, manner. I then saw the beauty, the magnanimity of a humble soul. He was exalted in my esteem more than before.' Dr Channing took opportunities of showing that this increased respect was reciprocated.

In 1835 the work on slavery was published, and this was followed at intervals by other publications bearing on the same subject, among which we may mention his protest against the annexation of Texas. His labours were not confined to the study. When the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, the editor of an Abolition paper, was shot by a mob, he felt impelled to protest against this violence on the liberty of the press, and headed a requisition for a public meeting. The Boston authorities for a time refused to grant the Faneuil Hall; at length they yielded, and a meeting was held, at which, after a doubtful contest, freedom triumphed. The sacrifice made by Dr Channing was very great: the leading members of his congregation were opposed to him; many of his near and early friends fell away from him. 'The absurd notion was originated at this time that he intended to change his calling for a political one. The coldness toward him which then began to manifest itself was never entirely removed; and suspicions with regard to the purity of his aim were cherished by a few even to the end of his life: they could not understand the depth of his desire to make religion the controlling principle in all human affairs.'

As he advanced in life, he became more social, without being less holy. His youth was one of restraint and reserve, and was deeply tinged with melancholy. It is much to be regretted that false views of duty then led him to an asceticism which weakened his body, and often impaired his mental energy; but this was not unattended with a growth in spiritual strength. The fruit of his discipline was at first crude and uninviting; but by always opening his mind to the perception of the great, good, and beautiful, which was as needful to him as light to the flower, it mellowed and ripened as it grew. Were it not that we trust that some will be induced by this imperfect sketch to study the work itself, we should greatly regret that our limits prevent us from transcribing the beautiful description of his later life, which the last volume contains. One of the most pleasing features in it was his attachment to the young, whom he was fond of having around him. 'A little child during one of these visits threw herself into the arms of an elder friend, and smiling through her tears, exclaimed, "Oh this is Heaven!" so subdued did she feel by the atmosphere of love which he diffused. And a young girl wrote, "He welcomed me with a kindness that took away all fear—a kindness that I felt I might trust for ever, for it was like that which must belong to spirits in eternity. His daily life is illuminated by a holiness which makes his actions as impulsive and peaceful as a child's: it is a happiness to be in his presence.'

His last effort was in behalf of freedom. He desired to commemorate West Indian emancipation, and wrote an address 'under the inspiration of the mountains—which you know are the "holy land" of liberty'—which he delivered at Lenox, August 1, 1842. He had not strength to speak the whole of it; but he did not know that he ever spoke with more effect, and felt that he had found his way to the hearts of his hearers. Mrs Sedgwick, who was present, said that "his countenance was full of spiritual beauty; and when he uttered that beautiful invocation towards the close of his address—which would not have been more characteristic or fitting had he known that he should never speak again in public—he looked like one inspired."' He was so exhausted, that he was obliged to seclude himself for several days. His subsequent letters display the most beautiful, hopeful, and loving spirit. The time at length came for his release. The description given of his closing days is most touching and elevating. To the last he found the greatest comfort from the Gospel he had preached; he was 'true to all the relations of duty,' and felt the reality of a spiritual life.

It was the evening of Sunday, October 2, 1842, that he gazed for the last time on the valleys and woody summits on which the setting sun had shed its hues of beauty; and then gently, imperceptibly, sank to rest.

Digitized by Google

Death had no terrors for him; and when, by a spontaneous impulse, his congregation passed up the middle aisle at his funeral, to gaze on his countenance for the last time, it seemed as of 'one entranced in a dream of glory.' It is not the least touching proof of the affection which his expansive charity nurtured, that the bell of the Catholic cathedral tolled as the sad procession moved from the church. Though connected with a sect, he was in reality a man of no sect or party, his great aim apparently being to infuse the spirit of the Gospel into the daily concerns of the world—not a world standing still or retrograding, but advancing towards the highest aims of civilisation. It is pleasing to add, that objections to the theological tenets of Dr Channing do not prevent our entertaining a high admiration of his general writings; but this admiration rises to a far higher feeling as we study his biography; for we see that, 'singularly lofty as is the spirit which his writings breathe, he was true to them in heart and life:' and we find the secret of his eloquence in the power which elevated ideas and enlarged conceptions of all that is just, pure, true, grand, beautiful, loving, and holy, had in the transformation of his being.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

DRESDEN—LEIPSIC.

Dresden, in which we spent about a week, is a handsomely-built town, with generally spacious streets, and possesses some pleasant environs, including a new town on the right bank of the Elbe, which is here crossed by a long bridge of stone. It appeared to us, however, to be the dullest place we had yet visited, though, as respects society, and all the conveniences of life, well spoken of by those English who have made it a place of residence. From the same authority I learn that its educational establishments are excellent. The German of the higher and middle classes is considered to be as pure as is anywhere spoken.

The situation I should suppose too much on a level with the river to be agreeable at all seasons. On the occasion of a sudden thaw after frost, the Elbe comes down in an immensely increased volume, and rising above its banks, overflows a large portion of the town. Laying aside historical associations, Dresden is interesting to tourists alone from its collections of objects of art. First as electors, and afterwards as kings, the Saxon princes have been hoarders of articles of value, and these were saved from injury and spoliation during the occupancy of the city by Napoleon, in consequence of the Saxon sovereign having remained friendly to the French interest. According to the prices usually paid for high-class pictures, jewels, trinkets, and other works of taste, it is believed that the value of the Dresden collections amounts to some millions of pounds sterling. Russel and other travellers present ample accounts of these collections, and to them I beg to refer, as I consider nothing can be more tiresome to general readers than descriptions of what cannot possibly be realised by the imagination. The grand thing to which all rush on their arrival is the Picture Gallery, which occupies a suite of fifteen apartments, large and small, in an old building on one side of the market-place. The rooms being lighted by side windows, the pictures are seen to much disadvantage. To amend this as far as possible, a large number of the smaller works are hung on screens projecting from the wall, while a few of the larger are hinged to the wall at an angle which adapts them to the light. In point of actual value, the collection is greatly beyond the one we had seen at Munich; but the general effect is very far inferior, and a great number of the pictures represent unpleasing subjects. As nearly as possible, each room or set of rooms contains the pictures of a particular school; the richest portion of the collection being the works of Raphael, Correggio, and other Italian masters. In front of these, particularly the far-famed 'Madona di San Sisto' (Virgin soaring to heaven) of Raphael, and 'La Notte' (Infant Jesus in the manger) of Correggio, there was always a crowd of admirers. Among the smaller gallery pictures, some of which were under glass, we were most pleased with the productions of Van der Werf, Miers, Dietrich, and Dow. To do justice to so vast a collection was impossible, even although we paid it a visit daily, for at every fresh inspection new excellencies made their appearance. We could not but admire the liberality which opened such a collection freely to the public; the more so, that visitors were allowed to sit, walk, or lounge about the rooms without being individually under the suspicious surveillance of a keeper, as is the case in the Pinacothec at Munich. As compared with the numbers we saw at the last-mentioned collection, the visitors of the Dresden gallery were at least fifty to one—a proof of the high esteem in which it is universally held.

In another part of the town we visited the Historical Museum; a collection of articles interesting to some minds, but which, properly speaking, is chiefly a store of old armour, swords, and other warlike accoutrements, along with some antique cabinets, drinking-horns, and the usual materials of an old curiosity-shop. The next thing we were dragged to was a palace-like edifice in the Neustadt across the bridge, that we might see a gallery of ancient sculpture and a collection of porcelain. The spectacle was disappointing; much of the sculpture is very poor, and not a few of the statues are unsightly, from the miserable attempts to restore the heads, legs, and arms they had lost. The collection of porcelain in the suite of cellars beneath was also somewhat unsatisfactory. Dresden, we had always understood, was famous for its china, and so it was before England had attained to improvement in the manufacture of the article. There was here a vast parade of blue manufacture, and other common articles, which I am confident may be rivalled, if not surpassed, in any stoneware shop in England. The best articles in the collection were specimens of Sevrès and English china, that of Sevrès deriving its peculiar value from the high art employed in its embellishment.

After going about to a few other exhibitions, our guide informed us that having made up a party to see the celebrated *Grüne Gewolbe*, or Green Vaults, he was now ready to conduct us thither. It is usual to make up a party to see this place, because the fee for entrance is two dollars, and for which sum six persons are admitted. The reason, I believe, is entirely a regard to the value of the articles shown, and the danger of their abstraction. The collection consists of magnificent and precious objects of art pertaining to the royal family, and arranged in a series of vaulted apartments on the ground-floor of the palace of the sovereign. Why they are called Green Vaults is not explained, though they probably derive this name from the walls having at one time been coloured green. At present they are lighted with windows, well stanchioned, and kept in the nicest order; the place resembles a jeweller's shop, disposed with glass-cases, shelves, brackets, and tables, bearing a profusion of little articles in gold, ivory, pearl, bronze, enamel, horn, wood, &c. A most obliging person, who speaks German, French, and English, conducts the party slowly through the rooms, and politely gives the history of the more interesting articles; while from secret peep-holes, and with the aid of mirrors, an attendant, unknown to the visitors, keeps a strict watch on their movements—a precaution not unnecessary, for not long since a 'lady' endeavoured to carry off in her reticule a unique and valuable curiosity from one of the tables, and suffered the humiliation of detection. The origin of the collection dates as far back as the first elector of Saxony, a contemporary of Charles V., from which time each reigning prince added to it the presents he received, and the most magnificent articles he could purchase. The most assiduous and enlightened of those royal collectors was Augustus II., surnamed the Strong (1694–1733), who became king of Poland. This was evidently

Digitized by Google

the great man of Saxon history, for he is heard of everywhere. His strength seems to have far exceeded that of ordinary mortals. At Munich, a stone of about a couple of hundredweight is shown in the arcade of the old palace; and this he is said to have thrown to a height marked on the wall above. Augustus enriched the collection with works of the illustrious Dinglinger in gold and enamel, the specimens of which excel anything that can be imagined in point of artistic talent. The first room or cabinet is that devoted to bronzes, of which there are 110 groups, statuettes, and figures, principally after the antique. No. 48, 'A Little Dog Scratching Itself,' by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, is much admired. So likewise is No. 113, 'Charles II. of England as St George killing the Dragon:' it is a small equestrian statue, sculptured from a block of iron by G. Leygebe of Nuremberg, weighs sixty-seven pounds, and required five years in the execution. The second cabinet is devoted to works in ivory, of which there are nearly 500 specimens. Many of these were collected by Augustus I., who appears to have gone about Europe employing ivory-turners and cutters in executing cups, chalices, boxes, figures, and other articles, in the highest style of art. One could linger for hours over some of the objects in this interesting cabinet—such as the 'Saviour after his Resurrection surrounded by Holy Women,' probably a production of the tenth or eleventh century; 'Mary and the Infant Jesus surrounded by Angels;' 'A Crucifixion;' 'The Judgment of Solomon;' 'The Sacrifice of Abraham;' and 'The Descent of Lucifer and the Demons, dragging with them the Souls of the Wicked.' This last group, which consists of eighty-five figures, is a work of an Italian artist, the idea having suggested by the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo; and, like all the others, it required years to finish. The third cabinet contains mosaics, enamels, and works in amber, mother-of-pearls, corals, &c. The fourth is a collection of gold and silver plate, in the form of superb dinner-services, baptismal basins, chalices, &c.; one article is a rich and curious mirror of burnished silver, in the style of the middle ages, before the art of silvering glass was known. The fifth cabinet is entirely occupied with precious stones, not mere jewels, but articles such as vases, busts, statuettes, flagons, and other things formed of agate, jasper, chalcedony, onyx, lapis-lazuli, rock-crystal, &c. Three golden *beaux* (bottles or jugs with a narrow neck), enriched with cameos, are considered very fine; one of them is embellished with 176 cameos, among which is the masque of Jupiter in chalcedony. The sixth cabinet contains rough pearls and diamonds; the seventh is devoted chiefly to sculptures on wood; and in the eighth or last is a large collection of regalia, arms, chains, decorations, and bijouteries of all sorts used on state occasions.

The quantity of emeralds, rubies, diamond rings, solitaires, and other brilliants, flashing in all directions on the eye in the last-mentioned apartment, affords a striking idea of human vanity, as well as of the extravagance to which fancies unrestrained by the obligation of labour may be carried. And yet, on quitting the Green Vault, we feel that everything is not a useless toy, which may in any respect tend to improve the arts and refine the general tastes of mankind. During four centuries, the monarchs of Saxony have spent probably two millions of money in rendering the capital attractive in the matter of pictures and other objects on which the highest artistic talent has been exercised, or on which a high conventional value is put. In one sense this may be called a waste of money; but by making Dresden a resort of travellers from all parts of the world, not to speak of the cultivation of local aspirations, the sum might have been much worse spent; and after all, estimated at two millions, it is only equal to four years' expenditure on intoxicating liquors by one of the large cities of Britain. It was our lot to spend a Sunday in Dresden, and the day was kept with the usual quietude of a Protestant city. Nevertheless, even in this fountain, as it may be called, of the reformed doctrine and observances, the Picture Gallery was open during part of the day to the public, and appeared to be visited by a humble order of persons of both sexes. Dresden is celebrated for the excellence of its opera, which may be attended for a comparatively small sum. The music is of a superior kind, and the musicians on Sundays transfer their services to the Catholic church, which is visited by crowds of tourists merely to listen to the performance.

From Dresden to Leipsic is a run of seventy-two miles by railway; and this, according to the easy plan of German travelling, we performed in three hours. The journey disclosed nothing remarkable in scenery, as the line traverses the level country bordering on the Elbe. As we advance, the great sandy plains of Central and Northern Europe begin to make their appearance, scanty in herbage, but eminently suitable for sheep pasturage. Everybody has heard of Saxony wool, but perhaps few are aware of the peculiar method of sheep-pasturing which leads to its excellence. English and Scotch wool is a produce of sheep chiefly pastured in large flocks on hills or open downs, where they feed, unsheltered from the weather, all the year round. Saxon sheep are not treated in this rough manner; they could not endure the excessive cold of a continental winter; and for the greater part they are housed nightly at all seasons. A Scotch shepherd, with his dog, walks behind his flocks in removing them from one place to another; a Saxon shepherd walks before his sheep; and these instinctively following, are kept together by the dog, which saunters observingly in the rear. This, however, is an almost universal practice in Germany, borrowed most likely from the East, and reminds us of the touching parable of the Good Shepherd:—'He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him.' I never realised from observation the truth of this affecting simile till I saw on the plains of Saxony the shepherd, in his picturesque costume, followed by a handful of docile creatures, which clung to him as to a friend and protector. In this manner much of the Saxon depasturage seems to be conducted on a small, and almost domestic scale; and by the shelter afforded to the sheep at night, the wool is rendered fine, and of high market value. Of the nature and quantity of the article we had an opportunity of judging at Leipsic, which, on our arrival, we found to be in all the bustle of one of those great wool-fairs that have given it celebrity.

By the first glance we had of the streets of Leipsic, we perceived that it greatly exceeded Dresden in the antique and striking character of its houses, as well as in the matter of business. No doubt the fair, to which had been brought a great number of wagons loaded with packs of wool, added materially to the commercial aspect of the place; but the appearances otherwise, and the busiest look of the people, conveyed an impression of substantiality and wealth. In the centre of the town, the houses of the market-place, and the streets which diverge from it, are large and lofty buildings, provided with projecting windows, the stonework of which is finely carved; they have a grand and picturesque effect. The floors, level with the street, are in many cases vaulted; a precaution which may have had its use in times not far distant, when showers of shot fell within the town. In the market-place, beneath the shops on the street-floor, there are usually underground shops of an inferior kind, reached by a stone stair, and having a profusion of articles displayed round the doorway—precisely as was the fashion in the High Street of Edinburgh not many years ago. At the doors of these subterranean places of business, the female keepers may be seen seated in the sun, engaged in the everlasting recreation of knitting, in which I should suppose the women of Leipsic and its neighbourhood excel, for my companion assured me she had nowhere on the conti-

Digitized by Google

nent seen such beautiful crotchet-work for sale. Some of it which she purchased was almost equal to old lace.

Apropos of German women; it would be ungracious not to take an opportunity of speaking of their remarkable spirit of industry, amiability of manner, and domestic accomplishments. French women are as meritoriously industrious; but having no proper idea of domesticity, or of what true cleanliness consists, their houses are disorderly—their hotels, no matter how elegant, universally dirty. In quitting France, and going into Germany, the tourist finds a totally different order of domestic arrangements. Dirt in all its forms no longer tyrannises over the senses; and sleeping or waking, the weary traveller is at peace. It would seem that all nations sprung from a Celto-Roman root are filthy in habits, while those of a Teutonic original are the reverse. The Frenchwoman decks her head, and the general exterior of her person, with a taste and regard for popular approbation which I should very much like to see imitated by the humbler order of females in the large Scotch towns; but beyond this exemplary feature, the German and English women go very far. They possess an inborn love of cleanliness, and grudge neither trouble nor expense to secure stainless purity in their domestic establishments. In other respects, the German women differ from their English sisters. They are, as I think, more natural and unaffected; not that they have more heart, but they allow their feelings to be less bound down by the conventionalities of etiquette. Talking on the subject of English usages to some educated German ladies who had been in London, we found them speak with surprise of the manner in which everything among us seems to be sacrificed to mere fashion. Invited to an evening party, where they expected to be treated with a degree of affection, how much were their unsophisticated German feelings wounded when, on arrival, they were conducted by a footman into a small back room, and there offered a cup of tea, alone and standing! They did not come for food—not they; they came, as they thought, to interchange friendly sentiments under the pleasing excitement of a social meeting. All they got, however, in the first place, was a cup of cold strong tea in a species of pantry; and then, by way of finish, they were treated to an exhibition of ladies and gentlemen sitting freezingly on sofas, while one lady banged away on a piano at a piece of Mozart, of the nature of which she seemed to be unconscious. I could only intimate my fear that they had not, in their simplicity, been able to appreciate the high artificialities and enjoyments of *snobbery*—a condition of life in which certain people make themselves very happy, by never being what they really are, but by trying to be what they are not. 'Ah,' said my German friends, 'we hope this thing you call snobbery will never come into our own dear country!'

To return from this digression: Leipsic is noted as the great entrepôt of the German book trade, and in the market-place is seen a handsome edifice, used as an Exchange exclusively by the booksellers, who frequent the great fairs, for the sale of literature and the mutual settlement of accounts for books. A university, attended by large numbers of students, adds to the literary character of the place. In late years, the exterior of the town has been greatly improved by the removal of the ramparts, and the creation in their stead, as at Frankfort, of beautiful drives and walks, environed by trees, shrubs, and gardens; and further ornamented with new buildings, public and private, in an elegant style of architecture. Going westward out of the main street into the environs, we come immediately to what was at one time a citadel or strong tower of defence at an angle of the walls, but which is now occupied as a barrack for soldiers and as an observatory. Conducted by a long stair to the summit of this point of outlook, we had beneath and before us the wide-spread plain on which the gigantic power of Napoleon was irretrievably broken (October 17, 18, and 19, 1813). The whole field of battle, of which the town was a central and suffering point, stretches into the remote distance, with little interruption from enclosures, one of the principal landmarks being a small clump of trees, near which Bonaparte took his stand in the heat of the last engagement. On descending from the tower, we proceeded to visit the banks of the small river Elster, which proved so disastrous to the French retreat. It is scarcely wider or more lively than a mill stream; and we cannot comprehend how such a paltry run of water should, by the premature blowing-up of its bridge, have arrested the flying army, and drowned so many fugitives. The death most lamented on this terrible occasion was that of Poniatowski—a Polish nobleman in the French service. In attempting to leap his horse across the miserable stream, he cleared the water, but fell back in climbing the opposite bank, and sank to rise no more. Within a public garden, on the margin of the river, a small monumental stone has been erected at the spot where Poniatowski made the fatal leap; and at a short distance within the same grounds, a handsome mausoleum, in the form of a small chamber or chapel, has been erected over his remains, and bears suitable inscriptions in Polish and Latin. The battle of Leipsic is about as old an event as I can remember; and certainly at the time I did not anticipate that it would ever be my fortune to see these interesting memorials of the great and successful effort which expelled Napoleon from Germany.

EXPERIMENT WITH BOY LABOURERS IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

The 'Hereford Times' gives an account of a remarkable experiment in boys' labour which is at present in the course of being made by Mr Batson of Kynastone Court in that county. Having been disappointed in an engagement he made with a gang of boys on the usual wage system, 'in consequence of the difficulty in adopting a regular plan of discipline, owing to the want of education and *bad management at home*,' Mr Batson made arrangements for keeping about twenty boys in his own premises, under-taking to give them food, clothing, and education, in exchange for their work, for a term of four years: the ages of the boys are from nine to fourteen. The experiment was begun fifteen months ago, and has been attended with results satisfactory to the experimenter.

The work to which the boys are put is the ordinary farm work, 'more particularly the planting and dibbling of wheat and other corn and root crops, and the hand-hoeing of corn, turnips, &c.' They labour from six till six in summer, with two intervals—namely, half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner; in winter, they work while it is light. Their food consists of bread and milk, or bread and broth for breakfast; bread, meat, and vegetables for dinner; bread and cheese at six o'clock for supper, with the addition of coffee and pudding on Sundays. The evening is devoted to education—'reading, writing, and arithmetic, with such religious and other instruction as time and opportunity will admit; in which, as well as in their daily labour, they are superintended by a young man engaged for the purpose, who was four years at the Woburn National School, and three years at the Duke of Bedford's farm, where he also worked in a gang; to which I may add,' says Mr Batson, 'that I make it my duty to attend personally each eveuing to assist.'

Mr Batson gives accounts for clothing and board, from which it appears that the twenty boys have a double suit each, at L.3, 2s. 7d., and food at L.2, 15s. 7d., making a total weekly expense for each of 3s. 11¾d.; along with which we must take into consideration that, in supporting them, the farmer is consuming the produce of his own land. Mr Batson then presents a table of the

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF BOYS' LABOUR, WITH PRICES PAID FOR JOB WORK.

BOYS.	MEN.
Wheat planting, 6 or 7 boys, at 8d. per acre, 4s. 8d.	Not done in this county.
Wheat hoeing, 6 boys, at 8d. per acre, 4s.	Men per acre, 4s.
Turnip hoeing, 5 boys, at 8d. per acre, 3s. 4d.	Ditto, 6s. 6d. to 7s.
Ditto, second time, 3 boys, at 8d., 2s.	
Mangel-wurzel, 6 boys and 1 man plant 8 acres per day, say 1s. 3d. per acre.	Ditto, 3s.
Cleaning and heaping Swedes, 6 boys, at 8d. per acre, 4s.	Ditto, 6s.

Digitized by Google

The editor of the 'Hereford Times' presents the observations he made during a visit to the scene of this experiment. 'Upon entering the farm, we happened to meet with one of the boys, and were much gratified by the intelligent manner in which he answered the questions put to him, and his healthy contented look. We subsequently saw and questioned closely all the other boys successively, and found no reason to alter the opinion we had formed from that instance. They all altogether a very different manner, indeed, to the disorderly, ragged urchins who cluster upon village roadways, frightening horses, and annoying passers-by with disgusting language, or who wander about breaking down the farmers' hedges in pursuit of birds' nests. It was evident that the intellectual and the moral standard had both been raised.

'After their dinner, the boys were assembled in their common day apartment, where they successively read parts of a chapter of the Bible, taken at random, and replied to various questions put by us and by Mr Batson. They were then in like manner examined in a Catechism, and afterwards in the multiplication and pence tables, &c. In all these departments they showed fair acquirements, having evidently been taught intelligently. We had previously questioned them all as to their opportunities of learning before they came to Kynastone, and found that in all but about half-a-dozen instances out of the twenty, the boys had not been sent to school at all, nor possessed any knowledge beyond that of the letters of the alphabet. In some of those instances the boys stated that before they came they "only knew the big letters—not the little ones," and in others that they "did not know them off the book." In only three instances had the boys been able to read before they joined the establishment.

'The ages of the boys vary from nine or ten up to fifteen years, with one exception—a lad of nineteen. In several instances they were orphans, who had been brought up in the workhouse, until taken by Mr Batson, while the majority of the others were the children of mothers deserted by their husbands, or of a widowed parent. In the case of the workhouse boys, it was highly pleasing to see the hearty readiness with which, when asked if they wished to go back to the workhouse, they replied in the negative. Of all the twenty, but one expressed a wish to return home, and that was the youngest and last comer, who had been but a very short time at Mr Batson's farm. We found but three who had been previously in the habit of working at all, and not one of them whose work had extended beyond "helping the cow-man," or "going with the horses." It was amusing to find—and the circumstance is so far valuable, as it shows the genuineness of the boys' replies—that they all preferred "going with the horses" to the other kinds of labour in which they had been taught to take part.

'In one field we found two boys ploughing; another driving a horse drill, which was tended by a man; a fourth boy driving a horse roller; and a fifth sowing guano; and in all these instances we were struck by the regularity of their mode of working. While we do not profess to be critics of field labour, we have no hesitation in saying that the furrows were cut truly, and the work generally done with evident care and attention.

'Passing to another field, we observed the result of a late competition among the boys for a prize given by Mr Batson for the best workmanship in wheat-hoeing. The prize was 5s. for the boy who hoed half a rood of wheat in the best manner, and in the shortest time. We observed that the work was generally done with care, the land was quite clean from weeds, and the whole of the surface had been moved with the hoe, which is not generally the case when the work is done by the piece. The prize, we understood, had been won by a boy who hoed his half rood in 1 hour and 51 minutes, being at the rate of 3s. per day. The others averaged from 2¼ hours to 2½. On the same principle Mr Batson offers other prizes, such as 5s. for the boy who plants half a rood of land with wheat in the shortest time and best manner; a similar sum for the boy who hoes an equal extent of turnips, &c.

'In the school, prizes are given of 3s. and 2s. for the boys who read best in the first class; similar sums for those who spell best, and for the most proficient in writing and arithmetic; and a Bible for the boy who exhibits the most general improvement.

'The gang-work was the most interesting of the out-door operations. Twelve boys, directed by the manager, were engaged in sowing Swedes in a field thirty-three acres in extent. The field had been sown with mangel-wurzel, but the crop had failed, owing to the unfavourableness of the season. Four boys went first, making holes with their hoes in the ridges at regular distances. These were followed by the same number of boys with small cans full of seed, who put a little into each hole. Behind came four more, who closed up the holes. While there were evident differences in aptitude among the youthful labourers, it was also evident that they all worked cheerfully, intelligently, and with regularity.

'If there were no other benefit resulting from the system than the training of a more skilful class of agricultural labourers, it would be well deserving of general application. But this, important as it is, is only a small part of the actual advantage.

'Of the moral advantage of this system it is impossible to say too much. Most of these boys have been withdrawn from homes where they could have learned little that was good, and would probably have acquired much that was evil. They have been placed where the influence of habit is all in favour of punctuality, order, cleanliness, industry, and propriety of conduct. Whatever evil habits and companionships they may have formed are now necessarily broken off, with no likelihood of ever being renewed. In place of a scanty tuition at school, counteracted by the constant tuition of evil which goes on in an ignorant and vicious family, the boys have regular instruction, with which the daily habits of all around them are in harmony. When their time of servitude at Kynastone expires, they will go forth into the world not only better prepared to earn an honourable subsistence than they otherwise would have been, but they will carry with them habits which will tend to make them good men. Having been accustomed to cleanliness and domestic comfort, they will feel those things to be a necessity, and hence they will never rest contented with the dirt and discomfort so common among their class. The seeds of the good which they are now acquiring will thus be unconsciously sown by them wherever they go. However small the result may be in comparison with the extent and necessities of the class to which these youths belong, it will be at any rate something done towards raising the condition of that class.'

It occurs to us rather forcibly that this experiment of Mr Batson deserves a more cautious, though we would not say less cordial, approval than that given to it in the 'Hereford Times.' We could not, on principle, justify anything like a common practice of taking away boys from the homes of their parents, and keeping them in this way, even although we were sure that their physical and moral wellbeing were to be well attended to. The natural and proper home of the child is its parents' roof, however humble; and it only can be right to remove him thence, if it be quite certain that his course in such circumstances must necessarily be downward. So far as Mr Batson, or others inclined to follow his example, limit themselves to adopting boys decidedly unfortunate in their homes, they will be in the way of doing good, not otherwise. Another condition essential to good results is, that personal care should be devoted to the moral guardianship of the children. If they were merely consigned to a barrack, like the young rural labourers of Scotland (the bothy system), and left there without the infusion of any external moral element—made, in short, only instruments of work, for the service of masters—then it had been infinitely better that they had never been meddled with. We trust that, in any further experiments, these evils will be avoided. Mr Batson's plan might be adopted with much propriety for the hapless class of children lately described by Lord Ashley, provided that persons could be discovered who, like Mr Batson, would take a kindly personal interest in the welfare of the young labourers. Upon that we conceive the success of the experiment wholly depends.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

Men are not held by self-interest only; civil and moral laws are not obeyed from the mere dictates of prudence; and hence lawgivers have usually stamped their codes with a Divine sanction. Religion is the great bond by which men have at all times been held in social union; the introduction of a new religion is a revolution as violent as a military conquest, and it may be centuries before the new framework is strong enough to act as a bond to society.—*Sharpe's History of Egypt.*

Digitized by Google

CHIMES FOR THE TIMES.

Be ye not jealous over-much,
But hope, and time will make you better:
There is a faith care cannot touch,
Which leaves the soul without a fetter.
Oh it is but a sorry creed
To look for nothing but deceiving,
To meet a kindness in your need
With a smile of misbelieving!
The tide of ill is not so strong;
Man loves not always wrath and wrong.

It cannot be that every heart
Is steeled so much against its neighbour;
Let each with reason play his part,
And fruit will spring from out the labour:
Progressing still life's journey through,
Be just and kind towards your fellow,
Remembering, whate'er you do,
That duty spreads the smoothest pillow;
And ne'er the hand of friendship spurn,
But trust, and man will trust in turn.

Some men there be who deem it good
In trade to overreach a brother;
And some who would not, though they could,
Upraise a hand to help another:
They deem not, though convulsions wide
May show the earth by danger shaken,
That still of hearts unjust through pride
A dark and true account is taken:
Kingdoms may quake, and thrones may fall,
But God is looking over all.

Oh join not then the strifes of men,
But hourly show, by waxing kinder,
That ye have reached the moment when
Reason no more is growing blinder!
And though ye hope that time should yield
A change for each benighted nation,
Seek not at first so wide a field
To fling the seeds of reformation;
But sow them first in hearts at home,
Then trust in God, and fruit will come.

Annfield Pottery, Glasgow. WM. LYLE.

LEAP-FROG.

I must relate the circumstances of my first introduction to the learned professor Cramer, since they were truly original. He had a country-house in the suburbs, and when I called to pay my respects, I was told I should find him in his garden. I heard the sound of laughter and merry voices as I approached, and saw an elderly gentleman bent forwards in the middle of a walk, while several boys were playing leap-frog over him; a lady who stood by him said, as soon as she perceived me, 'Cramer, Steffens is there.' 'Well,' he said, without moving, 'leap, then.' I was delighted with the new mode of introduction to a man of science, took my leap clean over him, and then turned round to make my bow and compliments. He was delighted, and as my good leap also won the hearts of the young people, I was at once admitted as an acquaintance in the happy circle. Notwithstanding this quaint reception, Cramer was a man of deep reflection, with all the quiet manner of a true philosopher.—*Steffens' Adventures.*

EFFECT OF SLIGHT DEVIATIONS.

'Tis strange to imagine, says the Earl of Shaftesbury, that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. By a small misguidance of the affections, a lover of mankind becomes a ravager, a hero and deliverer becomes an oppressor and destroyer. This is the vice, and this is the misguidance, which a large proportion of the writers of every civilised country are continually occasioning and promoting; and thus, without perhaps any purpose of mischief, they contribute more to the destruction of mankind than rapine or ambition. A writer thinks, perhaps, that it is not much harm to applaud bravery. The divergency from virtue may indeed be small in its beginning, but the effect of his applause proceeds in the line of obliquity, until it conducts at last to every excess of outrage, to every variety of crime, to every mode of human destruction.

OBLIGATION TO BRUTES.

Brutes are sensitive beings, capable of, probably, as great degrees of physical pleasure and pain as ourselves. They are endowed with instinct, which is probably a form of intellect inferior to our own, but which, being generically unlike to ours, we are unable to understand. They differ from us chiefly in being destitute of any moral faculty. We do not stand to them in the relation of equality. Our right is paramount, and must extinguish theirs. We have therefore a right to use them, to promote our comfort, and may innocently take their life, if our necessities demand it. This right over them is given to us by the revealed will of God. But inasmuch as they, like ourselves, are the creatures of God, we have no right to use them in any other manner than that which God has permitted. They, as much as ourselves, are under His protection. We may therefore use them, 1*st*, for our necessities. We are designed to subsist partly upon animal food; and we may innocently slay them for this purpose. 2*d*, We may use them for labour, or for innocent physical recreation, as when we employ the horse for draught or for the saddle. 3*d*, But while we so use them, we are bound to treat them kindly, to furnish them with sufficient food and with convenient shelter. He who cannot feed a brute well, ought not to own one. And when we put them to death, it should be with the least possible pain. 4*th*, We are forbidden to treat them unkindly on any pretence, or for any reason. There can be no clearer indication of a degraded and ferocious temper than cruelty to animals. Hunting, in many cases, and horse-racing, seem to me liable to censure in this respect. Why should a man, for the sake of showing his skill as a marksman, shoot down a poor animal, which he does not need for food? Why should not the brute, that is harming no living thing, be permitted to enjoy the happiness of its physical nature unmolested? 'There they are privileged; and he who hurts or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong.' 5*th*, Hence all amusements which consist in inflicting pain upon animals, such as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, &c. are purely wicked. God never gave us power over animals for such purposes. I can scarcely conceive of a more revolting exhibition of human nature than that which is seen when men assemble to witness the misery which brutes inflict upon each other. Surely nothing can tend more directly to harden men in worse than brutal ferocity?—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

STEAM CRADLE.

An ingenious mechanic, in one of the southern cities, say the American papers, has made a small engine to rock his child's cradle. The length of the engine and boiler is 18½ inches. It is about two *woman* power, and is a great curiosity.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.

This day is published, by W. and R. CHAMBERS, the First Part of the HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS from 1789 till 1848. To be completed in Six Monthly Parts, forming Three Volumes, post octavo. Price of each Part One Shilling.

It was originally intended that the present work, which has been in preparation during the last two years, should be confined to a history of the deeply interesting period from 1789 till the fall of Napoleon in 1815; but recent events have rendered it desirable to extend the narrative till the present time. The work will therefore comprehend an account of the First Revolution in France, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, the Reign of Louis Philippe, and the Revolutionary Movements in 1848—the whole drawn from original sources, and adapted for popular reading.

Sold by all Booksellers who supply W. and R. CHAMBERS'S Publications.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 241. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848. Price 1½d.

ENEMIES.

Men are continually heard talking of their enemies. It seems to be universally understood that everybody has enemies. We hear of such and such a person being ill-spoken of; but then he has many enemies. We hear of some one having been extremely unfortunate—he had made himself many enemies. I believe there is a great fallacy in all this, and that scarcely any one has enemies worthy of the name, much less that any one is ever seriously injured by them. People are in general too much engrossed, each by his own affairs, to make any very active war against each other. Jealous, envious, rancorous they often are, but to wage positive hostilities, they are for the most part too indifferent. Though it were otherwise, society is not now constituted in such a way as to admit of one man being to any serious extent hurtful to another. When I hear, therefore, of any man attributing his non-success in business, the invariably severe treatment of his books in the reviews, or the rejection of his pictures at the exhibition, to enemies, I feel that a cause inadequate to the effect has been cited, and, while listening politely, do not believe, though I daresay *he* does.

The fact is, this proneness to attribute our mischances to enemies is merely one of the refuges of our self-love. Admitting possible exceptions, it may be said emphatically that we are none of us anybody's enemy but our own. We are all, however, our own enemies. The same is true of corporations and institutions. Hence it is the merchant who effects his own ruin; it is the author who writes himself down. Dynasties, ministries, parties, die not but by suicide. And it is the friends of great causes and venerable systems who are most apt to be the obstructors of the one and the destroyers of the other.

We see this principle hold good in a signal manner in the proceedings of party politicians. The French proclaim a republic. Before it has had a three months' trial, behold a sort of military dictator presiding over it. Whose blame is this? None but that of the men who were most republican. For anything that appears, the moderate people would have sat quiet under the purely democratic rule of the National Assembly, and the very appearance of a soldier might have been dispensed with. But the ardent lovers of democracy contrive to frighten the mass of the community, who consequently are fain to abandon liberty for the sake of personal safety. In the same manner, in England, let a town muster a few hundred people desirous of state reforms, their sentiments and voice are made of no avail, because of there chancing to be perhaps four or five people in the same place who are so much more zealous in the cause, that they would not scrupie to use violence in advancing it. It almost would appear to be the final cause of an *extrême gauche*, to raise a salutary terror, and by that means prevent changes being made with inconvenient rapidity. On the other hand, is any institution challenged as no longer consonant with the opinions or favourable to the interest of mankind, we always see that the attacks of those who long for its reformation or removal do it little harm, in comparison with the conduct of its own most zealous supporters. Often we see these act with a folly that makes us say, that if the enemy had their choice of means for ruining the institution, they could select none so likely to be effectual. It seems to be sufficient to summon the fortress, and the garrison immediately act so desperately ill amongst themselves, as almost to insure a speedy surrender, without stroke of sword.

Thirty years ago, a captive prince of singular fortune lived on the island of St Helena, in the Atlantic Ocean. He had risen to the summit of human greatness, and to all appearance had founded a new dynasty more illustrious than that of Charlemagne. He had enemies external to himself, but their petty efforts against him only served to increase his greatness. Napoleon, however, had one enemy truly formidable—he had himself. Through the machinations of this deadly foe was accomplished a ruin which all Europe had vainly conspired to bring about.

The labouring people of this country have a notion that the rest of the community are their enemies. Any one who mingles with the rest of the community must see that these are full of good-feeling towards the labourers, are constantly speculating about the means of benefiting them, and in reality spend largely in their behalf. *They* are not the enemies of the working-classes; but it is not difficult to see who are. It is the working-classes themselves, who, arrogating the privilege of dispensing with forethought and self-denial, and throwing on others the blame of all mischances, subject themselves to such bitter wo in consequence, that if one-tenth of it were really visited on any one set of people by another, the world would ring with it for ever. What should we think, for instance, of a government which should force its industrious millions to spend each a large portion of his gains on indulgences alike injurious to health and morals? Yet this, we know, is done by the working-classes themselves. What should we think of a master who permitted no new entrant into his work without a sum of money being paid to make a feast with, however difficult it might be to raise such a sum? Yet exclusions of this kind are common among the men themselves. A few years ago, in a work in the west of Scotland, each new apprentice paid his fellows about seven pounds for 'leave to toil!' and when six or seven such sums had been amassed, there was a debauch which lasted a fortnight, involving the whole district in vice and wretchedness. There is a

Digitized by Google

story of a master sailcloth-maker recommending a widow's son into his own work, with an intreaty that the boy might be spared the usual payment. He thought he had been successful; but the youth was from the first subjected to so much persecution, that, being wholly unable to raise the money by any common means, he found it necessary to go to a distance each evening in disguise, and there stand for an hour or two begging from the passers-by. In this strange way he at length obtained the means of purchasing a license to live by his industry.* The whole system of *fines* for the admission of new hands into trades presents a striking view of a class acting as its own enemy.

Some men are said to have a turn for making enemies, while to others is awarded the praise of having none. But though there *is* such a thing as enemy-making, it amounts to little, such enemies being seldom able to do any harm. The more narrowly we examine our position, and the things which affect us in the world, the more we shall be convinced that our only formidable enemies are ourselves. The tongue that truly detracts from our credit and glory is our own tongue: the hand that most mercilessly despoils us of our property is our own hand. All the real murders in this world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killings of men and women—are self-murders. Conceit tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grander triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature.

THE BUFFALO-HUNTERS.

After wandering for several months in the deserts of Sonora, I felt reluctant to return to the restraints of city life without first visiting the Presidio of Tubac. While preparing for this journey, with its perils and fatigues, I felt a sort of regret that my frequent peregrinations had destroyed all the charm of novelty in travelling in this region; there was nothing new to be learned. But I was mistaken: there were certain phases of border life, of the struggle between civilisation and barbarism, with which I was yet to become acquainted.

I journeyed to the Presidio in company with two hunters, who were going on an expedition into the prairies: we were two days on the road, and I afterwards attended them to the San-Pedro, a river a short distance from Tubac, forming the boundary of the vast plains which stretched away on the other side, in endless undulations, to the remotest horizon, only limited by the far-distant Missouri. When the hunters disappeared from my view in the tall grass, I stood for a time gazing on the landscape. A small lake lay just in front, swarming with slimy and hideous reptiles, the sight of which attracted numbers of cranes, that flew from side to side over the muddy waters: long trains and groups of buffaloes were crossing the silent prairie beyond; others, lying down on the slopes, seemed to be overlooking their boundless territories. As if the scene could not be complete without the presence of man, a party of Indian hunters were at the moment descending the San-Pedro on rafts made of bundles of reeds supported by empty calabashes, while in the distance a long line of mules, laden with silver ingots, was seen slowly advancing under the conduct of their guides. The sight of this *conducta*, with only a sufficient number of men to load and unload the animals, was a proof of our being in a primitive district: in the other provinces, a regiment of soldiers would have been required to protect the precious burden; and I turned to retrace my steps, thinking over the changes to take place in this part of the country, becoming as it is the refuge of criminals from the pursuit of the law.

After riding a few hours, I perceived that the sun was near its setting, and felt surprised at not having reached the Presidio. In a short time, however, the terrible fact could no longer be doubted: deceived by the interminable succession and sameness of green slopes, I had completely wandered from the right path. I mounted the highest eminence near me, but as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but immense savannas without tree, house, or shelter; the river, which would have served me as a guide, was hidden by the undulating ground; and two shots which I fired produced neither echo nor reply. I was thus condemned to pass the night in these plains, over which, during the darkness, roamed objects that might well inspire terror. The anticipation was anything but cheering: all at once, however, I caught sight of a little gray cloud depicted on the fading purple of the horizon. It seemed to touch the earth, and expand as it rose: it was surely the smoke from a fire on the prairie. I rode hastily towards it, deliberating as to what would be the result. Was it an encampment of hunters, Indian braves, or muleteers? As the day fell, the cloud disappeared; but after a few minutes of painful uncertainty, the glare of the fire became visible through the increasing darkness, and enabled me to continue my route.

The circle of light widened as I advanced, and at last I descried the dark outline of two men seated near a wood-fire. Two enormous dogs, that rushed towards me with furious bayings, prevented my making a longer examination. Fortunately they were called off by a rude voice; yet notwithstanding this pacific demonstration, the aspect of my future entertainers was far from encouraging. The most agreeable physiognony derives a certain air of menace from the reflection of a wood-fire, and the savage countenances of the two strangers were by no means softened by the sinister light. Their white canvas garments were literally stiffened by a thick crust of blood: however, as I approached the light, one of them bade me welcome, requesting me at the same time to dismount, as the dogs had been trained to regard as enemies only those on horseback.

I apologised for my intrusion, and inquired my way to the Presidio, which could not be far off, and to my astonishment heard that it was at least six leagues distant. Noticing my surprise, the speaker guessed that I had lost my way, and invited me to pass the night near the fire, promising me a slice of broiled buffalo for supper.

This last offer decided me, for I had fasted since the morning, and I gladly accepted the modest hospitality, whose value was increased by the time and circumstances. After satisfying my most pressing wants, I had leisure to look about me, and became aware of the presence of a third individual, apparently asleep, on the grass where the light of the fire did not reach him; his horse, attached by a thong to a post, was grazing at his side. He, however, obeyed the summons to supper with alacrity; and as we fell into conversation, it came out that he was a fugitive from justice, charged with an assassination of which he was innocent, and converted, by the relentless pursuit of the law, from a peaceful citizen into a *salteador* or highwayman. When I spoke of the conducta that had passed in the morning he became doubly attentive, and remarked that his name would one day be known from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, and then it would be the law's turn to tremble. While we were speaking, the sudden barking of the dogs interrupted our discourse; the furious animals rushed across the prairie, and in a few minutes we heard exclamations of distress.

'Holy Mary!' said the voice; 'am I to be devoured by dogs, and but just escaped from the claws of a bear!'

* See Dunlop's Drinking Usages, pp. 16, 127, 188.

Digitized by Google

'Dismount! dismount! or you are a dead man!' cried one of the hunters, at the same time calling in vain to the dogs, which, without paying attention to the newcomer, leaped farther into the darkness. During this time the stranger came up, pale and trembling, and murmuring paternosters: the horse seemed even more terrified than his rider. Concluding some danger to be imminent, we all rose, and seized our arms: this seemed to reanimate the last comer, for, pointing with one hand, he stammered out in a choked voice, 'Look yonder! good saints, deliver us!'

One glance in the direction indicated sufficed to explain the cause of alarm: a little beyond the circle of light a fearful form was swaying itself from left to right with a low growl, aggravated by a formidable grating of teeth. Kept at bay in the obscurity by the dogs, its dimensions appeared colossal. It was a grisly bear, the terror of the prairies.

'On horseback, every one!' said one of the hunters in a low tone. We were not long in obeying. The gigantic quadruped, intimidated by the light of the fire and our numbers, remained stationary; and while we stood undecided whether to attack or retreat, the stranger informed us that, being obliged to overtake a conducta halting for the night at a league beyond Tubac, he had persevered in spite of the darkness, and had been savagely pursued by the bear for the last two hours; and that his horse, owing to the weight of a bag of gold attached to the saddle, was nearly exhausted, when fortunately he reached our bivouac. Meantime the animal was becoming furious, and vented his impatience by tearing out large strips of turf. After a short debate, it was agreed that five men ought not to stand motionless before a beast, however fierce he might be; and we were preparing to fire, when one of the hunters proposed that as the carcase of the buffalo from which our supper had been cut had attracted the bear, it should be dragged away, and by this means rid us of the unwelcome intruder. The expedient was adopted, a lasso was passed round the dead animal, which soon disappeared in the tall grass. When the hunters rejoined us, the stranger whom I have first described, seizing a lighted brand, charged full tilt upon the bear, which, after a show of resistance, took to flight, first making the tour of our camp. We remained silent a few minutes, listening to the crushing of the grass, and heard a growl of satisfaction, followed by the noise of a heavy body dragged slowly away. The bear had found the carcase, and carried it off to his retreat to devour it at his ease. To our great contentment all danger was past.

The two strangers made preparations to depart: the one who had arrived last insisted so strongly on accompanying the other, that at last, but with evident reluctance, and a singular expression of pity in his look, he consented. As they rode off into the dark and silent prairie, after bidding us farewell, one of the hunters remarked in a solemn and mysterious tone, 'The tiger and the lamb, not for long do they travel together!'

After this all was quiet, and we passed the remainder of the night sleeping with our feet towards the fire. Scarcely had the dawn appeared, and our morning meal terminated, than the hunters proceeded to observe the disposition of the herds of buffalo grazing on the plains. As if conscious that their safety lay in keeping together, not a straggler was to be seen out of the ranks, greatly to the vexation of my companions, whose only chance of a capture was in separating one or two from the main body. After watching for some time, in hopes of a favourable change, one of the hunters, after a knowing inspection of my horse, exclaimed, 'Caramba! that broad breast, slender legs, open nostrils, and long flanks, bespeak a runner above the common.'

'My horse,' I replied with the pride of an owner, 'will defy the deer for agility, the mule for fatigue'——

'And the bison for speed,' interrupted the hunter. Well, senor, to come to the proof: you can render me a signal service!'

'Speak.'

'You see that troop of *cibolos* (buffaloes) yonder, which seems to avoid us! Since you have such a fast horse, gallop boldly down to the timid fellows, and fire a shot or two at them, point-blank, if possible: you will wound one at least, and the whole herd will set off after you: but you will easily keep a-head of them; the most active only will continue to follow you, and with them it will be our turn.'

'Are you speaking seriously?' I asked. The hunter looked at me with astonishment. 'And if my horse were to fall?'

'But he wont.'

'But after all, if he did?'

'Then it is certain that you would have but little chance of escape. However, if you fall so gloriously, I promise to slaughter a host of cibolos in your honour.'

I thanked the hunter for his intended favour, but declined, on the ground of having seen enough of adventures, and offered to lend him my horse.

This, it appeared, was all he wanted. He immediately commenced operations by unsaddling the animal; and folding his blanket cloak in four, attached it to the back of the horse by a long Chinese scarf. He then took off his *calzoneras* (loose trousers) and deer-skin boots, and with naked feet, and in his shirt-sleeves, was equipped for the course.

After suspending a sort of rapier, keen and pointed, to the blanket, the hunter leaped into his seat, and tested the strength of the scarf which was to serve at need as stirrups, and bear the whole weight of his body; then, with the lasso in his left hand, he went through a short run on the plain with the speed of an arrow. It must be confessed that in the hands of so able a rider my horse appeared altogether a different animal: I begged him, however, to be careful of the bisons' horns.

He then set off at the top of his speed for the distant herd, whose bellowings were brought down to us by the wind. He made a long circuit, the horse seeming to fly rather than to run, and neighing joyously, and disappeared behind a distant hill. Meantime his companion had attached a red handkerchief to the top of a willow stick, which he planted upright in the ground, on the slope where we had taken up our position. I inquired if it was a signal for his comrade.

'No,' he replied: 'buffaloes are like bulls—red irritates them. If Joaquin diverts one or two, the handkerchief will certainly draw them hither, and we shall kill them close home: you must be careful to aim at their muzzle just as they are going to spring upon us!'

I did not feel altogether at my ease with this information; but as the hunter ceased to speak, we remarked a sudden movement in the herd grazing on the lower slopes of the hill behind which Joaquin had disappeared. The adventurous rider had just surmounted the height on the opposite side, when, with loud cries, he rushed down from the summit with the impetuosity of a falling rock, and disappeared in the midst of the dense forest of horns and shaggy black manes. The troop felt the shock, and broke up into groups, running in all directions. We then saw Joaquin again galloping safe and sound through the openings which he had made. Two buffaloes of enormous size appeared to be leaders of one of the detached columns, and it was towards these that he directed his attack. Hovering on the flanks of the column, he came and went, flew hither and thither, with wonderful audacity: the two leaders, however, could not be separated from their companions. At last there was a little opening, and, rapid as lightning, Joaquin rushed at it; but whether he had presumed too much upon the agility of the horse, or whether it was a *ruse* on the part of his fierce antagonists, I saw with inexpressible anguish that the living wave, an instant disjoined, came together again, and the unhappy hunter was caught as in a closing chasm. I forgot the horse, to think of the man, and exchanged a look with my companion. His swarthy cheeks were pale as death, and with carbine in hand, he was rushing to the rescue of his comrade, when he checked himself with a cry of joy. Rudely squeezed between the horns of the two buffaloes which had at last advanced beyond the column in their rear, Joaquin was standing

Digitized by Google

upon his horse, whose sides were protected by the woollen covering passed round its body. While the compressed group thus advanced in our direction, the hunter drew his rapier, and placing one foot upon the woolly shoulders of the bison, plunged the murderous point in at a joint of the neck, and at the instant that the animal made a last effort not to die unavenged, leapt hurriedly to the ground. It was time, for at the same moment my poor horse was lifted on the bull's head and tumbled over. This, however, saved him, as it released him from both his enemies: he rose immediately and galloped off, followed by the two buffaloes. As for Joaquin, he ran parallel with the horse, still retaining his hold of the leathern thong; and gradually approaching nearer and nearer, caught hold of the mane, and sprang from the ground into his seat with a hurrn of triumph.

'Our turn now!' said the hunter with whom I had remained, taking his post in sight of the two bisons, which, raging in pursuit of the horse and his rider, advanced towards us with unequal steps, while the troop, deprived of their leaders, fled to the hills. We lay flat down on the inner slope, and waited for the animals, which, somewhat disconcerted, paused for an instant, tearing up the ground with their horns. The hunter agitated the red flag, when, with ferocious joy, they again rushed forwards. Joaquin had retired to one side: his part was played. It would be difficult to form an idea of the terrific aspect of the furious and wounded bison: at every movement streams of blood flowed right and left, dyeing red the black tangle of his mane; a scarlet foam covered his nostrils, whose formidable snort came every moment nearer. The other buffalo preceded him, glaring with his fierce and heavy eyes on the handkerchief, now shaken alone by the wind; for the hunter and myself waited with carbine in hand. A minute more, and we should have had to defend ourselves against two infuriated beasts; but happily the wounded bison fell heavily, and expired. 'Fire!' cried the hunter. With three balls in his head, the other buffalo stood still, and falling over, struck the ground close to the top of the slope which protected us. Joaquin came up at a short trot, fresh and smiling as a cavalier who has just been exhibiting the qualities of his horse in a riding-school. He stopped to examine the bison last fallen.

'Well,' he said, 'you have lodged two balls in his head, and that is pretty well for a beginner. As for me, in future I will hunt buffaloes only on horseback.'

'Not with mine, I hope,' I replied quickly; 'for it is a miracle that the poor animal has escaped from the horns of the others.'

The hunter was saying something in answer, when all at once he exclaimed, 'My wishes are granted: here is a horse coming for me already saddled and bridled!'

We saw, in fact, a horse thus equipped gallopping towards the river, as though he was pursued by a troop of bisons, and urged to greater speed by the large wooden stirrups beating against his flanks. Judging from the sweat and foam in which he was bathed, his flight had continued some time. We recognised it as the animal belonging to the stranger who had announced the bear's visit to us the previous evening; and Joaquin, with my permission, gallopping off, soon secured the fugitive with his lasso. An ugly scratch down the poor animal's side, as though made by the rider's spur in falling, and the fact that the leathern thongs which held the bag of gold to the saddle were cut, were suspicious indications as to the fate of the owner.

The two hunters shook their heads; and after conversing for a short time, Joaquin, who wished to examine a little into the mystery, offered to ride with me to Tubac. I willingly closed with the proposal; and after washing the stains from my horse's sides, we set off, accompanied by the two dogs. We had ridden for about an hour, when the two animals began to bark, and hurried to the bottom of the little valley which we were then crossing. A sad spectacle met our eyes: in the middle of a pool of blood, his face to the earth, lay the poor traveller whom we had seen depart the previous night in company with the salteador.

On investigation, however, Joaquin acquitted the latter of the murder. From the marks about the place, it was apparent that several persons had been engaged in the assault, and that the salteador had exerted himself to defend his companion. Doubtless the unfortunate traveller had fallen a victim to the rapacity of the same gang which, as I heard an hour later on entering Tubac, had attacked and plundered the conducta.

CHEVALIER ON THE PLANS OF LOUIS BLANC.

Some weeks ago we presented a familiar exposition of the great scheme of social regeneration as proposed by Louis Blanc in his work, 'The Organisation of Labour;' and now proceed to notice the arguments of his able antagonist, M. Michel Chevalier, an author of repute, and, until recent events, professor of political economy.

M. Chevalier fearlessly denounces the views of Louis Blanc as radically fallacious, although captivating to the imagination. In his treatise, the 'Question des Travailleurs'—(the 'Working-Men's Question')—first published in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' he begins by declaring his attachment to the Republic as an unavoidable necessity, but states his conviction that many of the measures of the revolutionary chiefs, while apparently originating in the best intentions, have been absurd, dangerous, and suicidal. 'On the part,' he says, 'of the Parisian workmen, the organisation of labour was demanded, with this commentary attached, that immediately wages ought to be raised, and the time of labour shortened; also that *marchandage* should be abolished—that is to say, that the employment of sub-contractors or middle-men should be interdicted. They demanded likewise the abolition of piecework, and lastly, the expulsion of all English workmen. At this moment an organisation of labour was in progress, under the care of a committee presided over by one of the members of the Provisional Government, author of a *brochure* that has excited much attention, under this very title of "Organisation of Labour." As regards marchandage, a decree of the Provisional Government has now interdicted it as being a system of destruction for the labourer. The duration of labour was the object of a special decree, which fixed it at ten hours a-day for Paris, and eleven for the departments. Yet in Paris, in some large establishments, the time is, in practice, only nine hours; and in many of these same establishments piecework is prohibited, although the decree of the Provisional Government permitted it. As regards the increase of wages, many masters have complied with the demand.'

'Let us inquire,' says M. Chevalier, 'what an impartial observer, placed out of the vortex, would reasonably think of this movement, and let us speak it with sincerity. In order to appreciate the means by which popular progress can go on, it is useful to throw a glance backward, and to consider how the workmen of our towns and in our fields have arrived at their present condition; which, if it leaves infinitely much to be desired still, is yet at least a hundred times preferable to that in which the same classes were in ancient times. At the outset of civilisation, among most peoples, the man by whom the father of a family is assisted in his labour is a slave, who possesses nothing of his own, not even his own person, and who lives in a condition of destitution of which the poor themselves have in these days no idea. The immense majority of men are in this state of things, crushed down by labour, and are allowed no enjoyment. Labour is disagreeable, because man has not yet at his service the inventions which make modern industry so effective—tools, machines, roads, &c. Labour produces infinitely little for the slave, because it produces little for the master. The slave lives consequently in a state of abject misery—a thing as regards his body; a brute as regards his mind. How is this? Is it that, in antiquity, masters were tyrants, who, for pleasure, and through selfishness, trampled on all the rights of humanity? Possible; though this was

Digitized by Google

only true of some. That, however, which is true on the other hand, is this—that *society then wanted capital.* This was the real cause of the evil.'

'Tools,' continues M. Chevalier, 'machines, apparatus of any kind that assists labour, are capital: the forces of nature, once appropriated, caught in engines, and subjected to the will of man—the wind on the sails of a mill, the fall of water on a hydraulic wheel, the steam in the cylinder of a fire-engine, are capital: the large resources for fabrication on the large scale are capital: the skill of the workman himself, the result of preceding instruction, or of apprenticeship, or of great acquired experience, and which multiplies production, is in like manner capital. Thus the formation and increase of capital constitute the first condition of popular progress. When capital hardly exists, the most numerous class is in a state of abject distress. Without capital, all that men can produce by labour is a coarse subsistence for themselves. If luxury exists, and even in ancient societies it did in a striking degree, it is an exception in behalf of a minority so small, that if the substance of their feasts and pageants were distributed among the entire multitude, the condition of the latter could not thereby be visibly altered. It is only when capital has increased that human labour produces enough to render the life of a large number happy.'

'This fundamental notion, that it is in consequence of the creation of capital that the masses are elevated from the condition of slavery, was anticipated by the great philosopher of antiquity, Aristotle, who expressed it in an original form. "If the shuttle and the chisel," said he, "could go alone, slavery would no longer be necessary." Well, since the human species have had capital, the shuttle and the chisel *have* gone alone. A great progress has begun, and it has been possible for slavery to disappear. According as human societies possess, in proportion to the population, a large mass of capital, the material, intellectual, and moral privations of the majority of men may be diminished, or rather will infallibly become diminished; for the force which pushes forward the majority, and which tends to make them profit by all discoveries, is invincible. For popular progress, therefore, the accumulation of capital is an absolute condition; not the only condition, certainly, but one of the conditions. And thus fall, as castles of cards, all the systems that are founded on a pretended hostility between the interests of labour and those of capital. That there have been, and are, greedy capitalists, that rich men have profited by opportunities for oppressing the poor, I do not deny; but it will not be denied, on the other hand, that the poor have more than once taken their revenge. The fact in question does not invalidate the conclusion at which we have arrived—that capital is the auxiliary of labour; that it is by the preservation and accumulation of capital that hunger and rags disappear from our cities. The amelioration of the condition of society translates itself, in the eyes of him who analyses the facts, into this simple formula—to increase capital, to develop all kinds of capital; comprising, be it observed, those which consist in the skill of men, their activity, and their taste for work; so to arrange, in short, that relatively to the number of the population, capital of all kinds may be as great as possible.' This formula, M. Chevalier says, it is essential that every one should carry in his head, never at any moment forgetting it.

Proceeding now to the application to present contingencies of the general theorem that he has been laying down, M. Chevalier examines first the plan, so popular among the revolutionists, of forcibly ameliorating the condition of the labouring-classes by shortening the hours of work, and raising the standard of wages. On this point his deliverance is distinct and unhesitating. 'Every increase of wages,' he says, 'not accompanied by an increase of capital proportional to the population, will be ephemeral. All laws for regulating wages and making them constant are absurd. If they operate for a while, it will be by the effect of terror; but conformity will soon cease. Fraud is the answer given by the governed to those orders of their governors that decree the impossible. It is as impracticable to fix, by the decree of authority, the price of labour, as it is to fix that of bread, or meat, or iron.' The proposition in political economy on which M. Chevalier founds these assertions is that which assigns the law according to which wages rise or fall. 'What,' he asks, 'is the law according to which wages are regulated in every country where labour is free? It is by the abundance of capital, as compared with the number of labourers requiring employment. A manufacturer has only capital enough to employ a hundred workmen, at the rate of four francs a day each. Two hundred workmen present themselves. If he must employ them all, he can give them only two francs a day each: there is no alternative. The more, therefore, population increases relatively to capital, the lower wages will fall.' Seeing this truth so clearly, and seeing at the same time the blindness of his neighbours to it, no wonder that M. Chevalier becomes excited. 'Tribunes, philanthropists, preachers,' he exclaims, 'rack your brains; you will find no other solution than this—frightful misery when there are many labourers and little capital!' It will be said the state will give work to the superfluous hands. 'Very good; but for these workshops capital is required: where do you get it? People don't get it as Pompey was to get his soldiers—by stamping on the earth. That the state may have the necessary capital for its workshops, it must take or borrow it from private industry; but then this latter, having less capital, will be obliged to discharge other labourers. While, on the one hand, you put labourers on, on the other you pull an equal number off, who in their turn will come asking for work. Where will you end? It is Ixion's wheel—always turning.' In a similar manner M. Chevalier pursues his investigations through a variety of other considerations, all tending to show the folly of the measures proposed by those who, designating men like M. Chevalier as the disciples of a 'political economy without bowels,' might themselves be designated the dupes of a philanthropy without brains.

After discussing such special measures, M. Chevalier passes to the general subject of the 'organisation of labour,' as schemed by M. Louis Blanc; the essential parts of which, as our readers have been informed in a previous article, were to be—1*st*, The suppression of the system of competition; 2*d*, The absolute equality of conditions for all, irrespective of ability or activity; 3*d*, The abolition of all profit on capital above the legal interest; and 4*th*, The election of masters and foremen by their inferiors. On these points we cannot follow M. Chevalier, excepting to give a few of his remarks. 'Peoples or individuals,' he says, 'let no one flatter himself with the idea of ever having on this earth a tent laid out for slumber, and haunted by laughing visions. We are here below to struggle, to undergo probation, and progress is the fruit of trials and of struggle. It is necessary not only for the advancement of society, but for its very subsistence, that the social system conform to the fundamental laws of human nature—the system of M. Louis Blanc misconceives it; that it respect equity—his system violates it. Under the régime of liberty and of competition it is the contrary. It remains only to see whether it is not possible to limit the amount of evil with which it is certainly true that in our days liberty and competition are accompanied. And here at last I am on a field where I can expatiate along with the Socialists, and perhaps with M. Louis Blanc himself. I have insisted on the necessity of maintaining competition, even for the sake of the future good of the working-classes themselves; but because a principle is good and excellent, this is no reason for following it indefinitely to its last results, without looking round one. As the principle of political liberty must be wedded to the principle of order, if the results are to be wholesome, so the most notable inconveniencies of competition may be remedied by the intelligent application

Digitized by Google

of a principle justly celebrated with enthusiasm by all schools of Socialists — the principle of association. M. Blanc is right in recommending to workmen, for the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour, the system of life in common; the club-system applied to consumption gives rise to a very remarkable economy, and thus allows an increase of comfort and of pleasure to all singly out of the same quantity of resources. What in isolation would be misery, may, by association, become a passable existence. Association is even possible, too, in production to a certain extent.' Having made these admissions, and having confessed that this principle of association offers a powerful beginning towards the desired organisation of labour, M. Chevalier continues —'I perceive nowhere as yet a plan for the organisation of labour that can be adopted with confidence. We shall not arrive at this discovery otherwise than as Columbus discovered the new world: after long waiting —that is, for the navigator—and after a long and perilous voyage. The task is a hard one, and to accomplish it, will require several successive generations.' Still, on all the experiments and speculations even of his opponents, M. Chevalier looks with hope, as being part of the process by which the task will shape itself towards fulfilment. Meanwhile, it is essential that people should clear up their conception of what is meant by the organisation of labour. 'The organisation of labour,' he says, 'taken in its largest sense, ought to consist in a collection of institutions which should offer to the labourer an efficacious assistance in all the situations through which he must pass, from the moment that he is born, to that in which he takes flight into a better world. It is no longer a mere institution for the single purpose of securing him an equitable remuneration for his labour in the workshop; it includes all that is necessary to protect his infancy, to form his youth, to encourage his riper years, and to shelter his old age. And modern society, which dates from 1789, offers numerous elements for supplying this vast demand. For infancy, we have asylums and schools; for youth, schools and regulations of apprenticeship. Mature age engaged in activity has a great variety of assistance and supports. First of all, let us name with respect the savings' bank. This institution has an admirable effect on morality. From the moment that the workman has made a deposit in the savings' bank he acquires steadiness, he knows what foresight means; he obtains a real significance in his eyes. Besides the savings' bank, there are also friendly societies. For old age, also, there are similar provisions. And lastly, the revolution of February has brought out into relief the idea of the division of profits among the *employés* of an establishment.' With regard to this last idea for the amelioration of the condition of the labouring-classes, M. Chevalier declares himself favourably. Alluding to M. Leclaire's experiment, and to the fact, that the company of the Orleans Railway had, under the conduct of the director M. F. Bartholoney, carried on their business with great satisfaction for the last few years on the same co-operative principle, he anticipates very happy results from the gradual extension of the principle into various departments of industry. The advantages would be partly pecuniary; but chiefly, he appears to think, moral. 'The plan,' he says, 'would give the labourers a dignity, a love of order, and a regularity they cannot attain otherwise; and unseemly quarrels between masters and men would be avoided.' This, it is unnecessary to add, is very high authority in favour of the idea in question, which, however, can only as yet be considered as in a very speculative state.

Some admirable remarks are appended by M. Chevalier to the body of his pamphlet, under the title of 'Measures Calculated to Accelerate Popular Progress.' These measures, for the sake of clearness, we shall enumerate, and present in the shape of definite propositions, applicable, according to the intention of their author, to France, but applicable also, at least most of them, to our own country. *1st*, A revision of the taxation of France, with a view to the abolition of such taxes as are prejudicial to industry. 'A tax,' he says, 'is an abstraction from the fruits of labour. It is a deduction from what individuals are able to spare; probably from what they do spare, in order to make capital. When a nation pays a milliard of taxes, one may safely affirm that if the treasury had not taken this sum from the pockets of the citizens, seven or eight-tenths of it would have gone to increase the national capital; the remaining two or three-tenths would have gone to satisfy imperious wants, preventing the people from suffering the hunger or cold they *have* suffered, or would have augmented the sum expended in pleasures. Yet on the other hand, there is a part of the taxes that goes to enlighten the nation, to elevate public sentiment, or even to give to labour the facilities that result from good means of communication. This portion, therefore, of the budget, subtracted from the national capital, returns to it; for instruction, education, means of transport, all are capital. To capital also may be assimilated the portion of the public expenses strictly necessary for the administration of justice, for the intelligent conduct of the political interests of the country, and for the security of dealings and property. But this immense military apparatus with which all governments gird themselves, in order to intimidate each other, or hold their populations in check (and how they succeed we all know), all that goes to form and maintain this is turned aside from the national capital, is lost for the nation. The military budget of states is—three-fourths or five-sixths of it—a sterile expense; a criminal destruction of capital, the material instrument of social progress. It is thus that the governments of Europe have hitherto devoured the substance of nations; so that, after several centuries consecrated to labour with much ardour and considerable intelligence, after eighteen centuries of Christian culture, Europe is still poor. Let us repair as soon as possible the time lost. If, as we will hope, the various powers respond, by pacific testimonies, to the eloquent words which M. de Lamartine has addressed to them, it will be essential, in the name of popular progress, to diminish as much as possible the unproductive expenses of the state, and above all, to reduce greatly the budget of the ministers of war and marine.' *2d*, A reform of the administrative system in France. 'Our administrative system,' says M. Chevalier, 'among other defects, has that of being overcrowded with regulations (*réglementaire à l'infini*). With pretensions to liberty, we are the most regulation-ridden, and, by consequence, I do not fear to say it, the least free people in Europe in our enterprises. A compact despotism subsists in France by means of administrative red tape. We must render an account to government of all our projects, demand permission for every individual act we do. Some years ago there was published the series of the formalities necessary to authorise a proprietor to place a boat on the stream that flowed past his estate: no less than forty or fifty despatches are necessary for the purpose—a process that would last as long as the siege of Troy. This monstrous abuse of centralisation and the spirit of regulation causes great public damage.' Accordingly, says M. Chevalier, to diminish it, ought to be one of the aims of all French patriots. He probably means that France would be the better of an infusion of the local or municipal system, and the spirit of individual freedom that characterise England and Germany. Of England, indeed, it may be said that it has too little of that very spirit of centralisation of which France has too much; hence M. Chevalier's remarks on this head scarcely apply to England. *3d*, A tariff more conformable to the principles of free trade. 'In the United States,' says M. Chevalier, 'the head of the legislature would let his hand wither ere he would sign a law that would tend, on any pretext, to make bread or meat dear.' He wishes the same were the case in France. *4th*, The establishment of schools for instruction in the various professions, and generally an enormous enlargement of the system of national education.

Digitized by Google

That these or any other useful reforms may have a chance of being carried, it is, above all, necessary, says M. Chevalier, that all classes co-operate cordially. 'Reforms can only be carried in circumstances well-defined. They are like those beautiful crystallisations, in the form of prisms and double pyramids, which can only form themselves when there is calm, and for which the slightest agitation would substitute a heap of powder or a confused mass.' Let there, therefore, be quiet, and with all activity, much patience. Canaan was reached after forty years of wandering in the wilderness. Let the apostles of an instantaneous millennium not be believed; but rather let the words of Franklin be kept in mind, 'If any one tells you that you can grow rich otherwise than by labour and economy, do not listen to him; he is a poisoner.'

THE FOOTPRINTS OF GENIUS.

In the busy haunts of crowded cities it is often refreshing to the mind to withdraw its thoughts from the actual and present, and to recall the memories of those men of genius whose lives have been connected with the particular locality. The hurry of business, and the perpetual flowing of the stream of human life, are there, however, a powerful interruption to such contemplations. In the quietude of rural scenery we trace more uninterruptedly and agreeably the footprints of genius, live again in old memories, and realise and luxuriate in the past. This was strikingly experienced by a little party who, on a calm autumn day last year, set out from the quiet old town of Abingdon for a ramble of a few miles into the adjacent country.

Neither Abingdon nor its neighbourhood boasts any marvellous beauty; indeed the professed connoisseur (not *lover*—that is a different character) of the picturesque would pass the locality altogether as uninteresting. Abingdon is a genuine old town, with many genuine old defects—such as narrow streets ill-drained, and inconvenient houses ill-ventilated. However wise in their generation the monks of the rich abbey that gave its name to the town might have been in selecting for their dwelling a sweeping valley abounding in rich pastures, watered by the silver Thames (really a silver stream here), yet the position was not very good for a town, inasmuch as damp and dirt for many months of every year are the consequence of the low situation, and fever and ague necessarily the frequent result. The country round, though often under water for some weeks of autumn and spring, is, when the weather proves propitious, luxuriant and lovely. No marvels of nature are displayed; but the calm, tranquil, rural beauty of fields, richly fertile, amply compensates for the absence of the wild and wonderful. Certain it is that our rambling party, when looking on those pleasant undulations, covered by fine pastures and graceful clumps of trees in their autumn decoration of the 'kindling, not the fading leaf,' did not complain of the absence of lofty hills and gorgeous forests. They adopted the sound practical philosophy of placing its full value on the scene around them.

A gentle eminence, a little more than three miles from Abingdon, ushered the party into a straggling and most secluded village. Many of the houses looked nearly coeval with the ancient church, whose gray massive turret rose in the midst like the hoary head of a venerable patriarch surrounded by his kindred.

'This is Cumnor,' said an old gentleman, the leader of our party.

'Cumnor!' exclaimed the delighted voices of the younger folks.

Then came thoughts of Sir Walter Scott, and of those personages who were cold rigid forms in the statue gallery of history, until, touched by the Promethean fire of his genius, they started into vitality, and became living men and women connected with our intellect and sympathies for ever.

'This, then, is Cumnor! the place once belonging to the Abbey of Abingdon, given at the Reformation to the Dudley family, and the ill-fated residence of poor Amy Robsart. At all events, if we cannot trace the remains of any of the characters Sir Walter Scott introduced into his beautiful novel of Kenilworth, yet we can plainly discern the footprints of his genius here.'

'Yes,' said our aged friend with kindling enthusiasm; 'look! there swings the sign of Giles Gossling's hostel, where the story opens.'

And sure enough there was the rude portraiture of the Bear and Ragged Staff—the cognisance of the Dudleys—on the signboard before us. Much to the advantage of the village inn must it have been that the great master of fiction should so accurately have attended to local details. Many a party of Oxford students and others have startled the solitudes of Cumnor with their visits since genius stamped its mark there. Leaving our conveyance at the ancient hostel, we explored all that remained of the dismal dwelling of Cumnor Place. Every vestige of the house is gone, and the mere outlines of the grounds adjoining the church are all that remain to satisfy the curiosity of the visitor. The church was our next object of attention. Some fears were entertained that we must depart without entering it, as the clerk or sexton could not be found. But after lingering for a while in the churchyard, looking at some fine old trees, whose branches might perchance have cast their shade over the head of the lovely lady, the unloved neglected wife, who had really dwelt and mysteriously died in their neighbourhood,* we entered the ancient village sanctuary. A single aisle and chancel comprise its extent. The object of peculiar interest to visitors is a tomb within the altar rails at the side of the communion table, with the name of Anthony Foster inscribed thereon. We approached the spot with something of mingled surprise and loathing; but imagination received a wholesome check when brought into communion with the actual. Effigies of Anthony Foster, his wife, and three children, are in good preservation on the tomb. By the inscription, we learned that Anthony Foster was the younger son of a noble family, and that he married the daughter of Reginald Williams, whose tomb was pointed out on the pavement of the altar. There is no circumstance whatever to show that he was the wretch which the novelist makes him.

It is possible that the feelings of our party may not be shared by others; for with all our veneration for Scott, the sentiment of dissatisfaction was spontaneous and general after visiting this tomb. We seemed at once agreed that Sir Walter had exceeded the license, and outstepped the prerogative, of fiction, in attaching such a character as he has done to the name of the individual whose monument was before us. Every fact seemed distinctly to contrast with the fiction, except the fact of name. 'Tony Fire-the-fagot,' who is represented as having applied the torch to the pyre that consumed Latimer and Ridley; 'Tony, the father of one sweet daughter, who disclaimed his nature; 'Tony the hypocrite and murderer; 'Tony dying by the fearful judgment of Heaven—all combined, form one of the most powerful and painful portraits of unredeemed villany which the genius of Scott has depicted. Here, in this Christian sanctuary, was a man of apparently fair fame, a husband and father of a

* In Mr Craik's new work, 'Romance of the Peerage,' there are five letters referring to the sudden death of Lady Leicester by a fall down stairs. T. Blount, the distant kinsman and retainer of Lord Leicester, went to Cumnor to superintend the funeral, &c.; and in the letters of the noble lord, though there is much perplexity and annoyance expressed, together with manifest dread of public rumour and opinion, yet there is not one word indicating pity for the fate, or affection for the person, of the unfortunate lady.

Digitized by Google

family, held up for ever to execration as a monster of iniquity! To exaggerate the good qualities of departed historical characters may mislead, though it cannot greatly injure; but if we connect such ideas as those called up by 'Tony Foster's name with an actual tomb, in order to give an appearance of local exactness and accuracy of detail, it is surely an outrage upon the dead from which the conscientious mind must recoil.

We left the tomb and church of Cumnor, saying, 'Certainly the monumental brass that has so well preserved Anthony Foster's name has been, by its durability, an injurious memento. Had his name been carved on humble freestone, it would have wasted away from men's eyes as his life did from their memories, and no mighty seer had then dragged his name from obscurity to stamp it with indelible infamy.'

The name of Lambourne is familiar in Cumnor now; a representative of that appellation being still alive, to attest Scott's attention to local distinctness.

The day was yet young when our party had made their survey of Cumnor, and it was agreed to prolong the ramble a few miles in search of another locality where we might trace the footprints of genius. So, accordingly, entering our old-fashioned spacious conveyance, and giving a parting glance at the Bear and Ragged Staff, we resumed our ride along well-kept roads, shaded by overarching trees, and flanked by verdant meadows, through which we could trace the winding of the Isis, until we came to Bablock Hythe Ferry. As we approached this spot, it was pleasant to see from the distance the old flat-bottomed ferry-boat conveying three cows across the river. The clearness of the deep, though narrow stream, its serpentine course, the pastures of brightest green stretching away on both sides, the willows on the banks bending in the gentle breeze, and at every rustling of their foliage, showing the silver tint of the under-side of their pensile leaf, and here and there a majestic weeping-willow dipping its pendent branches in the stream—all these, with the pearly gray of the calm autumn sky, the gliding motion of the boat, and the tranquil gaze of the patient animals comprising its freight, presented a combination of quiet rural beauty worthy of the pencil of a Cuyp or Paul Potter. By the time the boat had unloaded its cargo and returned, it was our turn to cross, which we did without alighting from our vehicle. The horse was accustomed to the ferry-boat, and so remained perfectly still after entering; our passage being enlivened by one of the party relating a piece of romantic village gossip in reference to this same ferry. The story chronicled by the few residents of Bablock Hythe runs thus:—A certain maiden, who bore the unromantic name of Rudge, used to row the ferry-boat; her charms were noted by the quick eyes of the Oxford students, yet the maiden, heedless of their praises and temptations, kept to her lowly occupation, till a certain nobleman, fascinated by her loveliness, and honouring the integrity which bespoke a pure and noble mind, paid honest court to her, bestowed fitting instruction on her, and made her his wife. How the water-flower flourished when transplanted to so different a scene, the village historian could not tell! But though the younger members of our party were delighted to have such a romance connected with the spot, the elders shook their heads gravely, and doubted whether the poor girl had really 'bettered her condition' when her boat was exchanged for a mansion, and her homely maiden name for a title.

We had scarcely finished smiling and sighing, as our several fancies led, over this village episode of the fair maid of the ferry, when we drew up at the door of an old-fashioned, spacious-looking farm-house, with a lofty but strange building adjoining it. To our inquiry what that ancient building was, with its thick high walls and conical wooden roof, our venerable conductor answered: 'Oh, this is Stanton Harcourt, the remains of a fine old seat of the Earls of Harcourt; and that is the fine old kitchen, as great a curiosity in its way as any in the kingdom.' The hospitable farmer who now resides on the premises permitted us with frank good-nature to view the place; and with him we entered the spacious kitchen, and speedily realised the idea of the old baronial times, and the vast housekeeping inseparable from the then mode of providing for the wants of a numerous establishment. The lofty square walls supported an octagon roof of solid woodwork. The kitchen had been built long before chimneys were used, as the blackened rafters far above sufficiently attested. The smoke, however, could not have been so great a nuisance as might at first be supposed. An opening entirely round the basement of the roof permitted it free egress whichever way the wind blew. Vast ovens, and drying room over, for salted provisions, occupied one side of the kitchen, while opposite, there was a mighty copper, still used for brewing, and a fireplace ten feet wide, with a solid buttress of brickwork at the side, to protect the turnspit from being roasted himself while superintending the cookery. A shallow pit in the centre was pointed out as the place over which a gridiron six feet by four was placed, for the purpose of grilling a whole sheep, divided down the back, and laid open on its bars; while in every direction on the walls and roof a multitude of hooks, enough to have supplied a whole market, were placed, as evidences of the good store once hanging in this old baronial kitchen. The total alteration in modes of living came forcibly upon our minds when noting this relic of the household arrangements of former times. However extensive may be the good cheer in a nobleman's kitchen in modern days, it will bear no comparison with the rude abundance of the past. When towns were few, and shops poor and uncertain—when the stated market and annual fair were the only places for obtaining a supply of the minor multifarious necessaries for a family—room for abundant store was needed. And when we recollect that it was not the ancient custom to keep stall-fed cattle through the winter, but that at Martinmas they killed, salted, and dried meat for the consumption of many months, it explains the necessity for good ovens, drying-rooms, and *chevaux de frise* of meat-hooks in all directions.

A door from this curious old kitchen led us to a fine turret, perfectly square, that had once formed part of the mansion, and is still entire, and in good preservation. The ground-floor of the turret contains what was once a beautiful private Roman Catholic chapel, now used for the very different purpose of receiving a clothes mangle and other household lumber. The roof and walls still exhibit traces of rich gilding and elaborate decoration. A door at the right-hand side of the altar opened on a winding turret-stair, that led into a little upper room, having the appearance of a confessional. From this the staircase conducted to a square convenient room, that might appropriately have belonged to the priest who officiated in the chapel; and still ascending to the third and highest storey, we entered a handsome square lofty room, richly panelled with polished oak. On one side was the small ancient fireplace, on the other three sides were casement windows, commanding extensive and varied views of the adjacent country. 'This room is called Pope's study,' said our aged conductor: 'here he finished the Odyssey.' A more appropriate room for a poet's study could not be imagined than this lovely turret chamber. From the window opposite the fireplace, where it may be supposed Pope generally sat, there is a fine view of the immediately-adjoining parish church; and the tops of the trees wave their foliage directly beneath the windows of this lofty room. Here, far removed from vulgar noise or casual intrusion, the country, with its meadows, streams, and groves, spread out like a vast map far beneath the church tower, for a next-door neighbour; the winds, as they swept over the trees, for minstrels; and the clouds for an ever-varying moving panorama—well might the poet hold high converse with the mighty dead, and realise the visions, and invoke the spirit, of

Digitized by Google

the father of poetry!* To leave this room, with its interesting associations, was in every sense a descent.

The same kind courtesy that had permitted us to view the turret enabled us to enter the church, where the principal object of attraction was the private chapel over the vault of the Harcourt family. The tombs and monuments were richly gilded and emblazoned; but, we thought, with more of splendour than of taste. Full-sized marble effigies of the Earls of Harcourt, in their robes and coronets—the figures painted and gilded, to represent the costume—made a showy, but not very impressive spectacle. Two exquisite busts by Roubiliac contrasted favourably in beauty, purity, and simplicity, with the gorgeously-painted monuments.

It happened that the vault of the Harcourt and Vernon family was open, the funeral of the Archbishop of York being fixed to take place on the following day. To descend from viewing the splendours of the garish monuments to witness the solemn secrets of the charnel-house, afforded a salutary lesson. Sixteen large coffins were visible, many of them much dilapidated; rotting wood, faded velvet, and tarnished brass, all proclaiming that no matter what the outward trappings, 'decay's effacing finger' cares nothing for human distinctions. A broad shelf was erected round this vault for the Vernon family, which, by intermarriages, had become closely united with the Harcourts. The late archbishop was the first who, on the morrow, was to take possession of this compartment of the vault.

Ascending to the church, it was a relief to wander into the adjoining burial-ground, and view the turret and windows of Pope's study from that quiet place. Near the door of the church there is an interesting tablet erected by the poet's friend, Lord Harcourt, to the memory of two lovers killed by lightning. Pope, at the request of Lord Harcourt, wrote the following epitaph:—

> 'Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
> A pair so faithful could expire;
> Victims so pure Heaven saw well-pleased,
> And snatched them in celestial fire.
> Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
> When God calls virtue to the grave,
> Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
> Mercy alike to kill or save.
> Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
> And face the flash that melts the ball!'

This incident probably furnished Thomson with the hint for his beautiful tale of Celadon and Amelia.

Feeling that our ride had been as much diversified with records of the past, enjoyment of the present, and visits to the dwellings of the living and the dead, as could well be within the limits of one morning's ramble, we returned to Abingdon (passing on our way the house that had once been that of Elwes the miser), and admiring the stately old market-place, which stands in the centre of the ancient town. After a brief time spent in rest and refreshment, we went forth again in the evening to witness a modern appropriation of an ancient building. The gateway of the venerable Abbey of Abingdon is yet entire; and every school-boy in the town feels some pride as he recalls the fact, that the most learned of our Anglo-Norman princes, Henry Beauclerc, was educated in that old monastic school. Over the gateway there are some fine old vaulted chambers, one of which is now the lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institution; and whatever may be said of modern improvements, a more commodious, well-ventilated room, better constructed for speaking and hearing, it would be difficult to find than this old council-chamber over the abbey gate; and not less highly honoured is that ancient place in its present use than it was in days of yore. Education is a glorious privilege, the birthright not merely of England's princes and peers, but of her people and her peasants.

* Pope, in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, says—'I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat: any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead!'

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A work under the above title has just come before the reading public. It contains matter to interest the philosophical and scientific inquirer, the antiquary, and the historian, and is free from an objection that too often applies to historical publications—that of skimming the surface of events only, and leaving the under-current altogether disregarded. The book now before us* is professedly written to give us a private as well as public history of the venerable body whose doings it records; and this circumstance, we think, will enable us to present a *résumé* acceptable to the general reader.

The origin of scientific societies and academies on the continent dates from the fifteenth century. Bacon proposed a philosophical college on a magnificent plan in his 'Instauration of the Sciences.' The first learned society, however, in this country appears to have been antiquarian: it was founded in 1572 by Archbishop Parker, for the preservation of ancient documents, but was dissolved by King James. An unsuccessful attempt was made in the reign of Charles I. to establish 'Minerva's Museum,' a collegiate institution, the proposed site of which was Covent Garden, where not only all the then known sciences and languages, but riding, fencing, music, and singing were to be taught. Perhaps it failed in not being sufficiently popular, as no one who could not produce armorial bearings was to be admitted. Another scheme was proposed by Sir W. Petty in 1648, for a *gymnasium mechanicum*, or college of tradesmen, in which the mechanical arts were to be cultivated. The civil commotion, in fact, gave rise to a host of similar projects, of which, in quieter times, nothing remained but the name.

In common with many other associations, the Royal Society grew out of the occasional meeting of a few individuals, either at their own houses or elsewhere, for the discussion of natural philosophy. These meetings commenced probably about the year 1600, sometimes in London, at others in Oxford, according to circumstances. When in the metropolis, the Bull's Head Tavern, Cheapside, was frequently the place of reunion, or Gresham College. Certain of these gentlemen, among whom was the illustrious Boyle, formed a party known as the 'Invisible College;' and there is scarcely an eminent name of the age—Evelyn, Hooke, Cowley, Wilkins, Hartlib, &c.—which we do not find connected with some proposal for a regularly-constituted society. Such men as these were glad to have an intellectual resource against the distractions of the civil war, and studied science for its own sake. At one time they were dispossessed of Gresham College, to make way for soldiers, who, while quartered in the building, made it a scene of havoc, filth, and abomination, as feelingly recorded by Dr Sprat, whose philosophical sympathies led him to visit the place where he and his colleagues had pursued their investigations. In 1660, however, the meetings were resumed at the college, when a list of forty-one names was drawn up of persons actually or likely to become associated members. From so small a beginning sprung a society whose reputation is co-extensive with the limits of science.

The record of the early meetings presents a singular mixture of large philosophical views, with the most absurd and superstitious notions respecting many things now clear and familiar to us as household words. One cannot fail, however, to be impressed by the earnestness

* A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents; Compiled from Authentic Documents. By C. R. Weld, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, Assistant Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. In 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker.

Digitized by Google

of purpose by which the proceedings of these pioneers of knowledge are characterised. We must remember that they were two centuries nearer to what are called 'the dark ages' than it is our fortune to be. It was the age of Galileo, Milton, and many others whose names will long be famous. Glimmerings of great truths were beginning to force their way into men's minds; but prejudice and error were yet powerful. Milton himself wrote doubtingly of the Copernican theory. We must remember, also, that whatever their defects, the individuals here brought under notice were the connecting links between the master minds of a former and later period. Some of them were not far from realising and anticipating Newton's transcendent discoveries. Looking, in short, at the whole spirit and circumstances of the times, we find ample reason to regard the labours of our embryo society with reverence as well as indulgence.

We shall thus be prepared to learn that our philosophers were believers in witchcraft, in the virtues of May-dew and the divining-rod, and among other charms, that of touching for the 'evil.' In many instances philosophical questions were mooted which still occupy the attention of naturalists: thus we have pendulum experiments by Wren, and Boyle's air-pump, the germ of the present more perfect instrument: inquiries were propounded for the use of voyagers going to Teneriffe, varying but little from the instructions issued for recent exploring expeditions; the weight and temperature of the atmosphere at different levels were to be ascertained; the effect of air on metals; the rate of a clock at the top of the mountain; and whether birds flew as briskly, and flame burnt as brightly, at that height as in the valleys. The Society was incorporated by royal charter in July 1662, but without any other endowment than the award of certain Irish estates. It was worth while for the newly-restored court to conciliate men of station and learning, who might become influential agitators; yet the award turned out to be merely nominal: in the struggle for confiscated lands in Ireland, political partisans found no difficulty in setting aside the claims of philosophers. Chelsea College was afterwards granted to the Society as a place of meeting, and residence for their officers; but here, again, obstacles arose which prevented them from taking possession. The want of a suitable place in which to meet and conduct their affairs often led the 'Fellows' to project a building for themselves; but the design always fell to the ground, through want of funds and other causes.

The practical utility of the Society appears to have been greater in the first century of its establishment than in later times. This may be accounted for in various ways: there was a law commanding that all new inventions, mechanical or otherwise, should be approved by the Society before a patent was granted to the inventors. At that period, too, the Royal Society was the only body to which a scientific question could be referred; while in the present day scarcely a science but has its *locus*, its official staff, and band of followers. Thus new discoveries are at once carried to the quarter where they will be best understood and appreciated, while the Royal Society assumes to itself the privilege of deciding in higher and more abstruse questions, but which, as portions of truth, have an indirect practical tendency.

The Society paid much attention to the collecting of information and specimens of natural objects both at home and abroad. Persons were employed to travel with this view, and it seems that nothing came amiss to them: with specimens of natural history, they picked up the wildest notions and conceits respecting natural phenomena, all of which were duly jotted down for the edification of their employers. These specimens, however, formed the nucleus of a museum, of which the 'Fellows' were justly proud, as renowned did it become for its 'rarities.' This interesting collection was eventually made over to the British Museum, where it still remains. The 'Philosophical Transactions' were first published in 1664-5, under the superintendence of the Society's indefatigable secretary, Oldenburg. The contents of the first number are eminently characteristic of the period. First there are queries and descriptions concerning philosophical and physical subjects, followed by 'improvement of optick glasses at Rome;' observations on Jupiter; endeavours towards a history of cold; to find the longitude by means of clock machinery; and among the rest, 'a relation of a very odd monstrous calf.' Nature was so freakish in those days, or rather such was the belief entertained of her powers, that the most childish and irrelevant circumstances were regarded with a sort of reverent wonder. This important series of works was commenced in numbers—one to appear occasionally, as matter came to hand. Frequent interruptions took place at first in the publication—sometimes it was want of funds; then came the Plague; and afterwards the 'great fire.' The seventh and eighth numbers were printed at Oxford, owing to the difficulty of getting the work done in London. A large quantity were burnt in the vaults of St Faith's, under St Paul's, where they had been stored by the booksellers. Sometimes the secretary was put to his shifts for material for a number: the Fellows seem to have entertained a notion that there was little or nothing left for them to learn or to write about. Discoursing of natural philosophy in the preface to the seventeenth volume, he says, 'it may seem as if the subject were almost exhausted.' This was in 1693. From that time the publication of the 'Transactions' has gone on with regularity; at the present time, the general rule is, to publish two parts every year, at intervals of six months; every Fellow of the Society is entitled to a copy on demand; besides which, the annual volumes are presented to numerous scientific institutions at home and abroad. The knowledge of profound scientific and philosophical subjects is thus periodically transmitted throughout Europe and the United States.

Under the date June 1665-6, we have a curious account of an experimental transfusion of blood from one living animal to another. The idea was derived from similar operations made in Paris a short time previously, which had excited great interest. The most important results, in fact, were anticipated from the experiments upon the human animal. According to some, 'the alchemical reveries of an elixir of life and immortality' were about to be realised. The first trial was proposed to be made on some lunatics; but Dr Allen, physician to Bedlam, refused to give up patients for the purpose. At length, in 1667, Arthur Coga, a poor Cambridge student, of eccentric habits, offered to undergo the experiment of transfusion for a guinea. It was performed at Arundel House, at which place the Society then met; a quantity of sheep's blood was passed into the patient's arm, some of his own having been first taken away. After the operation, we are informed, 'the patient was well and merry, and drank a glass or two of canary, and took a pipe of tobacco, in the presence of forty or more persons; he then went home, and continued well all day, his pulse being stronger and fuller than before.' The experiment was repeated about a month later; eight ounces of blood being drawn from the man's arm, and fourteen ounces of sheep's blood passed in, with similar results. The transfusion of blood, however, failed of accomplishing what had been anticipated: old men were not to be made young again on such easy terms. An eminent living philosopher has expressed his satisfaction at the failure: had it been otherwise, he observes, tyrants would have perpetuated themselves through all generations.

Leaving these details, we must now go rapidly over the leading events in the history of the Society. Between 1665-70 we have the building of the Greenwich Observatory and the appointment of Flamsteed as first astronomer-royal. There is perhaps no scientific institution in the kingdom the duties of which have been more efficiently or advantageously performed than in this, which originated with the Royal Society, and with which they

Digitized by Google

have ever since been officially connected. In this period, too, Newton's name occurs; he was elected a Fellow at the age of twenty-nine, being then professor of mathematics at Cambridge. One of his earliest communications to the Society contained a description of his reflecting telescope, the first ever constructed, which he presented to the Society, in whose possession it still remains. Soon afterwards we come to Papin's famous experiments and 'bone-digesters.' The latter, as is generally known, were close vessels for the preparation of food: to test their efficiency, Papin invited a number of the Fellows to a supper, of which all the dishes were cooked in digesters. Evelyn, who was among the guests, says, 'the hardest bones of beef itselfe, and mutton, were made as soft as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with lesse than eight ounces of coales, prodncing an incredible quantity of gravy.' Could some adaptation of Papin's method be applied to cookery at the present day, a great social and economical advantage would accrue where large masses are to be fed on limited supplies. In 1683, Dr Lister suggested the colouring of maps to represent different strata, thus originating what are now known as geological maps. Two years later, Charles II. died: he never paid a visit to the Society, of which he was founder; and beyond sending them a few presents and recipes, appears to have done nothing for them: in his case, philosophers were not enervated by royal patronage. In 1686, the first book, in manuscript, of Newton's 'Principia' was presented to the Society. Halley undertook the charge of printing it at his own expense, and it was published in 1687 at twelve shillings a copy. The first and second editions were speedily exhausted. In June 1699, Savery exhibited a model of his steam-engine at a meeting of the Society; the rude germ of what has since become the greatest of mechanical achievements. It is very laconically recorded in the minutes of the meeting:—'Mr Savery,' observes the writer, 'entertained the Society with showing his engine to raise water by the force of fire. He was thanked for shewing the experiment, which succeeded according to expectation, and was approved of.' This was followed by the publication of Papin's schemes: he also proposed the agency of steam for the defence of towns, for drainage, and for moving ships.

In 1710, the Society, who had long felt the inconvenience of not having a building of their own, purchased a house in Crane Court, Fleet Street, and removed from Gresham College. The new domicile was, for that day, conveniently situated for the attendance of Fellows at the meetings; the museum was arranged in one of the rooms; and for a period of seventy years, this building was the head-quarters of science. Since then, it has been fitted up as the Scottish Hospital, and is now about to be pulled down. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century we have the introduction of inoculation, discovery of nutation, and the aberration of light by Bradley. The chief facts worthy of notice in the next twenty-five years are the invention of chronometers, for which the Society's Copley medal was awarded to Harrison; and the attempts made to ventilate ships and other structures by Hales and Pringle—the beginning of experiments to render dwelling-places wholesome, a point which even yet has not been satisfactorily attained.

From 1750 to the accession of George III. comprises an interesting period. Franklin communicated his paper on the electrical kite; he was elected a Fellow of the Society, and served in the Council. Dollond made his valuable optical discoveries in the construction of achromatic lenses, to which we are indebted for the perfection of refracting telescopes. In 1761 occurred the second recorded transit of Venus over the sun's disk; and at the instance of the Royal Society, various observers were appointed to watch the phenomenon. The astronomer-royal Maskelyne was sent to St Helena. In a curious estimate which he drew up of his expenses for the voyage and sojourn on the island for one year, we find thirteen guineas set down for washing; for board, 109 guineas; for liquors, 141 guineas. Five shillings per day was reckoned as the charge for drink while on the island, and L.50 for the same item for the voyage ont and home. Maskelyne was a clergyman, but his habits would have ill accorded with our present notions of temperance. Messrs Mason and Dixon were appointed to go to Bencoolen, for the purpose of observing the transit from that place: but the vessel in which they sailed having engaged a French ship of war, the two astronomers were frightened, and returned to port, and it was only on peremptory orders from the Council that they again sailed: owing, however, to the loss of time, they were obliged to land, and make their observations, at the Cape of Good Hope. The occurrence of a third transit of Venus in 1769 led to the fitting out of the expeditions to the South Seas under Captain Cook, towards which the king granted L.4000; another expedition sailed at the same time to Hudson's Bay. In 1773, the first attempt was made to discover the north-west passage round the coast of America. This voyage was made by Captain Phipps in the ships Carcass and Racehorse; and although he returned unsuccessful, a second expedition was fitted out for the same purpose in the following year. The scientific objects of all these expeditions were greatly promoted by the instructions drawn up by the Royal Society. It was during this period that many of Priestley's discoveries on air were made: one of his letters then written contains the earliest notice we have of India-rubber, and of his contemplated project for selling electrical machines in London. Priestley was rewarded by the Copley medal in 1773; a fact whose value is greatly diminished by the slights—to use no harsher term—put upon the persevering and intelligent philosopher. In 1774, the Society commenced their series of observations on the 'barometer, thermometer, rain-gauge, wind-gauge, and hygrometer,' which they kept up steadily until 1781, when the duty of reading and recording these observations devolved upon the Greenwich Observatory: thus an uninterrupted course has been maintained for the greater part of a century. Next we have the experiments for determining the mean density of the earth, which was to be deduced from the attraction of a mountain on a plumb-line. This fact had been noticed by French *savans;* and Maskelyne drew up a paper on the subject, which led to his undertaking a journey to Perthshire, where he lived four months in a hut at the foot of Schehallien, while performing his experiments on the attraction of the mountain. The Society contributed L.500 towards this inquiry, the results of which were tested and corrected a few years since by the late Francis Baily. Between 1770–80, the introduction of lightning-conductors gave rise to the memorable controversy respecting points and knobs: the advocates of the former were presumed to favour American principles and politics. George III. showed which side he was on by ordering knobbed conductors to be fixed in his palace.

In 1780, the Society removed from Crane Court to their present quarters in Somerset House, where they occupy apartments granted by the government, including a meeting-room and library. After this came the discovery of Uranus by Herschel—that of the composition of water by Priestley, Watt, and Cavendish—the trigometrical survey, commenced in 1784 by General Roy, of which the present Ordnance Survey is a continuation—the Herschelian telescope—Galvani's discoveries and the Voltaic pile—Young's researches on the undulatory theory of light—pendulum experiments and standard-measures—Davy and Wollaston's marvellous investigations—the rise and development of geology as a science—and subsequently to 1820, Babbage's calculating machine, for 'calculating and printing mathematical tables,' and solving, in fact, the most complicated mathematical questions. The construction of this extraordinary piece of mechanism was suspended after an expenditure of nearly L.20,000 of the public money: it is now in the museum of King's College, London. We

Digitized by Google

may conclude our long detail by enumerating the Bridgewater treatises among other labours with which the Society was concerned, as the selection of the writers of those works devolved upon their president. From their origin to the present day, the Royal Society may be said to have been occupied in sketching a vast programme of science, the filling up of which will be the labour of centuries.

The present number of Fellows in the Royal Society is 828, including sixty foreign and honorary. An entrance fee of L.10, and an annual subscription of L.4, or a composition, is required from each member on his election. By a recent change in the statutes, a power is given to the Council of the Society to select fifteen from the number offering themselves as candidates for membership. This, we presume, is done to check the indiscriminate admission of persons whose acquirements are undeserving the honour, or who aspire to it for the mere sake of the suffix F. R. S. to their names. The public prints often hint at the necessity of reforms in the venerable institution. But in this, as in most other cases, the reform most required is rather individual than collective.

Our *résumé* conveys but a very brief outline of the varied contents of the work under examination: there is as much to inform the general as the scientific reader, with an occasional sprinkling of anecdote. Notwithstanding the tenor of Mr Weld's concluding observations, we incline to think that he attaches a little too much importance to royal or government patronage. Medals and decorations may be very good things in their way, and annual money grants may tend to diminish anxieties, and increase comforts; but where the real *vis vitæ* is lacking, these will not supply it; and we believe that a time will come when the consciousness of talents beneficially employed will be an ampler reward to the philosopher than even 'the smile of kings.'

With respect to the actual public value of the Royal Society, it is almost unnecessary to say that the utility of the institution has diminished in proportion as scientific societies for specific purposes have sprung into existence, and more particularly as the press has extended its operations and influence. Reviews, magazines, and even such papers as our own, not to speak of newspapers, now discuss and verify facts in natural science with a promptitude which is constantly leaving the Royal and other societies behind, and lessening their relative importance. Still, these societies have their value, if only as retreats for enlightened opinion, and as presenting points of resistance against the perpetual impelling of the narrow-minded towards the indifference and prejudices of a past age.

FEMALE HEROISM.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, an effort of the most interesting kind was made by an Englishwoman to introduce female education into India. The lady who, in a spirit of Christian chivalry, voluntarily devoted herself to this difficult task was Miss Cook, afterwards Mrs Wilson, who arrived in Calcutta in 1821. Up till this time, the education of natives had been confined to boys, for whom a number of schools had been opened; and as no attempt at conversion was allowed, there was no prejudice against them. One of the most benevolent founders of schools for boys in Calcutta was David Hare, a person who, having amassed a considerable fortune in that city, determined to spend it there instead of his native land; and not only did he spend his money, but his life, in benefiting the city where he had so long resided. These attempts, as we have said, met with no opposition on the part of the natives; on the contrary, they warmly seconded them, and the schools were crowded with boys willing to learn after the English fashion instead of their own; but the prejudices against educating females were not to be so easily overcome. For the woman, no education of any kind but such as related to making a curry or a pillau had ever been deemed necessary. As long as infancy and childhood lasted, she was the pet and plaything of the family; and when, with girlhood, came the domestic duties of the wife, she entered on them unprepared by any previous moral training. All intellectual acquirements were out of place for one who was not the companion, but the drudge and slave of her husband; and the more ignorant she was, the less intolerable would be the confinement and monotony of her life. In India, all females above the very lowest ranks, and of respectable character, are kept in seclusion after betrothment; and after marriage, none of any rank, except the very highest, are exempt from those duties which we should consider menial, though not really so when kept in due bounds. A wife can never be degraded by preparing her husband's repast; but it is humiliating to be considered unworthy to partake of it with him, and not even to be permitted to enliven it with her conversation. Those females, again, whose station is not high enough to warrant the privileges of seclusion, present a picture painful to contemplate: the blessing of liberty cannot make up for the incessant toil and drudgery to which they are invariably condemned; and the alternations of the climate, added to the exposure, render the woman in the prime of life a withered crone, either depressed into an idiot or irritated into a virago. Though in the present day something has been effected in the way of elevating the social position of the Hindoo female, thirty years ago, even that little was considered unattainable. It was evident that while one entire sex remained so utterly uncared for, the instruction of the other would fail to produce the desired effects; and that if India was to be regenerated, her female as well as her male population must be instructed. The task was difficult; for whilst the government was indifferent, the natives of India were all strongly opposed to any measures for ameliorating the condition, social or intellectual, of their women. One zealous friend, however, devoted herself to the task. The work *was* to be done, and Mrs Wilson did it.

Animated with a determination to spare no personal exertion, she had herself trained to the business of general instruction, and did not fear the effects of an Indian climate. Physically, morally, and intellectually, she was fitted for her task. Her health was excellent; her spirits elastic; her temper even; her mind clear, quick, and shrewd; her manners most engaging, though dignified; and her will indomitable. On arriving in India, her first efforts were devoted to acquiring a knowledge of Bengalee, the language of the natives of Calcutta; and as soon as she could make herself understood by those around her, she took up her abode in the midst of the native population, and courted and encouraged pupils. Slowly and suspiciously they came in, attracted by a small gratuity each received as a reward for daily attendance. In time others followed their example; and a school, which could scarcely be said to aspire to the dignity of ragged, being literally a naked one, was established. The premises occupied by Mrs Wilson were so confined, that when the *pice*, not the learning, attracted more pupils, she was obliged to open classes in various parts of the bazaar, and go from one to the other. This occasioned much loss of time; and none but those of the very lowest rank could be enticed even by a fee to attend the school. Any one less earnest would have lost heart, and been disgusted to find that all her efforts were to be so confined. But Miss Cook hoped, and trusted, and determined to remedy what appeared remediable. She was convinced that a large house, in a more respectable part of the native town, would be one means of attracting pupils of rather a higher caste; and she determined to secure this. A rajah, who at that time was anxious to pay court to the government, presented the 'Ladies' Society for Promoting Native Female Education' with a piece of ground in a very eligible situation; a European gentleman furnished the plan, and kindly superintended the erection of the buildings; and in about five years after her first arrival in Calcutta, Mrs Wilson took possession of the Central School, a large, airy, and handsome abode. Five years had accustomed the natives to the anomaly of teaching girls, and a somewhat better class than had at first

Digitized by Google

attended were now to be seen congregated round their energetic teacher, seated cross-legged on the floor, tracing their crabbed characters on a slate; reading in sonorous voices the translations of the parables and miracles; or even chanting hymns, also translated. Still none came, unless brought by the women who were employed to go the rounds of the bazaar in the morning, and who received so much for each child: bribery alone insured attendance; and none of the pupils remained more than two or three years at most. As for the natives of the upper class, all attempts to gain a footing amongst them proved total failures. The examinations of the school were attended by all the native gentlemen of rank who professed to take an interest in education; but none of them favoured it sufficiently to desire its benefits for his own daughters, though Mrs Wilson offered to attend them *privately*, when not engaged in the duties of the school. At length the same rajah who had given the ground informed her that his young wife insisted on learning English. She had already learned to read and write Bengalee; but as this did not satisfy her, he requested Mrs Wilson's services, which were immediately given; and she found her pupil a very apt scholar, eager for information of all kinds. In the course of a few weeks, the lady succeeded in obtaining her husband's permission to visit Mrs Wilson at the Central School, and to be introduced to some more English ladies. It was not without much persuasion that this boon was granted; and even when we were all seated expecting her arrival (for the writer of this was present), we scarcely believed that anything so contrary to etiquette would be permitted. At length, however, the rapid tread of many feet was heard, a closed palanquin, surrounded by *chaprassys*, entered the veranda, and panting after it were two old crones. The vehicle was set down in the inner veranda, or, as it would be called here, lobby, from which all the male servants were then excluded, and the doors closed; and then a figure enveloped in a large muslin sheet was taken out of the conveyance, and guided up stairs by the duennas. As soon as she was in the sitting-room, the envelop was removed, and disclosed a very pretty young creature, dressed in a pink muslin *scharee* and white muslin jacket, both spotted with silver, slippers richly embroidered, and her thick plait of dark glossy hair fastened by a richly-ornamented pin. She had gold bangles on her neck and arms; but no display of jewellery, though her husband was reputed very wealthy.

I may mention that the scharee is all the clothing of the Hindoo female. It is about seven yards long and one wide, the width forming the length of the garment. It is wound round the figure as often as convenient, and the remainder brought over the head as a veil. The boddice is an occasional addition, never adopted by the lower classes, and their scharees are scanty and coarse. It is but an ungraceful costume, as there are no folds. Our visitor's countenance was very animated, and her extreme youth—for she was not more than sixteen—gave a charm to features not distinguished for regularity. Secluded as her life had been, the young creature was far from being timid. She was quite at her ease, and ready to enter into conversation with any one who understood Bengalee. She could not converse in English; but was proud of displaying her acquirements in reading and spelling, and told us that she had prevailed on the rajah to hear her repeat her lessons every evening.

Of course our dresses excited her curiosity, for she had never seen any of European make, except Mrs Wilson's widow's garb. She made many inquiries about our children, but would have considered it indelicate even to name our husbands. After replying to all our queries, she became so familiar that she offered to sing to us, regretting that she had not her instrument (a very simple sort of guitar) to accompany her voice. The melody was simple, and her voice very sweet. All this time the old women who had accompanied their lady were crouched down in one corner of the room, watching her intently; and at last, as if they thought her freedom had lasted long enough, they rose, and told her it was the maharajah's orders she should go. She unwillingly complied, and left us to our great regret; for there was a confiding naïveté about her which was very winning. In a few weeks the lessons were discontinued: her husband fell into well-merited disgrace; and this was the first and last pupil Mrs Wilson had in the highest ranks. This disappointment, however, was more than compensated by the accomplishment of another scheme, perhaps more important, for the amelioration of the native female character.

I have said that the attendance of the day-scholars seldom exceeded three years; and much as Mrs Wilson desired to believe that the bread cast upon the waters would not be lost, no well-authenticated evidence ever reached her that the brief school-days produced any permanently beneficial effects, sufficient to counteract the superstition and ignorance with which her pupils were necessarily surrounded. Feeling the impossibility with day-schools of obviating infection from such sources, she had always cherished the idea of rearing some children from their very infancy, uncontaminated by the evil examples of a native home; but it was not till just before she moved into the Central School that she had an opportunity of carrying her plan into execution. Her durzie (tailor) feeling himself dying, sent for her, and implored her to take charge of his only child: he said he could not be a Christian himself, but he wished her to be one; and that if Mrs Wilson would promise to keep her, he would, in the presence of his relatives, make over the little girl to that lady. The assurance was as readily given as her task was conscientiously fulfilled; and no first-fruits could have been more promising, or could have ripened more satisfactorily; no commencement could have been followed by more complete success. In a very few weeks another orphan, totally destitute, was thrown in Mrs Wilson's way; and much about the same time she was requested to receive as a boarder a little slave girl, the charge of whom had, by very peculiar circumstances, devolved on a lady whose health and position prevented her training the poor castaway satisfactorily. 'That there needs only a beginning,' was never more fully verified than in the case of the Orphan Asylum. That which for several years had been the chief wish of Mrs Wilson's heart was accomplished in a few months; and before she had a home to shelter them, she found herself surrounded by twenty-five dependent little creatures. The orphans were entirely and exclusively Mrs Wilson's own charge; the Ladies' Committee had no control over them. From the first, the pupils were trained to contribute by their labour to their own support; and she was never without large orders for worsted work, which paid well. She was assisted in all her labours, but more particularly in this department, by a young lady who had joined her from England; and before this very interesting person fell a victim to the climate, some of the elder girls under her tuition had become so expert in the use of the needle (another innovation on the privileges of the male sex), that they were able to copy fancy-work of all kinds, from the sale of which a considerable sum was realised yearly. All the orphans, however, were not entirely dependent on Mrs Wilson; many of them were boarded with her by individuals who were only too thankful to find such a refuge for any poor stray sheep thrown upon their charity. Indeed, considering the frequency of such cases, it seems wonderful that so many years were required to carry out a plan so beneficial to so many. Thus one girl was the child of a wretched woman executed for a most inhuman murder; the benevolence of the judge's wife rescued the unfortunate child from starvation, and supported her in the Orphan Refuge: another boarder was a girl from the Goomsur country, whose limbs for months retained the marks of the ligatures with which she had been bound previous to sacrifice: another was a fine handsome New Zealand girl, who was found in the streets of Calcutta, having been concealed on board the vessel that had brought her till its departure, and then left to live or die, as might happen. There was also one boarder of quite another class; she was the wife of a young Hindoo, who, whilst studying at Bishop's College after his conversion,

Digitized by Google

was anxious to rescue his young wife from heathenism, and placed her with Mrs Wilson, to be educated as a Christian. He died early, and I am not aware of the fate of his wife.

The building in which Mrs Wilson resided was admirably calculated for day-schools, as it was in the centre of the native population. This proximity was essential to secure day-scholars, who might be seen, just returned from their bath in the not very distant Hoogly, as early as six in the morning beginning their studies, which continued till ten. The situation, however, that was the best for day-scholars was the worst for those whom it was desirable to wean from their old paths—to obliterate all they knew already that was demoralising—and, if possible, to present nothing but what was pure and lovely for their imitation. As long as the orphans were in daily contact with the out-pupils, these objects could not be obtained; and it became evident a separation must be made, or that the day-schools, as being of minor importance, should be sacrificed, and the Central School converted into an Orphan Refuge. It seemed hopeless to attempt carrying on both from funds collected on the spot. For all that had in the first instance been raised in Britain and India for the purposes of native female education, and placed at the disposal of the Ladies' Committee, had been swallowed up in the ruin of one of the large houses of agency in which they had been placed by the treasurer; and the expenses attendant on the day-schools had since been defrayed by subscriptions and donations from the benevolent in Calcutta, which, however liberal, sometimes left the secretary without a rupee in hand. Mrs Wilson at once negatived the plan of sacrificing the one scheme for the other; she said both should be accomplished; and what seemed impracticable to all consulted on the matter, was effected by the strong will and determined energy of one woman. She individually raised money to purchase ground at Agiparah, a retired spot on the banks of the Hoogly, about fourteen miles from Calcutta, which she obtained on very advantageous terms. She immediately commenced the erection of suitable, but simple buildings, within three walls so high as to exclude all the outer world, and with the river for the other boundary. Just at the time the ground was obtained, one of those dreadful inundations which sometimes depopulate Cuttack occurred, and boat-loads of half-drowned women and children arrived off Calcutta. Mrs Wilson gave a home to all who would take it; and although many came only to die, her numbers in a few weeks amounted to one hundred likely to live. Many of those past youth were unwilling to conform to the rules; those that remained were generally very young—some mere infants. When all this large accession of numbers was thus suddenly thrown upon her, Mrs Wilson was still in Calcutta, and was obliged to erect temporary buildings for shelter, and to make a great effort to feed such a host of famishing creatures. Her energies were equal to the emergency, and funds were never wanting.

As soon as the buildings at Agiparah were completed, Mrs Wilson removed thither with her large orphan family, and discontinued her attendance at the day-schools, and almost her connection with the outer world. All within the precincts of the establishment professed Christianity; and no more enticing example to follow its precepts could have been afforded than Mrs Wilson's conduct displayed. Her great aim and object in educating the native girl was to elevate the native woman; not merely to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, the use of the needle, &c., but to purify the mind, to subdue the temper, to raise her in the scale of being, to render her the companion and helpmate of her husband, instead of his slave and drudge. Many of the European patronesses of distinction, as soon as they heard of the plan of an Orphan Refuge, hailed it as a most admirable one for rearing a much better class of ladies'-maids or ayahs than was generally to be found in Calcutta, and who could speak English withal; but they little comprehended Mrs Wilson's scheme. She did not educate for the benefit of the European, but of the native. A few of the most intelligent were taught to read and write English, but all knowledge was conveyed through the medium of their own language; and none were allowed to quit the Refuge until they were sought in marriage by suitable native Christians, or till their services were required to assist in forming other Orphan retreats. As soon as the dwellings were finished, a place of worship was erected, and steps taken to induce a missionary and his wife to proceed to India to preside over this singular establishment. For all these undertakings funds were never wanting; and though their avowed purpose was to spread Christianity, many rich and influential natives contributed to them; and one Brahmin of high caste, when bequeathing a handsome sum, said he did so under the conviction that their originator was more than human. Before all Mrs Wilson's plans were brought to maturity, many had gone and done likewise; and influential societies of various denominations were formed to promote female education in the East. There are now several Orphan Refuges in Calcutta, and one in almost every large station in India. It is not my purpose to speak of these: I wished only to record whence they all sprung, and who led the way in the good and great work. Mrs Wilson is no longer with her lambs, but her deeds do follow her; and wherever the despised and outcast native female child may hereafter find a Christian home, and receive a Christian training, she should be taught to bless the name of Mrs Wilson, as the first originator of the philanthropic scheme.

'THE BABES IN THE WOOD.'

A SHETLAND TALE.

It was in the month of March, in the year lately past, that a group of little children of one family were abroad enjoying the cheerful sights and sounds of spring. The scenery was bleak and bare: there were no trees, for it was in one of the lonely Shetland isles; but there were green fields, and the glorious sunshine, and the ever-varying magnificent ocean. The cottagers were all engaged with their field-pursuits: the ploughman was guiding the light plough, drawn by two staid, sagacious oxen; flocks of the sea-mew (or herring-gull) attended the labourers, either to pick up the worms that the newly-turned earth brought to light, or the seeds which the harrow had left on the surface; a young calf and a pet-lamb were gambolling with the children, occasionally bleating at one little girl of the number, who was accustomed to give them their mid-day draught of new milk; yet when Mary told them softly and soothingly that 'the cows were not milked yet,' they only licked their lips and butted against her more obstreperously than ever.

Two of the children were very fond of all sorts of animals, and we like not to see a child who is not. Their papa and elder brothers had taught them how to mark the flight and recognise the note of all the birds they saw, and thus they knew more of ornithology than most young persons of their years. Having run about till they were tired, they threw themselves beside baby on the soft grass, and began to pick for her the early daisies.

'Oh look, Mary!' cried David, who was six years old, 'there is the eagle again! Oh my chickens!'

'No, no, David,' answered his sister (she was eleven), 'it is not the eagle, but it is a very large bird indeed; there are more than one: a flock of swans, I do believe! Is it not, mamma?'

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and a beautiful sight it is. They come nearer. Hark to their cheerful inspiriting cry!

David. Where are they going? How fast and high they fly!

Mamma. They are winging their way over the trackless ocean to the lakes of the icy north, for the purpose of bringing forth their young in those unmolested solitudes.

Charles. How can they find their way?

Mamma. Can you tell, Mary?

Mary. 'The God of nature is their secret guide,' as I learned a few days ago.

Mamma. Very true, my love. It is all the answer a child, a Christian, a poet, or a philosopher can give; and it is sufficient. Yes, it is delightful to think that those magnificent birds, already disappearing from our gaze, are under the guidance and protection of their Almighty Maker during their long and apparently pathless journey, and will ere long be engaged in the interesting and no

Digitized by Google

doubt grateful occupation of rearing their progeny, with whom in autumn they will retrace their way to the genial climate from whence they have now come.

The swans were now no longer to be seen; but the sound of the lark suddenly broke on the children's ears. It was the first of the season, and Mary joyfully exclaimed, 'The lark! the lark!—she will seldom allow us to see her; but how sweet her song!'

'You like the lark because papa likes it best,' slyly observed David.

Mary. And why not, Davie? It is so sweet and innocent a creature, and sings so cheerfully.

David. Well, now, of all birds, I like one we seldom see here—the Robin Redbreast.

Mary. And why may that be, Davie?

David (after an emphatic pause). Have you forgot the babes in the wood?

Mary. No, I have not: but what then?

David. What then! Why, did not the robins cover the poor little children, so that the vile hideous ravens might not pick their flesh?

Mary. And what harm now could that have done them? They could not know or feel it when they were dead.

Now was little Davie fairly nonplussed; but he never liked to be defeated in argument, and he thought a while ere he could consent to give it up. Yet could he do no better than manfully hold to his point. 'Still I think the robins the very best of all birds, and the ravens the worst.'

Mamma here interposed. 'Now tell me, David,' she said, 'why you dislike the ravens?'

Master David was eloquent enough now. 'Don't they carry off my chickens? How many goslings did they take last year? Did not they attack papa's poor old pony in the field, and pick out his eyes, so that he had to be shot; and only think of the one that fought with the black hen, and tore the piece from her breast, while she defended her chickens.'

Mamma. All these are serious charges, my boy, and I don't wonder you are a little resentful; but let us consider the matter a very little. The raven, like many other creatures, was intended by the Creator to live, not upon fruits and seeds, but on the flesh of animals; they are therefore called beasts of prey.

David. But why did God make them so?

Mamma. We have no right to ask such questions. It ought to be enough for us to know that the Maker and Judge of all the earth cannot but do right.' And yet we can see one reason, which is, that some tribes of animals would multiply too fast, and become so numerous, that the earth could not bring forth herb sufficient for all. I may just tell you further, David, that the raven, when tamed, as he easily is when young, is exceedingly sagacious, affectionate, and gentle, as I have proved myself; and therefore we must not dislike or despise him because he follows, when wild, only the propensities with which the Author and Giver of all good has endowed him.

Charles. But it cannot be *wrong* surely, mamma, for Davie to prefer the robin to the raven?

Mamma. Not wrong certainly. It is rather an amiable feeling which has caused young readers of 'the Babes in the Wood' to contract so great a favour for the robin. Some have doubted if it was possible for these babes, supposing the incident were true, to be preserved while dead from the attacks of the wild animals which abound in all woods and other lonely situations; but I can tell an anecdote of actual life which shows that such things occasionally happen, though we cannot well say how.

'Pray tell it to us, dear mamma,' cried all the children.

Mamma. Not now, my dears: the calf must now be fed, Mary, and baby has been out long enough; but if you will remind me in the evening, I will relate it.

After tea, accordingly (that sweet snug hour of domestic enjoyment, which none prize more than the retired Shetland families), the young group gathered around their mother. Ere the words were spoken, she understood the pleading expectant looks, and related the following anecdote:—

'It is now a good many years ago, though perfectly within my recollection, that a number of persons, fifteen or twenty, I think, went to Lerwick in a large boat from this island to exchange, as you know is usual, their hose, butter, feathers, &c. for other articles they stood in need of. There were a bride and bridegroom, who went to purchase necessaries for their approaching wedding; there were also husbands and wives, and several young women, besides the boatmen. Having finished their business in the town, they were about to return, when a man and his wife, with several children, who had been long absent, asked, and obtained permission to share their passage. They left Lerwick on a fine winter day; Christmas was near at hand; and they were all anxious to reach their homes, that they might "make merry and be glad" with their friends on the fruits of their honest industry. The boat was heavily laden, but the sea was smooth, and the light wind favourable.

'One of the men had a fiddle, and they beguiled their ten hours' sail with music and innocent mirth: so at least was it reported. Evening came; they had reached the shores of the island they were bound for, and had only to turn one point of land ere they would be in the snug harbour they sought. Alas, alas, my children, they never reached that harbour! *Not one* appeared to tell the sad tale!

'Their friends were under no apprehensions at their non-appearance for several days, so fine was the weather. They supposed that something had occurred to detain them; but by the arrival of some other persons, it was found that they had left the town early on the morning of the fatal day. Then some individuals (who lived near to the shore the boat had to pass) recollected that about eight o'clock that evening they heard, as it were, distant cries, but had no suspicion at the time whence they came; nor, if they had, could they have rendered any assistance from that lonely spot.

'There was—there is—a dangerous sunken rock on the coast, and search was made along the beach in that direction, when they found some pieces of the boat, and light trunks and packages, which too truly told the fate of the hapless little bark. But what farther was found do you suppose? *Not* a body washed on shore; for the wind had since blown off the land, and carried all out to sea except a very few light articles the tide had at first wafted in. But there *was* found above the high-water mark, seated on a stone, leaning up along the overhanging rock, a little child of three years old! Its head rested on its hand; a piece of bread was in the other, which lay in its lap. It was comfortably wrapped up, and its countenance looked as asleep; but of course it was dead! How came it there? Did it linger long, or were its sufferings short? Oh! who can tell? But it was conjectured that as the father was an excellent swimmer, when the accident happened, he had gained the shore with this his favourite child (who, when they left the town, had been seated on his knee), and having placed it, as he deemed, in safety, he had returned to try to save some more of his family, and had *perished with them all!*

'Oh what pangs must have rent that poor parent's heart!—oh how thrilling the fate of that innocent child! Imagination lingers to ask—Did it die of cold and wet, or terror? or did it fall gently asleep, as most probably it was, in its father's arms, when the rude shock and rushing waters awaked it but for once more? There it was, however, after an interval of five or six days, uninjured by wild animals, as if it had been watched by the eye of Omnipotence, until it should evoke from us the feeling due to so piteous a tragedy.'

When mamma had concluded, the attentive young auditors were too deeply affected to ask any questions or make any remarks. They were not, however, without that chastisement of the spirit which is derived from such incidents.

EMIGRATION.

THE following view of emigration statistics is given in a late number of the 'Globe' newspaper, from the accounts just laid before parliament by the Colonial and Land Emigration Commissioners:—

'It appears that the total number of persons who emigrated from the United Kingdom during the year 1847 was 258,270. The number is remarkable, as it is about twice as great as that of any previous year. Of the twenty years immediately preceding 1847, the four which were marked by the largest emigration were 1832, when the number was 103,140; 1841, 118,360; 1842, 128,309; and 1846, 129,850. The season of 1841-2, like that of 1846-7, was one of severe pressure upon the means of the labourer and the small capitalist, arising, in both instances, from want of employment and high prices of food; and the spring of 1831 came

Digitized by Google

at the close of a period of three years, during which trade was also restricted, and the prices of food unusually high.

The average annual number for the ten years ending with 1837 was about 63,000; and for the ten years ending with 1847, about 104,000. Thus the emigration of 1847 exceeded the decennial average in the proportion of five to two; while that of 1832 exceeded it only as about five to three.

As to the direction of this stream of emigration—during the last twenty years, about half the emigrants of each year have gone to the United States; and of late years, the number moving in that direction has increased. A large proportion also of those landed at the ports of the British North American colonies, especially the mere labourers, find their way to the States within the first year or two. Deducting an average of seven or eight per cent. for all other places, the remainder go to our North American colonies.]

In the four years 1838–41 there was a considerable increase of the emigration to Australia and New Zealand. In 1841 the number reached 32,000; but since that year, the annual average has not exceeded 2000 or 4000.

Of the emigrants of 1847, about three-fifths (153,900) sailed from English ports, and 95,700 from Irish, and 8600 from Scottish ports. But these numbers do not show the proportions proceeding from each division of the kingdom. In the first place, we have to deduct the foreign emigrants, chiefly German, who embarked from London. These were 10,300 in number. They therefore reduce the total to about 248,000, and the apparently English section of it to about 143,600. Further, the number embarked at Liverpool was no less than 102,600; and of these there is reason to believe that four-fifths (say 80,000) were persons who had come immediately or recently from Ireland. This further reduces the English contribution to the total, properly so called, to about 63,000. And further, as of the total 8600 embarked in Scottish ports, no less than 5600 were from Glasgow, which has a proportion of Irish-born population quite equal to that of Liverpool, and offers similar facilities for the embarkation of Irish emigrants, we may perhaps safely add 3000 more to the Irish section, deducting from that given to Scotland.

The British emigration of the year will then, in round numbers, stand thus:—

From England, - - -	63,000
From Scotland, - - -	5,600
From Ireland, - - -	179,400
	248,000

The total number of cabin passengers was only 6810; of these 577 were foreigners. Thus the proportion due to the British emigration would be 6233, or considerably less than three per cent. But this proportion was evidently very unequally divided. The 95,700 emigrants who embarked at Irish ports had among them only 811 cabin passengers, or less than one in the hundred; while the 8600 embarked at Scottish ports had 709, or about eight in the hundred. The English account is disturbed by the large proportion of Irish embarked at Liverpool. But taking these, as before, at 80,000, and allowing them, out of the 4713 cabin passengers (not foreigners) going from England, the proportion of one per cent., as indicated by the emigration from Irish ports, we have about 4000 cabin passengers to a total of 65,000 English emigrants, giving about six in the hundred.

Whence we may infer that the proportion of cabin passengers among the 70,000 English and Scottish emigrants was six or seven times as great as among the 180,000 Irish.

It may also be worth while to observe the proportion of each age and sex. The accounts before us being framed under a law which recognises only one distinction of age—that marked by the age of 14—the division cannot be otherwise than roughly made. We have no means of ascertaining the various ages of those returned as "adults," or how large a proportion of them were more or less than 50 years beyond the age of 14, and so advancing towards an age unfitting them for the exertions of a new settlement. The cabin passengers are also excluded from this part of the inquiry. The remaining 241,490 (including about 9600 foreigners) were thus divided:—

	Above 14.	Under 14.	Total.
Males, - -	100,119	38,503	138,622
Females, - -	76,652	36,186	112,838

Thus the whole number of children under 14 was nearly equal to the number of females over that age; and if distributed in the proportion commonly assumed as the average of three to each married couple, the number of couples so provided would be only 24,896, leaving about 51,700 of the females over 14 without children. Many, however, were no doubt unmarried, though above that age; and some, particularly among the large proportion of Irish peasantry, who do not willingly part from their elderly relatives, must have been aged. Generally, the proportion of the sexes is as favourable as could be expected, and is perhaps as nearly equal as is desirable with reference to the first arduous labours of a new settlement. It is remarkable that the proportion of adult females is considerably larger among the emigrants to Canada than among those to the United States. This is probably attributable to the wider and more various field of exertion and enterprise offered by the States to young unmarried men.

One or two features of the returns remain to be noticed. The Australian emigration seems to be furnished almost entirely by England; by far the greater part of it from Plymouth, and nearly all the rest from London. Scotland sends nearly as many to the West Indies (168) as England (195), notwithstanding the difference of six to one in the population. The Cape, like Australia, has scarcely any British emigrants, except from Plymouth and London. All who embarked from Irish ports went to North America, excepting two, who went to the West Indies; and the foreigners who embarked at London, like the Irish, also all went to North America—8651 to the United States, and 1667 to Canada. Hence it would appear that the newer fields of colonisation are chiefly occupied by the English; that the Scotch have nearly an equal share with them in the emigration to the West Indies and other places in the west, exclusive of North America; and that the latter region absorbs all the emigration from Ireland—which is quite in accordance with the relative distribution of capital, skill, and enterprise in the three divisions of the kingdom.'

'POOR MARY-ANN.'

How well I can remember when I was a happy child,
The spoiled and fondly tended one, the wayward and the wild!
I often loved to sport alone, and rear a gipsy home,
And in the garden's silent depths or eventide to roam,
Where hung laburnum's golden boughs amid the lilac trees;
A forest to my fancy they—a storm each passing breeze.

It was so sweet to hasten back to warmth, and love, and light,
To hear the old familiar songs beside the warm hearth bright;
The truant clasped to tender hearts, and fondly clinging there—
A young bird in its parent nest, unknowing fear or care;
And yet unbidden tears would come, with feelings vague and dim,
When I knelt down each night to say the evening prayer and hymn.

I feared lest God should call them home, to leave the little child,
Who often vexed and grieved them so by naughty ways and wild;
And then from out the snowy couch I stealthily would creep
To win *another* mother's smile ere I might sink in sleep—
Another blessing softly breathed—all wayward deeds forgiven—
And something sweetly whispered too about our going to heaven.

They sang a song in those past times—'Poor Mary-Ann' by name;
'Be good,' they said, 'or your sad fate will one day be the same.'
Her loved ones died, and Mary-Ann would cry in anguish sore,
'Oh! will they not return?—and shall I see them here no more?'
Too keen such agony to bear, with wailings loud and dread,
I clung within the circling arms, and hid my throbbing head.

Prophetic visions, fancies dim, prophetic loves and fears—
The trembling child—the weeping child—anticipating years:
That sheltering nest is scattered now, the love-birds flown away,
Yet distant notes can fancy trace at hush and close of day:
Within each lonely wild wood glen, beneath the azure heaven,
The dead—the lost—are with me still—the suppliant kneel forgiven.

C. A. M. W.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 242. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848. Price 1½d.

THE TUBE BRIDGE.

There are men who are in raptures with the engineering skill which reared the Pyramids, built Baalbec, and adorned Petra, but turn with a smile of pity to the 'puny efforts,' as they call them, of modern times. If the eye of such persons rests upon this page, let them accompany us while we describe one of the most surprising and stupendous efforts of modern engineering enterprise—the Tube Bridge—and they will become acquainted with a work which Egypt and the ancients might have been proud of, but could never have executed. Conway and the Menai Straits have already become celebrated by the elegant and romantically-placed suspension bridges which have long been their great attraction to tourists. At the latter position, indeed, a work of almost unparalleled magnitude and formidable difficulty existed—a vast monument to the talent and perseverance of one of our greatest engineers—the Menai Bridge. And the Suspension Bridge at Conway, though less in point of size, yet presents us with a work of constructive skill certainly not inferior to its more vast competitor, and deriving a peculiar charm from its points of support being portions of the old and massive ruins of Conway Castle. Both these places are destined to receive a new attraction, and to become the scenes of a fresh and more memorable triumph of mind over matter, of human skill over natural obstacles. Although the preparations for the greatest of these undertakings—the Britannia Tubular Bridge—are far advanced, and large portions of it are already completed—there being no doubt that the whole structure will be at no distant period fixed, and in full work—yet as the Conway Tube is the only one which is perfected as yet, and upon which actual working has commenced, we shall confine our account to this alone. But it may be mentioned that both of these tubular bridges—although the one at Conway is inferior in proportions and in weight to the Britannia—are constructed on similar principles, and are in other respects alike, both in their object and form, and in the mechanical adjustment by means of which they are placed *in situ*.

The idea of a tube bridge is one of those original conceptions which are the birth, not of an individual's life, but of an era. It is one of those truly unique and rare productions—a new and valuable fact. No one appears to have dreamed of such a thing before. Ingenious people, who take an unkind pleasure in pulling down the high fame of others, have found, as they imagine, the originals of suspension bridges in the rude contrivances of American Indians to cross a gully; but no one can point to a tube bridge as the invention of any time or country but our own. If, therefore, it can be truly shown that not only has a novel system been discovered, but also that it possesses such advantages in an engineering point of view as are possessed by none other previously discovered, Mr Stephenson the engineer may be fairly pointed to as one of those illustrious men in whom a happy union of originality of talent, with indomitable patience in working out its conceptions, has largely added to the resources of science, and, by necessary consequence, largely benefited the human race. All sorts of forebodings, and these, as indeed is only too commonly the case, from men of pre-eminent practical skill and scientific attainments, foretold certain failure to the daring enterprise which proposed to cast a huge tube over a strait, that men might travel in security through its interior. The proposition also to construct this great aërial tunnel of wrought iron was entirely novel, and it remained for time, experience, and experiment, to show its applicability to the purpose in question.

From what we have been able to gather, it appears that Mr Robert Stephenson at first conceived the idea that a tube bridge of the circular form would be the strongest; but being unable, in consequence of numerous professional avocations, to undertake personally to carry out the requisite experiments, he committed this important task to the able hands of Mr Fairbairn of Manchester, under his own immediate inspection. Much credit is due to this distinguished mechanist for the experiments which he instituted with a view to ascertaining the proper principles on which to compose such a structure, particularly with respect to the two grand conditions of strength and lightness.* Having so far satisfied himself on these points, he constructed a model tube on a large scale, containing nearly all the features of the proposed bridge. The form of a circular tube was found defective in many respects, and the idea of constructing the bridge of that form was soon abandoned. Tubes were also constructed of elliptical and rectangular forms, with various results. Eventually a square tube was decided upon; and the investigations were now continued, to evolve the principles upon which this form might be rendered of sufficient strength to resist vertical and lateral violence. At first, Mr Fairbairn conceived that the strongest form would be one in which the top and bottom of the tube consisted of a series of pipes arranged in a hollow compartment, covered above and below by iron plates rivetted together, and having a parallel direction to the long axis of the tube. By this means great rigidity would be communicated to the top, to resist the immense compression it would necessarily endure; and the bottom would be equally strong, to resist the tension which it would be subject to. And this form would probably have been

* Some claims have been made for Mr Fairbairn with regard to the invention of the Tube Bridge. We feel it to be our duty merely to intimate the fact.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

adopted, but for several serious practical difficulties which presented themselves to its construction, and to its repair, if accidentally damaged.

The model tube, the form of which was to be adopted in the large scale, was finally formed of a square shape, with longitudinal cellular compartments, also square, at the top and bottom. The scale was exactly one-sixth of the bridge across one of the spans of the Menai Straits; it was also one-sixth of the depth, one-sixth of the width, and, as nearly as possible, one-sixth of the thickness of the iron plates. Thus it was 80 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches deep, 2 feet 8 inches wide, and rested on two supports, the distance between which was 75 feet. The entire weight of this large model was between 4 and 5 tons. It was now subjected to the severe experiments which were to test its strength. The weight was attached to its centre, and increased ton by ton, the deflection being carefully noted, together with the entire weight of the load. After three experiments, in which various defects were discovered, the conclusion arrived at of the extreme point of resistance of the model tube placed it at about 56 tons; in other words, its breaking weight was 56·3 tons. This result proved highly satisfactory, and exhibits in a remarkable manner the extraordinary resistance offered by a tube of this construction to a load more than eleven times its own weight. Mr Fairbairn adds, that it is probably not overrating the resisting powers of this tube to state that hollow beams of wrought iron, constructed on the same principle, will be found, whether used for bridges or for buildings, about *three times stronger* than any other description of girders. The principles for the construction of the great bridge were thus satisfactorily determined, and the accuracy of the engineer's conjectures as to this method of bridge-building was fully established.

In the early part of 1847, the Conway Tube Bridge was commenced. Those who are familiar with the picturesque scenery of the river Conway will readily remember the romantic position of the Suspension Bridge. The site for the new bridge is very near it, the one end abutting against the foot of the venerable ruin, whose time-defying towers rear themselves above it; the other resting on an artificial structure, of a castellated aspect, on the opposite side of the river, from whence the railway shoots into the interior of the country. The site of the bridge was not, however, convenient for the purpose of constructing the tube; and advantage was consequently taken of a less precipitous part of the river's bank, about a hundred yards or so from the permanent position of the bridge. There, upon a piece of level ground projecting some distance into the river, workshops and a steam-engine were erected, and an immense platform constructed on piles driven into the ground, and partly into the bed of the river, and forming a temporary pier. At high water, the tide was nearly level with the bottom of the tube. Altogether, about twelve months were occupied in the construction of the tube. When completed, and resting on its massive platform, with the crowds of busy workmen, the clattering of hammers, the hum of the workshop, the fuming chimney, the vast pontoons, all contributed to make the scene one of the most interesting and anomalous that was ever witnessed; especially when the peculiarity of the situation is remembered—the calm river floating idly by, and the old castle, the work of hands long since crumbled to dust, and of instruments long since eaten to rust, looking, as it were, in astonishment on the whole; while a crowd of Welsh peasants incessantly gaped with amazement at the idea of putting a long iron chest over their ancient river.

The tube was at length complete; and now remained the Herculean undertaking of dragging it to its position, and lifting it up to its proper elevation. This was the most anxious and arduous task of all. What if the cumbrous mechanism contained some hidden defects? What if, when being lifted, something were to give way, and the vast structure come down, and crush itself and everything before it into a heap of ruins? Not only fame, but life and property, hung upon the skill of one or two men. On Monday, March 6, 1848, the great experiment was made. The tube had been made to rest upon two temporary stone piers, by the removal of some of the piles supporting the platform on which it was built. Six immense pontoons, 100 feet long, and of proportionable breadth and height, were then hauled up to the platform, and floated, three at each end of the tube underneath it: they were properly lashed together, and secured. High tide served a little after eleven in the forenoon; all things were therefore got ready to take full advantage of this circumstance. As the tide rose higher and higher, the feverish anxiety of the spectators and parties concerned rose in geometric progression. The great pontoons rose too, until they touched the bottom of the tube, and began to bear up its tremendous weight. The favourable moment having arrived, the pumps were set to work, and the pontoons emptied of a large volume of water purposely introduced into them. As this water was discharged, they rose higher and higher, until at length, to the vast relief of a crowd of spectators, the immense mass floated clear off the platform on which it had rested for a whole year. It was still some distance from its resting-place; but the sides being properly shoved up, the whole structure—with the chief, the assistant, and the resident engineers standing together, with two or three other gentlemen, in a sort of triumphal position upon its summit—was set in motion by means of strong hawsers worked by capstans, and attached to different places. It was guided in its slow career by chains connected with buoys placed at intervals in its route. At length it was dragged to its proper position; and resting under the receding influence of the tide upon two stone beds prepared for its reception on each side, it now appeared as a great unwieldy box crossing the transparent waters of the river, and offering a barrier to navigation. All this momentous operation was the work of a few hours, and was conducted with the most complete success, its happy termination being the signal for three uproarious cheers. In the natural enthusiasm of the moment, we are told that one of the leading directors of the movements of the fabric smashed his speaking-trumpet, and flung it as a useless instrument into the wondering Conway!

Having accompanied the tube thus far on its progress, we may now pause before proceeding to relate the method of its elevation, and detail a few necessary particulars as to its construction. The tube is formed of wrought-iron plates from 4 to 8 feet long, and 2 feet wide. The thickness of those plates which enter into the formation of the sides is toward the extremities diminished to five-eighths of an inch. These plates are rivetted firmly together to T- angle iron ribs on both sides of the joints. The beautiful regularity of the rivets gives the tube somewhat the character of a regular ornament. We have been informed that this appearance is due to the ingenious manner in which the plates were punched. The number of holes necessary to be made in so enormous a surface must of course be very great, and it became therefore expedient to devise some means of punching them, which would at once insure regularity of position and expedition in execution. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the ingenious Jacquard machine. Messrs Roberts adopted the principle of this contrivance, and succeeded in perfecting a most powerful punching-engine, which performed its work with incomparable accuracy and despatch. By its means the enormous number of plates composing this structure have been perforated with a precision and speed themselves an engineering marvel. The ceiling of the tube is composed of eight cellular

Digitized by Google

tubes, each of which is about 20 inches in width, and 21 high; these cells are likewise formed of wrought-iron plates, which are three-quarters of an inch thick in the middle, and half an inch towards the ends of the tube. The joints of these plates are strengthened like the others. The floor of the tube contains six cellular tubes, about 27 inches in width, and 21 high, formed as above, with the addition of a covering plate of iron over every joint on the under-side of the tube. The sides are united to the ceiling and floor by double angle irons within and without. The entire length of this great tunnel of iron is 412 feet: it is 14 feet in extreme width; it is also a little higher in the middle than at each end, being 22 feet 3 inches high at the ends, and 25 feet in the middle; this, however, includes the diameter of the cells top and bottom. Each end of the tube, where it rests upon the masonry, is strengthened by cast-iron frames to the extent of about 8 feet of the floor. The entire weight of this stupendous piece of iron-work is about 1300 tons! The sensitiveness of such a mass of metal to alterations in atmospheric temperature must be very great, and unless especially provided against, would, slight as the cause may appear, soon produce the most destructive effects upon the solidity of the whole structure. Some who read this account may not be able to form a proper estimate of the power exerted by metal expanding or contracting under changes of temperature; but in illustration, it may be mentioned that hot-water pipes incautiously placed so as to abut against a wall at each end, have on more than one occasion almost pushed the wall down, so soon as the circulation of hot water was established in them. The expansions and contractions of so long and large a metallic mass must necessarily be very considerable, and they were provided for by a very ingenious and simple contrivance. The ends of the tube rest upon twenty-four pair of iron rollers, connected together by a wrought-iron frame. The tube is also partly suspended to six cast-iron beams, underneath the extremities of which are twelve gun-metal balls six inches in diameter. These contrivances act like castors to the ponderous machine, and facilitate its contractions or expansions as they severally may occur. We have a fancy that this great tube might be made to serve the purpose of a huge *thermometer*, by attaching some simple leverage and dial-plates to its extremities; and we are sure that important practical results might be attained by the adoption of our suggestion as to the expansibility of large masses of iron exposed to the vicissitudes of our climate—results, the grand scale of which would render them available for all similar undertakings in future.

The iron colossus is in its place; but by what gigantic upheaving power is it to be lifted 20 or 24 feet high into the air, and held there until its permanent bed is all ready to receive it? The mass to be lifted is upwards of 400 feet long, and weighs about 1300 tons! Can it be done? is the very natural question which presents itself to the mind. At each end of the tube is the iron answer—in a couple of steam-engines and two hydraulic rams. It appears that the task of elevating this vast fabric was intrusted by Mr Stephenson to the talented hydraulic engineers Messrs Easton and Amos. At each pier, resting upon massive bearing-girders of cast-iron, solidly imbedded in the masonry, was placed a large hydraulic ram. This machine consisted of a cylinder 3 feet in diameter to the outside, with a cylindrical cavity of about a foot and a half in diameter, so that the actual thickness of this powerful cylinder was *nine inches* of solid iron all round! In it was the 'ram,' a cylindrical mass of solid iron 18 inches or so in diameter, so that it did not fit the cylinder quite accurately, but left a vacuity for the passage of water to the bottom. Attached to the top of this ram is a transverse piece of metal called a 'cross-head,' 2 square feet thick, with two square apertures, through which the great chains which are to lift the mass are passed and secured. The chains consisted of flat bars of wrought-iron about 6 feet in length, 1½ inch thick, and 7 inches wide. Each ram lifted two chains composed of nine links, containing eight bars in the upper links, but four only in the lower. The stroke of the ram was 6 feet—that is, it lifted the tube 6 feet in its full range. In the recess where the fellow-tube is to be placed, a steam-engine of peculiar construction was erected, to whose obedient toilings the mighty work of raising the tube at each end was committed. These steam-engines were on the high-pressure principle, the cylinder being placed horizontally, and the piston-rod running completely through the cylinder at both ends, where it was connected with fly-wheels and the plungers of the force-pumps. The length of the stroke was 16 inches. At the summit of the cylinder of the hydraulic press was a small tube, the internal cavity of which was only three-eighths of an inch diameter. This tube was connected with the force-pumps. Regarded in itself, this little tube was the least imposing portion of the whole mechanism; and no one who looked at it by the side of the vastly-proportioned instrument it was attached to, would have believed that that tiny cylinder was the channel of a force equalling 700 or 800 tons! Could it be possible that this vast work was to be lifted by the direct instrumentality of two tubes with a bore the size of a quill barrel? Such are the wonderful results which the laws of hydraulic science have placed within our reach, bringing to our aid a power of such vast proportions as it never entered Eastern imagination to endow a genie or an afrit with.

All things being now ready, the lift-chains firmly secured to both ends of the tube, the steam up, and the workmen at their posts, the great operation commenced. The steam-engines acting simultaneously, and with equal velocity and power at each pier, the mighty structure began to rise. This was indeed an anxious moment, as the whole iron structure hung suspended by the hydraulic engines at each end. The engines worked with a will, as the saying is; and amid the buzz of voices, the rapid puff-puffs of the escape-pipe, the muffled sound of clacking valves, and the hurrying to and fro of swartthy mechanics, the Tube Bridge rose on mystically, but with great slowness, into the air. At every rise of 6 feet the engines were stopped, and the chains readjusted to the head of the ram, and the top links removed. By a succession of such rises, the tube finally reached the desired elevation of about 24 feet, and there dangled in the air, as though a mere plaything in the hands of the two hydraulic giants. It was then allowed to take its permanent position on the massive masonry prepared for it; the anxiety of its erection was at an end; and the Tube Bridge lay across the river, a monument of the combined skill of British engineers of the nineteenth century.

Its sustaining power still remained to be tested. Carriages, heavily laden to the amount of many hundred tons, were placed in its centre, and allowed to remain there for two or three days; but the deflection did not, we believe, exceed an inch and a half, and disappeared on the removal of the weight, thus demonstrating its resistance and its elasticity. Since then, it has been constantly worked; and the vast hollow, which a few months ago resounded with the deafening clatter of the riveters' hammers, now roars with the rush of carriages, and re-echoes in a voice like thunder the hoarse and impetuous expirations of the flying locomotive. The mathematicians still nurse their forebodings; but may God forbid that a work of so much skill and ingenuity, and the destruction of which would inevitably involve so fearful a loss of life, should become a mass of ruins! We do not share these fears; experiment has long since settled the question; and we believe that nothing but some anomalous and unforeseen class of circumstances could injure the security of the Tube Bridge. The Tube Bridge is pre-eminently a work of our own era: it is one of those vast and complicated efforts of skill which no previous period of the world's history could command. Whether we consider the mass of metal employed for these structures in the positions

Digitized by Google

above stated, or the cost of the undertaking, or the difficulties of its construction, elevation, and location, or the novelty of the principle, we are presented with a theme of admiration and astonishment which posterity will not exhaust.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

THE sun was gilding with his last rays the calm surface of the Mediterranean on the evening of the 22d August 1815, as two persons emerged from a rocky path which leads down to a small bay about five miles from Toulon. One was apparently a provincial lawyer of some substance; but the rank of his companion was less easy to discover. Though clothed in far more homely attire than the other, his commanding figure, his noble and military carriage, belied the poverty of his habiliments, while a brilliant smile playing around his lips seemed to mock the evident trepidation of his friend. Looking round to see that they were unobserved, the lawyer clambered up a slight eminence, and discharged a pistol. In a few moments more a boat, hitherto concealed by a jutting rock, suddenly swept round, and entered the bay, which was, however, so shallow, that she grounded some ten or twelve yards from the dry shingle. The instant she did so, three young men jumped out of her, and waling through the water, hastened towards the persons we have described.

After brief salutations—supported by Donadieu, Langlade, and Blancard, three of the most promising young officers in the French navy, and followed by his late host the lawyer to the little bark that was to convey him away—Murat, for the noble-looking traveller was no less a personage, left the shores of his native kingdom never to return.

Once on board, he gave a letter to the worthy lawyer to despatch to his wife, who had secured a retreat in Austria; then fixing his eyes on the receding land, he continued in a standing position to gaze on the loved shores of France till night shut out the view.

'Would to Heaven we had more wind!' grumbled Langlade; 'we might then pass the line of cruisers before daylight.' And he began in true sailor-like style to whistle for a breeze.

'We shall have enough of it, and more than enough, before midnight,' replied Donadieu.

'You are right,' said Blancard, a more experienced sailor than either of the other two. 'And if my advice were taken, his majesty would allow us to put back, and remain in the bay till the tempest is over.'

For a time, however, the wind began obviously to fall off, and the boat scarcely moved through the waters. Murat, who felt no dread at the idea of a tempest, had scarcely moral courage enough to bear up against the horrors of a calm, and to hide his annoyance, affected to sleep. Believing his slumbers to be real, his companions entered into conversation on the impossibility of such a vessel outliving the storm which, to their experienced senses, was now obviously brewing.

'Haul down!' cried Donadieu suddenly; and in the next instant the sail was lowered, together with the yard to which it was attached.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed the deposed monarch, starting up, and speaking in the voice of one accustomed to implicit obedience. 'Do you forget that I am a king, and that I command you to proceed?'

'Sire,' replied Donadieu in a firm, yet respectful manner, 'there is a Sovereign more powerful than your majesty, whose voice will soon be heard in the coming blast. Permit us, then, if yet within our power, to save your life.'

At this moment a flash of lightning suddenly illumined the heavens, and a loud clap of thunder seemed to shake the very firmament. A slight foam quickly appeared on the surface of the ocean, and the little bark trembled like a thing of life. Murat at once saw the coming danger. He was now in his glory. He threw off his hat, and shaking back his long black locks, smiled as he stood up, and seemed to court the approaching war of the elements.

The storm rapidly burst out in all its fury. The howling wind, the flashing lightning, the thunder that seemed to rend the clouds immediately above their heads, would have inspired terror in any breast less brave than that of the exiled king. Donadieu for an instant put the helm up, and the boat, freed from restraint, like a wild animal shaking off its trammels, flew madly before the blast. In less than five minutes, however, the squall had passed away, and a lull succeeded.

'Is it over?' asked Murat, surprised at the short duration of the tempest.

'No, sire; this is but a skirmish with the advanced guard: the main body will come up to us presently.'

In the next instant the prediction of the well-practised sailor was fulfilled. Before her head could be put to wind, the boat shipped a sea which half filled her.

'Bale away, bale away: now is the time when your majesty can assist us.'

Blancard, Langlade, and Murat, instantly set about the task. A more miserable group than the four persons in the boat presented could not be imagined. During three hours, they continued, with little advantage, their arduous labour; and though the wind rather died away at daybreak, the sea continued rough and boisterous. Hunger also began to add its horrors to the scene. The provisions were entirely spoilt by salt water; the wine alone remained intact. This they eagerly swallowed out of the bottle after one another. Langlade had fortunately some chocolate cakes in his pocket; Murat divided these into equal shares, and insisted on his companions taking their portions. They now steered for Corsica, but with little hope of being able to reach it.

Alarmed lest a sudden squall should dismast them, they only ventured to set the jib during the day; and as night again set in, accompanied by torrents of rain, they found they had only got over about thirty miles. Murat, now fairly knocked up, threw himself on one of the benches and fell fast asleep, while the three intrepid sailors kept alternate watch during his slumbers, unwilling to confess even to each other their conviction that the frail boat must founder if no assistance arrived within four-and-twenty hours.

As day slowly broke, Donadieu perceived a vessel within a few miles, and in his delight cried out with such energy, that the ex-king of Naples started up from his slumbers. The helm was instantly put down; every sail was set; and the boat quickly bore up for the stranger, who evidently was a small merchant brig *en route* from Corsica to Toulon. Langlade, in the meantime, affixing the king's cloak to the end of a boat-hook, kept waving it, in order to attract the notice of the people on board the brig. In this he succeeded; and in less than half an hour the two vessels lay within fifty yards of each other. The captain appeared on the deck. Murat hailed him, and offered him a considerable sum if he would receive himself and his three companions on board, and convey them to Corsica. The commander seemed to listen attentively to the proposal; then turning to one of his officers, he gave an order, which Donadieu could not overhear; but probably guessing his intentions from his gestures, he desired Langlade and Blancard to keep the boat off. This they did; which, being perfectly incomprehensible to Murat, he petulantly exclaimed, 'What are you about? What are you doing? Don't you see they are coming up to us?'

'Yes, I see it plainly enough,' replied Donadieu. 'Quick, quick, Langlade, Blancard! Yes, she's coming with a vengeance! That's it; steady now;' and he suddenly seized the tiller and put it down. The boat spun round in a new direction. A wave carried her off just as the brig, suddenly tacking, drove past her within a few yards of her stern.

Digitized by Google

'Traitor!' furiously called out the king, now perceiving the wicked intention of the captain; 'receive your reward;' and would have fired at him, but the powder having become wet during the night, the pistol refused to go off.

'The rascal has taken us for pirates, and would have run us down,' said Donadieu. 'Alas! what is to be done?' The water now began to gain upon them very fast; the last exertion had still more opened the planks of the unfortunate bark; and during the next ten hours, the crew were forced to keep baling out with their hats.

Towards evening another sail was descried. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the little boat made for her. It now became a matter of time. The water was pouring in each moment with increased power. Whether they could reach the vessel before the frail bark foundered, became now an object of great doubt. Donadieu recognised in the felucca they were approaching a post-office packet plying between Toulon and Bastia. Langlade, being acquainted with the commander, instantly hailed him; and though the distance was far beyond the ordinary reach of the human voice, yet impelled by fear of instant death, his hail was so shrill, as to be clearly heard on board the packet. The water was now rising fast; the king was already up to his knees; the boat began to roll about, unable to advance. She had become water-logged, when two or three strong cords were thrown from the vessel. One of these fortunately fell in the little craft; the king caught hold of it, and was dragged into the packet; Blancard and Langlade followed his example; Donadieu remained the last: as he snatched the rope thrown to him, and rose up, the wretched boat gave one lurch, and disappeared for ever! Five minutes later, and these four men must have foundered with her.

Murat had scarcely reached the deck, when a man, suddenly bursting from his companions, came and threw himself at his feet. It was a Mameluke that he had brought with him from Egypt. Presently the Senator Casabianca, Captain Oletta, a nephew of the Prince Bacciocchi, Boerco, and others, crowded round him, addressing him by the style of 'your Majesty.' Murat thus found himself suddenly surrounded by a little court. His sorrows, his exile, seemed to have been engulfed with the little boat, and he now began to believe himself again Joachim I., king of Naples.

Uncertain, however, of his reception in Corsica, Murat assumed the title of Count Campo Mello, and under this name landed at Bastia on the 25th of August. The precaution, however, was useless. In less than three days every one was aware of his presence; and so great was the enthusiasm, that the ex-king left the town, fearful his appearance amongst them might cause public commotion.

Having removed to Viscovato with his three friends and the Mameluke, he immediately sought out one of his old officers, General Franceschetti, whose house became his residence. As soon as the king's arrival was generally known, numbers both of officers and men, who had already served under him, flocked to his standard, and in a few days Murat found himself at the head of nine hundred men. The three sailors, Langlade, Blancard, and Donadieu, now took leave of him, and returned to France, in spite of his intreaties to the contrary. They had clung to the unhappy exile—they refused to follow the steps of the exulting king.

On the 28th, the expected answers to his despatches arrived. They were brought over by a Calabrese named Luigi, who stated himself to have been sent by the Arab Othello, who from illness was unable to return. These letters, sent by the minister of police in Naples, strongly advised him to make a descent on Salerno, and urged his instant adoption of this measure. Deceived by their apparent truth and candour, Murat set sail with three vessels for that port, where Ferdinand had already posted three thousand Austrian troops, as he feared to trust the native troops in an attack on a sovereign once so popular.

Off the island of Capri a storm overtook them, which drove them as far as Paola, a little bay about thirty miles from Cosenza. Here they remained at anchor till the 6th of October, but on the 7th, Murat received clear intimation that no reliance was to be placed on his allies in the other vessels.

General Franceschetti took advantage of this momentary overshadowing of his bright visions to advise him to give up his perilous enterprise, and accept the asylum offered by the emperor of Austria, in whose dominions his wife had already found shelter. The ex-king listened with attention. At this moment the general perceived a sailor sleeping in a corner of the deck close to them; and fearful they had been overheard, they went up to him: it was Luigi. Crouched on a coil of rope, he seemed to slumber soundly. The interrupted conversation went on, and ended by Murat consenting to the proposition of the general. It was agreed that they should pass through the Straits of Messina, double Cape Spartivento, and enter the Adriatic. This settled, they separated for the night.

On the following morning (the 8th October) the king desired the commander, Barbara, to steer for Messina. Barbara replied that he was ready to obey his majesty, but that, being in want of provisions and water, it would be advisable to go and fetch them. The king acceded, but refused to give certain passports and safeguards which he had in his possession, and which Barbara demanded as an authority, and without which he positively refused to proceed. Murat commanded him. He continued obstinate; when the ex-king, impatient at his disobedience, and unaccustomed to be thwarted, threatened to strike him; but on a sudden altering his determination, he ordered his troops to get under arms, and desired the commander to lay to.

Murat jumped into the boat, accompanied by twenty-eight individuals, amongst whom was Luigi, and rowed towards the shore. Arrived there, General Franceschetti was about to spring out of the boat, when Murat stopped him, crying, 'I will be the first to tread the soil of my dominions;' and passing the general, he leaped on shore.

He was dressed in the full uniform of a general officer. He wore white pantaloons and top-boots; a belt, in which he had placed a pair of magnificent pistols; and a cocked hat, richly embroidered, the cockade being affixed to it by a knot of nine splendid brilliants. In his right hand he bore his own ensign. The clock of Pizzo struck ten as he disembarked.

Murat proceeded straight to the town, which was only about a hundred yards off. Here he found, it being Sunday, the whole population assembled in the market-place. No one recognised him. They stood in mute astonishment, gazing at the brilliant uniforms that approached them. The ex-king, however, espied an old sergeant whom he remembered as having served in his guard at Naples. He walked straight up to him, and placing his hand on his shoulder, demanded, 'Tavella, do you know me?' Receiving no reply, he added, 'I am Joachim Murat! I am your king! Be yours the honour of first shouting Long live Joachim!' The king's suite instantly took up the cry, and shouted it loudly forth. But the Calabrese, amongst whom there seemed a growing feeling of discontent, remained perfectly mute. The king seeing this foretold an approaching conflict, and turning again to Tavella, said, 'Well, then, if you wont cry long life to me, at least find me a horse, and I will instantly make you a captain.' Tavella immediately turned away. He entered his cottage, and did not appear again that day.

Every moment fresh crowds of peasants poured in; but not a single demonstration of sympathy could Murat elicit from them. A bold push now could alone save him. 'On, on to Montelemi!' cried he; and placing himself at the head of his little band, he rushed towards the road which leads to that town. The people drew aside, to allow him to pass.

Scarcely, however, had he left the market-place, than

Digitized by Google

the mob began to recover from their stupor; and a young man named George Pellegrino suddenly appeared armed with a musket, and began shouting, 'To arms, to arms!' The crowd echoed the cry; and in another moment every one sought his dwelling, and armed himself as best he could. On the arrival of Captain Trenta Capelli of the gendarmerie of Cosenza, who happened to be in Pizzo, and whom Pellegrino had gone in search of, he found two hundred persons in the market square bearing different weapons, who, on his placing himself at their head, immediately gave chase to their ex-king.

Murat, seeing them coming, ordered a halt, and prepared to meet them at a spot where a bridge now exists bearing his name. Seeing Trenta Capelli advance towards him, he instantly cried, 'Will you exchange your captain's epaulettes for those of a general officer? If so, cry Long live Joachim! and follow me with your brave band to Monteleoni.'

'Sire,' quickly replied the other, 'we are the faithful subjects of King Ferdinand. We come to seize, not to accompany you. Surrender yourself, therefore, and prevent an unnecessary effusion of blood.'

At this moment a pistol was discharged by the opposite party, and seeing no hope of conciliation, General Franceschetti ordered his men to fire. In an instant the discharge was returned, and the combat began, not, however, with the slightest chance of success on the side of the exiled king, who could only offer about twenty-five men to oppose five hundred. Presently several fell on both sides, and the peasants, headed by Trenta Capelli, pressed on. To cut through this mass was impossible, while in the rear of the little body retreat was rendered utterly impracticable by a precipice of about thirty-five feet. Murat did not hesitate: he threw himself down this declivity, and fortunately falling on the sand beneath, arose unhurt, and plunged into a little wood which skirted the shore. General Franceschetti and his aid-de-camp Campana were equally fortunate.

The instant the trio emerged from the cover of the trees, they were saluted by a volley from above, but happily without effect. On reaching the shore, they found that the boat which had brought them to land had again put to sea, and had rejoined the three vessels, which, far from coming to his aid, had set every sail, and were making off as rapidly as possible. The Maltese Barbara had repaid the monarch's threat by now betraying him. He carried off with him not only all the fortune of the exiled king, but in thus abandoning him, crushed his last hope.

A fisherman's bark was lying high and dry on the land: it became Murat's only chance of escape. If they could only get it afloat, they might yet be saved, for none dared to leap the precipice in pursuit, and the regular descent was some distance round. The three fugitives used their every exertion to push the boat into the water. The agony of despair gave them increased strength, and they had nearly succeeded, when a sudden shout caused them to look round. The populace, headed by Trenta Capelli and Pellegrino, were within fifty paces of them. Exhausted by their efforts, Campana and Franceschetti sank to the ground: a general discharge followed: a ball entered the heart of Campana. Franceschetti, however, escaped, and seeing the boat floating close to him, instantly sprang into it, and pushed off. Murat would have followed him, but one of his spurs catching in the fishing-net spread out on the beach, he fell, and before he could rise, the people had seized him. They tore off his epaulettes, and dragged from him the flag he held, and would doubtlessly have murdered him on the spot, had not Trenta Capelli and Pellegrino come to his rescue. These, supporting him between them, defended him from the attacks of the savage peasantry.

He now returned a prisoner over the same ground he so lately had hoped to tread as a king, and was thrust into the common jail amongst assassins, thieves, and other malefactors, who, unaware of his rank, assailed him on his entrance with every sort of abuse.

Half an hour after this, the commandant, Mattei, entered, and struck with the still dignified air of the captive, rendered him the same homage he would have offered to him had he still been on the throne of Naples.

'Commandant,' said Murat, 'look around you: is this a fitting prison for a king?'

Extraordinary to relate, the moment he announced his rank, the daring captives, who had insulted him immediately before, instantly ceased their revilings, and retiring in orderly silence to the other end of the prison, seemed to pay a just tribute of pity and respect to the misfortunes of their former sovereign. The commandant, after making some excuse, requested Murat to follow him to a more fitting place of confinement. The ex-king, previous to doing this, threw a handful of gold which he found in his pocket to the people, exclaiming, 'Here, take this: never be it said that you have received the visit of a monarch, though captive and dethroned as he is, without obtaining *largesse* from him.'

'Long live Joachim!' shouted they.

Murat smiled bitterly. The same cries on the public *Place*, half an hour before, would have made him king of Naples.

The ex-monarch now followed Mattei to the little room allotted to him as his future prison, where he busied himself in giving minute orders respecting dress and other unimportant matters.

At nearly the same time General Nunziante arrived from Santo Tropea with 3000 men. Murat was delighted at again seeing an old brother officer; but he instantly perceived, from the cold manner of the other, that he was before a judge, and that the general's visit was not one of friendship, but to obtain information. Murat confined himself to saying that he was on his way from Corsica to Trieste, to accept the invitation of the emperor of Austria, when he was driven into Pizzo by stress of weather, and compelled to land to procure water and provisions. To all other questions he refused to give an answer, and closed the conversation by asking the general if he could lend him a suit of clothes to appear in on quitting the bath. The general took the hint, and left him. In ten minutes afterwards Murat received a complete uniform, in which he dressed himself, and ordering pen and paper, wrote an account of his capture and detention to the Austrian general in Naples, the British ambassador, and his wife. Tired by the task, he approached the window, threw it open, and looked out. It afforded him a view of the spot where he had been captured. Two men were busily engaged in digging a hole in the sand. Presently they entered a cottage hard by, and returned, bearing with them a dead body. The king in an instant (though the corpse was perfectly naked) recognised the handsome features of the young aid-de-camp Campana. The scene, viewed from a prison window by the fast-closing shades of evening, the thoughts of the captive as he saw one so young, who had died to serve him, thus ignobly buried, no ceremony unhallowed by the rites of religion, far from his home and all dear to him, so much overcame the beholder, that he burst into tears. In this state General Nunziante found him. His look expressed his astonishment, when Murat hastily exclaimed, 'Yes, I am in tears: I am not ashamed of them. They are shed for one young, ardent, and generous, whose mother committed him to my care, and who now lies yonder buried like a dog.' The general came to summon his prisoner to dinner. Murat followed to another room where the meal had been prepared. He, however, could touch nothing: the scene he had just witnessed had completely overcome the heart of him who had viewed thousands perish around him, without a sigh, on the plains of Aboukir, Eylau, and Moscow.

Leaving the meal untasted, Murat returned to his room. A sort of fascination seemed to draw him to

Digitized by Google

the window, which overlooked the burial-place of his young friend. Though for a while he had not moral courage to throw open the casement, yet at length, overcoming his repugnance, he did so. Two dogs were busily scraping up the sand from the grave where the body lay: they actually reached it. The ex-king could bear no more: he threw himself on his bed in his clothes; but about daybreak again rose, and undressed himself, and returned to his couch, fearful lest his enemies might attribute his agitation to fear for his own fate.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 13th of October Captain Stratti entered the king's prison. He found him in his bed asleep, and desirous not to awake him, was quitting the room, when he upset a chair. The noise disturbed Murat, who started up, and demanded the captain's business. Stratti was so overcome, however, that he was unable to reply. The ex-king therefore proceeded—'You have received orders from Naples: is it not so?'

'Yes, sire,' murmured Stratti.

'What do they contain?'

'Orders for your majesty's trial.'

'And who are to be my judges, if you please? Where can they find my equals to sit in judgment on me? If they look upon me as a king, I must be tried by my brother sovereigns; if as a marshal of France, my fate can only be decided on by officers of that rank; if even as a mere general, none less than a general can sit on the bench of my judges.'

'As a public enemy, sire, you may be tried by an ordinary court-martial. All rebels, without respect to rank, may be brought before such a tribunal. The law was framed by yourself.'

'Yes, against brigands; not, sir, against crowned heads. However, I am ready: they may assassinate me as soon as they like.'

'Would you not wish to hear the names of the members?'

'Yes, it is as well: it must be a curious list. Read on: I'm all attention.'

When he had done, the king, turning to him with a bitter smile, merely observed, 'It is well: they seem to have taken every precaution.'

'How so, sire?'

'Can't you perceive that every member named, with the exception of Francesco Froio, owes his rank to me? Naturally they will fear being accused of partiality if they decide in my favour.'

'Sire, why not appear personally before them, and plead your own cause?'

'Silence, sir—silence! Such a court, I still maintain, is incompetent: I should consider myself degraded if I pleaded before it. I am aware that I cannot save my life; at least, then, allow me to save the dignity of my crown.'

At this moment Francesco Froio entered. He interrogated him. His first question was touching his name, his age, his country? Murat suddenly starting up, cried with all the stern dignity he was capable of assuming, 'I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the Two Sicilies; and I command you instantly to leave the room.' The abashed inquisitor immediately retired.

Murat now rose, and putting on his pantaloons, sat down and wrote a most affectionate letter to his wife; left his children his dying blessing; and cutting off a lock of his hair, enclosed it in his letter.

Nunziante now entered. 'Swear to me, general, as a husband and a father,' cried Murat, as he folded up the epistle, 'that you will faithfully forward this letter.'

'By my honour!' said the general, deeply overcome.

'Come, general, bear up,' resumed Murat in a lively tone; 'we are soldiers, and used to death. I ask but one favour: allow me to give the word of command to the execution party.' The general instantly assented. Froio now returned, bearing with him the sentence of the court. 'Read it,' said Murat coldly, well divining what it was: 'I am ready to listen to it.' Froio consented. The ex-king had correctly foreseen his fate. With the exception of a single voice, the court had unanimously adjudged him worthy of death.

When it was concluded, he turned to Nunziante—'General, believe me, I clearly distinguish between the author of my fate and the mere instruments. I could never have believed Ferdinand capable of allowing me to be shot like a dog. But enough of this. At what hour is my execution to take place?'

'Fix it yourself, sire,' replied the general.

Murat pulled out his watch; but, by accident, the back presented itself instead of the face. On it was painted a superb miniature of the ex-queen.

'Ah, look here!' said Murat, addressing Nunziante; 'look at this picture of my wife. You knew her: is it not like?' He kissed it, and replaced the watch in his fob.

'At what hour?' demanded Froio.

'Ah, by the by, I had forgotten,' said Murat, cheerfully smiling. 'I had forgotten why I had pulled out my watch; but the likeness of Caroline chased away all other ideas,' and he looked at it. 'It is now past three o'clock: will four suit you? I only ask fifty minutes. Have you any objection?'

Froio bowed, and left the room. Nunziante was following him——

'Stay, my friend; shall I not see you again?'

'My orders are, that I should be present at your execution, sire; but I feel I have not courage to obey them.'

'Well, then, do not distress your feelings: do not be present. Still, I should like to embrace you once more before I die.'

'I will meet you on the road.'

'Thank you. Now leave me to my meditations.'

After seeing the priests, to whom he gave a written certificate that he died in the Christian faith, Murat threw himself on his bed, and for about a quarter of an hour remained meditating, doubtlessly reviewing his past life from the moment when he quitted the alehouse in which he was born, to the period when he entered a palace as its sovereign. Suddenly starting up, he seemed to shake off his gloomy thoughts, and approaching a mirror, began to arrange his hair. Wedded to death from his infancy, he seemed anxious to deck himself in the most becoming manner now that he was about to meet it.

Four o'clock struck. Murat himself opened the door. General Nunziante was waiting outside.

'Thank you,' said the ex-king; 'you have kept your word. God bless you; good-by. You need follow me no further.'

The general threw himself sobbing into his arms.

'Come, come, do not thus give way to your feelings. Take example from me: I am perfectly calm.'

This coolness on the part of the victim so overcame Nunziante, that, starting from his embrace, the general rushed from the house, flying along the shore like a madman.

The king now proceeded to the courtyard, where every preparation for his execution had been made. Nine men and a corporal were ranged close to the door of the council chamber. In front of them was a wall twelve feet high. Three yards from this wall there was a single raised step. Murat instantly perceived its purpose, and placed himself on it, thus towering about one foot above the soldiers who were to shoot him. Once there, he took out his handkerchief, kissed the picture of his wife, and fixing his eyes steadily on the party, desired them to load. When he gave the order to fire, five only of the nine obeyed. Murat remained untouched. The soldiers had purposely fired over his head.

It was at this moment that the lion courage of the hero showed itself—that intrepid coolness for which he had ever been famed. Not a single feature was disturbed. He stood perfectly steady and unmoved, as with a smile of melancholy gratitude he addressed them.

Digitized by Google

'Thanks, my friends—a thousand thanks; but as, sooner or later, you will be compelled to aim directly at me, do not prolong my agony. All I ask of you is, to fire straight at my heart, and avoid, if possible, wounding me in the face. Come, let us begin again;' and once more he went through every word of command. At the word 'fire,' he fell pierced by eight balls, without a struggle, without a sigh, without letting the watch fall that he held in his left hand.

The soldiers took up the corpse, and laid it on the same bed in which he had lain down in health and strength some ten minutes before. A captain's guard was placed on the door.

That night a stranger presented himself, and demanded admittance to the room. The sentinel refused. He desired to speak with the commandant. To him he showed an order for his free entry. The commandant, as he read it, shuddered with disgust, and expressed great surprise. The perusal, however, over, he conducted the man to the door of the death-chamber.

'Allow Signor Luigi to pass,' said he to the sentinel. The soldier presented arms to the commandant. Luigi entered.

Ten minutes afterwards, Luigi came out, carrying some object in a pocket-handkerchief stained with blood. What it was the sentinel could not distinguish.

An hour afterwards, the undertaker entered, bearing the coffin intended for the king's remains. No sooner had the man, however, crossed the threshold, than in an accent of indescribable horror he called out to the soldier, who rushed in to learn the cause of his terror. The man, unable to speak, pointed to a headless corpse.

On the death of Ferdinand, in a private closet in his bedroom this head was discovered, preserved in spirits of wine. The reason was thus explained by General T——:—

'As Murat was put to death in an obscure corner of Calabria, Ferdinand continually feared some impostor would spring up, and assuming his name and appearance, raise the standard of rebellion. The real head was therefore always preserved to confront and confound any false pretender to the throne, by proving the death of Joachim Murat.'

Eight days after the execution at Pizzo, each man concerned in it received his reward. Trenta Capelli was made colonel, General Nunziante was created a marquis, and Luigi died of poison!

BLOCKADE OF AFRICA.

If any one will take the trouble of turning up the map of Africa, and cast his eye along the outline from the Pillars of Hercules in the Mediterranean to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb in the Red Sea, he will trace one of the most vast and varied seaboards in the world, broken by rivers and headlands, and indented with innumerable bays and creeks. At some fourteen or fifteen degrees distance to the north of this great continent, he will observe a couple of little islands, looking like fragments of one of the African promontories broken off and thrown into the sea. These are the British islands, whose ships, sailing to and from all parts of the earth, cover the neighbouring channel.

Now if, for any purpose, these little islands wanted to *blockade* the African continent, the attempt would be considered ridiculous with such slender means as they possess—powerful as their fleets comparatively are, and enjoying, as the islands do, both in reputation and reality, the distinction of being the first naval state in the world. But what should we say if this attempt were really made, and continued gravely year after year, at a great expense to the country—not with the naval force of Great Britain, but with an inconsiderable fraction of it? What should we say if this plan were persevered in, after its inefficiency (which no sane person should have doubted from the outset) had been practically demonstrated over and over again?

This is the precise position of England and Africa: but the question, unfortunately, is mystified by considerations of national generosity and humanity; and the very *attempt*, unavailing as it is, to prevent the exportation of slaves from the benighted continent, is regarded as meritorious. If this were all, it would be merely a matter for financial consideration. If the nation could afford the amusement of playing at the blockade of a continent with a few ships, and chose to enjoy it, well and good. But unluckily, the interference of Great Britain, in the way she chooses to conduct it, is not merely useless: it aggravates the horrors it is intended to prevent. The obstacles she interposes, being found in practice surmountable, merely enhance the price of slaves in the foreign markets, and the penalty she annexes to the traffic in human life dyes the ocean with human blood. On a recent occasion, as we find by a journal before us, the crew of a slaver, hard pushed, made their escape, leaving their captives, to the number of 420, fastened down under hatches with spike nails, to be drowned or smothered in the deserted vessel as chance might decree. 'Never,' says the relator, 'was there a more dreadful attempt at cool, deliberate, and wholesale murder: and yet there is no means of punishing the perpetrators; no judge nor magistrate residing at Mozambique, and the judge at Quillimane being a coloured man, formerly a gentleman's servant, and one of the greatest slave-dealers in the place.'*

This author's experience lies in the channel between Madagascar and the African main; and the picture he gives of the traffic there is as hopeless as it is revolting. The governor of the Portuguese settlement of Quillimane is sent out to make his fortune in any way he thinks proper, his sovereign giving him the nominal salary of a thousand dollars. In general, he connives, as a matter of course, at the only flourishing trade of the settlement; but between whiles makes no scruple of betraying his friends to the British. Even this little inconsistence, however, does not appear to affect much the estimation in which he is held; for the interference of our preventive force has turned the traffic in slaves into a grand game of chance and skill, in which the players only blame their own imprudence or misfortune. The slave-dealers and the preventive officers are on very good terms as individuals. Each looks to his business, and both look to the governor, who looks to his own interest. Thus the affair goes on. Sometimes vessels are seized; sometimes they get clear off: it matters not which to the trade, for there are always plenty of ships at hand, and plenty of slaves waiting in chains for an opportunity of shipment.

The only ray of hope we can discover in the volume is contained in the following paragraph:—'A company has been formed at Lisbon to carry on the trade on the east coast of Africa, and they have already a capital of one million; but as yet, they have not been able to acquire the requisite privileges from their government. They want to have the power of buying sixty vessels, and not to be restricted to Portuguese bottoms, and to be able to nominate and pay their own governors. This indeed would be a blow to the slave-trade, as it would open new sources of commerce, and produce new interests; and the poor wretches who are now driven from the interior like herds of cattle, would be employed carrying gum-copal, ivory, gold dust, and various other articles with which Africa abounds. During the floods occasioned by the rainy season, coals might be got from Tete in any quantity; and the mighty power of steam be employed in sowing the seeds of civilisation, which can never be done whilst the merchants, agents, and their governors find it, or think it, their interest to keep the blacks in such a degraded and ignorant state, that they look upon slavery as a blessing, and voluntarily sell themselves and families for three pieces of cloth.' The French, besides, have entered into an

* A Three Years' Cruize in the Mozambique Channel, for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade. By Lieutenant Barnard, R.N. London: Bentley. 1848.

Digitized by Google

arrangement with the imaum of Muscat, by which they are authorised to hire his subjects for a term of years as labourers in Bourbon; so that the degraded negroes may eventually return to their own country with money and a trade. The capabilities of the natives may be seen from the following account of their industry:—'Some of the men are very intelligent, and work in gold, silver, and iron, with tools and apparatus of the most primitive description. The bellows are made of deer-skins, with two pieces of bamboo at the mouth, which is opened and closed with the finger and thumb as it is moved up or pressed down, one being in each hand, and the nozles being introduced into a piece of brickwork on the ground, communicating by two holes with a charcoal fire. The blacksmith sits on his haunches, and for an anvil generally has a pig of ballast. With these rough implements they make even pintles and gudgeons for large vessels, hinges for doors, slave shackles, and chains. The workers in gold use a blow-pipe, and draw the wire through a bit of lead bored with holes, gradually diminishing in size; and I have seen some very handsome ornaments made by them.' These clever and industrious people are all in the condition of slavery; and their wives and daughters may be seen on occasions strung together with heavy chains, supported by an iron ring round the throat, and digging the ground with hoes. But bad as slavery is, freedom, it seems, in this unhappy country is still worse. 'About Quillimane and Luabo, and indeed in all the Portuguese possessions on the coast, are numbers of Colonos, or free blacks, who hire themselves out as woodcutters, machila-bearers, or labourers; and such is the degraded state of society, that these men are taunted by the slaves as having no white man to look after them, and see them righted when oppressed. They are kept in subjection by a very severe and separate code of laws; and if they break or injure anything which they cannot pay for, they become slaves. After the death of Moraes, Azvedo's father-in-law, who was a very severe master, no less than eighty slaves, who had deserted, and escaped into the interior, returned to the estate, and resumed their work, preferring slavery to the iron rule of the chiefs of their own colour: others come frequently to sell themselves, and to buy them is the greatest boon a good master can bestow; and their price is from three to five pieces of clouty or dungaree.'

The volume is varied with an account of a visit to a Portuguese gentleman named Morgado, whose estate, situated a little way in the interior, is as large as all Portugal! His great complaint was, that the natives came up the river into his property, and carried off his blacks—an aggression which it was but little in his power to prevent, inasmuch as it would take thirty days to visit all the stations on his estate, travelling at the rate of nine miles a-day. His dependants amounted to 30,000; and the estate produced yearly 280 arobas of ivory; together with such quantities of iron, copper, and the precious metals, as he had the means to collect. Coal likewise is abundant and good, and would be available for steam navigation during the floods, when the principal river is navigable for a distance of 260 leagues. What might not be done with a country like this! The residence of Senior Morgado is thus described. 'About four P.M. we came in sight of the establishment, situated in the midst of a great number of immense ant-hills, from twenty to thirty feet high, and fifty to sixty in circumference at the bottom, with trees growing out of the sides and top. The scene was a most novel one; and when about a quarter of a mile off, we all got into our machilas, and were met by two drums and a fife, the performers on which marched before us with the greatest gravity, playing a row-de-dow up to the gates of a large white building, where the Portuguese flag was flying. We now entered a vast square, in the midst of which was a large neat pigeon-house, and we were all struck with the good order and regularity of the whole place. On the left was a nice-looking dwelling-house; on the right a large storehouse, the walls of which were loopholed, and about two feet thick. Opposite the gate was a comfortable building for the working slaves; and here and there, in good order, were several pieces of cannon, which had formerly belonged to the American corvette Concorde. Morgado told us that he intended to wall and loophole the place all round, as a protection against independent tribes of blacks and wild beasts. At sunset the drums beat, the people are mustered, and the colours hauled down, and the gates are closed. The married blacks live in huts outside, which are barricadoed all round with stakes and branches, to protect them from lions, which are very numerous, and constantly prowling about, walking off now and then with a stray woman or child.'

After a sumptuous dinner, the guests would have gone out to take a walk, but were warned to keep within the candle-light, lest some prowling lion might make a dinner of them. The only occupation described here by our author—who appears to have seen surprisingly little for a man with two eyes in his head—is that of brickmaking: an essential business in a country where there is not a single stone, even of the smallest size, to be found.

Such works as this cannot fail, we think, to suggest the idea, that if England would spend, in developing the commercial resources of Africa, the money she throws away in a vain attempt to put down the slave-trade, her liberality would be much more conducive to the interests of humanity and civilisation. But unluckily this would have no *present* show: there would be nothing in it to arouse the attention and flatter the self-esteem of the people. Yet nature is slow and gradual in her processes; and history exhibits no instances of great changes being effected without a long course of indirect preparation. Would it not be wise to attempt to govern even our generous impulses by such analogies, and instead of wasting our resources in battling against the abuses of a bad system, to wage a slower and less brilliant, but surer war against the system itself?

NOTES TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Having presented an *abrégé* of Mr Francis's history of the Bank of England, it has occurred to us that a few notes regarding the history of the Bank of Scotland might very properly follow. In banking, Scotland enjoys some reputation, because it is a business which she has conducted with remarkable prudence and success. It may therefore gratify more than a local curiosity to learn the particulars of the early career of the first national establishment of this kind. We can pretend to few extraordinary means of gratifying such a curiosity; but we chance to possess a rare pamphlet, in which the affairs of the Bank of Scotland for the first thirty years are traced, and from this we may cull some passages likely to be read with interest.

The pamphlet (our copy wants the title) appears to have been published in 1727, with the immediate view of supporting the establishment against a rival then set up under the appellation of the Royal Bank of Scotland. It is probably partial in its views, and upon this we have no check; but perhaps the fact is not of much importance. According to our anonymous author, the Bank 'has obtained a very universal and good reputation among all ranks, though *the nation in general knows little about it*, except the bare name, and that the Company lends money, and has public notes running, which are paid on demand.' This is a modest enough statement, which we can to some extent avouch, for we lately had in our possession an original letter written by James Drummond of Blair Drummond, May 26, 1720, to Mr David Drummond, treasurer of the Bank, in which the following passage occurs:—'I'm heartily glad the Bank holds out so well. Ther's great pains taken in the countrey to raise evill reports upon it. I had occasion to find so in a pretty numerous company

Digitized by Google

the other day; yet *I did not find any willing to part with your notes at the least discount.*' As to the comparatively little notoriety of the establishment, we can fully believe the remark. It seems to have been long before the full uses of a bank were recognised in Scotland. As an illustration: in November 1707, John Strachan of Craigcrook was robbed of one thousand pounds sterling in coin, which he kept in a chest in his study, within his lodging in Edinburgh. This seems to show that for some years after the Bank was established, gentlemen continued to keep large sums of money in their own houses, instead of banking it.

The Bank of Scotland is usually said to have been established by William Paterson, the Scotchman who projected the Bank of England. But whatever may have been Paterson's secret concern in the matter, our author takes no notice of it, but distinctly says that 'the Bank was first projected at London by an English gentleman, John Holland, with whom,' he adds, 'eleven other Scots gentlemen, some residing at Edinburgh, and some at London, did join.' They procured in July 1695 an act of the Scotch parliament organising the Bank. The stock, now L.1,000,000 sterling (generally bearing a premium of about sixty-three per cent.), was originally L.100,000; which, however, was described with the grandeur of all the Scotch denomination as L.1,200,000. 'The L.800,000 Scots act aside for parties residing in Scotland was subscribed for in the course of the months of November and December, 'the Marquis of Tweeddale, his Majesty's High Commissioner to that parliament, and Lord Chancellor at the time, and his son my Lord Yester, being the first subscribers.' The remaining third of the stock was subscribed in London in one day, a great part being taken by Scotchmen residing there. The first arrangement of officials gave the half of the direction and the appointment of governor to the English adventurers; but in a few years, when the number of English shareholders sank below thirteen, this was necessarily changed; and from that time the Bank was wholly in the management of natives.

The history of Scotland having been up to this time a tissue of warlike incident and religious contention, it is interesting now to trace the first dawnings of the commercial spirit, and to observe the smallness of the transactions which our people could then compass. Only one-tenth of the stock being paid in, it is actually a fact that the first bank in Scotland commenced business with no more than L.10,000! After twenty-six years, we find that only another tenth of the stock had been paid, making the active capital but L.20,000. The Bank set up in no imposing edifice, such as those which now adorn the streets of modern Edinburgh and Glasgow, but in a *flat*, or floor of a house, in the Parliament Square, from which, unluckily, they were burnt out in 1700, but without any loss besides the furniture. The directors met some trouble soon after starting from an attempt at rivalry by the African Company, during which it was found necessary to call up the second L.10,000 from the shareholders; but this was soon overpast, and the *extra capital returned as superfluous*. The Bank issued L.100, L.50, L.20, L.10, and L.5 notes, which got into such good circulation, that the directors were encouraged to lend money freely on various kinds of security, heritable and movable. They also commenced an exchange trade. To support this, and favour the circulation of their notes, they opened branches at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Montrose, and Dundee; but this turned out ill, 'the expense far exceeding the advantage and conveniency arising therefrom: for though the Company would willingly have been at some moderate charge to keep them up, if they could thereby have effectuated an answerable circulation of bank-notes about these places for accommodating the lieges in their affairs, yet they found that those offices did contribute to neither of those ends; for the money that was once lodged at any of those places, by the cashiers issuing bills payable at Edinburgh, could not be redrawn thence by bills from Edinburgh: so the directors were obliged to give up those offices (after having been at considerable charges in the experiment), and to *bring their money to Edinburgh by horse-carriage*.' We find it stated by Dr Cleland that this attempt was made in Glasgow in 1696, and abandoned in the ensuing year. He says it was renewed in 1731, but again given up in 1733, for the same reason of want of business. It was not till 1749 that banking fairly took root in the commercial emporium of the west.*

One-pound notes, an article which has since been remarkably *naturalised* in Scotland, were first issued by the Bank of Scotland in January 1699. The anonymous historian of the Bank says, they 'are found to be very convenient, not only in the country, but also in the city of Edinburgh, though there is scarce any hopes that they can obtain a currency, to any considerable value, in our public markets and fairs, as some have thought, for nothing answers there among the common people but silver money, even gold being little known among them.' This passage will amuse those who reflect on the now inveterate attachment of Scotland to one-pound notes; a cause in which Sir Walter Scott had almost made her draw the claymore in 1826, and which would even now be a stumblingblock in any general measure for making our currency more metallic. The allusion to the prevalence of silver money in the seventeenth century shows the sense of the general term for money still used in Scotland—*siller*.

In 1704, there was a scarcity of cash all over the kingdom, and a rumour arose that the privy-council designed by proclamation 'to raise the value of the several current species.' This caused a run of twenty days' continuance on the Bank, which at length, being exhausted of cash, was obliged to stop payment. At the request of the directors, the privy-council inquired into the state of its affairs, which being found satisfactory, a memorial was published, by which public confidence was restored. The Bank made all easy by announcing its design to allow interest on its notes until they should be called in for payment. It was at this crisis that the second L.10,000 was permanently raised from the shareholders. In the midst of the trouble, a teller named Pringle was detected as having embezzled L.425, 10s.; no small loss, considering the diminutive capital of the Company, and that its affairs were then in the hands of creditors.†

When it became necessary at the Union to draw in the Scottish coin, and replace it with British, the Bank of Scotland undertook the business, and accomplished it without fee or reward. The directors expected some favour in consequence from the government; but owing to the confusions following on the death of Queen Anne, no actual recognition of their service had been rendered by the government up to the time when our author wrote. It is curious, in our cool and regular times, to look back on the somewhat romantic troubles to which banking was exposed in the days of a disputed succession. 'The Pretender' appeared with a fleet off the month of the Firth of Forth in March 1708, when the Bank of Scotland had a large sum lying in ingots in the Mint at Edinburgh, besides a considerable sum in its own office, being coin brought in to be recoined; 'all of which could not well have been carried off or concealed.' But fortunately the dreaded expedition did not land. A similar danger arose at the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715. A run then taking place, and the directors having paid out all the specie of their own which they had in hand, it was found necessary, on the 19th September, to stop payment, and order the notes to bear interest from that date. About L.30,000 of public money, which they had in charge, was at the same time deposited for safety in the castle of Edinburgh. At the conclusion of the insurrection next spring, these notes were called in, and business recom-

* New Statistical Account of Scotland, vi. 220.
† Maclaurin's Criminal Cases, p. 20.

Digitized by Google

menced with its usual regularity. It would appear that these temporary suspensions were justly estimated by the public, and that the credit of the Bank was in no degree seriously injured by them.

In fact the Bank of Scotland was now in something like the repute of a well-dowered lass—apt to be a little troubled by the impetuosity of her wooers. A company of adventurers had advanced L.250,000 in the way of a stock, to be employed for the benefit of Scotland, as an *equivalent* for the share she took at the Union in the taxes occasioned by the national debt of England. These gentlemen, not content with the four per cent. which they were allowed on their debentures, wished to draw banking profits from their stock; and for this purpose they proposed a union with the Bank of Scotland, on a footing which would have been something like the result of the intrusion of a cuckoo into a sparrow's nest. The Bank, like a modest, judicious young lady, gave a civil refusal to the over-ardent addresses of the 'equivalent;' at which the suitor became very sulky. No sooner was this negotiation at an end, than a similar one came upon the tapis. A mutual-assurance society against losses by fire had been formed in Edinburgh under the name of the Friendly Society, and as it met with good encouragement, it was immediately rivalled by a company professing the same objects, but contemplating a profit to themselves from the business. This latter body, styling themselves the Edinburgh Society, did not meet with success, and they therefore turned their thoughts to banking. They soon let it be understood that they must either be received into the Bank of Scotland, or they would do what was in their power to ruin it. Being disregarded, they collected notes of the Bank to the amount of L.8400, and taking an opportunity when the South Sea Scheme had drawn much specie away from Scotland, brought those all at once forward for payment. One cannot but smile at the expectations founded on a sum which must now represent so trifling a part of the daily business of the establishment. The plan failed, and there was no run in consequence. The disappointed Society was so mean, after all, as to offer a union of stocks, which was civilly declined. A few months afterwards it perished ignominiously, amidst the many other bubbles of the South Sea period.

Soon after, a similar proposal came from the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and was dealt with in like manner. The clamours of these various courtships are, however, proof that many men felt themselves and their capital to be unjustly excluded from a share of the banking business of Scotland. It was not to be expected that the whole of that business could be long conducted upon twenty or thirty thousand pounds, with the possessors of other thousands standing round, all anxious to be at work in the same field. Accordingly, in 1727, a determined effort was made by the shareholders of the 'equivalent' to obtain the necessary sanction of the government for setting up a rival bank. Our pamphleteer gives full details of the struggle thereanent, and a fierce one it seems to have been. One insinuation made use of against the Bank of Scotland was, that its management was ill affected to the government; to which our author gives a decided contradiction. We know not how far the contradiction was valid; but we have seen some evidences of Mr David Drummond, who was treasurer (that is, manager) for many years, having been what was commonly called a Jacobite. In Balthayock House, in Perthshire, there are preserved many curious papers of this gentleman, including a series of friendly letters to him from the exiled Earl of Perth, the most hated of the ex-ministers of the Stuarts in Scotland. There is also a subscription list for a fund to provide sustenance and legal counsel to the many Scottish gentlemen confined at Carlisle for their share in the insurrection of 1715. If we are to regard this, as seems not unreasonable, in the character of a muster-roll of those who were friendly to the cause of the Stuarts, it may well surprise us, from the number and character of the subscribers, there being in it the names of nineteen Scottish nobles (Errol, Haddington, Roseberry, Morton, Hopetoun, Dundonald, Moray, Rutherglen, Cassillis, Elibank, Colville, Blantyre, Couper, Traquair, March, Galloway, Kinnoul, Deskford, and Eglintoune), the Commissioners of Excise, the Merchant Company and three of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh, the magistrates of Haddington, the Society of Periwigmakers in Edinburgh, &c. Above all, the subscription was under the charge of Mr Drummond, treasurer of the Bank of Scotland! Whatever truth there might be in the charge of Jacobitism, as against the management of the Bank generally, certain it is that the gentlemen of the 'equivalent' gained their point, and were enabled in the same year to set a-going their own capital the 'Royal Bank of Scotland,' which has ever since maintained an honourable rivalry with its great original.

Since then, in the course of time, several other chartered banks have been started in Scotland, besides many private joint-stock concerns, most of which have been successful in their career. Amongst them all, the primitive concern of 1695—long affectionately distinguished as the AULD BANK—still rears its venerable head in the Old Town of Edinburgh, with a capital enlarged to a million, and thirty-one branches scattered throughout the provinces. Time may give a sentimental interest even to a bank. One cannot think quite unmovedly of such an institution going on from the days when the soul of Scotland was still thrilling with the Solemn League and Covenant, all through the times of the romantic expeditions of the Highlanders for the House of Stuart, and down through the more wonderful events which marked the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present century, with a credit which has not once been interrupted for 133 years, and a regularity of routine which nothing during that time has broken, but the necessity of sending the cash for a short time to the castle in 1745, to be out of the way of Prince Charlie. Such things are not only curious historically; they raise our ideas of human probity, and seem to show that the affairs of mortals are not wholly of the inconstant and fitful character which commonplace remark assigns to them.

THE NUTHATCH.

'THIS the Richmond river!' I exclaimed; 'Oh, impossible!' It was narrow, deep, and clear, winding amid rich pasture-land, and with superb banks of wood beginning to rise on one side; while here and there the chalky cliffs, in fantastic and jagged forms, broke through the dense screen of the rich green amphitheatre. Then came a cottage by the side of the rock, tastefully ornamented, and with a profusion of roses twining around the pillars of the open veranda; while the flowers on the garden banks hung over, kissing the limpid waters. This was succeeded by a weir, and a picturesque mill, or a fishing summer-house perched on the opposite elevation. Then suddenly the road branched off, and we lost sight of this sweet scene, and in a few minutes more we were driving through the straggling village of C——. Here we saw thatched cottages with gable-ends, and vines trained up the fronts, half hiding the latticed windows; and our conveyance at length stopped at a very old and dilapidated-looking house of entertainment, certainly not reaching to the dignity of an inn: *this* was certainly 'the Nuthatch.' There could be no mistake, for the announcement was written up in plain terms. On alighting, we were ushered into a large uncarpeted room, hung round with pictures so faded and mouldy, that it was impossible at a first glance to discover the subjects they were intended to represent. The walls of this apartment were discoloured from damp; and though the oak table and quaintly-carved arm-chairs were scrupulously clean, as well as the shining floor, yet altogether it presented an untempting aspect. The sleeping apartments were the

Digitized by Google

same general appearance—the huge open chimneys, bare boards, and antique furniture; yet clean and comfortable beds, with drapery of snowy whiteness, determined us on staying for that night at least. The hostess, a mild, respectable-looking matron, in a widow's dress, did not appear solicitous for our stay; but she spoke kindly on seeing our pale and exhausted looks, and assured us of well-aired beds, &c.

After doing ample justice to sweet and wholesome country fare, we got up with renovated strength, and strolled forth to look around us. The twilight was fast fading, but the round yellow moon just began to show itself above the tree-tops. We sought the bridge which had lately been thrown across the river from the village, doing away with the ancient ferry-boat, now only used to carry the barge horses over to another point, which diverged from the same spot. The magnificent banks of wood arose opposite to where we stood; several 'back waters' here met the main stream, forming a miniature lake, on whose deep transparent bosom slumbered a fairylike island; while the soothing murmurs of an adjacent waterfall alone disturbed the repose of the scene. We turned to the other side of the bridge: the boat-house lay half-hidden in deep shadows, with the array of boats moored around; the ivied spire of the old gray church stood out in bold relief against the clear sky; and the churchyard, with its grassy hillocks, sloped to the water's edge. Then came rich pasture-fields, fenced in by gently-rising hills; and the river stretched away for miles in nearly a straight line, looking like a silver thread, and lost behind projecting dusky headlands.

It seemed impossible that we had left London only a few hours ago, and that *this* was the same identical river running on towards London Bridge, Woolwich, and so on to Gravesend—that emporium of dirt, mud, and shrimps!

A charming surprise awaited our return to the Nuthatch: in the parlour a blazing wood fire shed its cheerful influence around; a square of bright carpeting occupied a portion of the floor; while close by the hearth-side stood a capacious sofa, covered with clean dimity, and effectually secured from draughts by a folding screen. To complete the pleasant metamorphosis, a pretty tea equipage was in readiness, with beautiful bouquets of freshly-gathered garden flowers by its side. Nor must I omit to mention the many exquisitely-stuffed British birds which now filled every available shelf and side-table. The latter we found were the property of the only son of our hostess, who was a clever ornithologist, and had produced from his sanctum these specimens of skill (killed and stuffed by himself) to ornament the room. The sleeping apartment, by a little kind management, was rendered equally comfortable; and there I found a noble fire in the huge grate, and such a toilet-table and looking-glass!

But I will not betray the domestic secrets of the old Nuthatch. Many of the articles, my hostess informed me, had once graced Windsor Castle. Their high antiquity was indubitable, particularly as regarded the pictures and the sofa: one of the former being an admirable full-length of King Charles II.; and the latter, beneath its dimity covering, displaying the rarest green satin brocade—faded and tarnished, it is true—but the carved work, of peculiar delicacy and extraordinary devices, was in excellent preservation. Doubtless many a lovely form had rested on this sofa in days of yore—Nell Gwynn perhaps, or why not royalty itself?

Suffice it to say here that we sojourned for three weeks at the Nuthatch; and that for some years afterwards we regularly paid it an annual visit—a correspondence being kept up between my companion and the ornithologist respecting divers weighty sporting matters, not forgetting mutual kind wishes, remembrances, and 'respectful duties,' between the worthy hostess and myself.

A boat was hired by the week, which we usually took possession of directly after breakfast; carrying with us books, sketching materials, and proper fishing apparatus: but for the first week we did little in that way. It was delightful enough to let the boat drift idly along, to hear the water gently rippling on her bows, and dreamingly to gaze on the home-views of English pastoral loveliness.

Sometimes we rested beneath the shade of spreading trees, plucking from the banks handfuls of wild flowers; and then, as it drew towards evening, the note of the tender cushat-dove sounded mournfully over the waters, and reminded us that it was time to row back to C——, 'our village,' from whence we could faintly hear, as we approached, the chimes of the clock in the ivied tower, warning the rovers that it was 'too late for dinner!'

At length one morning the ornithologist descanted on the wonderful feats which were in the course of daily performance by some of the anglers in the neighbourhood, and whose punts we had seen in requisition for some days past, moored across the stream in all the favourite 'pitches' of the vicinity; this being the local term for those spots most favourable for 'bottom fishing,' and to which the fish are attracted by constant baiting. I confess that fishing from a punt seemed to me an inglorious kind of amusement, after witnessing, as I had done, the elegant accomplishment of throwing a fly carried to perfection; and then to angle for simple little gudgeon, after capturing the lovely speckled trout, was such a falling off, that I felt careless about engaging in it.

However, a punt was engaged, with Elder the fisherman to accompany us. The day proved most propitious for our sport: the air was soft and balmy, with a gentle breeze just curling the surface of the water now and then—

> 'Little breezes dusk and shiver
> Through the wave that runs for ever'—

a sky not cloudless, but with sunshine not too often or too long obscured.

Lights and shadows fell in quick succession as we punted down the river through the lock, and fell across the stream opposite to 'the Springs.' The river here narrows and deepens for a long stretch; and the woods, rising on a high and almost precipitous bank directly from the water, cast their shadows entirely athwart the stream; while on the opposite side silver birches and drooping willows fringe emerald lawns nearly on a level with it. Adjoining 'the Springs,' a small trench garden occupies a flat piece of ground between the woods and the river; a tasteful fishing-house stands in the midst, and the variegated hues of clumps of brilliant flowers contrast enchantingly with the dark background; which from miniature rocks, amid which a tiny basin is hidden a few yards from the margin of the Thames, numberless rills of limpid water, designated as 'the Springs,' gush gently down their flowery channels, and mingle with the current flowing ever onwards towards the ocean. I landed as a trespasser to view the fairy-like basin: it was so perfectly transparent and still, that I knelt down to convince myself there really was water by dipping my hand in. Only once before had I seen water so marvellously clear, or felt it so painfully cold, and that was in an old arched well called 'St Kenwyn's Well,' with a curious legend attached to it, in the far west of England. Here we moored the punt close to the bank, and partook of the viands we had provided, dipping our glasses into the lovely fountains, and quaffing draughts of nectar.

Previous to this, *I* alone had captured five dozen finny victims, much to the delight of old Elder, who prognosticated that I should prove a famous sporting character; but my fame once achieved, I left the remaining feats of the day to be performed by my companions, feeling no desire to pursue the sport, for it was absolute enjoyment to rest lazily in my easy-chair in that steady boat, and with a book (unread perhaps) to indulge in the dreamy reveries of past, present, and future, all tinged and coloured with the hues of the atmosphere around.

Digitized by Google

'Here,' said old Elder, 'in this here "stretch" the most wonderful barbel have lived for years. My father and grandfather knowed them well; but they are such cunning fellows, nobody can deceive them: there they be a-lollopping at bottom, and hardly moving as the punt shoves by 'em.'

But it required a more experienced eye than mine to discern these monsters of the deep, of whose age, instinct, and strength, wonderful tales were related by the fisherman. Near this spot grew the cinnamon flag, and within many miles only two roots of it were to be found. Elder presented me with a small piece, which he broke off in passing; and when bruised, it gave forth an odoriferous spicy scent: it is broader and thicker than the common river flag, and Elder assured me that it is an infallible specific for all kinds of rheumatic complaints. He knew the secret of its preparation, and his own faith in its efficacy was invulnerable, having repeatedly tested its powers.

We returned to the Nuthatch laden with spoil: the fish were carefully packed in nettles, and sent off express to London; those of my especial catching being placed alone, and marked as such. Partial friends afterwards assured me they were charmed fish, and far more delicious than white bait in the height of the season. I could only tell them they came from an enchanted spot, and that enhanced their flavour!

I was sometimes attended by a niece of our hostess, a young woman of about eighteen years of age; the touching, thoughtful melancholy of whose countenance greatly interested and excited my curiosity as to its cause.

I soon perceived that there existed between Mr Thomas and Cousin Kate a kindness somewhat more than mere cousinly friendship; but although nothing could be farther removed than coquetry or flirtation on Kate's part, even of the most demure and Quaker-like kind, yet there was something quite mysterious and inexplicable in the little scenes I once or twice witnessed unseen; for when Thomas approached Kate, and offered her any pleasant affectionate attentions—practical cousinly gallantries of course—she repulsed him in so decided, yet in so sad and touching a way, that I became much interested in this rural courtship. Yet Kate lauded her good cousin to the skies when speaking of him to me; for I must confess to have introduced the subject, and with womanly tact 'drawn out' Kate, as the saying runs, and learned her secret too, which was no less than that she loved Thomas quite as well as Thomas loved her, but that she dared not think of marrying. Alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' but this case seemed incomprehensible. Thomas was an only child; the inheritance of the Nuthatch was a goodly one; and our hostess was anxious to lose the title of 'aunt' in that of 'mother;' and, unlike most mothers-in-law, to act a real mother's tender part towards the fair orphan girl.

By degrees I found that Kate's mind was of a stamp very far superior to her station; that she had read a good deal, and thought more; and though this craving after knowledge had not tended to produce a healthful tone of mind, as I could judge, yet the morbid and despondent feelings which so evidently mastered her sweetest and purest affections must have resulted from some cause in which imagination had no share.

It so happened that on a hushed and balmy summer evening (my companion being absent on a sporting expedition) I much desired to explore a lonely wooded walk along the river banks, where I had not yet been; but afraid to venture forth alone in the deepening twilight, I requested Kate to accompany me, which she did with alacrity. But when the poor girl observed the way to which my footsteps were tending, she hung back, and faintly said, 'Oh, not that way, ma'am—any way but that. I have never passed the spot since—and at this hour too!' So saying, she burst into tears: we turned the contrary way; and I then listened to the following recital, intermingled, indeed, with many sobs and tears, broken and disjointed, but still in substance the same. Three years had elapsed since a young widowed lady came to reside in the village of C——, unknown to any of the inhabitants, and bringing with her a little girl of six years of age. The stranger had evidently known far 'better days'—those touching words, how much they express! She occupied two rooms in the fisherman's pretty cottage, and apparently supported herself and her child by teaching the small farmers' daughters and others in the vicinity, who could not benefit by more regular schooling.

She was a mild, pious, though broken-down creature. Many storms, it might plainly be seen, had beat over her; but all the neighbours soon learned to respect and esteem the Widow Milner, while her little girl was the 'pride of the village,' and 'beautiful as Bessy Milner' became a byword. And in truth never did widowed mother's heart rest on a fairer rose-bud than this winning and gentle little Bessy—so good, docile, and affectionate. The Widow Milner soon received Kate as one of her most promising pupils, and a friendship sprung up between them, notwithstanding the difference in their ages; Bessy, too, loved Kate—the kind, blooming Kate—far better than any of her own childish companions: and together they rambled in the woods by the river side, culling wild flowers and dainty mosses. Kate was so studious, steady, and careful a girl, that Mrs Milner never scrupled to intrust the sole earthly treasure she possessed to her care; only cautioning them not to approach too near the treacherous stream in quest of lilies or forget-me-not: and Bessy promised to obey Kate, and only gazed with longing eyes on the watery treasures, unless indeed they accidentally met Mr Thomas, when he would reach forth a helping hand, and pluck the coveted beauties from their pellucid beds. There was a shady nook formed by a deeply-indented miniature bay, where the water was very deep, still, and transparent; where wan lilies floated and rushes waved beneath the unseen current's undulations, surrounded here and there by patches of flag, while dense beds of forget-me-not, and many other wild flowers, covered the overhanging banks. To this spot Kate would often bring her books. It was only half a mile from the village, and Bessy usually accompanied her; diving into the surrounding woods and dells, the fairy queen of that sylvan scene, and returning home laden with woodland trophies. If she ventured too near the water side, it was ever, 'Come away, Bessy—come away: remember what your mother said!' and though Bessy loved to look on the sparkling stream, she would skip away from it nevertheless.

Late one summer afternoon they sought this favourite nook as usual; evening drew on unawares, for Kate had had a volume of poetry lent to her, with which she was entirely engrossed, and by degrees saw and noticed nothing around her. The dangerous and fascinating spell enthralled her, when she was startled from her dream by hearing a faint cry, which sounded not far off. She called on Bessy; but Bessy came not: she ran into the woods and called again; but no answer came—all was still: she rushed, not knowing what she did, along the river banks, still calling on Bessy; but the waters were sleeping, and there was not a ripple to disturb the gossamer leaves: in a terror and agony which no words can ever approach, Kate flew back to the village, inwardly hoping that the truant might have left her, childlike, and found the way to her mother. No one had seen her: she was not there. Poor Kate! poor mother!

Many of the inhabitants speedily returned with her to the quiet bay, scoured the woods, calling on Bessy: but strange to say, no one thought of exploring the water; *that* seemed impossible—there would be some vestige, some clue, to show if she had fallen in! Night closed around, dark and clouded, and scarcely one inhabitant of the village of C—— sought repose: that the excellent clergyman and his daughter were with

Digitized by Google

the unhappy mother, all knew, and none others ventured to intrude on the fearful privacy of the scene. From the very first tidings of alarm the poor widow had been paralysed and helpless, but the silent agonies she endured that night added untold years to her appearance.

With the early morning light the remains of sweet little Bessy Milner were brought into the village: they were with some difficulty recovered from their watery bed, where the under-current had drawn them down, half-hidden and buried, amid the tangled weeds and rushes. That one faint cry, and all was over; how, or where it happened, who may tell? It was one of those sudden, mysterious, and unaccountable calamities which puzzle the wisest and most calculating heads.

The grassy mound was pointed out to me in C—— churchyard which marks the spot where rest the remains of mother and child, for the widow did not survive her loss quite six months. All was now, indeed, explained. For many weeks poor Kate had hovered betwixt life and death; her self-reproaches were terrific and overwhelming; and when at length a naturally good constitution overcame the ravages of disease and sorrow, the settled melancholy of her aspect spoke the tale of past suffering and remorse. Could *she* listen to a love tale? Could *she* dare to become a happy wife? Would not just Heaven strike her dead if she dared to forget her crime of carelessness and neglect, whereby two human lives were sacrificed? So tender, too, as all the villagers were; the gentry so kind and encouraging; would this be so were she to bury her contrition beneath bridal raiment and a smiling countenance?

Though poor Kate thus argued, yet I had earnest hopes of 'better things' in store for her; when the balm should no longer be rejected which alone can heal a wound such as hers, and the mind so crushed and prostrated regain its healthful elasticity. This was effected in the course of time; and with real pleasure and gratitude we received an invitation from our humble friends to attend the rural festivities at C——, in honour of the nuptials of sweet Kate of the Nuthatch and her cousin Mr Thomas the ornithologist.

THE ECONOMIC VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.

It is to be feared that the mere lecturing and abusing of those thoughtless and unhappy persons who pay too little regard to the rules of temperance, has not been attended with any remarkable degree of success. A melancholy waste of zeal, and an idle misdirection of indignation, have been displayed, and a maximum of wrath has been followed with a pitiable minimum of conversion. There is room for suspicion, indeed, that but little is to be done in this way for erring brother man. The denunciations hurled from tract, periodical, and platform against the poor frail lovers of a glass too much, might almost as hopefully have been launched at the mute and passive barrels, graybeards, and bottles which in vast array open their mouths and throats throughout this bibulous land for the reception of the varied preparations of malt, whether brown foaming ale or limpid gurgling alcohol. To make the drunkard—that sad object of pity—the despised and detested *butt* of holy wrath and virtuous indignation, is hardly more reasonable than to exhaust ourselves in vituperative abuse of the indolence of the man unable to walk by reason of a broken limb. He in whose mind a sense of duty controls not the indulgence of base propensities, will rarely be either lectured, or scolded, or sneered into becoming behaviour. There are very many conclusive and unexceptionable reasons why rational beings should not darken their reason, and waste their means, and destroy their health, by the improper use of strong drink. But the problem is, how to bring such reasons to impinge with sufficient force on the understandings of certain classes of men, so as to lead them to the exercise of a wise self-denial. One fact is cheering, that the class which was drunken in our fathers' days is now, generally speaking, sober. The wretched vice of habitual drunkenness is no longer respectable, and, let us hope, is gradually percolating down through society; so that the time may come when it will be little discernible even in the lowest stratifications of the social state.

There is one view of the matter which might probably make an impression on some of a naturally conscientious disposition of mind, and which has not certainly been hitherto very frequently pressed upon the notice of those whose interests are most deeply implicated. It is this; that frequent indulgence in wine or malt, and spirituous liquors, is a luxury which the man of limited income cannot afford, and is therefore one which he has no right to purchase. What title have I, with weekly wages of twelve or twenty shillings, to lay out a sixth or a tenth part of that sum to buy for myself one mere luxury? Some one with a yearly income of three or four hundred pounds has a passionate liking for fine horses, and would fain treat himself to a few handsome hunters, with their concomitant grooms. But what title has he to indulge in such a luxury? *He cannot afford it*; and no other reason is necessary to lead him to the exercise of self-denial. Another, perhaps a retired officer with a limited income and an unlimited family, has a perfect craze for growing the rarer sorts of exotics. Is he entitled to shut his eyes to an accumulating butcher's bill, and manifold frocks and jackets past and to come, and to 'pooh, pooh' at sternly-returning quarter-days, and coolly to set about building up acres of glass in his garden, for which he knows he cannot pay without injury to his family? Is he entitled thus to bring himself into difficultics for the sake of indulging even his innocent and commendable taste? No; *he cannot afford it*: and the eloquence of Demosthenes could not more effectually than this simple consideration constrain him to exercise self-denial. One instance more. Look at that pale-faced, somewhat attenuated, but thoughtful and benevolent-looking individual, who is *shyly* glancing over the magnificently tall copies of his devotedly-admired authors, which the rapid hammer of the auctioneer is consigning to fortunate and wealthy purchasers. Oh if some one, eccentric in their kindness, desired to awaken the purest gratitude of the human heart, twenty or thirty pounds were now well bestowed! But such romantic benevolence is never or rarely exercised. As it is, the book-worshipper cannot afford the price of his idols, and he sees the envied treasures transferred to the hands of others only with a sigh. Does he madly determine to gratify his taste, although his children should go without bread? No; self-denial checks the longing thought, and constrains his tongue to silence.

We desire, therefore, to know what title any working or other man has to indulge his selfish desire for a luxury which costs more money than he can spare? If a man has low tastes, and an empty and coarse mind, perhaps a few hours' riotous drinking with others of like nature may be deemed a very necessary and gratifying indulgence. It is far from being so: but though it were, the question remains, Has he any right to buy for himself such an indulgence? *He cannot afford it*; and that ought to settle the whole matter. Let him ridicule and defy the benevolent efforts of those who seek to win him to the ways of sobriety; let him despise all advocates of temperate habits as weak, though well-meaning visionaries and enthusiasts; let him claim to be the master of his own actions, and the judge of his own conduct; but if he continue to buy weekly a certain quantity of liquor, the price of which forms a large proportion of his wages, he is guilty of the meanness of buying a pure luxury which he cannot afford. Broiled salmon, a roast joint of lamb with asparagus, and a bottle of champagne, would be rather an absurd entertainment for the poor old man who, propped on his wooden-leg, and glaring awfully through his eye-protecting mask of black wire-gauze, breaks stones all day by the wayside at so much per square yard. But not

Digitized by Google

a bit more absurd would it be than the Saturday night's libation of thousands who selfishly and shamelessly buy a luxury which they cannot afford, and therefore in which they have no right to indulge. It is the virtuous self-denial which is exercised in a thousand ways by the respectable classes that mainly keeps the wheels of society, in their complicate infinitude, going sweetly. Suppose all were to rush to the purchase of their favourite luxuries, as the tippler remorselessly rushes to his oft-returning debauch, and how could society be saved from universal bankruptcy and ruin? Will the time ever come when the hard-working classes will seek their enjoyments and their comforts apart from the senseless noise and the wretched coarseness of the tavern, and when their conscientiousness will always be placed watchfully on the alert, and will always be rendered triumphant over inclination, by the simple reflection—*I can't afford it?*

HONOURS OF LITERATURE.

HUME, in his history of the reign of James I., justly observes that 'such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' In France, the mere title of 'homme de lettres' is as indicative of a distinct and honourable profession as those of 'militaire,' 'jurisconsulte,' or 'médecin;' and it forms, as they do, an unobjectionable passport with all the upper classes. Till lately, in England it was a common complaint that men of learning and artists, who had not parliamentary interest, or could not give a *quid pro quo*, were defrauded of their fair share of state honours. It is hoped, however, that a change is about to take place, if it is not now in the course of operation; and the less that is said upon the subject the better. Some have contended for titles for men of letters; but genius is itself a sufficient distinction for all who possess, and abuse it not. Raleigh, Sidney, Newton, and a thousand other names of nature's noblemen, are familiar in our mouths as 'household words;' and the 'Sirs' which were added to these words, so big with meaning, so fraught with high remembrances, are never thought of when we think of the men. 'Sir Charles' adds nothing to the lustre of Linnæus; and who ever thought that the names of Shakspeare or Milton would receive additional dignity or value if 'Sir William' or 'Lord John' were prefixed to them?

We believe that at no time had good literature more solid consideration than at present; at no time were its representatives, according to their respective personal claims, more freely accepted on a footing of equality with the highest. 'But,' to use the words of a recent reviewer, 'to the honour of humanity be it said, conduct goes far in regulating the author's position in society; and there is little risk of a scampish Aretine meeting with toleration or fellowship. If, indeed, there still remains any cause for complaint respecting the position of literary men, it must be attributed to their desire for high associations being mixed with such parasitic toadyisms as are incompatible with self-respect. If literature be a distinction, if genius be nature's own aristocracy, and if philosophy be a benefactress to mankind, why should their representatives voluntarily take their place below the salt, and look up where they should look down?' To the same effect are the remarks of Mr Dunlop, who, in an address to the New York Academy, says, 'It is in vain to look for honour from others, if we do not honour ourselves. It is for authors and artists to teach mankind the true estimation in which they must be held. And first, they must esteem themselves so far as to avoid all that is low, all that is servile, all that is false. Can there be anything so contemptible as a sycophant who debases the talent he possesses? Sycophancy is incompatible with true genius. We often see it united to mediocrity in the arts. If you see a man bowing to the rich or influential for patronage and good dinners, flattering power for recommendation and protection, becoming a thing of bows, smiles, and honied words, be assured that he lacks mind as much as he lacks self-respect. The bowing, smiling sycophant is as opposite to the polite man as possible; for politeness, the desire to exchange both civilities and services, belongs to the independent man of genius. Genius is modest, but never suffers itself to be trampled upon. It feels that it belongs to nature's aristocracy, and despises the aristocracy of mere wealth. The aristocracy of nature is composed of the nobles who are stamped such by their Maker, and are, in principle and practice, true democrats—lovers of their fellow-men, and supporters of the equal rights of all.'

Many very praiseworthy examples are on record of the reverence which even monarchs have shown towards genius. When Beethoven formed a part of the household of the Elector of Cologne, the prince, a true worshipper of talent, ordered that if both required attendance at the same time, the great composer should be waited on first. This precedence was no doubt gratifying to Beethoven, who says correctly enough, 'Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish: these they must not attempt to create; and therefore must these be held in honour. When two such come together as I and Goëthe, these great lords must note what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards, we met the whole imperial family: we saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Goëthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside; in spite of all I could say, I could not bring him a step forwards. I pulled my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my top-coat, and walked, with my arms folded behind me, right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat; the empress saluted me the first: these great people know me! It was the greatest fun in the world to see the procession file past Goëthe, who stood aside, with his hat off, bending his head as low as possible. For this I afterwards called him over the coals properly and without mercy.'

A nobleman having called on Holbein while he was engaged in drawing a figure from life, was told that he could not see him, but must call another day. Foolishly taking this answer as an affront, he very rudely rushed up stairs to the painter's studio. Hearing a noise, Holbein opened his door, and feeling enraged at his lordship's assumption and intrusion, he pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, reflecting immediately on what he had done, he repaired to the king. The nobleman, who pretended to be very much hurt, was there soon after him, and having stated his complaint, would be satisfied with nothing less than the artist's life; upon which the king firmly replied, 'My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven lords.'

Edgar Quinet, the young German poet, repaired one day to the Château des Tuileries to visit one of the queen's maids of honour, and was on this occasion more than usually melancholy. Suddenly, while he was conversing with her, a young person entered, so fair, so naturally elegant, that our poet would immediately have recognised her, had he not been so absorbed in his grief that he could see nothing. However, the new-comer took pity on his sufferings, and with much elegance and feeling began to talk to him of his new poem 'Prometheus,' telling him that it was an excellent work, perhaps the best he had ever written;

Digitized by Google

and she even knew by heart several of the rustic verses, extemporised as bards extemporised before the mead. Imagine the delight of the poet at hearing her thus speak! Seeing that it pleased him, she poured the healing balm, drop by drop, upon his wounded heart. She gradually and carefully proceeded from the poem in verse to the poem in prose: she passed from 'Prometheus' to the touching story of 'Ahasuerus,' that masterpiece of poetical legends. 'Follow me,' said she to Quinet, 'and you will see whether I love this poem.' The two ladies immediately arose and conducted him to a Gothic studio, filled with drawings and sketches. What was the joy of the poet when four admirable bas-reliefs, taken from his poem, were pointed out to him! Yes, his heroes themselves, in the very attitude, and exhibiting the very passions which his poetry had given them! It would be quite impossible to describe his feelings when the fair young artist said to him, in her sweet voice, 'This is your work, take it with you,' and when he read at the bottom of these exquisite bas-reliefs the royal name Marie d'Orléans. We have heard of a great prince who held the ladder for Albert Durer; of a powerful monarch who picked up the pencils of Titian; we know that the sister of a king of France kissed the lips of Alain Chartier while he slept; but this great surprise given to a poet—this unhoped-for and consolatory gift—the infinite grace of the young girl, the princess, the great artist—cannot be too much admired.

The Duchess of Orleans having ordered a medal of her late husband to be cast, sent a letter to Jasmin, the barber poet, informing him that, as a mark of honour, he should receive the first that was struck, adding also the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. Pope Alexander VIII. was so much pleased with some of Jacob Balde's poetry, as to send him a gold medal—a very considerable mark of regard from one who was himself a good Latin poet.

M. d'Abbadie, writing of the Abyssinians, says that 'the Gojam scholars well remember the single verse spoken in Axum by a mendicant, and which so much delighted a native prince, that he stuffed the ragged poet's mouth with gold dust, and seated him on his throne.'

The best poet that Sweden ever produced was Esaias Tegner, bishop of Wexio. In his first poem, entitled 'Axel,' recounting the adventures of one of Charles XII.'s pages, who were sworn to remain single, he has created great interest by plunging his hero in love, and painting the conflict between his passion and his reverence for his oath of celibacy. A German literary gentleman was so delighted with the version of it in his own language, that he actually studied Swedish for the sole purpose of reading the original. A compliment like this has rarely been paid, as the poem does not contain more than about a thousand lines.

Reverence for genius is displayed not merely by the high and educated classes, but this feeling prevails amongst even the poor and untaught, and sometimes forms a redeeming virtue among the cruel and abandoned. The wife of a Silesian peasant being obliged to go on foot to Saxony, and hearing that she had travelled more than half the distance to Goethe's residence, whose works she had read with the liveliest interest, continued her journey to Weimar for the sake of seeing him. Goethe gave her his portrait, and declared that the true character of his works had never been better understood than by this poor woman. At the close of the coronation of George IV., Sir Walter Scott received a mark of homage to his genius which delighted him. Missing his carriage, he had to return home on foot from Westminster after the banquet—that is to say, between two and three o'clock in the morning—when he and a young friend found themselves locked in the crowd somewhere near Whitehall. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the open space in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly that his orders were strict, that it could not be suffered. While he was endeavouring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his companion exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Take care, Sir Walter Scott; take care!' The stalwart dragoon, on hearing the name, said, 'What! Sir Walter Scott! He shall get through anyhow!' He then addressed the soldiers near him—'Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' The men answered, 'Sir Walter Scott! God bless him!' and in a moment he was within the guarded line of safety. Tasso, on one of his journeys between Rome and Naples, fell into the hands of banditti, who immediately proceeded to plunder him and his fellow-travellers. But no sooner did the captain of the band hear the poet's name, than, with tokens of admiration and respect, he set him at liberty; nor would he permit his gang to plunder Tasso's companions. A prince of royal birth confined the poet in a madhouse for more than seven years—the great and wealthy left him to a precarious life, which was often a life of absolute want—the servile writers of the day loaded him with abusive and mean unjust criticism—but a mountain robber, by the roadside, protected him, and kissed the hand of the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

THE HAPPY DREAM.

(The following lines were suggested by a jesting remark that the authoress's daughter would be *perfection*, like the old saying of 'bachelors' wives and maids' children:'—)

I WANDERED in a happy dream,
Beside a river clear and wide;
With nature's ways alone no more—
A fair young girl was by my side.

The rapture of a mother's love
Thrilled o'er my heart with anxious pain;
Ah, would I had slept calmly on,
Nor known reality again!

In the first spring of womanhood
She glided forth, a light gazelle;
Aërial grace around her form,
Wreathing its soft enchanting spell.

High intellect impressed her brow;
While deep the thoughts of sacred love
Dwelt in her eyes of sleeping blue—
The tender, modest, shrinking dove!

Like to the women of olden time,
Of Judah's grand and stately race,
The purity of spotless truth
Beamed ever on her gracious face.

In chaste and classical attire,
Not for the empty world's display,
She moved like Grecian vestal, draped
For some rejoicing festal day.

And I had moulded every thought,
With careful tending, from her birth;
And knew 'twere vain to seek her like
Upon the vast and varied earth.

And with this dream a memory came—
A memory of sorrows past—
Shadows that clung around me still,
While scalding tears fell thick and fast.

And then she clasped me to her heart—
Her innocent and spotless heart—
Trying to win me from my grief
With playful wiles and guileless art.

She called me by the blessed name
('Twas *hers* for me earth held none other):
Much marvelling that grief should touch
Her own beloved—her darling 'Mother.'

And so I rested in her arms,
Clinging to her sweet faithful love;
But trembling, for I knew her tent—
An angel from the Heaven above.

C. A. M. W.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 243. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848. Price 1½d.

'GET THEE OUT OF THY COUNTRY.'

It was a circumstance likely to tell most significantly on the mind of the poor immigrant at Sydney, when, as he himself said, after his first morning walk along the streets, 'I have passed twenty-six houses, and heard the hissing of the frying-pan at seventeen.' The proportion of 'meat breakfasts' is somewhat different at home. The emigration question is primarily a bread-and-cheese question. We are concerned to know by what means a sufficiency of the first necessaries of life may be best secured for those able and willing to work. Emigration is advocated also as a means of diminishing certain social evils which exist in the mother country; but here, it appears to us, that we are on less firm ground. The addition of a thousand a-day to the population, if it be an evil at all, is evidently one which could only be remedied by an efflux to the same amount—which no one has ever pretended to think practicable for a continuance. Neither has it ever been shown that, in the case of a great emigration, the missing numbers would not be replaced quite as rapidly as they were taken away. After all, it may be gravely doubted if the present rapid increase of the population would take place (looking merely to human motives and conditions) if it really were such an evil as to demand such a remedy. We can believe, however, that there may be an increasing population not unjustified by the circumstances of the country; and yet it may be well for many individuals, and for many large classes of the people, to be continually draining off into other lands—lands where, from the greater facility of raising food, and the infantine state of competition, it is more easy for averagely-constituted persons to live. Let it be regarded as merely a matter of choice, whether one is to struggle on here for moderate results, and always with something of a difficulty, or to try to plant himself in a scene where nature, having fewer to supply, has more to give to each, and emigration may still be recommended as an important principle in domestic economics, even though it should promise nothing like political benefits.

Emigration, after a lull of some years, has of late come into new notice and discussion, in consequence of the temporary difficulties of the mother country. There is now some prospect, if not of the establishment of a systematic plan under the care of government, at least of arrangements of a comprehensive nature, in which companies, and perhaps colonial governments, will be concerned, for allowing a stream of population to pass from this to other lands under the most favourable circumstances. Already, through the favour of private enterprise alone, an unprecedented emigration is going on, the number who left the United Kingdom last year being no less than 280,000; a fact which powerfully shows the inclination of the masses to cut the Gordian knot of our many social and political questions by starting in an entirely new field of enterprise. There is no reason—there cannot for many years be any reason—why the inclination should not have free way, but rather the reverse; for the exodus is better at once for those who go and those who remain. All that is required is, that we consider which is the best receptacle for our departing brethren, and which are the best arrangements for facilitating their departure, their passage, and their new settlement.

On the first of these points there is fortunately little room for doubt; Australia presents itself as the only one of the colonies where there is now a positive craving or demand for fresh population. Canada has the advantage of nearness, allowing of a brief and cheap passage; but the multitudes lately propelled upon its shores—chiefly poor Irish—are stated to have been found an inconvenience, and many have never got beyond the hospitals and workhouses raised for their reception. We observe that measures are in the course of being taken for carrying backward and settling such emigrants as hereafter may land in Canada. Still, Canada cannot compete with Australia as a field for emigrants, either with regard to existing circumstances, or the absolute respective merits of the two countries. All accounts testify to the extraordinary salubrity of the latter region, its qualities as a field for pastoral farming, and its mineral treasures. There cannot now, we believe, be any sort of doubt that the settlers are realising excellent returns for their wool, of which the annual importation into England amounts to 21,000,000 lbs. They lead a rough, but cheerful life, apparently little sensible to any inconvenience but that of wanting a sufficiency of hands to tend and manage their numerous flocks. There is something astounding in the abundance of food in proportion to population in Australia. In New South Wales, where the people number 180,000, the cattle are two, and the sheep eight thillions, being at the rate of thirteen head of oxen and fifty sheep for each person! Such facts recall the patriarchal times, when having a large family was that which enabled a man boldly to meet his enemy in the gates. It was calculated that, in 1847, while the wool was gathered and sent away, 64,000,000 lbs. of meat would be wasted for want of mouths to eat it, being probably more than is consumed annually by the whole mass of the working-people of Scotland! 'Well has it been observed in a recent publication,* 'There meat is wasted—here men are wasting. Human skeletons pine here for what fattened dogs reject there.' The same writer adds—'In Ireland, a scanty meal at 2d.

* Competence in a Colony, &c.—A Memorial to Lord John Russell. London: Murray. 1848.

Digitized by Google

or 2½d. per day was doled out [during the famine] to sustain life. In New South Wales, the unskilled labourer, full fed with ample rations, supplied with a dwelling and garden, found in tea, sugar, milk, and tobacco, disdains to work under 2s. 6d. a-day besides.' The common wages of sheep-shearers in Australia are, or were lately, 12s. 6d. a-day; of reapers, 10s.; whilst shepherds and ordinary labourers receive from L.25 to L.30 per annum; besides lodging and rations much above any style of living known by the same class in this country. The whole facts concur to paint Australia as the paradise of the poor immigrant.

Undoubtedly, while Australia remains in this condition, it were a pity to prefer Canada, merely for the saving of a month or two of voyaging, and of a few pounds of passage-money. The government contract price of passage to New South Wales for a grown person was last year L.12, 10s.; while the usual passage to Canada may be about L.5. This is a difference which a fortnight's wages in the former country would suffice to extinguish. But merely to state the comparative expense of the voyage is not enough. We must remember that to land in Canada is only to accomplish a part of the migration necessary before arriving at a field of profitable usefulness in that direction. A long journey is necessary besides, and, after all, some time may elapse before remunerative labour can be commenced. In Australia such drawbacks exist, if at all, in a very much less degree.

We have not merely to look to the class of emigrants who propose to pay their own way, but to schemes for gratuitous emigration, which many are now regarding as important to the welfare of the mother country. Here, emigration being in some degree under the care of enlightened intellects, it is possible to adjust it according to certain approved principles, and to give it a direction and a character subservient to highly important ends. In viewing the matter, we would point out, in the first place, that emigration is only a step in the larger concern of colonisation. What is to be done is to form a new society as complete as possible in all its parts in another land. Men of capital and men of labour ought to go in just proportions. While, on the one hand, it were an injustice to the home country to drain away only the young and vigorous, it were, on the other, a fatal policy towards the new country to pour in upon it hordes of people inferiorly constituted, and not likely to adapt themselves to its rough work. Not only is it wrong to send a multitude of the criminal class, insuring to the new society a low moral stamp, but some caution should be exercised regarding even those who are only paupers; because it is, in the main, the feebler portion of every community who fall into that state, and the chances are against their children being equal to those of individuals who have maintained their independence. It is necessary to be explicit on this point; because parish authorities have been called upon for draughts from the workhouses to be sent to the colonies. There must of course be many resting on parish assistance who would make good colonists; but let care be taken that such are selected. Persons of a firm, enterprising, and independent character, not refined, but strictly moral, are those who should emigrate. We cannot see any reason why members of the nobility and landed gentry, following the illustrious examples of Raleigh, Penn, and Lord Baltimore, should not gracefully put themselves at the head of schemes of colonisation, and superintend their execution. By the personal attention of parties superior to mean jobbing views, an ample guarantee would be afforded to individuals, even to those who give no immediate payment for their own transport, that they would be treated with humanity on their passage, and not left desolate on their arrival in the new country. At present, the poor emigrants proceeding to Canada are subject to intolerable misery during the voyage; and when they land, it is but as a chance, and as a matter of charity, that any care is taken of them. In the Australian vessels, which are under the orders of government, things are better ordered, which is an argument in favour of this business not being entirely left to private enterprise.

There have been various suggestions as to the best means of promoting emigration on a large and national scale. It has been proposed, for instance, to have a body of disciplined pioneers in Canada, four thousand strong, who, while serving as a military force to protect the country, should be statedly employed in preparing clearings and house-accommodation for immigrants; the expenses to be defrayed by payments from the settlers, after they should have begun to prosper. This is, we believe, the idea of the benevolent naturalist, Mr William Spence; and when we remember what wonders General Wade performed with the soldiery in the Highlands during the last century, we feel inclined to think that even the ordinary military force in Canada might serve such a purpose without materially interfering with their other duties. Mr Spence calculates that, if government war-steamers were employed, poor families could be removed to Canada at the rate of L.3 for each person. He allows L.5 for seed and potatoes and the few articles of furniture required, and L.10 more for food to serve from spring till the crop could be got in, and arrives at the conclusion that L.45 is the utmost that need be advanced to place a destitute family in a position to provide amply for its support. At three per cent., this outlay would only infer a burden of L.1, 7s. per annum on the settler, until he should have realised enough to pay off the debt. We feel at a loss to pronounce on such plans; but though entertaining a general distrust of arrangements which go so far to supersede individual energy, we shall quote another which the 'Spectator,' in publishing it, describes as suggested by 'a gentleman of great intelligence and experience, who is practically acquainted with some of our most important colonies,' while 'his high position enables him to take a commanding survey, and his post is of a nature to elevate him above partial interests.' 'The New South Wales Act (stat. 9 Geo. IV. c. 83) authorises agreements to be entered into, *in this country*, with persons desirous to emigrate to that colony. If, then, government would empower the agent for New South Wales, by himself, or any others duly authorised by him (such authority to be evidenced by the agent's signature to the contract), to agree with those desirous to emigrate, but who have not the means, on behalf of the Governor and Legislative Council of New South Wales for the time being, to provide such persons with a passage, and on their arrival with employment, at the wages say of L.25 per annum and rations, for three years, on the one hand; and that the emigrant, on the other, should bind himself to render all due service, &c. and to permit, say L.5 in each year during the above period, to be deducted from his wages, for the payment of his passage-money; the cost of removal would be fully reimbursed, and the labourer still be in a much better position than he could have been had he remained at home. Instructions might be given by the colonial minister for the issue of debentures, charged on

Digitized by Google

all the colonial revenues, and payable in three years (bearing interest), to discharge the passage-money; and also for the local legislature to enact all necessary laws for the employment and regulation of such emigrants, either in private service, or in default of it, in improving waste lands about to be sold (and thus increasing their value), or in public works. But whether the emigrant be engaged in private or in public service, the local government should pay weekly to the emigrant his stipulated wages (subject to a proportionate deduction for the repayment of his passage-money); and in case of the emigrant being in private service, the local government should look to his employer for reimbursement; thus freeing the emigrant from all risk.' Our only objection to any arrangement of this nature is, the possibility that emigrants would fail to work out their engagements. Seized with a fit of caprice, they might leave the colony for some new field of enterprise, unless prevented by certain legal restrictions, which it would be difficult and unpopular to enforce. If this practical, and, as we think, serious impediment be got over, the plan is eminently worthy of support.

With regard to all general organisations for emigration, the public should be prepared to make allowances for possible failures, and even for the occurrence of many cases of individual suffering. Some years ago, a benevolent body, called the Children's Friend Society, busied itself in taking waif and destitute children off the streets, educating and reforming them, and then sending them out to serve the colonists at the Cape of Good Hope. A runaway boy came back to London, and stated that he had been ill-treated by his master. Instantly the newspapers raised a howl of indignation against the whole practice of the Society, which broke it up; and thus an admirable charity, the forerunner of our Ragged Schools, was extinguished. This is a specimen of rash blame by no means uncommon. The responsible party may have saved an immense quantity of misery which formerly existed, and only failed in such amounts of exception as belong to all great rules. Those who could view the entire misery unmoved, and have taken no interest in seeing it reduced, now storm at the little failures of those who have removed it, merely because they have a party standing in the relation of a cause, however remotely, on which to vent their wrath. So there would be a tendency to howl at every misgiving of any systematic colonisation; while the horrible wretchedness inflicted on passengers in private emigrant vessels, and the many hardships unavoidably incurred by independent emigrants in the first years of their settlement, attract scarcely any notice. Such outcries are very irrational, and a judicious public should be superior to them.

To emigrate is a most important step for man or woman. It should not be set about rashly, or without a full view of the sacrifices which it involves, in order that an ultimate good may be attained. When the legitimate object of a new home (not a fortune) is sought, every one must hear of failure with regret; but we may know well beforehand that some persons are so constituted that disappointment is unavoidable. For those who, having given themselves a fair trial in their native country, and found they could make no progress, and for all those active and bounding spirits which submit with pain to the habits of old society, emigration may prove a most advantageous step, if they only will bear in mind that there is no regular or certain means of benefiting themselves anywhere but by hard work and prudence. Hardships and privations there must be in a new settlement, and these the immigrant must be prepared to meet with fortitude. Some men are apt to overlook them in their calculations. Others, it is quite as true, entertain exaggerated notions of them. We thoroughly believe in their existence; but we feel equally sure that, once embarked in his career, the excitement of novelty and constant progress, and the happy assurance that every suffering and every exertion is for a final good to himself, render the settler's early years far from the ordeal of misery which we who 'live at home at ease' would suppose.

AN EDITOR'S COUNTRY VISIT.

My Dear Frank—As you expressed a wish to hear the particulars of my journey, and of my reception in the country, I sit down to gratify you. In accepting of Mr Segrave's invitation, I did not feel that I was going to a stranger, for I had heard my father so often speak of him as one of the companions of his youth, that I almost felt as if I knew him; and the kindness which prompted him to request my company, when he heard that I had been recommended country air, and a relaxation from the labours of the desk, made me feel at once that he was a good-natured man—an impression which certainly has not been disappointed. Mr Bankes was so good as to relieve me from all anxiety on account of the editorship of the 'Magazine,' as he had found a person to take my place during my absence, which we fixed should be for six weeks.

It was a lovely morning when I left the city. When but a few miles distant from it, I felt myself quite renovated by the balmy air and refreshing green of the country. My way, for the most part, was through pleasant roads, which were often skirted by fine demesnes, whose spreading trees afforded a delightful shade as we passed along. As I looked out upon the deep woods, I often wished to wander among them, and still more intensely to stray by the margin of the broad waters, or the deep rills that wound their way through the pleasant lands. I thought of the many hours we had passed together by such, and watched the speckled trout—our greatest ambition then to be expert anglers.

Though I was not a little fatigued by a long day's journey (which the languor left by my late indisposition made me feel more than I should have done some months since, when I was well and strong as you are), I was not too much tired to admire the place where I was about to be domesticated. As I approached it, through retired green lanes, the perfume of the early spring flowers was on the evening breeze; the house commanded a view of gentle slopes and wide pasturelands, where the cattle were peacefully browsing; clumps of trees were scattered through the lawns, and a gentle stream appeared to mark the boundaries of the place; the whole scene gave me the most perfect idea of repose, and I felt that here I should forget for a while all the toil of preparing for the Magazine. Mr Segrave welcomed me at the door with all the cordiality of an old friend, and called me by my Christian name, and introduced me to the different members of his family, as if he intended that we should be friends. Feeling that all this was for the sake of my father did not make it the less gratifying.

I found that the most hospitable preparations had been made for my reception. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth; the shutters were closed, and the curtains drawn; the lights were set upon the round table; and 'the bubbling and loud hissing urn' summoned us round the board. The family consisted of Mr and Mrs Segrave, two sons, and three daughters; and as I looked round, I thought I had seldom seen such a true picture of comfort, and felt that I was indeed far removed from the din of cities, and a denizen of the woods and fields. In a short time Mr Segrave turned the conversation to the Magazine. Alas! I found it was his favourite theme; and the various articles which had appeared in its pages for several years were treasured in his *too* retentive memory. When I would fain have invoked the sylvan deities, he conjured up disastrous visions of proof-sheets, unreadable articles, and unmanageable contributions. As I underwent a strict examination, I am pretty sure that I utterly disgraced myself. I could give

Digitized by Google

my host no information as to the author of the papers signed B. B.; I could not tell the name of the person who had written the article on the 'Aboriginal Settlers in Macronisi, and the Cause of its having been Deserted;' nor yet who had furnished the article on 'Balloons, with Hints on Flying;' nor who had supplied the interesting treatise on the 'Construction of Nests.' I was completely posed when he asked me whether I really believed, as it asserted, that the heron had two entrances into its nest. I was obliged to plead guilty to ignorance; but from the significant looks which passed between the young people, I could perceive that they thought I was affecting mystery; an impression which evidently became stronger, when I declared I could not tell who had written 'The Chaplet of Lilies,' or who signed herself 'Arimenta,' when questioned and cross-questioned by Miss Louisa and her elder sister on these points. The fire was hot; I was fatigued, and far from being strong; and the conversation on the Magazine, which I had wished to dismiss from my mind for the present, were too much for me, so that I began to feel sufficiently sleepy to have a strong desire to retire for the night.

'Come, Lucy,' said Mr Segrave, addressing his youngest daughter, a pert little creature of about ten years old—'come, Lucy, bring your story of the "Miller and his Dog;" I'm sure our friend here would like to hear it; and who knows, if it pleases him, but that he might find a little nook in the Magazine into which to pop it.'

Lucy relieved me from this worrying affair; for she replied, 'Indeed I can't, papa; for it's so blotted, that I can never read it by candle-light.'

'How can you be so disobliging, Lucy?' said her mother. 'Louisa will read it aloud, if you give it to her.'

'No indeed, mamma; for Louisa finds it very hard to make out her own poems till they're fairly copied.'

To my dismay I found myself in the midst of a family of geniuses, and all, as I soon discovered, anxious to immortalise themselves in the Magazine. A pause for a moment gave me an opportunity of addressing a word or two on the scenery about the house to Mr Frederick Segrave, the second son; partly, I do confess, in the almost forlorn-hope of changing the conversation. Mr Frederick Segrave has dark eyes, and they seem ever to penetrate into some object of profound interest unseen by vulgar eyes. His long dark locks were all dishevelled, and were no doubt seared from their propriety by the wild and grand conceptions which flitted through the brain beneath them. My observation on the scenery was doomed to meet with a stern repulse.

'Tame, sir,' said he, as with an expressive motion of the hand he seemed to wish to cast me into the distance—'tame, sir,' said he, as he again waved his hand, taking in the circumference of the room, and then with a sudden, impatient, and jerking motion, showing that he wished the surrounding scenery far away. He then burst out into such a torrent of eulogium on Alpine scenery, that the Falls of Niagara were nothing to compare to it. 'Switzerland—Switzerland, sir,' said he, out of breath with enthusiastic and fine feeling—'Switzerland, sir, is *the* country!' He paused for a moment, while he regarded me sternly, and as if he would have looked me through and through.

'You have been in Switzerland?' said I.

'I have not been there in person, but I am always there in imagination.'

It was at once evident to me that Frederick was a poet, and of the Salvator Rosa cast. The beseeching eyes, the long glossy ringlets, and the pensive countenance of his fair sister Louisa, formed a striking contrast to his wild appearance and impassioned bearing. Her taste lay in the gentle path, by gushing rills and banks of wild flowers; and I was not slow in perceiving that she was bent on dragging 'the pale primrose' and modest violet from their quiet retreat among the mosses and the ferns, to bask in the full glare of the Magazine.

'Louisa, my dear,' said Mrs Segrave, 'I am really quite ashamed of Lucy. Mr Harlowe must think her so disobliging. *You* are always ready to do what you can to please and amuse, so read one of your little poems: I am sure you have some of them in your workbox. I think, Mr Harlowe, you will like what you are going to hear; indeed I am certain you will think it ought to be published.'

'Shall I read the one to the "Sloe Blossom," or the one to the "Butterfly," mamma?'

'The one to the butterfly is my great favourite,' returned her mother: 'read it first.'

After a few modest hems, Miss Louisa read the following lines, a copy of which she generously bestowed on me the next morning, or my faithless memory would not have enabled me to transmit them to you:—

> 'Twas summer, all was bright and gay,
> I turned among the flowers to stray;
> All rich were they with varied hue
> Of yellow, purple, pink, and blue.
> But lo! a white and spangled thing
> Was sporting there on tiny wing;
> In haste from flower to flower it flew,
> And sucked from each the honied dew.
> I stood admiring all the while,
> And to myself I said, with smile,
> "Oh, butterfly! be mine thy power
> To cull the sweets from every flower."
> But as I spoke, I saw it fly,
> Then said, with moralising sigh,
> "A lesson may I learn from thee,
> From pleasure's dangerous haunts to flee!"
> Its wings it spread, it sped on high,
> And gushing tears then dimmed mine eye;
> Ah! may it thus to me be given
> To soar on rapid wing to Heaven!'

The looks of the parents were fixed upon me as the young lady read; tears stood in their eyes the while: indeed not a few trickled down Mrs Segrave's checks.

'Very pretty indeed, Miss Louisa,' said I, as my conscience gave me rather a severe twinge; 'very pretty indeed.'

'A pretty leetle thing indeed,' said Mr Frederick, in a tone which expressed his opinion of its insignificance, and how far it was below his mark. 'Really a pretty leetle thing.'

'That is a creature of feeling,' said Mrs Segrave as she wiped away her tears, addressing me in an undertone—'a creature of very deep feeling, as you may see by that little specimen. But what pleases me more than the beautiful poetry, is the fine tone of morality and religion with which the poem closes: I am proud of my Louisa!' and another tear fell.

'Martha, my dear, you must let Mr Harlowe see your "Rambles of a Rover" and your "Moonlight Musings" to-morrow. We have our prose in the morning, Mr Harlowe, and our poetry in the evening.'

It was evident that the family were doing what they thought would please me most, and that they conceived no subject could be so interesting to me as the Magazine. The only one of them with whom I felt any sympathy was the elder son, who had leant back on the sofa, and was enjoying a quiet sleep. Mr Segrave, I suppose, perceiving that I was on the verge of the same happy state, asked if I would wish to go to bed. I joyfully availed myself of his considerate suggestion; and having wished good-night, left the room, attended by Frederick, who came to show me to my chamber. As we were parting, he said, 'If you will allow me, I will read my "Rhapsody on Switzerland" for you to-morrow.'

'I shall be *happy* to hear it,' said I, feeling very *miserable*.

'It will be a great mattr,' resumed he, 'to have your opinion. The criticism of a literary friend is worth anything. I have seen some very able critiques in the Magazine—that signed Crito had much merit. You recollect the passage where he compares Byron and Moore, showing the points in which they assimilate, and those in which they differ so immeasurably, that it seems strange that they should have agreed at all?

Digitized by Google

The Magazine is below, I'll just run for it, and show the passage.'

How heartily I wished that Byron and Moore had never agreed in anything! I, however, declined making myself master of the subject at that moment; and having bade good-night, I closed the door, and blessed my stars that I was shut up for the night in the privacy of my comfortable bedroom: the bed looked most inviting, and I longed to stretch my weary limbs upon it, and to forget on its downy pillow the Magazine with all its articles. I had merely to take out of my trunk such clothes as I required for the morning; having arranged them, I proceeded to undress; and just as I had laid my coat on the back of a chair, I heard a tap at the door, and called to whoever it might be who was outside to come in, expecting to see the servant. The door opened, and—Frederick stood before me! I felt myself shudder as I perceived a large roll of paper in his hand: he stepped forward and laid his candle on the table.

'I hope I don't disturb you?' said he in a most provokingly gracious manner.

'Indeed you do,' I mentally ejaculated; 'and if you were not your father's son, I would take you by the shoulder and put you out.' Dear Frank, you will excuse this internal escape of temper, when you recollect that I was in the state of a poor child whose sleep has been put astray. 'Indeed you do disturb me,' I continued to asseverate to myself in the hidden recesses of my heart. 'Oh no, not in the least,' said I aloud, with far more regard to politeness, but with far less to veracity. 'Oh, not in the least; I am not in bed yet.'

'I see you are not; indeed I knew you could not be; so I have brought it.' I felt a cold perspiration bedew my forehead: he had disencumbered himself of his coat, waistcoat, and cravat—he was in a long dressing-gown, which made him appear unnaturally tall, for his height was remarkably above the middle size: the collar of his shirt was laid down, so as to leave his neck quite bare; and his hair had got an additional dishevelling—in fact he was every inch a poet. 'I have brought it,' said he with an air of triumph, as he unfolded the roll. I felt my blood run cold. 'I have brought my "Rhapsody on Switzerland,"' said he, with a tone of increased triumph, as he drew chairs, one for himself, and one for me, doomed to be his unfortunate audience.

'I think I should hear it to more advantage to-morrow,' said I.

'Oh no!' said he; 'I have been thinking over it: the "Rhapsody" *should* be read at night; it has a thousand times more effect. I believe you fancy it much later than it really is: it wants a full quarter to eleven,' added he, as he presented his watch in proof.

'But, my dear sir, I fear my being so sleepy will prevent my doing your poem any kind of justice.'

'You are just in the state I would wish you to be,' said he. 'I am really anxious to test its startling effect; and if it thoroughly rouses you, which I am pretty sure it will, it will be a great encouragement to me. My friends, my *partial* friends,' added he with a kind of smile, which at once implied that he thought them the quintessence of impartiality—'my partial friends are urging me to publish. A critique in the Magazine from a person of your acknowledged judgment, of your experience and taste, may be of use—I mean as to calling the attention of the public to what you may think worthy of notice.'

I found all measures to avert my doom unavailing. I thought I could perceive a fiend-like twinkle of pleasure in his eye for having conquered me: such a look as we may suppose some fierce beast of prey casts upon the unhappy victim already within his grasp, and on whom he is about to make the last onslaught. Every objection which I made to hearing him that night being overruled, he snuffed the candles, and seated himself opposite to me, and having cleared his voice, began the 'Rhapsody.' He had not read more than a few lines, expressive of his wish to live and die in Switzerland, when he came to the following:—

> 'Oh! be it mine to take my long, last rest
> Where meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest!'

'That is a quotation,' I observed, being still sufficiently awake to perceive it.

'A what, sir?' said he.

'A quotation,' I repeated.

'No, sir,' interrupted he; 'it is all o—riginal.'

'That last line is in Goldsmith's *Traveller*,' said I; not altogether free from a sensation of malicious pleasure.

'I think you are mistaken,' returned he, going to the book-shelf and taking down a volume. After having cast his eye over the poem, he exclaimed, 'I protest you *are* right—here is the line—the *very* line: "but meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest." However, I am not sorry. It is no disgrace to hit upon the same mode of expression with Goldsmith. I am, in fact, very glad; for Goldsmith *was* in Switzerland, and I never was. It shows the truth of the picture presented to my imagination.'

He then resumed the 'Rhapsody,' while it was with the utmost difficulty I kept my eyes open. Sometimes, I acknowledge, they would not be controlled by me, but would shut whether I would or not. However, I am not sorry. It is no disgrace to hit upon the same mode of expression with Goldsmith. I am, in fact, very glad; for Goldsmith *was* in Switzerland, and I never was. It shows the truth of the picture presented to my imagination.'

He then resumed the 'Rhapsody,' while it was with the utmost difficulty I kept my eyes open. Sometimes, I acknowledge, they would not be controlled by me, but would shut whether I would or not. However, a timely nod, followed by a start, and then they opened wide, and stared full in the face of the rhapsodist, as much as to say, see how wide awake we are! After wandering some time among Alpine scenery, exposing his hero to every danger which it so obligingly afforded—now furnishing a steep precipice, to whose very brink he was brought in all his wild impetuosity; or presenting a yawning gulf, over which he hung in enthusiastic ecstacy, at the imminent risk of destruction; or now delightfully situating him under a sublime avalanche, about to fall on his devoted head: but all would not do—the hero was proof against everything, and went on his way in a state of happy excitement. The scene was changed, and he plunged into the depths of a German forest, where mine author indulged himself with an episode. This forest he peopled with banditti. Some of them noble souls, but all intent on mischief; while here and there he suffered pale spectres to glide about, conveying mysterious hints by solemn gestures, and a random word, uttered in a sepulchral tone, while hobgoblins flitted about with the utmost *sang-froid*. With every line the poet became more excited, and soon became so thoroughly identified with his *dramatis personæ*, that he seemed impelled by them in every action. I was several times roused from an encroaching slumber by feeling myself firmly grasped in the gripe of a ferocious bandit. Then his chair was slid to a greater distance from me, while the flickering blaze of the candles fitfully lit up his countenance, and added effect to the grotesque gestures and grimaces with which he personified the hobgoblins; while ever and anon he crooked his long fingers, and, as a spectre, beckoned me on to some dark cavern or gloomy recess. Then he would address me in mysterious low whispers for the ghosts, or startle me with discordant laughter from the hobgoblins, or uproarious shouts from the banditti, or hiss for the fiends, who were in the distance. I felt actually bewildered—perhaps like one under the influence of mesmerism—as it were unable to move: the extravagant actions, aided by the uncertain light and the lethargic state in which I was, produced the strangest effect. His figure appeared to extend itself towards the ceiling, till it appeared to me that his head almost touched it: the light and shade fell so oddly on his face, as to represent strange contortions. I felt my senses as it were benumbed amidst such horrors: all became more indistinct; the lights waxed dimmer; the wild bearing and fantastic antics of my companion were like the uncouth representations of a magic lantern; every moment it appeared more unreal, like some strange mockery of fancy; the impressive beckonings

Digitized by Google

of the spectres every instant appeared more distant, and to lead to greater remoteness and more 'intolerable glooms;' and the sharp humorous pinches of the hobgoblins seemed as the bite of some venomous creature, and the hard grasp of the murderous bandit as the gripe of an iron vice. I became every moment more oppressed: methought piles of magazines were pelted at me, and at length almost buried me alive: I found myself incapable of moving: rhapsodists were laughing around me: I could make no effort to disengage myself: I could scarcely breathe: the words I strove to utter stuck in my throat, and nearly choked me. How long I might have remained in this pitiable state there is no saying, had I not by some stupendous exertion uttered a piercing shriek. A vague consciousness followed, and then a great commotion, and persons running from all parts of the house, and asking in tones of trepidation at the door, 'What was the matter?' The spectres, hobgoblins, and banditti, and even the last grim form by whom I had been assailed—the nightmare—were all gone, and of all my tormentors the rhapsodist alone remained. Triumph was in his eye and in every line of his countenance as he shook me by the hand, and thanked me for the wrapt attention with which I had listened to his poem, and the unequivocal proof I had given of having thoroughly entered into his feelings and appreciated his conceptions; and having bidden me good-night, I heard him say, as he closed my door, '*Now* I am *de-termined* to publish.'

Whatever awkwardness I might have felt the next morning in meeting the family to whom I had given such an alarm, was soon dispelled by everyone of its members. Their bearing towards the rhapsodist was marked by a deference so deep as nearly to approach veneration: it was such, indeed, as we may suppose was paid to the fortunate poet who had just been awarded the laurel crown; and as to me, I was looked upon as he might have been who had the honour of placing it on the brow of genius; and the exclamation —yes, the exclamation of inarticulate horror, which had gathered all the family from every corner of the house about my door in utter dismay and terror—was construed into the exhilarating sound of 'this is the reward of merit!' Now, my dear Frank, having given you a full and true account of my first hours at Mr Segrave's house, I will for the present bid you farewell.

Yours as ever, JOHN HARLOWE.

CHEMISTRY OF AUTUMN.

IN the 'Chemistry of Summer,'* we illustrated the power of the earth to absorb heat; and in resuming our survey of the seasons, we shall commence by showing how it returns the excess of this acquisition to the radiant skies.

The process by which the return is made is called radiation, the heat being emitted in rays as if from a centre; but it is curious to observe that there is little analogy in this respect between solar and artificial heat. A fire, for instance, warms pretty nearly alike all surfaces of the same mechanical texture; while the heat of the sun is modified by the colour of the object. A dark surface absorbs and radiates more rapidly than a light one. Thus a white dress is cooler than a black one; and men, acting upon perhaps unconscious experience, prefer the former in summer and the latter in winter.

Why, then, have the natives of higher latitudes dark or black skins, since these must absorb more heat than lighter skins? That such is the fact, the chemist demonstrates by experiment. He places the backs of both his hands in the sunshine on an intensely hot day; the one bare, and the other covered with a black cloth; the former having the bulb of a thermometer resting on it, and the other having the bulb underneath the cloth. In such circumstances, the exposed thermometer indicates 85 degrees, and the covered one 91 degrees. In another trial, the former indicates 98 degrees, and the latter 106 degrees. This is just what might have been expected from analogy; but the curious thing is, that the hand which has been heat is scorched and blistered, and that which has greater heat receives no injury! Thus the fact is obvious—although science cannot explain the cause—that the skin is protected from injury by the very colour which increases its absorption of heat.

The radiation of heat from the earth explains a beautiful and interesting phenomenon of the summer and autumnal months. At sunset, if the sky be cloudless, the glowing earth parts with a portion of its heat to the air; the directly incumbent portion of which thus becomes much warmer than the solid body on which it rests. The consequence is, that the watery vapour always present in the atmosphere is chilled when it approaches the earth, and condenses into those drops which sparkle like gems on leaves and flowers. If the dew fell like rain, it would fall on all parts of the garden alike; but we find the grass-plot completely saturated, while the gravel-walk which passes through it is nearly dry; and in like manner the leaves of the hollyhock are dripping diamonds, while those of the laurel are free of moisture. The cause of this difference is the difference in the radiating power of these several objects; some of which give out their heat with energy, and becoming cold, induce a copious deposition of water from the air; while others, being bad radiators, remain so warm, that the aqueous vapour continues to float around them unchanged.

Extending our view farther, we find bare rocks and barren soils in the condition of the gravel-walk, and the more fertile parts of the earth in that of the grass-plot. The compact structure of the rock or hard soil unfits it both for absorbing and radiating heat energetically; while the reverse is the case in more productive spots, where the soil is of a loose or porous character. This affords a beautiful example of the economy of nature in bestowing dew only on places where it can answer a beneficial purpose. But dew in excessive abundance would be hurtful; and accordingly it is only when the sky is clear, and the air moderately tranquil, that the phenomenon occurs in perfection. The clouds, which protect the earth from the rigour of noon, act as screens to arrest a too profuse radiation at night; and sending back their own heat, they keep up by the interchange an equable temperature. On this principle a gardener hangs a thin mat over tender plants, to protect them from cold. A cambric handkerchief would answer the same purpose; for all that is wanted is to prevent the radiation of heat. A handkerchief of this kind was extended tightly, in the manner of a roof, on the tops of four little sticks stuck in a grass-plot, and forming a square. One night the grass thus sheltered was only three degrees colder than the air, while the grass outside the square was eleven degrees colder.

At this season we may frequently observe at sunrise a white mist, several feet high, covering a field of grass or corn; and if we walk through it, we may feel the humidity on the lower part of our person, while our head is bright and dry in the beams of the early sun. This 'earth-cloud' is the aqueous vapour, drawn suddenly during the night from the lower part of the atmosphere by the rapid radiation of heat from the earth. The cloud prevented further radiation, and has therefore remained itself in *statu quo*; but presently the sun will reconvert it into invisible vapour, and diffuse it throughout the atmosphere.

The red appearance of the sky at sunrise predicts foul weather, and the same phenomenon at sunset fine weather; the rationale of which is explained by science, although not so clearly as to tempt us to enter into the subject. The husbandman, however, knows the fact by experience, and corroborates it by observations drawn from other circumstances. In the morning, if the cattle low more than usual, stretch forth their

* Journal, No. 236.

Digitized by Google

necks, and snuff the air with extended nostrils, it is a sign of coming rain; but if the chickweed remain open, and the trefoil and birdweed raise their heads boldly, there is no unusual 'hydration' in the atmosphere. As for the ordinary hydration, or presence of the watery vapour we have mentioned, that is indispensable to the life both of plants and animals.

If the air we breathe thus require to be mixed with water, so the water in which aquatic plants or animals live requires to be mixed with air. Expel the air from rain-water by boiling, and after suffering it to cool in a well-corked bottle, pour it gently out into a finger-glass. If you introduce a small fish into this *pure* water, it will show signs of distress by gasping at the surface, and would soon die if kept immersed; but if, before introducing the fish, you pour the water for a few minutes from one vessel into another, you fit it, by the admixture of air, for the support of animal life. The reason is, that the respiratory organs of fishes withdraw oxygen, not from the water, but from the air which it contains. If we place a fish even in properly aërated water, and then secure the mouth of the vessel with an air-tight cover, the creature will die when the oxygen of the air is consumed. Fishes require a constant supply of aërated water, just as land animals require a constant supply of hydrated air.

But there is a still more curious analogy between fishes and land animals; for in confined places, the former, like the latter, may be poisoned by their own breath. They exhale carbonic acid; and unless there are growing plants at hand, stimulated by solar light, to decompose this mephitic vapour — respiring the carbon, and emitting the oxygen—the consequence is languor, sickness, and death. This is why it is necessary for the life of fishes in glass globes either to change the water frequently, or introduce some aquatic plants to decompose the results of their respiration. But the plants do more than this: they protect the fishes from that heat of the sun, light-coloured, or silver-fish, more especially, are liable to be scorched by the solar heat; and one which became discoloured after the removal of shade from his habitation was examined by a naturalist, and pronounced to be fairly sunburnt.

Although living plants emit oxygen, they are supposed, when they die and decay in stagnant water, to be the source of the air-bubbles we see at this season bursting upon the surface. The vapour contained in such bubbles is composed not of oxygen, but of carbon and hydrogen, and resembles the common coal gas. It is identical with the fire-damp of mines, and receives from the chemist the name of carburetted hydrogen. This is the *ignis fatuus* (kindled by some unknown agency) which we now observe in the evening dancing over the surface of marshy soils, and which popular superstition has personified in Jack-o'-Lantern and Will-o'-the-Wisp.

There is another phenomenon of the season which chemistry has to a certain extent explained. The artificial conversion of water into vapour, the chemist finds, is always attended by the development of electricity, sometimes with the concomitants of light, heat, and sound. He supposes, therefore, that the thunder-storm is the consequence of the natural process of this conversion constantly going on in every aqueous portion of the globe. Electricity, he discovers, so far resembles heat, that it desires to communicate its redundance to objects that are deficient; and, like heat, it is opposed, facilitated, or arrested in this effort by various substances, according as they are good or bad conductors. 'Anhydrous air,' to use the words of Mr Griffiths, 'is a non-conductor, earthy substances are bad conductors, water and metallic ores are better conductors, and purer metals the best conductors of imponderable electricity.' Now when the atmosphere approaches the anhydrous state, or is greatly desiccated, as at this season, it is a very imperfect conductor; and the clouds, therefore, or aqueous volumes floating in its upper region, remain for a time highly charged, notwithstanding their efforts at deliverance, with accumulations of electricity. When these become excessive, the struggle is at an end. The imprisoned lightning bursts forth, and rushes down to the earth and the waters, rending the unwilling air, the violent collapse of which, instantaneously succeeding the passage of the extraneous body, produces the roar we term thunder. The time taken by light to travel is so short (192,000 miles in a second), as to be inappreciable by the senses; but sound moves at the rate of only about 380 yards in the second. The apparent interval, therefore, between the two—although they are really simultaneous—enables us easily to guess at the distance of the electricity; for we have only to multiply the 380 yards by the number of seconds which elapse between the lightning and the thunder.

The comparative slowness with which sound moves produces a curious effect; for when the lightning is long, irregular, and ragged, betraying its distant origin, we hear the thunder first, it may be from the top of a tree near which we are standing, then far beyond this, then from a still more remote point, and ultimately from the cloud whence the lightning first issued. Thus the thunder is a loud rumbling noise, instead of the single terrible crack which indicates the propinquity of the electricity. As for the bright and mute flashes we see sometimes in the evening at this time of the year, it is supposed that they are so distant, that the sound of the thunder has been lost in its passage.

The identity of lightning and electricity was only slowly understood; but at length the question was definitively settled by Franklin by means of a common kite. It being early known that the electric fluid was attracted by points, it was determined to ascertain whether lightning—so similar in other respects—acknowledged the same influence. A pointed wire, therefore, was attached to the stick of a kite; which, on being carried up into the air during a thunder-storm, attracted electricity from the clouds; and this, on the machine reaching the ground, was discharged with vivid sparks and sharp reports, and a merely probable analogy thus converted into a distinct proof of identity. This gave rise to the invention of the metallic rod, placed for the protection of dwellings, in deep connection with the humid earth; and so presenting a harmless path for the flash of natural electric fire. Electricity, however, is not, like heat, conducted progressively by metals, but instantaneously: an extraordinary example of which we see in the most wonderful discovery of this wonderful age—the electric telegraph.

A thunder-storm is frequently attended by heavy showers of rain or hail; but these secrets of the clouds have hitherto defied the researches of chemistry. All we know with certainty is, that rain-drops, as we mentioned in our former article, are hollow spheres; and that 'hail-stones' are exquisitely-shaped crystals, forming a short six-sided prism, with a six-sided pyramid at both ends, but one of them truncated, or cut off, as if to enable the figure to stand. For this form to be observable, it is of course necessary for the hail to be received on a soft yielding surface.

But the most interesting spectacle presented by this season is the corn waving before the breeze, and offering for the necessities of man a food, the nourishment of which has been abstracted in so extraordinary a manner from air, earth, and water. This food science can analyse, but by no synthetical process imitate. In vain it compounds the elements oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, in the exact proportions of the grain: no inorganic substance will support human life. The chemist cannot make food, even with all its materials at his command; his art is confined to ascertaining the nature and properties of that which has been subjected to the mysterious laws of vitality, whether in the animal or vegetable creation. And yet science, weak as it may seem in this respect, is able to stimulate and assist nature in her processes for man's own benefit. Grain-bearing vegetables are all in this

Digitized by Google

sense 'artificial;' wheat, barley, oats, maize, rye, rice, millet, beans, and peas, having never been discovered in a wild or natural state of growth.

In this hot weather the appetite for food is not so keen as in cold weather; and chemistry, through her high-priest, Liebig, informs us of the reason. The source of heat within the human body is the combination—the combustion, so to speak—of the carbon of the food with the oxygen of the atmosphere. 'The animal body is a heated mass, which bears the same relation to surrounding objects as any other heated mass;' receiving heat when these are hotter, and losing heat when these are colder than itself. The blood, notwithstanding, of an inhabitant of the arctic circle has a temperature as high as that of a native of the south; and this shows that 'the heat given off to the surrounding medium is restored within the body with great rapidity'—a compensation which must take place more rapidly in winter than in summer. 'Now in different climates the quantity of oxygen introduced into the system by respiration varies according to the temperature of the external air; the quantity of inspired oxygen increases with the loss of heat by external cooling, and the quantity of carbon or hydrogen necessary to combine with this oxygen must be increased in the same ratio. If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if, in hunting or fishing, we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume ten pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train-oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.'

The quantity of food is affected likewise by the number of our respirations. In oppressively-hot weather, this number is limited by our inability to take exercise, and consequently we do not imbibe enough of oxygen to consume our usual quantity of carbon. If we enable ourselves for a time to keep up this quantity, or, in other words, to eat our usual quantity of food, by the use of stimulating condiments, our health soon fails. 'The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it may be produced, increases the amount of food necessary. The mere exposure to the open air, in a carriage or on the deck of a ship, by increasing radiation and vaporisation, increases the loss of heat, and compels us to eat more than usual. The same is true of those who are accustomed to drink large quantities of cold water, which is given off at the temperature of the body, 98·5°. It increases the appetite, and persons of weak constitution find it necessary, by continued exercise, to supply to the system the oxygen required to restore the heat abstracted by the cold water. Loud and long-continued speaking, the crying of infants, moist air, all exert a decided and appreciable influence on the amount of food which is taken.'

It has been discovered that lignin, or the solid part of wood, affords edible matter; and that when properly prepared, it may be baked into loaves of bread more palatable than those that are made in times of scarcity from bran and husks of corn. This woody fibre forms the chief bulk of vegetables, from the slight network which contains the pulp and juice of fruits, up to the substantial body of forest timber. In all, the actual proximate principle is of the same density; but in some it is closely, and in others loosely compacted, the latter involving amongst its pores a considerable volume of air. Thus ebony and lignum vitæ sink in water like stones, while oak and pine float with great buoyancy; but if you expel the air from the two latter, by boiling or otherwise, they will sink like the two former.

By and by the sun will decline in heat and splendour, and the leaves of trees and plants assume for a little while those autumnal tints which steep the season in beauty. The different colours are supposed to depend upon certain acid matters now formed in the withering leaf, which produce a reflection of red and yellow light, with various other intermixtures. All this glory, however, of the vegetable world is only a prelude to its decay. Soon come the chill winds, with power to lay the forest bare; and these beautiful leaves, scattered upon the ground, mingle gradually with its substance, and undergoing new changes, become nutriment for the stems on which they grew. When the grass meadows begin to lose their colour, we see here and there a ring of brighter green, in which we love to fancy that the elfin people are accustomed to dance during the night. But science conjectures that these circles—increasing annually in size, and sometimes presenting a very extraordinary appearance—are rather the production of a fungus, which, on dying away every year, leaves a rich soil for the more luxuriant growth of grass. Towards the close of the season, when slight frosts become common, the meadow presents a still stranger phenomenon, which formerly occasioned not mere poetical excitement, like the fairy rings, but superstitious dread. This is the print of footsteps, which appear to have scorched the grass like heated iron. And they *are* footsteps, and human footsteps; which, falling on the grass when it is crimp with frost, break it completely down and destroy it. When the sun has thawed away the hoary covering from the meadow, its grass appears rich and green—all but these mystic prints, where the footsteps scorched, like guilt, as they passed!

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

BERLIN—POTSDAM—HAMBURG.

From Leipsic we proceeded to Berlin, by way of Cothen, a journey by railway which occupied the greater part of a day, and over a level tract of country that seemed to become more sandy and barren as we advanced northwards. In the midst of this desert, which in some places is as destitute of herbage as the sands of the seashore, Berlin has been built: some centuries of cultivation, however, have deprived the environs of the original barren aspect, and now the city seems to be as well surrounded with gardens and pleasure-grounds as any other capital. Through the centre of the town flows the Spree, a dull canal-like river, which is navigable for barges, and by means of dams, is made serviceable in turning various mills.

Driving into Berlin through a suburb of handsome houses, the effect was exceedingly pleasing. To enjoy the delicious summer weather, the inmates of numerous villas had thrown doors and windows open, and either within their dwellings, or in the slips of pleasure-ground in front, they were seen in hilarious family parties. Passing these evidences of a comparatively simple state of manners, we come to the Brandenburg gate, a stupendous portal, surmounted by a car of victory of some historical note; for, with its prancing bronze steeds, it was carried off to Paris by Napoleon, and was not restored till the day of general restitution of national property in 1815. Entering by this elegant gateway, we have before us, looking eastwards, the main street of Berlin—the Unter-den-Linden (or Under-the-Lime-Trees)—a thoroughfare more spacious than any of the Parisian boulevards. Correctly described, the Linden, which is upwards of half a mile in length, is a great broad street, with a stretch of promenading ground in the middle thickly lined with tall lime-trees. From morning till night, the promenade and the seats beneath the trees are occupied with numerous saunterers—citizens of all classes, women, children, and soldiers—the whole forming a pleasing scene of half-rural half-urban gaiety. In proceeding towards the heart of the

Digitized by Google

city, along one side of this stretch of pleasure-ground, we see at a glance that Berlin is worthy of the commendations that travellers usually bestow upon it. The houses, though chiefly of brick, are plastered and painted, so as to have a cleanly effect, and the style of architecture is tasteful. Parisian buildings have been adopted as a model, but for the greater part those of Berlin are not above half the height, and this greatly mars the effect on the eye. Going from street to street, we observe that nearly the whole town consists of lines of thoroughfares lying parallel to, and crossing each other at right angles, with little variety as to building: the monotony, therefore, is so extreme, as to partake of military precision; and in truth the city is the creation of a mind which thought only of encampments and military discipline. To Frederick the Great, Berlin owes its rise from a small town to a great capital. Lines of street were prescribed on a uniform plan, the main object being to cover a certain space of ground with houses of a particular appearance; and the ground was covered accordingly. In building and laying out his capital city, Frederick does not seem to have had any idea of conduits, or of the necessity for any machinery to carry away and dispose of the domestic refuse of a large population. Every stranger, therefore, is not long in discovering that the gutters which run along the Linden, and all the other thoroughfares, present no unsuitable field for the investigations of a Sanitary Commission. Whether the Berliners have ever troubled themselves on the score of this surface-drainage, or, more properly, exhalation, I am unable to say. All I can tell is, that after a lapse of nearly a century, their city remains destitute of what is elsewhere one of the most significant engines of civilisation.

Notwithstanding this defect, Berlin is a fine city. Spreading over a flat plain, without regard to waste of ground, there seems nothing like huddling of dwellings into close alleys, or piling them on one another. About the centre, overhanging the dull waters of the Spree, stands the palace; and this seems to cut off the older and less regular part of the town on the east from the more fashionable portion on the west. From the palace to the Brandenburg gate, environing the Linden, is the great scene of attraction. But it is only around and near the open space at the palace that the principal public buildings are situated; and on this account a visitor can see all that is worth seeing in one or two days. We spent a week in our rambles and visits—the Chamber of Arts, the Museum or Picture Gallery, and other public institutions occupying our attention; but we had now seen so many things of this kind, that they afforded us comparatively little pleasure. Of the vast variety of objects which were presented, I can remember only that we saw a pewter drinking-cup which had been used by the unfortunate Baron Trenck in his long confinement at Magdeburg. It was covered with poetry, inscribed with a nail or some other rude instrument. The arsenal is a handsome edifice; so also is the university, to one of whose professors — the venerable Zumpt—I was indebted for some personal attentions. Introduced by this gentleman to one of the directors of the elementary town schools, I had the pleasure of being made acquainted with the practical working of the Prussian system of education. As is well known, this system is compulsory; every child in good health being compelled, as a matter of law, to attend the school selected by its parents, or provided by the public authorities; and all parents neglecting the regulations being subject to punishment. By this means, which I allow is despotic, every child in Prussia is elementarily instructed. No idle and disorderly children are seen in the streets. Conducted to a large town-school, in two departments, one for boys, and the other for girls, I spent a couple of hours in the different class-rooms, and had reason to feel satisfied that the education was on a liberal footing, and apparently under correct management. Curious on the subject of compulsion, I asked one of the teachers how this part of the business was arranged. He mentioned in reply that it cost him no trouble. The town is divided into numerous small wards, each having an inspector, who takes account of all the children in his district. Should any child fail in attendance, the inspector is informed of the circumstance, and he makes all suitable inquiries. If the parent is to blame, the offence is punishable. Practically, however, little compulsion is employed, and the law may only be said to act *in terrorem*. With all proper respect for public liberty, it could be wished that we had in this country the means of frightening worthless parents into the practice of sending their children habitually to school. A little Prussian despotism on this point, many will allow, would not be a bad thing.

Berlin has the reputation of being one of the most intellectual cities in Germany. Its population is very mixed, as respects race and sect, and the general tone of society, improved by the concentration of men of high art and learning, is of a superior kind. At the same time something is lost in point of simplicity and purity. There is much frivolity and idleness, and the town ranks low with regard to temperance. The recent outbreaks likewise demonstrate the slight regard for public order among certain portions of the population. At the period of my visit, Berlin seemed to be fully occupied with soldiers; uniforms of various kinds were seen in all quarters, and bayonets gleamed in front of every public edifice. That the populace should have actually taken possession of the town, and humbled the reigning monarch, in despite of the large garrison employed to preserve order, is one of the many curiosities in government which are at present puzzling Europe, and of the results of which no one can safely venture a prediction.

Within a short distance of Berlin there are many agreeable places of holiday resort. Beyond the Brandenburg gate is an extensive wood, intersected with walks and drives, open to the public; further on are Kroll's gardens, a species of Vauxhall, with a number of entertainments. Two or three miles beyond, in the same direction, is Charlottenburg, a royal residence, with extensive grounds, forming what may be called the Hampton Court of Berlin. This is a quiet and very charming place of resort. The palace contains some good pictures; but it is less an object of interest than the mausoleum of Louisa, queen of Prussia. Louisa, it will be recollected, was queen during the desperate struggles which the country underwent at the time of its occupation by the French invaders, and was almost the only personage who from the first perceived the necessity for Prussia holding Napoleon at defiance. Perhaps never was the death of a queen so deeply lamented as that of this amiable and accomplished woman. The king her husband was inconsolable, and spared no expense in commemorating the deceased with all the aids of sculpture. The mausoleum at Charlottenburg, which is in the form of a temple, with a spacious interior chamber, into which a chastened light is admitted, is an object of attraction to all strangers; and I frankly confess it was the finest thing we saw during our whole journey. In the middle of the inner apartment is placed the figure of Louisa in a reclining posture on a sarcophagus, the whole formed of white marble by Rauch, one of the most eminent sculptors of Germany. Calm and tranquil in spiritual beauty lies this admirable figure, whose sleep in the silent mansion we almost feel afraid to disturb. Rauch is stated to have entertained a strong and loyal regard for this estimable princess; so much so, that she had become his inspiring divinity in art. With the most exalted enthusiasm, he devoted himself to a commemoration of her beauty and noble deportment; and the figure at Charlottenburg, and one equally beautiful at Potsdam, executed to the order of the king, attest his success. Latterly, a companion figure of the king, executed after his death, has been added by the present sovereign.

Digitized by Google

Potsdam is distant twenty miles from Berlin, in the same direction as Charlottenburg, and is now easily reached by railway. We spent a day in admiring the beauties of this famed retreat of the great Frederick. The town, which is formal and dull, is situated on the Havel, a small river which is here expanded into a pretty lake. The country around is rich, green, and picturesque. Immediately north from the town is a well-wooded hill, and it is on the southern face of this eminence, and the low grounds at its base, that we find the various palaces for which Potsdam is celebrated. Wandering through pleasure-grounds, laid out in the style of those at Versailles, we come first to the palace of Sans Souci, which occupies a commanding situation, with a fine prospect to the south. Immediately in front is a terrace with parterres of flowers, where Frederick in his latter days was fond of sunning himself, and where he wished to be buried near his favourite dogs—a wish, however, not attended to. At a short distance from the palace, farther up the hill, stands the windmill which Frederick in vain tried to remove by a suit at law with its owner. It is still, I believe, in the family of the miller who so undauntedly defended his rights against royal aggression. From Sans Souci we proceeded to visit the New Palace—a very grand, but apparently a most unnecessary building, in which we saw the apartments where Frederick for some time resided. They are small, little larger than closets, and in one his library is still preserved. It is a collection of works in French, chiefly dramatic, in faded bindings.

Besides these, we visited some other palaces, an account of which I shall not inflict on the reader, and finally, in the town, looked into a church in which Frederick was entombed. Here, in a zinc sarcophagus, within a whitewashed vault below the pulpit, are encased the remains of the old warrior. Napoleon, according to his usual policy of spoliation, carried off the sword which had been placed over the tomb of the monarch. It has never been restored; but the front of the gallery of the church is hung with flags taken by the Prussians from the French, by which we may infer that the nation has more than avenged the insult.

Talking on the subject of the French occupation of Prussia to a private family in Berlin, they referred to it even at this distance of time with something like a feeling of horror; but also with a degree of pride that the people had not shrunk from their duty in so terrible a period of adversity. So enormous were the exactions of the French, that all the current coin of the realm was absorbed; and when the money was exhausted, it became necessary to appease the demands of the conqueror by a universal sacrifice of plate, jewels, rings, and trinkets of all sorts. Every family unhesitatingly rendered up its articles of value to the public treasury; and trinkets formed of the fancy iron manufacture of Berlin were given in return. The possession of any of these acknowledgments is now much prized. They bear on them the inscription in German, 'I gave gold for iron.' An iron ring of this kind is now worth more than its weight in the more precious metal. The Berlin manufacture of fancy iron articles is said to have been much improved by the impetus given to it by the popular contributions; but it is still inferior to the Swiss manufacture, which in iron may be said to rival the finest lace.

The journey from Berlin to Hamburg is usually spoken of by travellers as an unpleasant and tedious jumble in a diligence across a sandy tract of country. Thanks to steam, things are greatly changed for the better. There is now a railway from Berlin to Hamburg, and by this line of route, crossing part of Mecklenburg, we made the journey in about six hours. During the latter part of the excursion, the odious sandy wastes disappear, and are succeeded by the low-lying green plains which border on the Baltic. Although wearisome to the eye, and the detestation of the artist, the level country is geologically interesting. In various places are seen lying on the surface of the ground large and small boulders, belonging to a formation nowhere found in the district. The most common notion is, that these stones have been transported hither by the Deluge; but they can be reasonably accounted for otherwise. The whole district—Holstein, Mecklenburg, and part of Prussia—was probably at one time covered by the waters of the Baltic or North Sea; and the boulders, floated away from their native region on icebergs, have been dropped to the bottom when the ice was dissolved. At the present moment, icebergs are depositing foreign rocks in the bosom of the North Atlantic; and in progress of ages these masses may be discovered on the surface of dry land, rounded by the abrasion which they have encountered at the bottom of the sea.

We entered Hamburg at night, and were deposited at Streits's Hotel, on the Jungfernsteig. Never did so magnificent a spectacle of town scenery meet our eye as on the following morning, when we opened the jalousies of our window. Before us lay, in placid beauty, a quadrangular sheet of water, measuring probably a third of a mile on each side. On the southern side opposite, the lake was bounded by a causeway with trees, which cut it off from an irregular piece of water beyond. The other three sides of this water square were environed with houses of elegant architecture; but between them and the lake was a thoroughfare for carriages and foot-passengers. The lake, which is an expanded portion of the river Alster, communicating with the Elbe by locks, is surrounded with a substantial quay, but contains no vessels except small pleasure-boats; and these sailing about in the bright sunshine, and a number of swans, which here and there dotted the surface, imparted a lively and pleasing effect to the scene. Apropos of the swans: I was informed that they have money in the funds, and are tended as carefully as the bears of Berne. An old lady, it seems, bequeathed them and their successors a fortune, and the trustees of the property of course take care to preserve and perpetuate the race.

The Jungfernsteig is certainly a fine thing; but much of its beauty is owing to the great fire of 1842, which burnt the better part of the town. This fire has made Hamburg one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. In place of closely-built and inconvenient streets of antique houses, there have sprung up rows of the most handsome edifices, rivalling the newer parts of Paris. The environs also have been much beautified; and the only portion of the town in the condition of former days is that which is connected with the shipping.

We greatly enjoyed Hamburg during the few days we were able to spend in it, and could not sufficiently admire the air of industry, blended with rational recreation, which distinguished its inhabitants. Only one thing I had great reason to find fault with: this is the extraordinary fact, that there is no distinct single post-office. Instead of one office to which all letters should come, there are several offices, each acting independently of the others. Thus there is an English post-office, whence are delivered all English letters by a distinct set of postmen; a Prussian post-office; a Hanoverian post-office; a Swedish post-office; and so on in perplexing confusion. Expecting letters from various countries, I had occasion to visit their respective post-offices every morning, at different parts of the town. Nothing more absurd than this multiplication of post-offices, each an independent centre of operations, is to be found in any part of the world; and how it should be tolerated by the people of Hamburg is beyond my comprehension. Does it arise from the town authorities declining to charge themselves with the receipt, delivery, and despatch of letters?

Before quitting Hamburg, we visited, at the distance of three miles from the town, the establishment at Horn, designed for reclaiming and educating evil-disposed youths; but as I am accused, perhaps justly, of harping too much on the subject of education, I pass over what we saw here without present remark.

Digitized by Google

Not to inflict another article on the reader, it will be sufficient to state, that from Hamburg we crossed the Elbe to the dominions of Hanover, and were thence carried by railway to the banks of the Rhine at Cologne; from which we found our way home to England. And so ends a Summer Excursion in Germany.

W. C.

JOSEPH LANCASTER.

Joseph Lancaster, whose name must ever have an honourable place in the history of education, was born November 27, 1778, in Kent Street, Borough Road, London. His parents were respectable, worthy people, but far from wealthy. In his early years Joseph was remarkable for thoughtfulness and intelligence, and he was generally to be seen in some corner of the room with a book in his hand. When about fourteen he read Clarkson's writings on the slave-trade, which were just then issuing from the press, and they made such an impression on his mind, that he formed the singular resolve to go to Jamaica and teach the poor blacks to read the Bible. It was a wild scheme, and one that he knew his parents would oppose; he therefore determined to leave home without their knowledge. He started on his perilous enterprise with only a pocket Bible, a volume of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and a few shillings in his purse. The first night he spent beneath a hedge, and the next he slept under a haystack. His money was soon expended; but happily he fell in with a working man going the same road, who generously shared his provisions with him. None would have thought, had they seen the poor boy enter the city of Bristol, penniless, and almost shoeless, that he would one day become a powerful instrument in diffusing the glorious light of knowledge among benighted thousands. On offering himself as a volunteer, he was accepted, and the following morning was sent to Milford-Haven. On board the vessel he became an object of ridicule, and went by the appellation of the parson. One day when the captain was away, an officer in derision asked him to preach a sermon to them; and Joseph acceded to the request, on condition that he was allowed half an hour for meditation. At the time appointed he came on deck, where he found all the ship's company waiting to listen to him. Having mounted a cask, he began to speak of the sin of drunkenness and profane swearing—sins to which sailors are particularly addicted. His companions at first laughed heartily; but conviction at length fastened on their minds, and they hung down their heads, and one after another sneaked off. The sermon had at least one good effect, for during the remainder of the voyage he was treated with the greatest kindness.

Joseph's return home was brought about in a singular manner. A clergyman, stepping into Mr Lancaster's shop to make a purchase, found Mrs Lancaster weeping, and kindly inquired the cause of her distress. She told him that her son had left his home, and the reasons she had for supposing he had gone to the West Indies. 'Oh come, my good woman,' he said encouragingly, 'take comfort; I am intimate with the captain of the Port Admiral's ship at Plymouth. I live at Clapham. Should you hear of your son, let me know.' Three weeks after, a letter was received from the runaway, and information was immediately sent to their new friend. The promised interest was used in his behalf, and Joseph was ere long sent back, with a new suit of clothes, and money to pay all his expenses.

Joseph Lancaster's benevolent and energetic mind soon, however, found a fresh field for its exercise. He saw the ignorance prevailing among the poor of his own land; and though he could not anticipate the extensive good which ultimately crowned his labours, yet he determined to use his individual efforts for its removal.

Having time at his own disposal, he requested his father to give him the use of a room in his house, which would enable him, he said, to open a school on very low terms for the poor of the neighbourhood. Mr Lancaster readily complied, and Joseph set about the necessary preparations. He purchased some old boards, and manufactured them into desks and forms; the workmanship, it is true, was rather rough, but they answered all the intents and purposes for which they were designed. When completed, he reckoned that the outlay amounted to twenty-five shillings. The school was opened January 1798.

Mr Lancaster found that many parents were unable to pay even the small sum he asked, and he generously offered to instruct boys so circumstanced gratuitously. This greatly increased his school; and not being able to afford ushers, he felt it necessary to form some plan in which one boy could instruct another. This suggested the system of having monitors, which afterwards was so generally adopted. With Lancaster it was entirely a new idea, though it was subsequently found to have been previously practised by the celebrated Dr Bell at Madras.

The room in his father's house was soon found to be too small; one place after another was hired; but the school became so large, that Mr Lancaster at length had a suitable building erected at his own expense. It is said that he had no less than a thousand pupils—eight hundred boys, and two hundred girls. The following notice was placed on the outside of the building:—'All that will, may send their children, and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing, may pay for it if they please.'

The disinterested kindness of the young schoolmaster won the affection of his pupils, and they looked up to him as their counsellor and friend. During the hours of recreation he joined in their sports, often taking two, three, and on one occasion five hundred of them into the country. Then on the Sunday evenings he was in the habit of inviting a large number of them to tea at his house, where, after familiar and instructive intercourse, he closed the day with devotional exercises. About this time he joined the Society of Friends. We cannot pass over a circumstance which shows the benevolent regard Mr Lancaster felt for the young under his charge. One season the scarcity and dearness of provision had reduced the poor to a sad state of want: he was not able from his own purse to relieve the distress from which many of his boys were suffering; he therefore made a subscription amongst his friends, and was by this means enabled to provide a good dinner daily for sixty or eighty of the most needy.

Constant association with the youths for whom he was labouring gave Mr Lancaster an insight into character, and thus qualified him for the task of forming a system for their instruction.

The novel plan on which the school was conducted excited much curiosity and interest. Persons of distinguished rank visited it, and expressed themselves much pleased with its operations. Some of Joseph Lancaster's friends spoke favourably of him to George III., and his majesty intimated a desire to see the young schoolmaster.

'Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education,' the king said, as he entered the royal presence. 'I hear you have met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order?'

'Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command.'

'Good, good,' returned the king: 'it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it.'

Lancaster then proceeded to explain his plan. The king listened with attention, and when he had concluded, said, 'I highly approve of your system; and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible. I will do anything you wish to promote this object.'

'Please thy majesty,' Lancaster replied, 'if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system; and I have no doubt but in a few months I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated.'

The king then promptly engaged to subscribe L.100

Digitized by Google

annually; and turning to the queen, he said, 'Charlotte, you shall subscribe L.50, and the princesses L.25 each;' adding, 'you may have the money directly.'

'Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good examplo.' This latter remark called forth a smile from the courtly train.

From this time Joseph Lancaster became a public lecturer on education. He travelled from one town to another, and in most instances was successful in overruling the prejudices and moving the hearts of the inhabitants, so far as to get them to assist in establishing free schools for the poor. These lectures led also to a more general investigation of the subject. On the 20th of February 1807, Mr Whitbread, in the House of Commons, said, 'I believe the greatest reform that could take place in this kingdom would be to impart instruction to every man in it. A system of education has lately been formed, so simple, so cheap, and so effective, that the discovery of it is a great benefit to the world at large, and the discoverer, Mr Joseph Lancaster, is entitled to very considerable praise.' He went on to say that he was aware that prejudice and bigotry had united against him, but that he was convinced that his principles were true; that they would ultimately prevail; and that, by establishing similar schools, education would be conducted at less than one-third the expense which it at that present time demanded.

The necessary outlay in the establishment of the plan was so great, that notwithstanding the pecuniary support Mr Lancaster received, he found himself involved in debts to a large amount; and in the summer of 1807 he was arrested. He wrote to several friends on the occasion, but all were afraid to involve themselves in the affair. One, however, Mr W. Corston,* left home with the intention of becoming bail for him; but his generous impulso was checked by the thought that other writs might be immediately issued. He felt that if he carried out his purpose, it would risk the interests of his wife and children, yet to desert a friend in the hour of need was distressing in the highest degree. He determined, however, to go on and make Mr Lancaster acquainted with his feelings: this he did. When he had explained all, Mr Lancaster, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, 'My dear friend, I see thou art not to assist me this time. Compose thyself; this will never make a breach of friendship between thee and me.' Strange to say, the sheriff's officer who conducted him to the King's Bench conceived such a high esteem for him that he became bail, saying he was sure he was an honest man.

In March 1808, a committee consisting of six gentlemen was formed, who held themselves responsible for the debts of the Society, and things went on more prosperously.

The following are a few brief extracts from some highly interesting letters he wrote to his friends during his tours:—'*Woburn, 23d of eleventh month*, 1807.—I am now at Woburn Abbey, and dine to-day with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and the Duke of Manchester. I am to hold a public lecture here, and he [the duke] has promised to attend it. I trust some good is likely to occur before we go. Tho day after to-morrow is my birthday: I am nine-and-twenty. I wish all my children [his scholars] to have a plumpudding and roast beef; do order it for them, and spend a happy hour in the evening with them, as thou didst this time last year in my absence in Ireland. Perhaps thou wilt have a plumcake or tart for my little unprotected infant on my birthday.' '*Free School, Borough Road, 26th of second month*, 1808.—The last number of the Edinburgh Review notices my plan of education very favourably, and complimented the king by saying—"His majesty's goodness will be remembered, and his name have the blessing of many a poor ragged boy, long after it is forgotten by every lord of the bedchamber, and every clerk of the closet." This same review says my publications have a little of the "Obadiah flavour" about them; but they, the reviewers, think that is all fair, and that Quakers ought not to be expected to write and speak as other people. So I forewarn thee that thou may possibly expect a little of that Obadiah flavour, and not be disappointed.'

He goes on to give some details of his proceedings in Bristol, where he met with opposition from the very men from whom he had reason to expect the most cordiality. They predicted a riot if he publicly lectured there; and he gives the following ludicrous account of the effect this had upon him:—'The mortification of being worried, goaded, and oven insulted by my own friends (and there were some among the deputation I highly esteemed and loved), was such as put me into a *pickle*, and gave me a fit of the bile. I was to go to a gentleman's to tea previous to the lecture. The visit from the deputation of Friends had made me very ill and low, so in haste and perturbation I went out without being shaved, and without a clean neckcloth. When at tea, I found I had come out and forgot to leave my beard behind me—I requested my friend to let me be shaved; for knowing I was a Friend or Quaker, I did not wish people to take me for a Jew. The important work of *shavation* once accomplished, tea over, and being furnished with a clean neckcloth, I unthinkingly put the dirty one in my pocket, and deliberately walked off to the lecture-room. The room was crowded, and the lecture attended with much success; but finding myself annoyed by the heat of the place when mounted on my rostrum, I felt for my pocket-handkerchief, and twice did I take out my dirty neckcloth to wipe my face with, to my no small diversion ever since, and probably of my auditors. Next day I waited on my friends, told them there was no riot, but a loyal and attentive auditory, and that their act, though only the act of individuals, and not of the body, was a stretch of ecclesiastical authority I did not expect, and to which I would not submit. But I had another cause of complaint against them—their unwarrantable interference had given me the bile; now I had a great work, and the bile was only an impediment which I wished to get rid of. As they had given it me when I had no business with it, I therefore begged they would take it again, and divide it among themselves, as they were *many*, and I only one. Such a division would make it light to them, and I should get rid of a heavy burthen at an easy rate; but they did not accept my proposition—they only laughed merrily at it; and after all we parted in good-humour.'

* * * 'On returning from Canterbury, I went to Woburn Abbey, and there spent my birthday, where I had an opportunity of being introduced to the Duke of Manchester, whose Christian liberality was very gratifying to me. I gave a lecture at Woburn; and while lecturing, an impudent little black dog wanted to eat my pulpit. The Duke of Bedford had appointed a man to make all things ready for my lecture in the Market-House. Just as I was going to begin, he says, "Sir, you want something to stand on?" I said, "Yes. What shall I get?" "Oh, the first thing that comes to hand will do." So what does he do but bring two or three squares of greaves or oil-cake for me to stand on. There might be some fear of my pulpit melting under my feet; but I did not much dread that, though it proved a little *slippery*, for I had stood in slippery places before without falling. However, when speaking, and the whole audience as well as myself deeply attentive to the subject, out came the dog, and began to nibble the corners of the *pulpit*, and certainly would have devoured some part of it, if a gentleman had not driven him away. I kept my countenance during this risible scene with the usual gravity; for if my muscles had relaxed ever so little, the audience would have soon been convulsed with laughter. Things once put in a train for a school at Woburn, I took leave of my kind friends, and travelled down to Bristol. My former lectures had been so well received, that the committee there intreated me immediately to give some more, and planned out four in succession. The Guildhall, the Assembly Room, and the Merchant Taylors' Hall proving too small, the committee thought

* Mr William Corston published a life of Joseph Lancaster in 1840, with the benevolent view of calling public attention to the pecuniary wants of the bereaved family. To this life the writer is indebted for the information in the above sketch.

Digitized by Google

the best and only thing to accommodate the people, as a *broad hat* could not find its way into the church, was to take the large Methodist meeting-house, and here we had above four thousand persons! A *Methodist* meeting-house, a *Friend* lecturer, and two *chaplains of the Duke of Kent* holding the plates at the door, and forty guineas in small money in the plates, and myself telling them "that fifteen years ago I came into this great city poor and needy, without a shilling or a friend! Now, after this long interval, I came to plead for such as I was (want of education excepted)—to remind them of their duty as Christians, not to leave one poor child, male or female, unable to read their Bibles now and for ever—and come with a plan of education that had stood the test of experiment, and had the patronage of the wise and good of all denominations."'

In 1818, Mr Lancaster went over to America to propagate his system there. He seemed to live but for one grand object—to impart knowledge to the ignorant; and no obstacle was suffered to obstruct his course. His motto was *love*; and he did not confine the heavenly principle within a narrow sect, nor permit it to be bounded by national ties. His labours across the Atlantic were equally successful, and he won many a young American heart. He says, 'When they see me, they shout, "Here comes our father!"'

Unhappily, Mr Lancaster met with a sudden and disastrous death. He was run over in the streets of New York, when two of his ribs were broken, and his head was much lacerated. He was not killed on the spot, but died soon after, October 23, 1838. The disinterestedness of his motives are evident from the fact that he lived and died poor. He found the only reward he sought in the approval of his own heart, and in the satisfaction arising from doing good.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.*

THE title of this book is calculated to mislead many persons. 'The Romance of the Peerage' is not a romantic history; that is, a fictitious or partly imaginary history of the British peerage. There is no romance, in that sense, about the book. It is strictly and historically true, as far as the author knows. Its materials are carefully collected from a variety of authentic sources, and any deficiency is never eked out by invention. By the term *Romance* of the Peerage, is meant such remarkable and interesting events in the real history of that class as partake of the nature of romance, and contain the elements of the poetic, the heroic, the terrible, or the affecting.

'It is rather strange,' says Mr Craik in his preface, 'that family history should have been so much neglected as it has been by literature. While it stands between history, commonly so called, or national history, and the history of individuals, or biography, it is as distinct from both as those are from one another; and with something of the peculiar character of each, it has no want of attractions of its own. It supplies many illustrations both of the political, the biographical, and the literary history of past ages. But, in particular, it would seem to be mostly in family history that we are to find the history of society, which indeed means, in the main, the history of domestic life.'

The present volume contains two main subjects: namely, the 'History of Lettice Knollys, her Marriages, and her Descendants,' and the 'Earldom of Banbury.' From these two spring a number of incidental narratives and anecdotes. The account of the contest concerning the Banbury peerage will be of importance in the eyes of lawyers, because it contains valuable legal information on the laws regarding heirship, marriage, and legitimacy of descent. To the general reader, this portion of the work, though full of curious facts, will be far less interesting than the preceding one, devoted to Lettice Knollys. This remarkable personage was distinguished for her birth, beauty, longevity, and strange eventful history. She was first cousin to Queen Elizabeth; she was born in the reign of Henry VIII., and lived till the beginning of the troublous times of Charles I.'s reign, dying at the age of ninety-four. Her first husband was Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex; and her eldest son was Robert Devereux, the second and more famous Earl of Essex, the queen's favourite. Her first husband is supposed to have been poisoned by the celebrated Earl of Leicester, who had for some time an acquaintance with the fair but unprincipled Lettice, and who subsequently married her. Thus she was the wife of Elizabeth's first, and the mother of her last favourite. In this part of the narrative Mr Craik touches upon the disregard to historic truth in the brilliant novel 'Kenilworth.' The story of Amy Robsart is shown to be very different from that given by the great king of modern fiction. Appended to the volume are five letters between Lord Robert Dudley and his servant Blount, hitherto unpublished, relating to the murder of that unhappy lady. Mr Craik discovered them in the Pepysian Library. They are undoubtedly genuine, and had been lent by Evelyn to Pepys, who apparently never returned them. They go far to convict Lord Robert Dudley of the murder of his wife, who was not *Countess of Leicester*, for her death took place before he was made an earl. After his marriage with the Countess of Essex, Leicester seems to have been much influenced by her, and to have been sincerely attached to her. But his crimes were avenged in a signal manner; for there is reason to believe that he was himself poisoned by Lettice and Sir Christopher Blount, his master of the horse, whom she married within a year after Leicester's death. This Blount was a very different person from the man who was Leicester's emissary in the matter of poor Amy's murder.

This third husband of Lettice was involved in her son's conspiracy, and suffered with him on the scaffold. He was a man of vile character, and half ruined the countess, and in all probability led her a miserable life; which we, for our own part, do not in the least regret, as she deserved a more severe punishment for her crimes. This more severe punishment came upon her in the downfall and death of her son, the pride and glory of her old age. Yet her elastic spirit recovered this blow; and she lived to see another great calamity in her family. Her grandson, the son of that darling Robert whom Elizabeth sentenced to death, was divorced from his beautiful fiend of a wife, Frances Howard, whom he loved, that she might marry Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I.; and to add to his unhappiness, she was soon after tried, with Somerset, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, convicted, and only escaped execution through the unjust lenity of James. The second marriage of this young Earl of Essex was also unfortunate. He was afterwards the Parliamentarian general in the great Civil War; and we may hope that he found in the stormy elements of politics and war a refuge from the painful memories of his domestic life. It is very common for biographers to fall in love with their hero or heroine, or we should be surprised at the gentleness of Mr Craik's censure of Lettice. He gives the following imaginary sketch of her in her extreme old age:—

'It is impossible not to have a considerable respect for her, think of some things what we may. One can imagine her, with attenuated, but still erect frame, and face that has lost its bloom, but not all its grace either of expression or of form, neither its natural liveliness nor its courtly elegance, slowly taking her regular morning walk with staff in hand, while every villager or villager's child she meets makes humblest obeisance to the ancient lady, and has a kind word in return. It is like the middle of the preceding century come back again, an apparition of the early Elizabethan time in an advanced condition of quite another state of things. One thinks, as she passes on, with how many realities of old splendour, or at least pictures of such taken from the life, that memory must be hung, which no other pos-

* Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik. Vol. I. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

Digitized by Google

sesses, which no other ever will possess. She has seen what others can only fancy: she has breathed the actual air of that foreign land, one might say of that extinct world, of which others can only attain a comparatively faint, possibly a very false, conception from report. What to us are but guesses, dreams, ingenious fabrications, are certainties to her. She is to us like one who has been down among the dead. Think of her calling to mind sometimes the days when the first Essex, then the young Viscount Hereford, won her heart and hand, not far from fourscore years ago! It must seem to herself like looking back upon a previous state of existence, when she might almost doubt if she was the same being that she is now. Her descendant, it will be observed, says very little in his poetical tribute of her first husband, and nothing at all of her third; indeed he all but blinks Essex, though his own great-grandfather, as completely as Blount; for the queen's favourite, for whom she is said to have quitted the queen's favour, must be understood to be Leicester. The verses, however, paint her old age as having been much what we should fancy it would be. Her kindness to the poor, which is so strongly dwelt upon, is an interesting feature in the delineation, and one which all that is known of her would especially lead us to expect to find in it. What is said about the "better sort" being in the habit of repairing to her "as to an holy court," may be thought a little more difficult to understand.'

One of the most interesting portions of the book is devoted to the history of the eldest daughter of Lettice, the Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards Lady Rich. She inherited her mother's marvellous beauty. She was the Stella of Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' and the object of his sincere passion. Her life is full of strange events and shifting fortunes.

Such are the chief matters elucidated in the volume before us. The diligent research and careful accuracy throughout are equal to the skill displayed in the arrangement of the complicated story, and the good taste and judgment of the general remarks. The work, when completed, will be in all probability an indispensable commentary on the history of England for all real students, since it will be an authentic collection of all ascertainable facts regarding the private history of some of the most distinguished families in the country. The student of history who would obtain more than the dry bones of that science, must be a philosopher and a profound observer of human nature. Such a one will know how to value, as a commentary on the political annals of our country, 'The Romance of the Peerage.' He will be aware that the 'Curiosities of Family History' often throw a light upon the darkness, and explain the otherwise inexplicable curiosities of the national history.

SEBASTIAN LECLERC.

One fine midsummer morning, in the year 1665, the exciseman who had the care of the Porte St Denis, one of the chief entrances to the city of Paris, was accosted by an aged man, who, with his long hair, bald forehead, and beard fashioned in the style of Henry IV.'s time, had a somewhat singular aspect. He courteously saluted the officer on guard, and inquired of him in a strong Alsatian dialect, 'Can you tell me whereabouts Sebastian Leclerc lives?'

At this question the exciseman, a stupid-looking ninny, opened his mouth wide, and stared with a bewildered look at his interrogator. 'Sebastian Leclerc?' he repeated. 'Is he a clerk of the Excise? I don't know any one of that name in our company.'

'A clerk of the Excise!' exclaimed the old man in a voice which insensibly betrayed somewhat of contempt for the office. 'Assuredly not. Sebastian Leclerc is my son.'

'In what quarter of the town does he reside?'

'If I knew it myself, I need not ask you!' replied the stranger, with the twofold insceptibility of an old man and a *provincial*.

The clerk burst into a fit of laughter, and called out to his companions, who were within the office, 'Hallo! there! Do any of you know Sebastian Leclerc, who lives in Paris?'

'Sebastian Leclerc?'

'Yes, this old fellow is his father, and has been inquiring for him.'

One of the party, wishing to play off his wit on the stranger, put his hand to his forehead with an air of mock gravity, and said, 'He lives in the Rue St Jacques.'

'Not so,' said another; 'near the convent of the Capucins.'

'*I* have an idea,' interrupted a third, 'that he lodges in the faubourg St Antoine.'

'On the Pont Neuf.'

'On the towers of Notre-Dame.'

The traveller listened to all this foolish jesting with apparent calmness, and then gravely said, 'I cannot understand what pleasure you find in making game of an old man who has never before seen Paris, and is a stranger to its customs. It is very possible that my question may be ridiculous, but the respect due to my age might, methinks, have exempted me from your raillery. Here is a bourgeois listening to us. I have little doubt he will show himself more courteous and better taught than you seem to be.'

As he thus spoke, he turned towards a man, apparently about forty years of age, who stood a few paces off, wrapped in his cloak, and silently observing the whole scene. 'My good man,' remarked the new-comer, 'Paris is not a town in which one can point out a person's abode without having some clue to his residence. What is your son's occupation? Possibly the knowledge of his profession might enable me to guess the quarter in which he would most probably reside.'

'Sir,' replied the old man, 'my son is employed as a designer in the Royal Manufactory of Gobeline.'

'In that case, there can be no difficulty in finding him, for he must be an inmate of the factory itself. You see,' said he, turning to the exciseman, 'if, instead of passing your jokes upon this old man, you had asked him the same question I have done, you would have been able at once to give him the information he required.'

The clerk looked insolently at the person who thus addressed him, and taking him by the shoulder, said, 'Perhaps you have a mind to try what kind of place a prison is, sir; you seem so well inclined to preach your homilies to the clerks of the Excise?'

'Hold your tongue, and prepare yourself to obey my orders.'

'Capital! this *is* being grand indeed! Hollo! comrades, come here all of you, hat in hand, to receive the orders of a citizen who is about to issue his commands to the officers of Excise.'

'Silence! if you please. Conduct this old man directly to the Gobelins, and do not quit him till he has found his son.'

'Well, this is better still! Do your commissions yourself, if you please, my good sir.'

The stranger turned towards another of the clerks, and desired him to call the supervisor. The tone in which he gave this order bespoke so much the habit of command, that the clerk obeyed directly. In a few moments the supervisor made his appearance. No sooner did he perceive the supposed bourgeois, than he respectfully took off his hat, and bowing almost to the ground, exclaimed, 'Monseigneur le Surintendant!'

'Sir,' said Colbert with a tone of severity, 'I had requested you and your colleagues to choose for the office of excisemen people who knew how to discharge their duties with gentleness and courtesy. How does it then happen that I find amongst them a fool who amuses himself at the expense of the passers-by?' The poor clerk looked terrified.

Digitized by Google

'I shall dismiss the man at once,' replied the head official.

'My lord,' interrupted the old man in a pleading tone, 'I would not for the world, merely on account of a joke, occasion the ruin of an honest man, who is perhaps the father of a family.'

'I pardon him, then, at your request,' replied the intendant: 'let him, however, make haste to obey my orders.'

The poor clerk, half dead with fright, promptly seized the old man's knapsack, which he placed on his own shoulders, and only seemed anxious to start as quickly as possible.

'Wait a moment, my boy; I must thank monseigneur both for you and for myself; and I will also tell him a thing which may perhaps interest him. Monseigneur, my name is Laurent Leclerc, and to-morrow I shall have completed my hundredth year! It was for the sake of celebrating this anniversary with my son that I set out on foot from the city of Metz, which is my home, and am now entering the streets of Paris.'

'Your hundredth year! You a hundred years old?' exclaimed Colbert.

'Yes, monseigneur, I contracted a second marriage when I was seventy years of age. God blessed this marriage, as he did that of Abraham, and he gave me a son, who has been my joy and pride. For the last ten years he has supported me by his labour, and given me a pension of four hundred livres, which he saves from his salary; and on this his mother and I live happily together. He cannot leave Paris because of his occupation and his family cares; and the other day he wrote to us, saying how it grieved him not to have the comfort of seeing and embracing us once more. "Come, wife," said I to Margaret, "*we* must set off and see *him*; we are both, thank God, hale and sound; and in the corner of the cupboard we have a little bag of silver which will pay your seat to Paris. I will start to-morrow; you, eight days hence; and we will all meet together, please God, at Paris, on the hundredth anniversary of my birth, and a happy day it will be!" Margaret joyfully acceded to my proposition. I set off with my knapsack on my back and my staff in my hand—and here I am, after my fifteen days' journey on foot, gay and fresh as when I started, and longing to embrace my son.'

'I thank you, my friend, for these details; they interest me deeply. I am a lover of good men and of dutiful sons. I hope to have it in my power to show you that this rencontre has been a fortunate one for you. Farewell: to-morrow you shall receive my jubilee gift; in the meanwhile, will you favour me by accepting this trifle?' Thus saying, he slipped three gold pieces into the centagenarian's hand.

The old man and the clerk of Excise stepped into a hackney-coach, and in the space of half an hour they drove into the courtyard of the Gobelin factory.

It happened to be the hour when the artisans leave the manufactory to go to their dinner, each in his own little apartment in the interior of the establishment.

Suddenly one of their number uttered an exclamation of joy, and threw himself into the arms of the aged Leclerc. 'My father, can it be you? Is it indeed you yourself? Is it possible that, for the sake of giving me this happiness, of allowing me to embrace you once more, you have actually undertaken this long and fatiguing journey?'

'Long it *was*, but fatiguing it was *not*,' proudly replied his father. 'I no more feel fatigued by my fifteen days of travel, than I used to do at twenty after a long ramble. Come, my own good Sebastian, my dear son, let us have one more kiss, and then take me to see thy wife and children!'

While he was yet speaking, a second hackney-coach drove into the yard. It was the good Margaret, who had just arrived. When she saw her son and her husband clasped in each other's arms, she was almost overcome by her excess of happiness. Words cannot describe her sensations. She cried, she laughed, she threw her arms first around one, then around the other: it seemed as if she could never weary of embracing them. 'And are you, too, here, my mother?' said the young man: 'now, then, my happiness is indeed complete! the first and dearest wish of my heart is accomplished. I can at length see all whom I love united together around me.' He took his mother by the hand, drew his father's arm within his own, and led them both to a small lodge, where they found a young and pretty woman engaged in laying the cloth. Four children, the eldest of whom seemed about seven years of age, were assisting her in her domestic labours, whilst three still younger were gambolling joyously around her.

'Two covers more, dear Pauline—two covers more!' exclaimed Sebastian before they had reached the threshold.

At the well-known sound of this welcome voice, she hastened forward to meet him with her children around her; and her husband said in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Here is my father, Pauline—here is my mother.'

The little children screamed with joy, and strove who should have the first kiss from grandpapa and grandmamma. Their young mother, following the pious usage of those days, knelt to receive the benediction of the aged couple.

Her children imitated her example, and knelt by her side. The aged man, laying his hands with solemnity upon their bended heads, said, 'My God, let thy blessing rest upon these little ones, and upon their mother. Preserve them from all evil under the shadow of thine Almighty wing; and keep them in thy holy ways, that we may all be united hereafter in heaven, as we are, praise be to thy name, to-day on earth.' 'Amen!' was echoed by every voice and from every heart in that little band.

'And now, my children, let us come to dinner. I must have my son at one side and Pauline at the other; and you, my wife, shall sit at the other side of our Sebastian, and take care of the little children.'

I need not add that the repast was a joyous one; nor did the emotion they had experienced prevent any of the party from doing justice to the good dinner which Pauline had provided, for her talents as housekeeper were equal to her comeliness.

The happy party were on the point of rising from table, when the celebrated painter Lebrun, director of the Royal Manufactory of Gobelins, entered with a paper in his hand. 'My dear Sebastian,' said he, 'I come to you as the bearer of good news. Monseigneur, the intendant of finance, has increased your salary from 1200 to 2000 francs a-year; moreover, he has named you subdirector of the Royal Manufactory of Gobelins, an office which he has created expressly for you, on account of the favourable testimony which it has happily been in my power to bear both to your character and talents; and finally, in order that your father may not be obliged to return to Metz, he has obtained for him from his majesty a pension of 600 livres, with reversion to your mother; and has also empowered me to provide them both with apartments in this establishment. Thus you will no longer be under the necessity of separating from them.'

'Thanks, sir—a thousand thanks,' exclaimed Sebastian.

'May God reward M. Colbert for this!' said the aged Laurent.

'Sebastian,' added Lebrun, when the young man was somewhat recovered from his emotion, 'you must profit by the bounty of his majesty and M. Colbert, by becoming a superior artist. Hitherto, poverty has prevented the free exercise of your talents; now, nothing can, nothing ought any longer to stand in the way of your entire success.'

'My noble benefactor,' warmly responded the young man, 'you need not fear but I will do all that in me lies to prove myself worthy of your kindness. The name of Sebastian Leclerc shall not be wholly lost to posterity.'

Digitized by Google

The young artist kept his word. Six years afterwards, he was known throughout Europe as the most able engraver of the day: the Royal Academy of Sciences received him with joy into her bosom; and he was made professor of perspective.

He afterwards became professor of design in the School of the Gobelins, and united to this title that of engraver for the *Cabinet du Roi*. His aged father was spared yet seven years longer to witness the brilliant career of his son; but at length one day, whilst Sebastian Leclerc, surrounded by his children, his wife, and his parents, was conducting the evening devotions of his household, he was heard to utter a gentle sigh, and sunk quietly to the ground. He had quitted earth for heaven, and a happy death had terminated his peaceful life.

His son lived yet many years. His death did not take place until the 25th of October 1714, when he rejoined his father in eternity, leaving behind him the renown of a talented artist, and the still more desirable fame of a man of true worth and excellence.

Sebastian Leclerc left behind him a considerable number of engravings; amongst others, a collection of the divers costumes of the reign of Louis XIV., the battles of Alexander,* the Council of Nice, &c.; and he was also the author of several works on geometry, architecture, &c. which are still held in estimation.

FICHTE'S LECTURE.

Fichte was short and robust in figure, but had a searching, commanding look; he made use of most keenly sharp expressions, while he tried by every imaginable means to make his meaning understood, being fully aware of the slender powers of too many of his hearers. He seemed to claim imperiously a strict obedience of thought, forbidding the suspicion of a doubt. 'Gentlemen,' he began, 'compose yourselves; turn your thoughts inwards; we have nothing to do now with anything external, but simply with ourselves.' The audience so commanded, seemed each to do his best to retreat within himself: some changed their position, and sat bolt upright, some curled themselves up and shut their eyes; all waited breathlessly for the next word. 'Gentlemen, let your thought be—the Wall.' I perceived that the listeners did all they could to possess their minds fully with the wall, and they seemed to succeed. 'Now have you thought—the wall? Now, gentlemen, let your thought be—that which thought the wall.' It was curious to watch the evident perplexity and distress. Many seemed to search about in vain, without the power of forming any idea of 'what had thought the wall;' and I quite understood how many young minds which could so stumble on the threshold of speculative philosophy might be in danger of falling into a most unhealthy state by striving further. Fichte's lecture, however, was most admirable, distinct, and lucid, and I never heard any exposition at all to be compared with it. Fichte made few philosophers, but many powerful reasoners.—*Steffens' Adventures.*

EXEMPLARY ECONOMY.

It is now generally admitted that almost all the poverty among us is occasioned by want of economy in some way or other; and to show how much can be done by good management, I could name a widow still living in this parish (Stobo), whose husband was a ploughman, with an income of only about L.25 a-year, upon which they brought up a delicate family of ten children, living as comfortably as his neighbours, paid all their accounts, and he left her at his death L.60, of which, though she has been a widow for many years, she has scarcely ever spent a shilling; while others, with not half the number of a family, and perhaps double their income, are continually in poverty, and are always ill-clothed, and never have a comfortable meal. Surely there must be something wrong here!—*Peeblesshire Advertiser.*

* In the first impression of the print representing Alexander's entry into Babylon, the head of the hero is delineated in profile. When Leclerc presented this print to Louis XIV., the monarch having observed, 'I should have thought Alexander might have honoured *me* with a look,' the artist, on the ensuing day, brought to the king a new impression of the print, in which the conqueror's head was so placed as to look his majesty full in the face.

TO ****.

THE world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not: though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

—*Fitz-Greene Halleck's Poems.*

SWALLOWS.

These mysterious visitants, creatures of instinct, are by many persons supposed to perform their eccentric gyrations from mere caprice, while, in reality, they are amongst the very best friends of mankind. I would as soon see a man shoot one of my fowls or my ducks, or rather he would steal his lawful of eggs from the hen-roost, as shoot one of these beautiful annual visitants, or destroy one of their nests. My servants think I have a superstitious love, or dread, or fear of them, from the religious regard I pay to their preservation. If it were not for such beautiful and graceful birds, our crops would be totally annihilated. We have no idea of the numbers of such. Take the plant-louse —the British locust. Bonnet, whose researches on it remind us of Huber on the honey bee, isolated an individual of this species, and found that from the 1st to the 22d of June it produced ninety-five young insects, and that there were, in the summer, no less than nine generations. There are both wingless and winged, and Bonnet calculates a single specimen may produce 550,970,489,000,000,000 in a single year, and Dr Richardson very far beyond this! Now when we see the swallow flying high in the air, he is heard every now and then snapping his bill, and swallowing these and similar destroyers. Now, if at this season a swallow destroys some 900 mothers per day on an average, and estimating each of these the parent of one-tenth of the above number, it is beyond all appreciable powers of arithmetic to calculate. If, instead of paying boys for destroying birds and their nests, they would pay their cottagers' children a prize for every nest fledged of swallows, martins, and swifts, they would confer tenfold more benefit on their crops.—*Gardeners' and Farmers' Journal.*

VIRGIL.

To the Classical Section of CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE, edited by Drs Schmitz and Zumpt, there has just been added—P. VIRGILII MARONIS CARMINA; illustrated with an Introduction and Notes in English, also wood-engravings. Price 4*s.* 6*d.*

CAESAR was previously issued, and SALLUST will immediately follow; the whole section to comprehend about twelve works, including a larger and smaller Latin Grammar.

*** The works are to be had from all Booksellers.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 244. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848. Price 1½d.

A WORKING-MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

My earliest recollections are associated with my father's workshop. In looking back to the youthful period of life, and the years immediately succeeding, it has often occurred to me that some particulars might be revived, which, in the present day, when the great questions of education, food, and work, are occupying the public mind, would assist in exposing a defect or suggesting a remedy. Perhaps one of the most effectual means of arriving at just conclusions on which to base practical remedial measures, would be to get a number of operatives and artisans to make a clean breast of it—to enlighten the world honestly as to their social economy, their ways and means, sayings and doings.

As soon as I could hold a hammer, the workshop was my chief place of resort after school hours and on half holidays. I had a mechanical turn, and was fond of handling tools, and was brought up to consider myself as destined to become a cabinetmaker, and to plod through life at the side of the bench. For more than twenty years I pursued this calling, never dreaming that any other sphere of existence would open before me. I have consequently mingled much with working-men, and had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with their prevalent habits and modes of thinking.

The establishment to which the workshop appertained was in a country town within a hundred miles of London; the number of 'hands' employed, including an apprentice or two, varied from six to nine, according to the state of business. The hours of work from March to October were from six in the morning till seven in the evening, and during the other half-year work commenced in the morning at daylight, and ended an hour later at night. Working by candlelight commenced for the season on the 13th of October—why this particular day was selected I never could make out—and ended punctually on the 1st of March. The men had half an hour for their breakfast at eight, an hour for dinner at twelve, and half an hour for tea between four and five in the afternoon: at times, however, instead of going home to the latter meal, they drank a pint of beer in the workshop. They were punctual in their attendance, according to the conventional acceptation of the term; that is, if they reached the shop within five or ten minutes of the exact time, it was considered as being all fair; but the hour of leaving off work presented a singular contrast to the loose and straggling system of arrival; then every one was ready to depart, even before the 'clock was cold.'

The description of the proceedings of one day would suffice, in main points, as an example of what took place year after year. On commencing in the morning, or on returning from a meal, several minutes were always wasted in gossip while each man took off his coat and put on his jacket and apron; then a desultory stroke or two of the saw or plane would be given, interrupted by a few additional snatches of conversation: movement at first seemed irksome, and perhaps a quarter of an hour was lost in getting the shop fairly under way. All at once, after the lapse of an hour or so, some topic of general interest—a prize-fight, murder, or 'radical reform'—would be started; and as cabinetmaking is too noisy a trade to allow of talking and working at the same time, a general suspension of labour ensued. The debate not unfrequently produced a quarrel; and as the excitement increased, the epithets 'fool,' 'liar,' &c. were bandied about without the slightest regard for decorum, or respect for personal feelings. Notwithstanding the heat of disputation on such occasions, there seemed to be a tacit understanding that one eye and ear should be kept on the alert for the master's approach. No sooner was this perceived, or his foot heard on the stair, than the signal was given, and all hands fell to working as busily as bees. While the master remained in the shop, this assumed diligence was kept up, and if any one spoke, it was with suppressed voice. No sooner, however, did the principal disappear, than an immediate slackening followed—every arm seemed suddenly deprived of half its energy, every tongue was loosened.

The disputes were, in the majority of instances, on the most trivial points; and in proportion to the speakers' ignorance of the subject under discussion, so was the vehemence of the debate. The arguments were generally marked by bitter and obstinate prejudices—prejudices of the class. This is a most lamentable and fatal characteristic; but I shall have occasion to advert to it further by and by: as yet, many details remain to be brought forward.

Our sketch so far may be considered as filling up the forenoon: in the afternoon, about four o'clock in summer, or at dusk in winter, a proposition would now and then be made to 'have in some beer,' or purl, or egg-hot, according to the season. It was not what is called a drinking-shop, but the men would drink beer whenever they could get it, and consider themselves ill treated if none were offered to them when they were out at work. On this point much might be said respecting the deficiency of proper independence of character under which such a state of feeling would prevail. As regards drinking, however, a great advance had been made upon the workmen of the preceding half century. An old man who had worked in the shop during a long course of years often related particulars of the scenes he had witnessed. To quote his words, 'a bushel of beer was often drunk in a morning before eleven o'clock,' and all sorts of tricks and subterfuges were had recourse to in order to evade the master's notice. The youngest hand

Digitized by Google

would generally be posted as sentinel, and when no other mode of escaping observation presented itself, the beer would be drawn up at a back window by a string.

In many workshops an absurd system of fines prevails, the main object of which is to accumulate a fund to be expended for beer: cabinetmakers are no exception. Fines are sometimes levied if the grindstone, or rubbing-down stone, on which plane-irons are sharpened be not used according to certain prescribed regulations: sometimes a point connected with the fire and candle, with the glue-pot or tinder-box, constituted the ground of an imposition. Then there is the 'footing,' or *bucksheesh*, expected from every new hand engaged to work at the shop. Should the new hand prove refractory, and object to pay his footing, he lays himself open to all sorts of annoyances, the chief of which is taking away and concealing his tools, if he have any. This is called 'setting old Mother Shornie to work;' and as the poor man's tools disappear one by one, the old lady is said to have carried them off. Should he want to use the glue, another will immediately snatch the pot from the fire and keep it on his own bench. The upshot is, that the recusant either pays the fine or quits the shop. Bad luck, too, to the unfortunate wight whose apron was hemmed at the bottom! he immediately rendered himself liable to a fine, as the immemorial custom of the craft requires the apron to be decorated with a fringe made by pulling out a few cross threads at its lower extremity. Among blacksmiths, when a man mounts a new apron, it must be stamped with a quart pot, which it is needless to say is brought in full of beer; and a painter, while at work, becomes 'fineable' if he drop his brush, and it be picked up by a shopmate before he can recover it. Some of these laws were enforced in our workshop: one of the men appointed by the others acted as treasurer. When the time came for drinking the sum collected, it often fell short of anticipation, leaving room to suspect the treasurer's faith. The same fact was also observed with regard to a fund raised by penny a-week subscriptions for the relief of 'tramps:' it was never so large as it ought to have been.

There was a difference in morning and afternoon conversation: the former has been described; the latter, especially after beer, was somewhat more boisterous and unseemly. So it went on with little variation year after year. There was no ambition, no aspiration, no notion of daily bettering, of steadily carrying out a fixed purpose, save that of supplying animal wants. This, it may be said, is so pre-eminent a necessity, as to absorb all others; but we are told that,

> 'Well-earned, the bread of service yet may have
> A mounting spirit.'

A hand-to-mouth mode of living had become second nature with all in the shop: their sole recreation, whether married or single, was to pass the evenings in the taproom of a public-house; such a thing as a walk in the fields, or listening to a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, was never thought of, or, if thought of, never put in practice. As may be inferred under such circumstances, the moral code was lax; everything was fair, unless you were found out; and if by any chance a defaulter was detected, the general feeling, instead of contrition, was—'More fool he not to have managed it better.' I well remember certain current phrases which were familiar to me before I was old enough to understand their import—'What the master don't miss, comes to the man;' 'What a person does not know, does him no harm;' or, 'It's no use to starve in a cook's shop:' all vicious sayings, importing a low tone of morality. Acting on these principles, nails, screws, sand-paper, small pieces of veneer, in fact anything that could be easily secreted, was carried away; and, what is not a little singular, such acts were never looked upon as *stealing;* 'taking it home' was the recognised term. No one scrupled to work on his own private account, using the master's time and materials at any job which he might have picked up among his own connections; the contraband object being hastily laid aside whenever the employer made his appearance. Among other instances, I have known a man to make a dozen chairs in a shop constantly overlooked by a foreman, and carry them away piecemeal concealed about his person. Small articles inadvertently left in a chest of drawers, writing-desk, or other furniture sent in for repair, were always regarded as lawful prizes, and appropriated accordingly. All this might be set down to an attempt on the part of a subordinate class to indemnify themselves for the absence of privileges enjoyed by others, but, as we have seen in the treasurer's defalcation, they were not true to one another. And it almost invariably happened that the messenger sent out to buy bread, and cheese, and beer, or the materials for concocting egg-hot, made a profit for himself out of the contributions by purchasing deficient or inferior articles. The detail of such facts is a melancholy one: no attempt, however, has been made to overstate the evil; the knowledge of its existence may perhaps lead to measures of melioration.

Occasionally a London hand on tramp was taken in for a short time; his stay generally had the effect of interfusing a little metropolitan slang with the provincial vernacular. One useful result, however, followed: the new-comer furnished us with hints how to work, contrivances for abridging and expediting labour, or a new style of construction, which we could continue after he had left. But our men were very ill-equipped with tools: scarcely one, indeed, who did not avail himself of the most miserable make-shifts; anything to save the outlay of a shilling. With these they would go on for years, unaware perhaps that they were sacrificing time, and producing inferior work, with such imperfect appliances. The better the tools, all other things being equal, the better is a man enabled to work: a few weeks' saving of what was spent at the public-house would have put our men on an efficient footing in this particular. But they were incapable of taking a comprehensive view of their position and prospects; they could never look beyond the next Saturday.

Disheartening as all this may appear, there are one or two redeeming points. As a boy, I was extremely fond of reading, and having a good memory, often repeated in the workshop some of the stirring incidents of travel and adventure which I had perused. On such occasions I had always an admiring and attentive audience. It is true that time was lost while they ceased their work to listen to my recitals; but the conversation that followed showed a capability of being interested by topics out of the ordinary range when presented in a very familiar style. There was a certain *esprit de corps* also among these men, which, under proper management, might become a motive-power of no mean value for moral training and advancement. At times, too, manifestations of loyal attachment and devotion to the employer would appear—glimpses, as it were, of a genuine nature deadened and perverted by mischievous habits. When we consider that men are found to work day after day for mere food and raiment, without an idea of the dignity of labour, or the poetry of life to sustain them, we are impressed with the fact of a latent power in this dogged perseverance, capable of greater things, when once the mental slough can be cast off.

The routine of workshop duty was often interrupted by 'jobbing-work' at customers' houses. Country tradesmen, as is generally known, devote themselves to more numerous branches of trade than the shopkeepers of the metropolis, or what may be termed provincial capitals. Hence the workman's occupation is more varied, and perhaps on that account more interesting, notwithstanding the depreciatory declaration of the real London artisan, that your countryman 'knows a little of everything, and nothing well.' Removing goods, paper-hanging, lifting carpets, taking down and cleaning bedsteads, &c. of such our jobs mainly consisted. To some houses we paid periodical

Digitized by Google

visits: at the end of April, the thick worsted hangings and draperies, their winter occupation gone, were to be taken down and replaced by the summer's paraphernalia of chintz and muslin, which in October again gave place to the cozy damask and moreen. These goings out gave us an insight into the domestic arrangements of many families, and we were not backward in drawing inferences. At that time the most favourable estimate was formed of those households in which beer was most freely supplied: the house which kept 'a good tap' might always depend on prompt services. According to the nature of our occupation, we went from storey to storey, from room to room; now catching a glimpse of a fashionable toilette, or a well-furnished wardrobe; then coming suddenly into a noisy nursery, or perhaps a store-closet smelling of soap and candles, ham and onions, jellies and *juniper*. It was the part of Asmodeus without the trouble of taking off the roof: what snatches we caught of *little-town-ism!* In some houses the inmates would carry on their conversation quite regardless of our presence; our social position was too low to cause restraint. Experiences of this kind were amusing, but not improving. It was a great pleasure for me to be sent to an old manor-house; for there, by favour of the housekeeper or servants, I was allowed to spend a little time in the library every evening after the labours of the day. Country work is among the pleasantest of my workship recollections.

But to return to our main question: the faults of character which I have attempted to signalise, with regard to a certain class of working-men, are not confined to one particular locality; the same defects, or modifications of them, appear in other quarters. A few years' residence in the state of New York gave me opportunity to observe the same want of forethought, of true independence of character, of adapting means to ends, as prevailed in my native district at home. The working-class in America comprises a heterogeneous mixture, of which we have little example in this country, and to this cause many radical defects may perhaps be attributed. There is one favourable point which I must not forget to notice: the English and Americans with whom I came in contact were always ready to lend tools to one another in case of need; not so the French and Germans; they either demurred, or refused altogether, even to their compatriots. The French appeared to be the most unreflecting in their proceedings. I once remonstrated with a Parisian who had chopped up a valuable piece of mahogany to burn under the glue-pot. The reply was, 'Bah! whenever you see von rich man, you see your enemy: the boss is von rich—he is my enemy. It is quite fair; I do vat I like to him.'

From this intensified specimen of perverse morality, some idea may be formed of its wide-spread action in a less positive degree. I often look back to my workshop days with a feeling of regret that I did not make a better use of them, and that I yielded too readily to the influences around me. My latest experiences come down to within the last six years, consequently the conclusions which may arise cannot be said to apply to an obsolete state of things. The workshop was a bad school for me; association in early life with men who had no fixed principles left unwholesome impressions on my mind, which have never been wholly eradicated. Apprentices, on entering a situation, have a double evil to encounter; in some cases they are at the beck and call of the whole shop—their life a very slavery—so much is exacted from them by men who are often loudest in senseless clamour about invasion of rights. This is a physical evil; but the moral one is greater. I say it with inexpressible regret, that as far as my own experiences are concerned, the workmen, acting less as individuals than in the spirit of class, too generally neglect moral considerations; and nothing is more certain than that they are suspicious of each other. Could they have a thorough reliance on each other's integrity, what might they not accomplish? It may be said, indeed, that among the so-called middle and higher classes there is too much want of conscientious principle; but among these classes, I believe, there is an ever-pervading desire to maintain at least the appearance of respectability of character. A fear of losing caste, by being discovered to have done either a mean or dishonest action, insures that which an uncompromising integrity ought in itself to accomplish.

In my youthful experiences I saw little of pure-souled conscientiousness; the only guiding principle was self-ishness injuriously exercised. This was an error springing immediately from what I consider to be a grand defect in the manual labouring-classes. They commit the prodigious mistake of considering themselves to be a class apart, and acting accordingly; whereas they should know that they are members of a varied community, the language, fashions, and feelings of which there is no reason they should not adopt. In their labour there is nothing dishonourable, or which weighs them down; they are depressed mainly by considerations arising out of their feelings and habits. To me it is now obvious that with the exercise of a little forethought, self-denial, and self-respect, a better state of things would prevail. I would not be thought actuated by a desire to deny or undervalue the virtues which we know exist in many struggling families; my wish is, that they should become more general. How many subordinate clerks, with smaller incomes than the yearly earnings of a mechanic, live in comfort and respectability. Why cannot the working-classes do the same? Having but comparatively little requirement for expensive clothing, they might often be more at ease in pecuniary matters than the father of a family obliged to wear a good coat and keep up an appearance.

Every year the multiplication of books and other educational facilities renders the work of progress easier. Education must come from within as well as from without. When this truth becomes better known, we shall perhaps hear that the working-classes have abandoned their 'fixed idea,' and emerged from the groove in which they have so long been travelling in ill-suppressed discontent, and caught the 'mounting spirit.'*

FLOWER HYBRIDS.

Through the kindness of the exhibitor in sending us a card of admission, we had recently the pleasure of going over the Exhibition of American Flowering Plants in Chelsea. The plants are arranged under an immense awning, in two long plots at right angles to one another, and the space of ground thus covered with flowers was very considerable. Standing on an elevated platform at one end, a splendid view is afforded of the collection, and a more brilliant and varied mass of floral beauty can scarcely be conceived. Here, there were rich heaps of purple fading away into its lightest tints; there, were more delicate clusters of pink; and beyond, of yellow, rose, and pure white. But for certain general features indicative of their relationship, one ignorant of botanical science would have supposed them to be all members of different families. Yet, reader, this great assemblage of flowers, these varied and opposite effects, and this surprising dissimilarity of individual aspect, were produced by only two species of plants, and these allied to each other—rhododendrons and azaleas. Thirty years ago, only three or four noticeable varieties of the rhododendrons were known in England. Probably fifty times that number are now growing in luxuriance in our choicest collections. How were these produced? They

* The above article is what it purports to be—the production of a person who only a few years ago laboured as a working-man in an English provincial town. That he has been able to put his ideas thus before the world is, he says, exclusively owing to a persevering course of self-instruction.—Ed. *C. E. J.*

Digitized by Google

were not imported from abroad. We owe them entirely to the skill and ingenuity of our practical florists; and the art by which this singular effect is attained is the Hybridising or Crossing of Flowers—the real subject of our present article.

The German botanist Köllreuter appears to have been the earliest discoverer of the extraordinary results which may be effected by flower-crossing. The study has been more extensively pursued, and with the care and patience which it demands, together with the power of response to the rather heavy calls it makes upon the pocket, by two deceased British botanists—the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, and Mr Thomas A. Knight, the president for many years of the Horticultural Society in our own country. It is well known that in the zoological kingdom—and the fact has been extensively taken advantage of by man, with the most valuable and interesting results—that varieties of animal species might be mingled together, and the production of an entirely new variety would result from the union. Thus have originated our different breeds of horses, cattle, dogs, sheep, fowls, and singing birds. The hybrid thus produced being capable of reproduction, has supplied us with varieties of these domestic creatures of a permanent and immensely important kind. The researches of the experimenters in question solved the same problem in the vegetable kingdom. 'This power of hybridising,' writes Dr Lindley, 'appears to be far more common in plants than in animals; for while only a few animal mules are known, there is scarcely a genus of domesticated plants in which this effect cannot be produced.' The power of producing a hybrid plant, however, is confined to certain limits. Some experimenters have obtained, as they say, a sort of hybrid between a horse-radish and a cabbage; others, between a rose and a black currant; others, between oranges and pomegranates; between the thorn-apple and the tobacco plant; but these are mostly apocryphal cases. The rule appears to be, that the process of hybridisation cannot be generally successful except between species of plants nearly related to one another. Plants so distinct as to be properly ranked under different genera cannot be intermingled. If plants described by botanists as belonging to two genera do intermix, and produce a fertile or even a barren offspring, it appears to be the firm belief of Mr Herbert that the botanists are in the wrong, and that we have thus a sort of natural test by which to prove whether the arbitrary distinctions they adopt have their foundation in the laws of the vegetable scheme. There will doubtless be many opponents to this opinion; but it is more than probable that it will outlive the opposition. We must not, however, venture further on this toughly-contested subject.

The reader who is anxious to produce hybridising effects, will be glad to know that the requisite process is very simple, though it calls for much patience on his part. In the first instance, it consists merely in applying the pollen of the flowers of one variety to those of another of the same species. The strange pollen grain, resting on the stigma of one of the latter flowers, in process of time puts forth a microscopic tubule, and penetrating the tissue of this portion of the flower, it finally reaches the ovule, to which it communicates the principle of life. The ovule finally completed is a seed—in this instance a seed borne by one flower and receiving the vital principle from another. Several precautions are, however, necessary to a successful issue. The flower in which the operation is to be performed must be deprived of its own anthers before the pollen they secrete is matured and fitted for its functions in the vegetable organism. In some flowers, in which the ripening of the pollen takes place before the expansion of the flower, this is almost impossible, as the flower in such cases must be torn open while it is yet unexpanded; in others it may be managed by using a very delicate pair of lady's scissors. Selecting a flower of another variety of the species, the pollen of which is just ripe, or nearly so, it may be removed by a fine camel's-hair brush from the anthers, and transferred to the stigma of the first flower. It is then customary among some cultivators to tie a little bag of fine gauze or muslin over the flower thus treated, to prevent the application of any other farina, by the intervention of insects or the wind, which might interfere with the result. Others are content with simple ticketing, so as to be able at seed-time to distinguish the flower. The usual processes then go on: the flower fades, and in time the seed ripens, when it must be carefully collected and stored up in a marked box. This is the first and most important part of the process of hybridisation. The seeds must then be dealt with *secundum artem*, the seedling plants carefully tended, potted in very rich compost; and when the time of flowering arrives, the experimenter, if he makes the attempt on a sufficient scale, will probably be rewarded with three or four new varieties of his flowers, of the greatest beauty, together with a vast number of other curious but not meritorious plants.

Here, then, is the grand secret of the myriads of new flowers which are annually produced in our exhibitions and flower-markets. Only those who are in some measure acquainted with the system of flower-cultivation can estimate the really enormous number of varieties raised by this means in each year. Some practical florists, whose talent or taste lies in rearing particular kinds of plants, such as geraniums, fuchsias, camellias, or rhododendrons, occasionally clear very large sums of money by the splendour of particular plants created by this art. As is well known, when once a good 'florist's flower' of a perennial plant is obtained, it is capable of becoming the parent of thousands of others by means of slips and cuttings. Some idea of the value of the parent plant may be estimated by the fact, that small plants of a new variety are often sold to wealthy amateurs at five guineas each and upwards, when the plant is making its first *debut* in the court of Flora. But it must not be forgotten that out of perhaps four or five hundred seedlings, the care and culture of which necessarily occupies a prolonged time, and is attended with considerable trouble and expense, only three or four really good new varieties will occur, although there may be a number of secondary flowers which appear beautiful in the eyes of the uninitiated, and these are sold at inferior prices; a vast number, however, turn out worthless, and must be thrown away. The magnificent variety of rhododendrons, mentioned in our opening paragraphs, was produced out of a vast number of seedlings, of which only the truly splendid and valuable plants were preserved. That favourite, the auricula, the carnations, and many others, particularly pansies, have yielded under this treatment the most surprising number of varieties conceivable. The 'named' kinds alone are innumerable: the titles 'Napoleons,' 'Princes,' 'Duchesses,' and a number equally grandisonant, conveying the idea of the superb beauty of many. But, alas! many of these varieties 'have the great fault of perishing almost as soon as they are obtained, and they serve no other purpose than that of encumbering the minds of science with accounts of so-called species which, from their transitory existence, can never be re-examined.'

It may be asked, In what relation does the hybrid flower stand with respect to its resemblance or differences from those by the intermixture of which it was originated? There is some dispute on the subject, but, as a general rule, it may be stated that the plant or flower is a mean between the two; or, in other words, that it is like neither the one nor the other; but, like both, it possesses some qualities and characteristics of this, modified by opposite ones of that plant. Thus a scarlet flower crossed with a white will probably produce a hybrid plant with a flower of a mixed red and white. Or again, a hardy variety crossed with a tender one will probably produce a half-hardy hybrid. In some of Mr Herbert's experiments on camellias, this mean result was singularly displayed, not merely in regard to external features, but in point of constitution. This was also manifest in the calceolarias. The plants of one variety are shrubby and tender, growing to a considerable height; others are stemless, but very hardy, dying down during the winter, but reappearing in the spring. The resulting hybrid was partly of the one, partly of the other habit, so tender, as

Digitized by Google

to perish with *extreme* frost, but so hardy, as safely to endure the severity of an ordinary season; and it was a sort of semi-shrubby plant, not absolutely stemless, and not entirely dying down in winter. How valuable the results to which these facts point! They put into the hands of man a modelling power over the organised creation which he may make subservient to his best advantage. Is a valuable esculent too tender for our climate, while it is at the same time an abundantly-productive bearer? these discoveries plainly indicate the cure—let it be hybridised by a hardier plant. When the facility of the means of thus altering the character and constitution of plants is considered, our surprise at a number of different species of the same genus occurring wild in nature will probably cease; and probably it is to the natural hybridisation of plants that the origin of a number of the divisions we designate species is to be ascribed. It is certain that a number of wild flowers have been found which were without doubt hybrid plants, for they were a sort of vegetable epitome of two dissimilar species found in their vicinity. Doubtless in these cases the industrious bee has been the agent of conveyance for the pollen from the one to the other flower. 'It is impossible not to believe that a great proportion of the reputed species of *Rosa rubus*, and other intricate genera, have had a hybrid origin.' With regard to *roses*, the first cross known in England was brought from America—it was the celebrated Noisette rose, being a hybrid between the musk cluster and the ever-blowing Chinese rose. Are we to reduce all roses back to the wild rose of our hedges, and to ascribe the countless splendid varieties of the queen of flowers, where not the direct result of human intervention, to crossings occurring between one or two accidental varieties of the dog-rose? And may not the same be conjectured in many other instances? These inquiries are both interesting and important; but they are at the same time such as can scarcely receive a definite answer.

While Mr Herbert busied himself with flower hybrids, and was rewarded with an infinite number of valuable results, Mr Knight devoted himself with equal assiduity and success to the improvement of vegetables and fruit by this means. One of his experiments was very curious: he touched the stigma of a smooth cabbage with the mixed pollen of the red and curled varieties, and carefully preserving the seed, it produced a cabbage that only curled, but *red* also! His experiments on fruit-trees—a series demanding a vast amount of time and expenditure of money—were singularly successful; and we owe it to this distinguished horticulturist, and to this singular power of hybridisation, that our orchards are now enriched with fruits of the greatest value and perfection. Let the reader know that five, six, or seven years were requisite to the completion of some of these experiments; and as he beholds with pleasure his black eagle cherries, or his melons, or his apples, or his improved currants, let him not forget the skill and patience which helped to bring them to their present high condition of perfection. It is not over-sanguine to look for the highest advantages to accrue from the application of the principles sketched in this paper to agriculture; and the time may be confidently anticipated when our agriculturists will have succeeded in obtaining by hybridising different varieties the best species of plants for the nutriment of animals or for the food of man. Such an originally elastic constitution conferred by the Divine Author of nature upon the vegetable kingdom, bearing as it does so importantly upon the wants and condition of man, may well excite our reverential admiration of the forethought which ordained it. As a mere pastime of a harmless and elegant kind, hybrid flower-raising has a high station. Mr Herbert writes—'The cultivator of ornamental plants sees in the several species of each genus that he possesses the materials with which he must work, and he considers in what manner he can blend them to the best advantage, looking to several gifts in which each excels, whether of hardiness to endure our seasons, beauty in its colours, of delicacy in its markings, of fragrance, or stature, in profusion of blossom, and he may anticipate with tolerable accuracy the probable aspect of the intermediate plant which he is permitted to create, for that term may be figuratively applied to the introduction into the world of a natural form which has probably never before existed in it.'

THE MISSES BLACKADDER.

In going up the High Street of Glasgow, we may remark on the right-hand side one of those antique but elegant buildings which in long bygone times was the residence of a family of no small local distinction. Here, rather more than half a century ago, and on the strength of certain rents of dwellings in the adjoining lanes, three sisters, the Misses Blackadder, had taken up their abode. After the primitive fashion of a former age, these worthy spinsters were respectively known to their friends as Miss Phemie, Miss Beckie, and Miss Nancy. They had all arrived at that indefinite period of life politely designated 'a certain age,' but the exact numbers of their years were subjects of doubt and debate among their acquaintances; and the Misses Blackadder would furnish no information more conclusive than that the intervals between them were comparatively short, and that Phemie was the eldest.

Somewhat inconsistently with this latter fact, however, Miss Phemie was observed to act a secondary part in the household, the control of which might be said to repose in the hands of Miss Beckie and Miss Nancy. The dress of Miss Phemie was also seen to be a shade lower in tone; and whether in the street or the old-fashioned family pew in the cathedral of St Mungo, she appeared with a subduedness of aspect irreconcilable with her seniority. It is our duty to explain the apparent puzzle.

The Misses Blackadder had been left early orphans, with good expectations; their father was their only son, with two uncles, one of whom became a planter in Jamaica, and the other a merchant in Greenock. The spirit of enterprising commerce which had separated those elder branches of his house so widely, promised fair to make them wealthy bachelors. Mr Blackadder devoutly hoped and believed that neither would ever find time to marry; and having done so himself, he sent his eldest daughter Phemie, at the age of ten, to cheer the solitary hours of her Greenock uncle, in compliance with the merchant's request, strengthened by a promise to make her his heiress, and not forget her sisters. Scarcely was this arrangement concluded, when the father was suddenly snatched away in the very noon of life: there was little time to regulate his affairs, and he bequeathed the patrimonial property in the High Street to his wife in trust for their two youngest girls, considering Phemie as already provided for by the promise of his uncle. So thought all concerned; and Phemie lived on with the merchant, who continued to prosper and speculate, while her mother and sisters inhabited the old house in Glasgow; and as the first bitterness of their loss wore off under the mellowing influence of time, they naturally enough began to calculate on the family's interests in their childless relatives.

The uncertainty of prospective advantages was, however, destined to be strangely illustrated in their case. About five years after the death of Mr Blackadder, the old planter in Jamaica, possessed with that intense longing for his native country which is apt to come over such of its people as declining years find alone with fortune in strange lands, sold off his plantation, and left the West Indies, determined to spend the remnant of his days, in all the importance of wealth, among his relations in Scotland. He had always been remarkable for a peculiar prejudice against banks and bank paper; and as it was in some degree justified by the state of the times, which were those of the first French Revolution, he carried the whole purchase-money with him in the form of specie, secured in a strong box. London was his first port: and as his brother in Greenock had some business to transact there about the time of his arrival, it was agreed they should meet if possible, and return together. The latter had at that period in his employment two young men who were said to be natives of Cape Colony: they had come to Greenock in the

Digitized by Google

service of the Scottish Indian and African Company, in which Phemie's guardian was a shareholder; but being in inferior capacities, applied for situations in his establishment, and had risen in their employer's estimation through five years' acquaintance, till one of them became his confidential clerk, and the other his principal salesman. The former bore the name of George Crighton, the latter that of Robert Keneday, and but for this circumstance, they would have been considered brothers from their mutual resemblance. Both were small, dark-complexioned men, with grave, handsome features, very taciturn habits, and more than ordinary steadiness in business. Though rarely seen together in public, they were known to be close companions; and it was remarked that the one never spoke of the other if he could avoid it. Whether owing to their influence, or the state of his affairs, none of the Blackadders could ever learn; but when the merchant set out to meet his brother in London, his clerk accompanied him, and the salesman was consequently left in complete charge of his premises.

Neither journeys nor communications were then so rapidly made as at present; but one letter arrived, which informed the connexions in general, who were now in a fervour of expectation, that the brothers had met at the Silver Swan—an old-fashioned hotel near the West India Docks—and might be expected in the course of a fortnight. The events that followed this news were strange and disastrous. On sitting down to breakfast one morning, the old men missed the clerk, and the planter's suspicions immediately reverted to the ponderous trunk standing close beside his bed, in which his strong box had been enclosed for safety. It was still locked; but on examination, they discovered that the strong box and the clerk were gone together. At first the merchant could scarcely credit the occurrence. The clerk had been esteemed and trusted beyond any of his own relations, and had given such convincing proofs of his devotedness to the interests of the firm, that its most important secrets were confided to him, including that of which he had so unexpectedly availed himself. The alarm was given, informations were sworn, and the machinery of the law put in motion for the delinquent's apprehension; but all in vain. At length he was traced to Liverpool: and in the impatience of deeply-interested men, the two old brothers, by this time worn out with suspense and anxiety, took outside places, as none else could be obtained, on one of the fast stage-coaches of the day, in order to contribute their best endeavours towards his arrest. The 'Flying Eagle,' by which they travelled, proceeded safely till about midway on its journey, when it was overset, by coming in contact with a wagon in a dark night. All the passengers escaped uninjured, with the exception of the long-parted brothers, who were at least briefly divided by death—the planter being killed on the spot, and the merchant so much injured, that he died three days after at an inn in the nearest village.

These were terrible events to the Blackadders. Much grief could not be expected, but there was fear among them regarding the long-looked-for legacy. And their terrors were more than realised when, on examination of the merchant's affairs, his whole property was found insufficient to discharge the claims upon it. The salesman delivered up everything into their hands, appeared well pleased to get quit of such unpleasant responsibility, and spoke with indignant astonishment not only at the conduct of his former mercantile associate, as he made a point of styling the confidential clerk, but also at the state in which the accounts of the establishment were left.

On this subject his surprise was shared by both friends and creditors, for they found the accounts in a state of inextricable confusion; receipts and entries of the most important description being in many instances wanting, and bills to a large amount drawn on the firm, of whose existence the proprietor did not seem to have been aware. All these discrepancies were, as a matter of course, placed to the account of the clerk; but the utmost efforts of the legal officers failed to bring him to justice, and it was believed he had escaped to America.

Mr Keneday left the Blackadder employment with increased lustre of character, which assisted him in obtaining a better situation in a mercantile house in Glasgow. He was regarded as a respectable, and at length a prosperous man, whom parents and guardians were apt to point out to the young as an example of honourable prudence; having in a very few years realised from his savings a considerable capital, in right of which he became the junior partner of his employers; and at the period of our story, though still unmarried, he was a decidedly sober and exemplary character—a deacon in the Misses Blackadder's parish church; the intimate friend of the reverend doctor who presided there; and the whispered admirer of Miss Beckie, who had been heard, it was supposed for the first time in her life regarding any mortal, to speak in praise of his quiet deportment, which she averred was not at all forward.

But there was one person to whom the occurrences we have described had been peculiarly adverse; and that was poor Phemie. Her uncle's death had deprived her at once of present support and future prospects; and being unprovided for by her father's will, and left only some few articles of furniture and small valuables, including the portraits of her two uncles by the creditors' generosity, she had no alternative but to return and live with her mother and sisters; and the death of the old lady some time before the commencement of our tale, left the Misses Blackadder in the state therein described.

They were pattern spinsters to the High Street and its vicinity, and their style of housekeeping corresponded with the precision of their dress and manner. The outer door was always locked at nine o'clock at night, and opened at eight in the morning, between which hours there was neither entrance nor egress for any of earthly mould. Their meals were invariably taken an hour later than those of their neighbours, in token of superior rank. They patronised no holidays, considering that to be the custom of common people, except by giving a glass of wine to each of their two servants, accompanied by a quantity of good advice, on the morning of New-Year's Day. They attended highly respectable parties, but never gave any, regarding that as an indecorous proceeding on the part of single gentlewomen. Some pleased to term this account of stinginess. The only social relaxation permitted in their mansion, was what the two younger ladies particularly delighted to call a nice 'quiet evening.'

Of course Phemie did as she was bid on all occasions; and notwithstanding the ominous propriety which characterised her sisters, she was regarded, want of fortune and other trifles considered, to be the only desperate old maid of the trio, especially after it was known that Mr Keneday had been formally introduced at the house, and warmly recommended by the Rev. Dr Mackay, who, together with his housekeeping sister, was a frequent visitor of the Misses Blackadder. Certain speculations, moreover, had been afloat for some time regarding Miss Nancy's suitableness for the office of the doctor's lady, to which it was presumed her loftier aim aspired; but a stranger who had been seen for two successive Sundays walking side by side with Mr Keneday and the sisters to church, attracted the observation of the more vigilant part of their acquaintances, who, with surprising promptitude, marked him down as the doctor's rival.

On the second Sunday of these remarks, when the three Misses Blackadder entered their pew for the forenoon sermon, they were surprised to find that a stranger had taken possession of Phemie's accustomed seat. This was an invasion of family rights which the younger sisters could not tolerate. Miss Nancy cast upon him a frown which she was in the habit of practising; and Miss Beckie looked, as plainly as looks could express, that she thought him extremely forward: but their wrath was suddenly directed to another channel, for Phemie, without giving him the least intimation of the impropriety he had committed, quietly took possession of a vacant seat by the stranger's side. On his part their tokens of disapprobation were utterly unnoticed, except by a look of stern determination to keep his place, which gradually softened as the service proceeded into attention at once to the preacher

Digitized by Google

and Miss Phemie, for whom he pointed out the text and turned up the psalm. The man seemed unconscious of his iniquity; and as her sisters' glances failed in awaking Phemie to a sense of it, they soothed their wounded honour by wondering who the intruder could be. He was a tall muscular man, approaching forty; his hair was still black and curly, his dress was respectable, and his face still more so, from that expression of fixed gravity and keen intelligence found only in North Britain.

Week-day inquiries furnished the Misses Blackadder with a fund of information concerning him. Dr Mackay advertised them that he had taken a sitting in their pew; his sister informed them that he had lately opened an establishment in the wholesale fishmonger line at the corner of the Candleriggs; and Mr Keneday advised them that he was presumed to be only the manager for a Greenock house. On the following Sunday the pew-opener was commanded to admonish the stranger of his error; and the apology which that functionary reported was such as mollified even Miss Beckie, especially as he had made haste to open the door for them, and comported himself in a most respectful manner, though still attentive to Miss Phemie, to whom he offered a share of his umbrella and the support of his arm homewards in a sudden shower which surprised the scattering congregation, while her sisters were escorted by Mr Keneday and his friend. In short, their good opinion was gained; but while the younger sisters were deliberating whether or not he was a proper acquaintance, he was formally introduced to them at the house of a retired West India captain in the Gorbals—where they sometimes went to tea, on account of his wife being a grandniece of their mother's second cousin—as Mr Mactavish; and Phemie recollected that he strongly resembled a Highland porter formerly in her uncle's employment, and much esteemed for his sound sense and honesty. This disclosure, which poor Phemie would fain have recalled, though made in a moment of confidence, together with some admissions of his own touching the respect he owed to the Blackadder family, wound out the tale that he was the only son of the said porter, whose prudence and industry had done credit to the example and instructions of his father, and raised him to his present position. Having completed the discovery, it was determined by the Misses Beckie and Nancy that he was to be recognised, but never associated with; and many were the remonstrances addressed to their elder sister on the forgetfulness of ancestral dignity which she exhibited in encouraging his attempts at intimacy, even to conversation on the weather and similar topics of general interest, when they happened to meet on the streets, while her sisters passed by with nods of unrelenting patronage.

Such was the state of things when the winter drew on: calculating people said it was just twenty years since the death of the two unfortunate uncles: the noisy illuminations that welcomed the peace were over, and Glasgow had settled down into the quiet of a rather dull November, but the Misses Blackadder resolved to enliven its gloom in their drawing-room with their quarterly indulgence of a 'quiet evening.' Seldom, indeed, did such affairs occur in their household more frequently than four times a year; but then they were excessively genteel, with tea and supper, at which the family china and plate were displayed, and the ladies considered that any individual invited had their respectability definitely insured. On the present occasion, the company consisted of Dr Mackay, his sister, Mr Keneday, and his friend Mr Grey, the gentleman already referred to, who had now been some months on a visit at his lodgings, and who, owing to the high estimation entertained for the former, aided by his own somewhat precise and reverential manner, was unanimously received into that sober circle. He appeared many years older than Mr Keneday, and would have been like him but for a luxuriant crop of light brown hair and bushy whiskers of the same colour, concerning which there was a whisper of their being put on: but the ladies didn't believe it; and his own account of his life was, that the greater part of it had been passed as a missionary among the Hottentots.

It was a November evening, heavy and cold with that most palpable of all fogs known as a Scotch mist, and still familiar to the Glasgow winter; but the fog was believed in only by report in the Misses Blackadder's drawing-room, where the company were already assembled, with Kensington candles and best china before them. The tea was not yet presented: it and the servant waited at the kitchen fire till the household clock should strike six, previous to which she was instructed no gentlewoman would drink tea. Miss Beckie and Miss Mackay sat on the sofa hemming lawn handkerchiefs, and conversing with Mr Keneday on the wickedness of Edinburgh, which he had recently visited; Miss Nancy occupied an arm-chair between the doctor and Mr Grey, wondering if the Irish in the Fiddlers' Close weren't wilder heathens than those the latter had converted in Caffreland; and Miss Phemie sat alone by the fire, silently knitting a remarkably fine stocking. Suddenly there was a quick knock at the door—the ladies had always voted bells vulgar—and the next moment their second servant—who, by the way, was new to her complicated duties—ushered in Mr Mactavish of the Candleriggs with 'There's Miss Blackadder herself, sir,' as she directed his attention to Phemie. The unexpected guest bowed; looked round the the astonished party, as if in search of a welcome; hoped he saw Miss Beckie and Miss Nancy well, which those ladies could not find breath to answer; and then addressing Phemie, said, 'I trust, madam, I am not too late?'

'Oh not in the least,' said poor Phemie in the midst of her surprise. But the gentleman, growing mere flurried as he caught sight of the tea equipage, continued, 'Please to let me know in what manner I can serve you!'

A still broader stare of amazement followed this demand, and Mr Keneday appeared inclined to forget his wonted gravity. The Highland blood flushed dark-red on the stranger's cheek and brow as, sweeping the apartment with a fiery glance, he said, 'Ladies, there is some misunderstanding here. As I was stepping into my own lodgings, about twenty minutes ago, two respectable-looking men walked up to me in the mist. One of them said, "Sir, Miss Phemie Blackadder requires to see you to-night." "Where?" said I. "At the house in the High Street," answered the other in a peremptory tone: "go immediately, for we have been sent to tell you." This is the cause of my coming, and I must say'——

'Do take a seat, Mr Mactavish,' interrupted Miss Nancy.

'And let us talk of it quietly,' added Miss Beckie.

'I never sent such a message, sir, and am sorry you should have been put to the trouble; but sit down if you please,' chimed in poor Phemie; and down Mactavish sat, though apparently not half pleased. The consciousness that his reception had been beneath his deserts, and an anxious curiosity for full particulars, had wrought a rapid change on the manner of the company, who now gathered round him, pouring in questions and remarks. But though frank and serious, he could give no further explanation of the affair; and the deeper it was investigated, the more he appeared to be puzzled. Mr Keneday supposed it was some low characters taking the liberty of a jest; and the doctor inquired 'if he had ever seen them before?' 'No, sir, they weren't of the lower orders,' said Mactavish with sudden earnestness. 'I saw them distinctly by the lamp-light; and—but it must have been imagination—I thought I had seen the first speaker often enough in my earlier days.' Here the clock struck, and Janet made her entry with the hyson.

'You'll stay and take tea with us, sir!' said Phemie, casting a timidly-imploring look at her sisters. Native hospitality enforced the appeal; they joined in her request; and after what Miss Beckie denominated a proper amount of pressing, Mr Mactavish took his seat at the table. But the unlooked-for addition to their 'quiet evening' continued thoughtful and abstracted, though seated beside Miss Phemie. At length, when the cups were making their last circuit, he inquired, like one awaking, what day of the month it was.

'The 7th of November, sir,' said Miss Beckie. 'Our

Digitized by Google

family have and cause to remember this day: it is the anniversary of papa's last uncle's death: but the will of Providence'——

Mr Grey started at the words, and let fall his cup. 'It's broke!' screamed Miss Nancy. But it wasn't; and the gentleman, whether to divert the company's attention from his sprinkled tea, or to escape a subject of which, from the lady's known habits, he had probably heard more than sufficient, observed that, speaking of the day of the month reminded him of a small Morisco almanac he had bought at the Portuguese settlement in Algoa, which was quite a curiosity. A general wish being expressed to see it, Mr Grey recollected he had it about him in a pocket-book. It was immediately produced; and after considerable searching among loose papers, the little antiquity was brought forth in the form of a stripe of vellum, covered with Arabic characters, and wrapped in the fragment of an old letter, which Mr Grey flung carelessly on the table. The almanac was passed from hand to hand; its owner became busy and eloquent in explaining its use; but Phemie remarked that Mactavish had picked up the envelope, and was intently scanning it, evidently believing himself unobserved, and casting stealthy but scrutinising looks at Mr Grey every line he read. By degrees he also joined in the wonder and conversation, but quietly pocketed the morsel of paper; and in a short time none was more earnest in discourse regarding the almanac; though, if the purchaser's face could have given an interpretation of its language, he could not have taken more keen and inquisitive looks at it. Mr Grey himself appeared to feel uncomfortable; but he talked and laughed louder than usual; and the fishmonger at length pulling out his watch, hoped the ladies would excuse him for a few minutes, as a gentleman was to meet him at nine in a neighbouring coffeehouse. Miss Beckie observed it was very proper to keep an appointment, and he departed without further ceremony. His personal appearance, singular statement, and humble origin, were all on the tapis in less than ten minutes; when a sound of confused voices and heavy feet was heard in the hall, and the next moment in burst a police-officer, followed by some half-dozen inferiors, with an announcement that Mr Grey was their prisoner.

Miss Beckie and Miss Nancy screamed in chorus about their respectable house; Mr Keneday turned pale; Dr Mackay sat in unfeigned astonishment; and Phemie silently took refuge behind Mr Mactavish, who brought up the intruders' rear. As for Grey, he said not a single word, but allowed himself to be marched off like a man who felt he was in the hands of destiny; and when the tumult in some degree subsided, the mere porter's son, according to Miss Beckie, with many adjurations to the ladies not to be alarmed, informed them that their guest was none other than George Crighton, whom he had discovered by the envelope of the almanac, which happened to be a portion of an old letter addressed to himself. The astonishment and horror which this explanation created closed the festivity; but their effects were most observable on Mr Keneday, who stole out of the room while the doctor was endeavouring to address some consolation to the sisters; nor did he ever again enter it, a warrant for his arrest being issued the next day on information sworn against him by his former accomplice, as the clerk proved to be, to the effect that he had embezzled his former employer's property, and falsified the accounts of the firm. A chain of small but condemning circumstances, lost sight of at the period of his master's death, were gradually elicited in confirmation of Crighton's charge, which he reiterated on his trial before the Glasgow Court of Justiciary. The evidence was, however, found insufficient for conviction; and though believed to be morally guilty, Keneday was legally acquitted. The case against Crighton was so clear, that from the first he gave up all thoughts of defence, and his appearance in court seemed rather for the purpose of confession than trial. He minutely described his difficulties in obtaining a key to suit the old planter's trunk, the perils of his escape, and the thousand ways by which his ill-gotten gain had slipped from him in distant lands. But the most curious part of the detail, and that which threw some light on the cause of his evident anxiety to implicate Keneday was, that with the fatal temerity and shamelessness so commonly attendant on crime, he had returned in his poverty, in hopes of exacting a farther supply from his more prosperous associate; 'but,' added the wretch, 'he would part with nothing, or I should not have been here.'

Crighton was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed, as the law then stood; but the punishment was commuted, in consequence of a petition got up by Mactavish, to transportation for life. The fishmonger was also busy, as rumour said, raking up evidence for a new trial more likely to serve the ends of justice as regarded Mr Keneday, when that worthy suddenly dissolved partnership, and quitted Glasgow in the most unobtrusive manner. A few weeks after, Phemie received a letter from an eminent law-agent, informing her that a handsome sum had been placed in the Bank of Scotland to her credit; and as the threatened proceedings were immediately dropped, it was whispered that Miss Beckie's respectable admirer owed his escape to prompt restitution, and some remembered kindness shown to the Greenock porter.

Phemie's fortune was now equal to that of her sisters'; but the circumstances related made Mr Mactavish a frequent visitor in the High Street, so that even Dr Mackay was not surprised at the publication of their bans three months after.

The pair thus strangely brought together are, for aught we know, still living, but not now in the Candleriggs; though it must be confessed they sojourned there for some years on a second floor. It was said that few walked in the ways of wedded life with greater peace or pleasantness, and to them they led up the steps of worldly prosperity, the porter's son being calculated to improve, as he had made his own fortune; but the man persisted in declaring that he could never find trace or token of the strangers who had sent him to the High Street on that eventful night; and it was remarked that when Phemie's small providing came home, the portraits of her two uncles were, as it appeared by mutual agreement, quietly placed in an out-of-the-way closet, to which neither husband nor wife ever cared to refer.

WOOL-GLEANING.

When occasionally visiting the pastoral vales of Ettrick and Yarrow, we have remarked that a considerable quantity of wool might be picked up by the roadsides, and also from the heath and bushes against which the sheep have been reclining; and the neglect of this on the part of the farmers has always appeared to us an instance of the generally ineconomic habits of the rural population. In cotton and silk factories, nothing is allowed to go to waste; every stray fragment of the raw material is gathered up, and put to some sort of use. When lately being shown through a cotton factory at Greenock, we observed that in the corners of the stair which led to the various floors there were fixed small baskets for the reception of every loose fibre of cotton wool which the lads or girls might find on their clothes, or lying on the stair, as they went out. This small arrangement gave me a forcible idea of the exactness of detail in which great manufacturing concerns are now conducted; and it suggests what might be done by sheep-farmers in the way of causing loose droppings of wool to be picked up and rendered available. Some farmers perhaps may consider that attention to such trifles is shabby, mean, and ridiculous; but if they think so, it is only because they are unaccustomed to those correct economic views by which all professional labours should be less or more influenced. The waste of wool we allude to resembles the waste of liquid refuse from cow-houses and stables. By tolerating such waste, the farmer in the first place picks his own pocket; and in the second, he causes a loss which is injurious to the general community.

Digitized by Google

But all the wool that could be picked up must be a mere trifle? Not so. On the roadside, by the banks of St Mary's Loch, we observed that a lady, for her amusement, gleaned as much wool in about an hour as she was able to carry in her arms, and this became a not unacceptable present to our old friend Tibby Shiel. Wool-gathering, however, would be no new thing. For a long time, a poor class of persons have followed the practice of gleaning stray portions of wool, the trade being rifest in early summer, when the coats have begun to hang loosely on the sheep. So long as the gleaning was confined to poor old men and women, the negligence of the farmers could in some measure be excused and sympathised with; but in present circumstances it is indefensible. We learn from the following notice in a country newspaper that the old wool-gatherers have disappeared, and that their place has been taken by wandering bands of Irish.

'Out among the border hills, whole gangs are engaged in the occupation; and, from their formidable numbers and wild appearance, they carry awe to the solitary farm-houses which they approach. Their proceedings partake of a lawless character. They are not content with the scanty gleanings which satisfied the gatherers formerly—they are charged with driving the sheep through the rougher parts of the ground, and profiting by the spoils from the woolly covering. Coming on a dead sheep, they regard it as a fair game, and strip it of the fleece; and in their encounters with the people of the district, unless cowed by a consciousness of inferior strength, they sometimes carry things with a high hand. Several cases have occurred where they have attempted, after the old border fashion, to levy black-mail in the shape of bannocks, &c. The Roman road which intersects the border hills from the centre of the country is their place of bivouac. Their encampments are pitched in regular gipsy style, and they sally forth in thirties and forties at a time, and thus collect astonishing quantities of wool. Some idea may be formed of what they will gather, when we state that they come to Jedburgh with whole cart-loads to sell to the wool buyers. The poor ass, who seems always to share his fortunes with the lowest, is also trussed up and loaded with daily supplies. In a season like this, when the wool, owing to the unfavourable state of the pasture in the spring, is very loose on the sheep's back, wool-gathering is a capital job. On grounds which have not been traversed, a person may gather between sunrise and dusk nine or ten pounds weight, which, at the rate at which gathered wool is bought, will bring four or five shillings—thus accounting for the eager wholesale business-like way in which Pat has embarked in the trade.'

The proper way of putting down these vagrants is for the farmers to employ young persons to pick up the waste wool, and so leave nothing for strangers to glean.

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

Pau, as is pretty well known, is a favourite winter and spring residence of the English, on the verge of the Pyrenees, in the south of France. Thither, two or three years ago, I went with two brothers on a health-seeking excursion, and had much reason to be pleased not only with the place, but its very charming climate. My object now, however, is to give an account of our arrival and settlement in this retreat of the valetudinarian.

Our conveyance was by diligence, which, on reaching its destination, stopped in the Basse Ville, or lower town, at the office in the Place Henri IV., a large area surrounded by handsome houses, most of them built, we were afterwards told, by the English. As our place of residence was further on, we had to hire a truck to carry our luggage; and we walked forwards beside it over a bridge that crossed a narrow ravine, at the bottom of which ran a small brook, and thus connected the high and the low town, as the North Bridge connects the Old and the New Town of Edinburgh. Pau, indeed, something resembles Edinburgh in situation; for Pau has its old Moorish-looking castle built on a low rocky hill, round which rather a large town has gathered. Small houses descend into the ravine on the north, over which the bridge is thrown; and finer houses, most of them new, spread in streets and squares all along the course of the little brook in a westerly direction, quite round that side of the rock, to meet the wide and rapid Gave as it flows past the southern front of the castle, and separates it and the high town adjoining it from a suburb nearly as extensive as the city itself, spreading all along the fringed banks of the noble river, far up into the plain at the foot of the Pyrenees. We ascended a short rather steep street leading from this North Bridge into one at right angles with it, so narrow, that despite its length, we had some difficulty in believing it to be the High Street, the Grande Rue, or Rue de la Prefecture, although it was filled with shops, still closed at this early hour, and so detracting from its appearance—the shabby shutters making all look dismal. On we still proceeded, till we came out into the Place Royale, a large gravelled square filled with rows of trees; we walked through this up to the gate of the courtyard of the hotel, where we had engaged apartments. They were handsome and convenient, with large windows, through which the morning sun was streaming; but how can pen describe the scene they gave to view? The whole valley of the Gave lay before us—the broad and beautiful river, with its rows of poplars and tufts of willows on either bank; luxuriant hedge-rowed fields; hundreds of white houses sprinkled among the wooding of the sweeping plain, some nearly hid by foliage, others peeping from the groves of chestnuts which in many places skirted the vineyards on the Coteaux; while straight before us, almost within reach it seemed, stood the Pyrenees—an unbroken range of mountain-tops piled over one another high and wide, the gigantic barrier between France and Spain. The fog rested so low upon some of them, as at this time to conceal the Pic du Midi, with its double-pointed crown sitting like a mitred head upon broad shoulders—one of the wonders of this wondrous chain; yet it was a picture never to be wearied of—so grand, so calm in the distance, so bright, so busy, so rich, so varied and near at hand. We were too much enchanted with it to bear to leave it; so, in choosing lodgings, which the expense of the hotel made our first employment, we looked for windows facing the Pyrenees, and had to pay high, and to mount high to enjoy our beautiful prospect. Apartments are let in floors here—four or five or more rooms, with cellarage below, and sometimes an *entresol* for servants. We were too moderate in our habits to require a first or even a second-class suite, yet we had to give 2500 francs (L.100) for our share of the second storey of a new house in the neighbourhood we had fixed on.

We took up our residence in Pau in September, which was rather late for a choice of a domicile, as rooms are commonly engaged from a former season, or at anyrate earlier than we arrived, by travellers passing through Pau to the different watering-places in the mountains, who intend returning to the town for the winter. We found, too, that we had set ourselves down so exactly in the middle of the place, that on every side we had long streets of rough pavement to pass over before reaching pleasant walks; and in wet weather the imperfect sewage annoyed us; yet, on the whole, we were satisfied: we were near the market, in the midst of the shops; we had airy rooms, and had only to take one look from the windows to recover from any disturbance of mind or temper. Very fortunately we had an obliging landlord, who, upon our becoming better acquainted, added many little comforts to our pretty furniture. It is quite a trade now among the French proprietors to prepare accommodation for the English visitors. They alter, add, rebuild, new build, furnish, and make what to them, with their economical habits, is a fortune, by the high rents paid them. Once on a time L.20 a year, and up to L.50, secured the best apartments in Pau: there are now many let for L.200: it is difficult to be suited for less than L.100; and the term is but for eight months, for although

Digitized by Google

the tenant has leave to remain out the year, the extreme heat of the summer seldom makes this possible. The situation of the town is low, in a sort of basin—little hills rising all round the northern side, so as to shelter it from almost every wind; a breath of air, therefore, seldom stirs to temper the sun's rays during the summer months.

Being lodged to our mind, our next business was to provide ourselves with servants. We required two, with a water-carrier, this being the style of moderate people. And here, too, the rich English have revolutionised the native habits. The cooks were once content with eight or ten francs a month—ours asked twenty. The *bonne* or waiting-maid asked twelve—double what she would have had in a French family. Even the water-carrier, who acted, besides, as a servant-of-all-work, doing all that the more refined habits of Mesdemoiselles Louise and Josephine objected to, must be overpaid by us. This influx of more wealthy masters gives the class their harvest in good earnest; for besides the higher wages, they are by no means looked after with the same vigilance, and they are consequently fond of engaging with us. The market women are also accused of giving their British customers the choice of their provisions on most occasions; we are on these accounts unpopular with the lesser native gentry, who, unable to compete purses with most of our countrymen, are obliged often to forego the many little table luxuries they are fond of indulging in. Our cook went to market for us, and bought all that we consumed, groceries included—an arrangement advised by our landlord, who assured us we should find it a better plan than to take this trouble ourselves: she would probably make a little by it, but no one else would, and we could easily check her accounts by limiting her daily expenses to a fixed sum, and by occasionally visiting the *halle* ourselves. We found the plan a good one. She provided us very comfortably at a small expense, seeming to take pride in the diligence she employed in her calling. The bonne arranged our rooms, waited at table, and ironed our clothes as they were brought home rough-dried by the washerwoman, to whom we each paid a very small sum monthly for the good beating she gave them. Any plain work we required, a tidy little girl, niece to Mademoiselle Louise the cook, did for us for half-a-franc a day; a dressmaker came for a franc: we found nothing dear to our notions, but those who had known the place before the English spoiled it, assured us the cost of living at Pau had more than doubled of late years. Everything we wanted was to be had, and good—except tea and wine, both of which we brought from Bordeaux. The wine produced in the departments of the Pyrenees is more like port than claret; nor is it considered wholesome for strangers, at least when new, and the taste was rough and fiery. We found the water a great inconvenience; none is brought into the houses, and what we got from the wells and pumps at hand was not pleasant enough for drinking. There is only one fountain in the town where it could be had fit for the table. We had to send there twice a day, and to bring the necessary supply home in earthen pitchers on the head of our water-carrier. The French use so much less of this first requirement of life than we do, that a moderate supply is sufficient for them. They use less in their kitchens, none in their household work, and very little in their dressing-rooms—their habit being to bathe in the public baths twice or thrice a week, instead of the daily ablutions we accustom ourselves to. This obliged us to add to our toilette apparatus large red ware pans of a very common pottery, in lieu of the many capacious vessels of crockery we make use of at home.

These domestic matters arranged, we set about laying in our fuel. We had bought our first cartload of wood in the market, in the Place Henri IV., where, every Wednesday, logs whole and cut, fagots neatly bundled, and charcoal in small sacks, were crowded over the whole area; and a very pretty sight it was to come suddenly upon such a bustling scene, where it was so little expected—we having ever before found this handsome square nearly deserted. Noise and numbers filled it on the wood market-day; but our friendly landlord advised us not to pursue our dealings in it, rather to order our winter firing from a farmer in the country, and at once, measuring our buckets as we got them home, and having the logs cut up and stacked in the cellars immediately. By this prudent course we paid much less for our bucket, got a better description of wood, and were defrauded of none of the proper quantity—a mistake that had been known to happen when the measuring and the stacking had been irregularly attended to. By finishing the business at once, and placing a padlock upon our stair, it lasted us throughout the winter. We English burn double or triple the quantity of fuel consumed in a French family. We do not let out our kitchen fire after each meal as they do. We do not cook so much with charcoal either: with them the neat little Dutch-tiled stove is much more in requisition than the fire. We also begin fires in our sitting-rooms earlier in the season, and we light them earlier in the day, for we really live in our drawing-rooms; the French only appear in them to receive company on set days for an hour or two. The French lady generally lives in her bedroom, so warmly clothed in cold weather, that the winter is considerably advanced before she requires more heat than that which she receives from the *chauffette* on which she sets her feet. The gentleman is in his room, or at his club, or somewhere; at anyrate they are not together by a bright fire in their common sitting-room. Fuel being dear in France, our extravagant use of it makes firing an expensive item in the housekeeping of the British residents, as the servants soon learn our more comfortable habits, and forget their native economy.

It was an amusing sight to witness the arrival of the bullock carts with the first instalment of our purchase. I was waked at sunrise—for the Bearnais are an early people—by the clamour in the courtyard; and looking out, saw a crowd beneath me, really foreign in its character. There were nearly a dozen little clumsy carts—something like long boxes set on small solid wheels—fully loaded, with each a pole, to which two cows were fastened by their horns in certainly a simple manner. A piece of wood was laid across the two foreheads over a sheepskin, and fastened there. Their heads thus drawn together, the hind quarters were sent so much diverging, that, on descending hills, the whole weight of the cart falls against the heads, making the poor animals appear to struggle very painfully to support it. The bodies are commonly covered with linen trappings, or nets to protect them from the flies, and this is often let to fall so completely over the eyes as to blind them; but it is of little consequence, as they are guided by the voice, aided by the goad of the driver, who walks on in front, turning round when it is necessary to prick his cattle—his own appearance fully harmonising with the primitive style of his team. The countrymen hereabouts wore at this season a dark blouse, and a *bérét* or Lowland Scotch bonnet, with short woollen trousers. As many of these figures as there were carts, with a set of woodcutters rushing in to assist in unloading, lady water-carriers stopping to gaze, and all the bonnes and cooks of the hotel in a group at the foot of the back-stairs, were one and all vociferating to each other with the gestures of a set of lunatics, when my head in its nightcap appeared at the window. The matter was very simple—to receive, to measure, and to pay; and it was soon settled by madame (me), whose face, notwithstanding the nightcap, was recognised in a moment; but not without renewed hubbub, for they seem to be able in this country to conduct no business quietly. The perpetual racket, indeed, gave me quite a headache till I became used to it; for it is singular how much ingenuity is exerted to keep up a supply of what is to us so disagreeable. The bullocks in the carts, and the horses in the diligence, are hung with bells, that tinkle at every movement: advertisements are announced in the streets by the blowing of horns: a woman, who ran races daily—lightly enough clad, by the by—had a trumpet sounded stoutly before she started: then the whole population sang for ever: a *modiste* near us sat all day at her needle in an attic, beside her husband, a shoemaker, screaming the airs from the 'Dame Blanche,' occasionally accompanied by an amateur friend on a squeaking violin

Digitized by Google

of an evening: the maid of a Spanish lady in the next hotel practised diligently on the guitar nearly all the day, while some young performers on another floor were equally busy with their pianoforte: every night a party of merry young gentlemen issued from a neighbouring café, singing glees as they walked away, drowning for the moment the sounds of an organ in a music-shop close at hand, on which an elderly Spaniard was no mean performer. We never returned from an evening stroll without hearing songs of some sort from some of the parties wandering about like ourselves, to say nothing of dogs which barked for hours, cats, frogs, a hooting owl, and the horrid brass band of the regiment. But I have got a great way from my bullocks. Their drivers were dismissed in high good-humour with a few additional, of course unexpected, sous; and the mob dispersed on the woodcutters proceeding to business. And here I may as well observe, that my two gentlemen not appearing, and I, the lady of the party, giving all the orders, excited no surprise in our courtyard: it was quite in the fashion of the country, for in a French family Monsieur is of very small account. Madame directs, contrives, commands, keeps the book, receives the rents, marries the children, and, most important of all, receives and entertains the company. There is no making out exactly what is Monsieur's part in the household. If he have anything in the world to do, it is not in his own house certainly. Even in the shops, he whom we should call master is very secondary indeed to Madame. Josephine rather hinted that all this seeming authority is sometimes dearly paid for, by neglect among the upper classes, and real downright ill-usage in the lower ranks; but I do not know that she was exactly to be relied on.

Having occasion to make a few purchases on setting up house, I made a tour of the shops in Pau, for the purpose of providing myself with such articles as I wanted; and I certainly was very considerably amused by the reception I frequently met with, particularly if my brother or my son were with me. The owner of rather an attractive *magasin* stepped forward with much courteous ceremony to meet us. He saw that we were strangers—those amiable English, whose liberal expenditure had so much improved his town. He inquired whether we had relatives here: my brother struck him as so extremely resembling the most popular of our many agreeable resident countrymen—the same benevolent expression of countenance! A son then advanced, who paid in turn his prettily-worded compliment, neither of them omitting all the while to recommend their goods to our notice. A shoemaker much admired our feet, thought them worthy of better shoes than we were at home enabled to put on them; an opinion from which I entirely disagreed, as I have never yet worn a pair of French shoes fit to take a real good walk in. He added that two of my fair countrywomen, his customers, were bright stars come to shine in the Pyrenean darkness, equalling even Parisians in air and manner. His shoes fitted of course. He deserved they should; for besides making flattering speeches, he took an infinity of pains with his work, which we afterwards found to be the case generally with all the people in business; whatever they have to do, however trifling the work may be, they think it worth their full attention—they all seemed to exert themselves to do it well, without any affectation of any sort that I could detect among them. Their excessive politeness of manner is so entirely a habit, that it has become quite natural. British shopmen exhibiting in this way would be considered fit for Bedlam. These people really were agreeable rather than impertinent, they were so perfectly unpretending: they merely appeared to be doing the honours of their calling—to be properly recommending their wares. It was a good rule, however, to pay at once for what we bought: more judicious, in general, as in some instances where we had run small accounts, the memories of certain of these well-bred dealers had been treacherous; but these mistakes were never made by the higher order of tradesmen.

I remember being extremely taken by the manner of a lady from whom I often bought trifling things. Late in the day once, no one else happening to be in the way, she quitted her pianoforte—on which, by the way, she played remarkably well—and came into the shop herself to serve me, in dishabille, her pretty hair in papers, her wrapper on. She had, she said, been disappointed by the hairdresser. Every French woman has her hair dressed every day by the hairdresser, even after it has turned gray; and not having her head in order, of course she could not put on her gown; nor would she have appeared, being in *négligé* at this hour, but for madame, whom she could not resist attending. This same pretty little woman used, with the other bourgeoises, to assist at the receptions every Monday evening at the Préfecture, the new régime making no selection of company; but since so many English have frequented these assemblies, and that the style of them has become more distinguished, those for whom they were principally instituted have discontinued attending them. I do not know whether fuller ledgers quite make up for the dress and the dancing thus relinquished.

Except to shop, we walked little out during this month of September, considered here the hottest in the year. The mornings were sultry, the evenings close. Had not the nights been cool, we should have suffered considerable inconvenience; but the certainty of refreshing sleep enabled us to bear patiently the exhaustion of the day. Rain fell so frequently, as very much to cool the air. It fell in torrents, pouring down as in the tropics, clearing as rapidly, and leaving the gravelly soil hardly damp, notwithstanding the deluge that had poured over it. Thunder-storms were not wanting at short intervals about the equinox. We were startled once at midnight by the grandest burst that ever pealed among echoing mountains. Round and round it bellowed, seeming to shake the ground, while the almost unceasing flashes of vivid lightning illuminated the room. The climate of Pau is showery, as the fertility of the plain testifies, for the green fields show a freshness unknown in Europe. No injurious damp, however, remains in the air: clothes are never aired, nor houses either; people shut up their apartments when they go away, lock the doors, take the key with them, open their rooms on returning, and establish themselves at once without further trouble. This perhaps makes the temperature so suitable to all diseases of the throat and lungs—not too dry, not chilly, not raw. My son improved in health hourly. He whom we could hardly hear when he spoke in England, had already recovered his voice, and with it had gradually returned strength and appetite. Sheltered from the sun by a large umbrella, and by the height of the houses which formed the narrow streets, he accompanied my brother and me in all our rambles through this interesting little town, which we thus acquainted ourselves with at our leisure between the showers, reserving the environs for cooler weather.

Besides the Place Royale, where on Sunday and Thursday afternoons the inhabitants assemble to walk about under the trees—admiring a very fine statue of their own Henri IV., their Beamnais king, by a native artist, and listening to the dreadful brass band—there are two other open spaces within the town: the Haute Plante, on one side of which are the barracks; and the Basse Plante, low down near the river, both filled with rows of trees. The Basse Plante must be crossed to reach the Parc, which stretches for near a mile along the banks of the Gave, one broad terrace walk, well shaded with trees. Many narrower paths lose themselves among the woods, and then join an outer gravel walk leading back again out of sight of the river to the Basse Plante. Those who for the first time climb the steep path up to this beautiful natural terrace, little foresee the scene of enchantment awaiting them. Day after day we paid it an early visit, yet never wearied of the moving picture. The Gave at our feet, wide, rapid, shining—an open-railed bridge of great length thrown over it, connecting at this point the town and castle on their rock, with the spreading suburb on the plain beyond—then the vineyards on the rising banks—far back that range of wondrous mountains, ever varying, still the same, a weight at times on the oppressed senses,

Digitized by Google

irresistibly attractive under every aspect. Just above the bridge appears the castle, with its domes and high steep roofs, and its old square tower, and its windows of every size and shape dotted over its long flanking walls. One row of modern date overlooks a terrace formed upon the summit of the rock, supported in several places by masonwork, and having a low parapet running along the edge of the precipice as a protection; for the rock is steep, and high, and dangerous, although not rising directly from the river. Far down below is a space between the water and the rock, now surrounded by poor-looking houses, once the area in which jousts and tournaments took place, just underneath the windows of the state apartments, from whence bright eyes had beamed upon the knights who there tried their skill in arms. Louis Philippe had at his own expense repaired, restored, added to, and suitably furnished this ancient royal pile; and at the suggestion of one of his sons, a stone bridge of a single arch had been lately thrown across the road leading through the Basse Ville to the Gâve, which thus connected the high terrace of the castle with the lower terrace of the Parc; an improvement the inhabitants most gratefully appreciate.

There are some other handsome public buildings in Pau. Queer old hotels, some with gardens and courtyards, picturesque houses of less pretension, two large churches, the Mairie and the Préfecture, and the ruins of what must have been a fine cathedral. There is also a pleasant walk for sultry weather, the Bois Louis, down in a meadow by the river side—a mere path along the banks, shaded by a fringe of willows and poplars: once the retired grounds of a monastery long since demolished, it is in these days principally resorted to by washerwomen, as particularly suited to one department of their craft; they *beetle* their linen in the stream, just as was the custom of our own country in our grandmothers' times. We used to go there in the close evenings, with the hope of meeting air in motion near so swift a current: but the hope was vain; no breeze ever stirred during this oppressive season; but the temperature was sensibly lowered before the end of the month by other means. On Michaelmas-day, my eyes opened on the white summits of the Pyrenees. Snow had fallen on them plentifully during the night, and so much did this cool the air of the plains in a few hours, that we were glad to gather round our first wood fire in the evening. We were a merry party, for we had had our goose—fatted it ourselves in our cellar. In the market, geese are not to be had as we like them; for the French do not value the bird, perhaps because they never see it in perfection. They do not seem to use them when young—we had some trouble in getting some of that season's hatching from a small farmer in the country—and they feed them in some way that enlarges the liver, and spoils the meat; for they throw away, or at least discard from tables of any delicacy, all but the legs, which are salted: the livers are made into an extremely rich, and by no means a good pie. We managed ours as nearly as possible as we have been in the habit of seeing done at home. We fed them in the cellar, where we had our wood, upon boiled maize or Indian corn, given to them cold. I would recommend this plan to my poultry-loving countrywomen as cheap and excellent, for no stubble goose from the richest fields in Britain ever exceeded our Michaelmas goose at Pau.

A RIDE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The following sketch, fresh from the pen of a resident in South Africa, is especially interesting as concerning a country where peace and security to colonists appear to be established for the first time on a firm basis.

After some months' hard work on the frontier, we left King Williamstown, the capital of British Caffraria. Riding all day, we arrived the same evening at Fort Hare, where we encamped for the night. There is nothing worthy of note in the place. Next morning at daybreak we were again in the saddle *en route* to Shiloh, distant two days' march from Fort Hare. Our road lay through a country undoubtedly very beautiful, but dreadfully wild and desolate. We did not meet one human being the whole time. The first night we had to stand for four hours under a torrent of rain, without the least shelter, whilst waiting for our wagons with the tents to come up; and to add to our discomfort, it suddenly grew as bitterly cold as it had been intensely hot during the daytime. Next night, after a forced march of sixteen hours, we found ourselves in Shiloh, where we were forced to rest for some days. Shiloh is an extensive settlement of Moravian missionaries, or *Herrnhüter*, as they are called in Germany. Being the only one of the party who spoke German, I acted as interpreter; and they, not a little pleased to hear their mother-tongue from the lips of a stranger in such a remote part of the world, entertained us most hospitably, and in true German style. Later on my journey I had an opportunity of visiting their largest establishment in South Africa at Genadendaal, and shall therefore defer a description of their habits and customs until my arrival at this remarkable place.

From Shiloh to Colesberg is four days' journey, uninteresting and monotonous in the extreme. To describe one day is to describe all. The country is barren, not a tree to be seen the whole way, very little water, and not above three farm-houses on the road; how even they come to be inhabited is a marvel. We rode all day long under the burning sun, and at night slept, sometimes in tents, and sometimes under a bush, in our cloaks. The end of the fourth day saw us in Colesberg. But what a town! I really think, if its founders had searched the whole country, they could not have pitched on a worse spot. Perched like an eagle's nest among the hills and rocks, it seems calculated to attract every possible ray of heat. Not a tree for miles round, and only one fountain in the town! Here we were obliged to halt for several days, to recruit our forces, and during our stay were fortunate enough to witness the arrival of Sir Harry Smith, the new governor of the colony, with his staff, on his return from his very successful tour into Caffreland. This place was considerably out of his road, but he had subjected himself to much hardship and inconvenience in order to visit the Dutch farmers, for the following reasons:—

The Orange River lies at a distance of fifteen miles from Colesberg, and forms the boundary of the colony in that part of the country. Beyond this is an immense tract of territory, which extends to the port of Natal on the sea-coast, and is called the 'Natal District.' This land, though not a portion of the colony, is to a certain extent under British surveillance and protection, and is inhabited chiefly by large Dutch farmers. These people, during the late war, suffered the greatest annoyance from the neighbouring Caffres—frequently losing all their cattle and everything they possessed; and the English government, notwithstanding continual promises, afforded them little or no protection. After enduring months of this hardship, they were at length so harassed, that great disaffection, almost amounting to open insurrection, was the consequence. They then unanimously came to the determination of moving up into the interior, where they might live in peace, free and secure from all depredations. It was to prevent this great loss to the government, and to restore confidence to all parties, that Sir Harry Smith resolved to make the overland journey through the Natal District—an undertaking unprecedented for a governor. His efforts, however, have been crowned with success; here, as everywhere else, his noble and generous character has inspired trust, and given value to his words; and the result is, that no previous governor has been able to effect so much real good in the colony within so short a space of time. During our stay at Colesberg, the Dutch farmers flocked in from far and wide to see him, and we were assured that the same enthusiasm prevailed throughout his whole progress. In a few days his excellency and party started for the Orange River, whilst ours prepared for departure in the opposite direction. The

Digitized by Google

prospect before us was far from agreeable. A journey of six hundred miles on horseback, through a desert country, with only four towns, or rather villages, on the way, seemed to us almost fearful; and the result proved our anticipations to be correct.

We commenced our journey at daybreak. Altogether we formed a large cavalcade, with a bullock-wagon in the rear containing our tents, baggage, and provisions. This ought to have been up with us early every evening at our halting-place; but to our great disappointment it always arrived so late, that we were able to put up our tents only four times during our long journey. Nearly every night we had to sleep in the bushes. Our daily march was much as follows:—Up at daybreak (four o'clock in the morning), we breakfasted, rode on for about six hours, until the heat grew too intense, then 'off-saddled,' as it is called here, rested for a couple of hours, and rode again for four more. In the evening we sometimes came to a farm-house, where we generally procured forage for the horses: the host always offered us beds, such as they were; and one night we felt so tired, that we resolved to try them; but we paid dearly for the experiment, and vowed never to accept of one again. These Dutch Boors have all the appearance of hospitality; but as they possess not the concomitant virtues, I have come to the conclusion that they suffer you in their houses, some only through fear, and others only because they expect a solid return. Religion they have none, though nominally Dutch Lutherans, and they generally have a Bible on their table. To me, after the Germans, they appear almost savages, degraded to a pitiful degree, and without one idea beyond the circle of their own farms, few of them ever having been farther. So stupid or brutal are they, that frequently they could not tell us the way to the next farm, though they had been living in that spot all their lives. People in England have no conception of country life here in Africa. I remember, years ago, reading one of Miss Martineau's tales of colonisation here. She can know nothing of this country. The farmers never live as she has represented them, in villages, as it were, with all goods to a certain extent in common. Their farms are always isolated, many miles from each other, and lonely and desolate to the last degree. This sort of life necessarily causes much selfishness in their character. They do not speak a word of English, though their barbarous dialect seems to be a mixture of our language and 'platt Deutsch,' or low German.

The country through which we passed is, with one single exception, perfectly frightful for about fifty miles beyond Prince Albert. Excepting at the farm-houses, a tree is nowhere to be met with; and the whole way from Colesberg to Swellendam, a distance of five hundred miles, we never saw one blade of grass—nothing but dirty weeds, gravel, and sand! Very different from Caffreland, where the pasture is so good.

We were about four days in getting to Richmond, which is a new village. We were again seven or eight days in riding to Beaufort, travelling as I have already described, sometimes burnt by the scorching sun, at others wet to the skin for hours together with rain such as is not to be conceived in England. And then, to add to our misery, we could only look forward—not to a good fire, as the Dutch have no fires, but to standing shivering in our wet clothes until our wagon came up. Our sole remedy in such cases was brandy and water, and blankets: but very poor comfort they proved. Game was very plenty on the road in the shape of gnous, zebras, springboks, and ostriches; and on one occasion we saw a tiger, which they said had carried off a goat from the farm every night for the past week.

Thus we journeyed on through Beaufort and Prince Albert, neither of which villages is worthy of remark. On leaving the latter place, we came once more into a world of troubles. About four hours beyond Prince Albert (we count distance here by hours) is a broad river, which, as is usual in this country, may one hour be only ankle-deep, and the next impassable even to a horse. We crossed it ankle-deep in the morning, and rode on for six hours farther. At night there was no appearance of the wagon, nor yet at ten o'clock next morning. At length I determined to ride back in search of it, when, on my arrival at the shallow stream of yesterday, to my great astonishment I found the wagon had been unable to cross, from the swollen state of the river, which had risen in less than half an hour after our passage. We had no resource but to swim our horses across. My servant got over safe enough; but my horse became so frightened with the noise and the rapid current, that slighting by chance on a rock in the middle of the river, he reared up in a most terrific manner. Fortunately I had sufficient presence of mind to let the reins loose, and give him his own way. He then gave a vigorous plunge up against the stream, but in doing so, I very nearly lost my life. Both my stirrups were carried away. At length he leaped on shore, yet not until he had indulged his humour by rearing again several times; then, having sent off provisions to the rest of my party, I relished my own dinner, after a fast of thirty hours. I was forced to remain for two days with the wagon before we could effect a passage. On the third we succeeded. The rest of my party were then several days in advance, and I could not overtake them for ten days longer, when we arrived at Swellendam. Six days of that time we passed in the bush without seeing a farm-house, and three days without water. During the whole journey, the water was often so brackish, it was impossible to drink it, and we were frequently rejoiced to meet with some as muddy as in the dirty ditches by the roadside. At Swellendam we stopped for several days to rest ourselves and horses. Without exception it is the prettiest town in this part of the world: that, however, is not saying much. We had still five days of the march to make, differing, however, in no particular from all preceding them, except that gradually we perceived ourselves returning to civilised life. Good grass and pasture was more plentiful, the farms more numerous, and closer together, and a little English was now and then spoken.

When within a couple of days' march of the Cape, I heard by chance that about four hours' ride from our halting-place was the large Moravian establishment of Genadendaal. This I determined to see; so leaving my companions, I took a Hottentot guide, rode over, spent the evening and half the next day there, and overtook my friends the following morning at Caledon, after accomplishing a ride at full gallop of eighty miles out of my way. Here, as before, my knowledge of German stood me in good need. The Moravians are always civil to strangers; but on my addressing them in their native language, their kindness and attentions were redoubled. The establishment consists of a very large village of Hottentots (about two thousand inhabitants), who are certainly the most civilised of their race I have seen, twelve missionaries, all of whom are married, and one unmarried, who is the bishop. The most prominent object is a very large church or meeting-house with a school attached. This occupies one side of a large square; on the corresponding side are the houses of the missionaries; whilst the other two are filled up by the workhouses and the shops belonging to them. Here every imaginable trade is carried on. The artisans are all Hottentots, taught by the missionaries, each of whom is a mechanic, and has been brought up to some trade. A missionary superintends every branch; and whenever one dies, his place is forthwith supplied on application to their great depôt Herrnhut in Saxony. Good-will and regularity certainly appear to be there *the* order of the day. There are certain rules which must be kept in the village, certain hours in which the men must work, the children go to school, the women stop at home; and all attend church every evening. If these regulations are not complied with, the offending party is expelled from the place. The Society are fol-

Digitized by Google

lowers of John Hüss, but they do not reject any other denomination of Protestantism, although all must conform to their rules of discipline. All their establishments in Germany, New South Wales, America, and Africa, are subject in *everything* to a committee of management in Herrnhut, and which is elected every five years. Nothing can be done without its consent. All the surplus revenues of the different settlements are sent home to the common stock, and the most exact accounts are kept for the revision of the committee. Every large institution has a bishop. Whatever spiritual influence may be comprehended by that term, the bishops seemed to me little more than overseers. The one I saw was walking about in a baize jacket and nankeen trousers. The most extraordinary regulation of the Society is that relating to marriage: they never see their wives until they come out here. When a man wants a wife, he writes home to Herrnhut: there all the girls draw lots, and she who gets the prize is married at home by proxy, forthwith starts on her voyage, and is remarried in person on her arrival here. I thought it a cruel plan; and the results doubtless prove very painful, if one may judge from the melancholy countenances of the majority of the women in Genadendaal. I left the place pleased in many things, and must certainly give these missionaries credit for their evident good-will and unwearied exertions in the civilisation of the poor natives.

The day after, we came in sight of Cape Town, from what is called Sir Lowry Cole's Pass, at the top of a mountain overlooking Simon's Bay, and the whole valley between it and Table Bay. If this were cultivated like Richmond plain, and not a desert waste as it is, the view would be surpassingly fine. You see the two bays at either end, and this immense valley of full fifty miles in extent, with Cape Town and Simon's Bay in the distance. Nothing can be more magnificent. The view of Cape Town was to us travellers *almost* like the sight of the shores of England again. Next day we found ourselves comfortably resting from all our fatigues and dangers, while the town was in the bustle of preparation for the reception of Sir Harry Smith, whose arrival was daily expected. Triumphal arches and happy faces met one everywhere. Never was man more popular, and never did governor better deserve it.

FORTUNES OF A FARMER'S BOY.

François Richard was born in 1765, in the obscure little hamlet of Trelat, commune of D'Epinay, in France. He was the son of a poor farmer, who shared the hardships at that time the common lot of the agriculturist—hardships that can scarcely be conceived by those who know not what habit, patience, and, still more, Christian resignation, can enable men to endure. His early years, though passed in poverty, obscurity, and retirement, were yet full of excitement; his young and ardent imagination was for ever devising new projects; and even his sports and childish tricks betrayed his speculative turn of mind. At twelve years old, he gave himself up to the rearing of pigeons, and carried on a little trade in them, with success sufficient to encourage and stimulate his spirit of enterprise. But his dovecot gave umbrage to the lord of the soil, and he was compelled to sell it to him, receiving for it a sum equal to about thirty-five shillings. Richard thought himself a rich man, and resolving to have some enjoyment from his wealth, he purchased leather shoes, which, amongst those who knew only the wooden shoe of the peasant, made him be looked upon as almost a gentleman.

Richard had nothing so much at heart as being no longer a burden to his father, whose poverty was indeed a grief to him. After the sale of his dovecot, he commenced speculating in dogs. This new trade gave him in a short time the means of procuring decent clothing; so that, by his rustic finery, he threw his schoolfellows as far into the shade as he had already done in much better things, by his progress in useful knowledge. Before he had attained his thirteenth year, he was qualified for the appointment of registrar to the cattle-market of Villiers le Bocage.

At seventeen, he mentioned to his father his desire to quit the paternal roof for a sphere larger and better adapted for realising the objects of his ambition. His father made no objection; but when the moment of separation came, he found himself obliged to confess that, in a time of great distress, he had expended the greater part of the savings which Richard had intrusted to his care, and that he had now not more than twelve francs (ten shillings) to give him. This communication did not discourage our enterprising youth. He took a most affectionate leave of his father, and assuring him that he was only too glad to leave him this little earnest of the prosperity which he hoped yet to work out for him, set off with his new clothes in his bag and his ten shillings in his pocket. He arrived at the chief town of Normandy with a light purse, but with as light a heart, buoyant with hope, and with a spirit of enterprise and determination that defied all difficulties. He deemed himself fortunate in at once obtaining the situation of clerk to a petty merchant; but unhappily for him, his master was a rude, ignorant, and avaricious man, incapable of appreciating such a mind as that of Richard. He made the young Norman his servant rather than his clerk. So long as it was only a matter of cleaning horses, helping to cook, and waiting at table, the youth made no complaint; but at length his master having bought a new equipage, in order to make a suitable figure in some civic ceremonial, wanted him to act as footman; but shrinking from this public exhibition, he positively refused, and quitted the house of the merchant.

And now his 'thought by day, his dream by night,' was to get to Paris, where he might attain his darling object of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile business. But for this money was necessary, and to procure it, Richard became a waiter at a small coffeehouse, where for one year he steadily laid by everything he received, till he found he had in halfpence a sum sufficient for his journey. Arrived in the capital, it was not very easy for a poor youth, without either friend or relative in Paris, to find the means of subsistence. After many unsuccessful efforts to get into a merchant's employment, he was obliged to resume the apron in a coffeehouse kept by one of his countrymen. The perquisites there being much more considerable than at Rouen, he found himself, at the end of the year, the possessor of forty pounds and a few shillings. Nothing could henceforth check his progress: he devoted his little store to the purchase of some pieces of English dimity, a manufacture then unknown to France, and hawked them about till he disposed of all most advantageously. He renewed his stock as fast as it was exhausted; and when, after a year's labour, he summed up his accounts, he found a balance in his favour of L.1000!

Richard continued his trade till 1789, when, by a fraudulent trick of an agent employed by him, his industry was suddenly checked by the loss of his whole stock. He was even arrested for an alleged debt of sixty pounds. He could easily have paid this sum, and recovered his liberty; but his honest and independent mind revolted from every species of injustice: he knew that he had not incurred the debt, and he preferred remaining in prison to allowing roguery to triumph.

The revolutionary convulsions that afterwards shook society to its very foundations were now beginning in France. On the 13th of July the riot broke out, and after pillaging the house of the manufacturer Reveillon, the mob fell upon La Force, where Richard was confined, broke it open, and set the prisoners free. Once again was Richard in the streets of Paris, with a toilet somewhat more neglected than usual, and twelve sous in his pocket; but he remembered his father's twelve francs, and thanked God and took courage. The house in which he had lodged his money had stopped payment during his imprisonment; but he borrowed a few crowns, resumed his old trade of hawker, and six

Digitized by Google

months after, his credit was re-established, and his trade flourishing. He now thought he might extend his operations, and took a large establishment in the Rue Française, and in 1790 was rich enough to purchase a domain near Nemours. But the revolutionary storm now broke forth in its full fury; and Richard, whose peaceable disposition shrunk from the sanguinary struggles that rent his country, soon saw that a considerable time must elapse before there could be any security for trade, or any field for commercial enterprise. He accordingly settled his accounts, closed his warehouse, and, accompanied by his wife, Marie Alavoine, whom he had married in 1790, went to visit his father, and happily arrived at the very time that afforded him another opportunity of proving he had not forgotten the pledge he had given on leaving the home of his boyhood, of being yet the means of prosperity to his aged parent. The transports of joy at his unexpected arrival had not yet subsided, when two bailiffs entered the house with a warrant to distrain. The father had become security for the toll-collector, and the old proverb was found true in this case—the surety was obliged to pay; and the old man's goods would have been seized but for Richard's fortunate arrival and interposition.

When the madness of the people was somewhat calmed down, he returned to Paris, and to fresh speculations. A very short time after his return, he became acquainted with a young merchant of the name of Lenoir-Dufresne. These two superior minds at once understood each other, and a partnership was entered into which was to end only with the death of one of the parties, so long known and respected as the firm of Richard and Lenoir.

There were many points of resemblance between the two partners. Both possessed the same acuteness and almost intuitive tact in business, but the perhaps too boldly speculative mind of Richard found a happy counterbalance in the coolness and steadiness of Lenoir. Their trade was principally in English manufactures; and so extensive did it become, and so wonderfully did it prosper, that, two years after their partnership commenced, they had realised on the L.240 which they had invested a net profit of L.4560.

And now Richard conceived a noble project indeed—the introduction into France of the cotton manufacture, hitherto monopolised by England; and his perseverance, aided by an apparent accident, happily obtained for him the means of accomplishing his purpose. Having ripped some calico, he perceived, to his surprise, on weighing a certain quantity of thread, that a piece valued at L.3, 6s. 8d. only took 10s. worth of the raw material! What a profit for the manufacturer! From that instant he hesitated no longer: his purpose was fixed and irrevocable. However, not wishing to do anything without his partner's consent, he communicated his project to Lenoir-Dufresne, who at first tried to dissuade him from attempting so bold and novel a plan; but seeing that his determination was not to be shaken, finally left him at full liberty, though declining any interference. Richard's first step was the purchase of one hundredweight of cotton, and to get some looms made after the rough plans given him by a poor English mechanic. They were set up in a shop in the Rue de Bellefonds. The first essay was crowned with complete success in every point but the stamping of the calicoes; and as the printing of them was indispensable to their being saleable, Richard employed three months in endeavours to discover the secret of this process; but his efforts were vain; till at length his partner, whose prejudices had been removed, and who began to take an interest in the manufacture, gave him a clue to the discovery.

The manufacture now became so sought after, as to make the want of machinery sensibly felt. Richard was anxiously devising some mode of procuring a model of the English machine now so well known under the name of spinning-jenny, when he was again fortunate enough to meet with an Englishman, who, in less than three months, constructed twenty-two of these frames; and as their former premises were now too narrow for this addition, the two partners took from the government a spacious mansion in the Rue de Thoungy; and the house, once the abode of luxury and wealth, was suddenly metamorphosed into the workshop of the poor but industrious artisans. The number employed now became so great, that they were soon obliged to add to their concerns a large convent in the neighbourhood. A few days after, Napoleon came to visit their establishment; and he was so struck with the completeness of the novel machinery, with the clearness of Richard's judgment, the elevation of his views, and the boldness with which he laboured for the commercial freedom of France, that he offered any encouragement he yet needed; and on finding that their establishment was not even yet large enough, he gave a grant of another convent at the opposite side of the street.

The manufactory of Richard and Lenoir now assumed an almost colossal importance, realising a monthly profit of L.1600. The indefatigable Richard set up successively three hundred spinning-jennies in different villages of Picardy, forty at Alençon, and one hundred in the Abbey of St Martin. Nor was his native province forgotten, for he opened a manufactory there which gave bread to six hundred workmen. Neither did his enlightened benevolence stop here. Incessant were his efforts to raise those in his employment in the social scale, by placing educational advantages within their reach. In an asylum which he founded for the orphan children of both sexes of those workmen who died in his employment, he not only endeavoured to inspire them with a spirit of industry, but had them taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and music; carefully providing also religious instruction. He waged open war with the spirit-shop; and in order that his workmen might not go to the public-house for recreation, he opened for their use a reading-room and a music-room.

For more than ten years, Richard and Lenoir seemed to mount from step to step to the pinnacle of human prosperity. But in 1806, a sad and unexpected event broke up a partnership which might have served as a model: so perfect was their agreement, yet so remarkable the combination of opposite qualities of mind to the most beneficial results. Lenoir died suddenly, and Richard found himself alone at the head of the establishment; and having no one now to restrain him, he gave full scope to his gigantic views. He set up two more factories at Caen and Laigle, which made the number under his superintendence amount to six, all in admirable order, and provided with every essential for working. But one object of his ambition still remained to be attained: he wished France to be no longer obliged to import the raw material from countries that did not acknowledge her sway. In Napoleon's career of conquest, Italy had now become, as it were, but an appendage of his vast empire; and it was to the generous soil of Naples that Richard purposed confiding his cotton plantation. Seeds were often found in the bales of cotton coming from America, and these he had now carefully collected, and when he had got a sufficient quantity, he conveyed them to Castel a Mare, where they succeeded so entirely, that one year after, he brought into France, as the produce of his first crop, twenty thousandweight of raw cotton.

Up to this point Richard could only be regarded as the most encouraging example of the union of persevering industry with bold and enterprising genius. It is to be regretted that he must serve also as warning against speculations that now took the character of rashness. The union between Holland and France threw an immense quantity of cotton goods into the market, and Richard could no longer find sale for what he had on hands; and with six factories perpetually at work, the quantity manufactured was very great. This was the origin of his first difficulties. Vainly did his friends urge him to close some of his establish-

Digitized by Google

ments for a short time; vainly did his confidential clerk intreat him to strike a balance, and retire from trade:—'You have done enough for France, and nobly maintained your reputation; think now of your interests, and of taking the rest you have so well earned.' Richard was deaf to every argument, and continued manufacturing in ruinous quantities.

His involvements increased to an overwhelming degree, and he was obliged to have recourse to the Emperor, to whom he frankly stated his situation. Napoleon, who had ever respected him, and had but very lately conferred upon him the cross of the Legion of Honour, did not keep him long in suspense; and a loan of fifteen hundred thousand francs enabled him to meet the immediate demands upon him. But the great cause of the evil still remained, and Richard at length thought of adopting the manufacture of wool instead of that of cotton. This new undertaking succeeded at first, and was attended with considerable profits; but soon fresh disaster occurred; and when the year 1813 arrived, so pregnant with reverse of fortune to the Emperor, ruin was impending over the enterprising manufacturer.

But personal anxieties were not suffered to make him indifferent to the fate of his fellow-citizens. When in the defence of Paris against the enemy's troops a number of men had been wounded and conveyed to hospital, Richard, in visiting them, saw that they were lying on the bare ground. He immediately supplied, at his own expense, eight hundred straw-beds, and employed the boiler of his bleach-house at Bon Secours to make broth, daily carried to them by his servants and clerks, who attended on them in the hospitals. We need scarcely say that this heavy expense was incurred without either expectation or desire of indemnification.

And now the troops of the allied sovereigns took possession of Paris, entering it on the 31st of March. Richard, though greatly attached to Bonaparte, from his kindness to himself personally, and therefore deeply grieved at his fallen fortunes, yet saw clearly that the fate of thousands of his dependents was involved in protection being extended to his manufactories by the restored Bourbons, and therefore he did not refuse to head the legion he commanded, when it was ordered out to receive the Count d'Artois at the barriers. But any hopes he might have entertained of their patronage were fallacious. The exhausted state of the public finances at the restoration, besides many other reasons, compelled the Bourbons to yield to the demand of England, that the duty upon cotton should be altogether taken off. The bill to that effect, which was passed without any clause of indemnity to the present holders of stock, found Richard with a fortune of eight millions, and rendered him poorer than when he first left his native village.

Even in this extremity, Richard, supported by his perseverance and fortitude, did not despair. He resolved to hold on, though now less to maintain his commercial reputation, than not to plunge into utter destitution the twenty thousand workmen in his employment. But he had soon exhausted all his own resources, and he was obliged to have recourse to loans, for which so high an interest was exacted, that in a little time his ruin was complete. He at length retreated from his struggle with adverse circumstances, almost pennyless, yet respected and esteemed by his fellow-citizens. But the change from almost incessant activity, to a life which seemed to him now without an object, was too sudden and too great. He had now to struggle with all the privations of poverty; and the bent and furrowed brow, once so clear, so open—the pale, melancholy features, once so animated—proved how utterly this blow had prostrated all the energy of his character. It was not till October 1839, nearly twenty years after the ruin of his fortunes, that death put a period to his mental suffering. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous assemblage of those very workmen to whom he had been not merely a patron, but a father; and many were their tears of heartfelt sorrow.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It were a happy thing to dwell
On expectations merely,
Without one fear to quench or quell
Desires we nurse so dearly;
And looking aye on pleasant things,
And seeing still beyond them
Skies brighter far than even these are,
With bright waves to respond them.

But, well-a-day! 'tis only youth
That waiteth thus, undreading
The shock of time, the death of truth
Beneath the false world's treading;
For there is that within the mind
Which warns us not too boldly
To look before, nor yet behind,
Where cold ghosts gibber coldly.

The eye, which for an instant takes
Rose-visions from the future,
Beholding there all that is fair,
Finds Reason soon to tutor
And teach it all, that glows so bright
Is born of the ideal,
While o'er the prospect gloomy night
Brings darkness dense and real.

We cannot tread the smallest space
Without Hope's help to cheer us;
But we should look Toil in the face,
Nor faint to find it near us;
Nor in our need too largely draw
From Expectation's fountain:
Alas for him who fails in limb
When half way up the mountain!

Hope not too much—nor yet despair
By backward looks, that weaken
Those energies which make us bear
The burdens we have taken:
The memory of the past should be
A thing to nerve, not scare us—
Our hopes no flimsy phantasy,
But staff to onward bear us!

Time, as it flies, upon its wings
Takes joys as well as sorrows:
The rose that dies, in dying flings
Faint perfumes for to-morrows;
But though the fragrance of the past
May rise like incense o'er us,
Let's hail it as a welcome cast
By flower-beds on before us!

Then do thy task—thy journey go—
Nor waste thy time lamenting
For misspent hours, whose memories show
But grounds for sad repenting:
Welcome the waves that come to take
Our steps from deserts lonely!
The surge which bears away the past,
Brings back its memory only!

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.

THE first volume, price 2s. 6d. cloth boards, is now issued. The work will be completed in three volumes; and will comprehend an account of the First Revolution in 1789, the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, the Reign of Louis Philippe, and the Revolution of 1848.

W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh: and sold by all Booksellers.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 245. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. Price 1½d.

THE STRUGGLES OF PRINCIPLE.

We have to picture in the mind one of those long and straight roads in Germany, so long and straight, as almost to seem interminable, lined as usual with apple and walnut-trees, and which, unrelieved by any moving object, basks in saddening silence under a burning sun. While gazing on the scene, a living creature at length appears: at first a speck on the horizon, it increases as it approaches, and we perceive it is a man, dressed in the blouse of the country, and who, from the long hammer which he carries in his arm, is seen to be a cantonnier, or road-mender of the district. Let us follow his motions, and trace his humble history; for it is the history of a struggle with principle—a conflict of the heart—and may afford us some material for reflection.

Stephen, as our hero is called, has been on his way to his daily labour, and now reaches a large heap of stones. He involuntarily lifts his cap, as a kind of salutation to his daily work. He now ties on his wooden shoe, and sets hard to work, for out of the stones comes his bread, scanty though it be.

For two good hours Stephen has worked thus, seldom allowing himself a moment's rest to take breath. Now he stops; lays the pad upon the heap of stones; fills himself a pipe, as a reward for his toil; pulls on a wadded glove, and sitting down, falls to hammering away at the stones. As it strikes eleven, a barefooted boy comes up from the village with a jug well wrapt in a coarse cloth; he brings a large hunch of bread and a jug of warm soup to his father, who eats it with a right good appetite, and works on again until nightfall; then he shoulders his hammer, takes up his pad and his wooden shoe, and goes his way home.

Stephen lives in a small cottage just off the high road; his little girl, of three years old, is standing behind the casement, and exclaims, 'Here comes father!' And with a shout she runs to meet him.

Leading his child by the hand, Stephen enters the kitchen, and with a silent nod to his wife, who is busy on the hearth, he goes into the sitting-room, takes his little girl up in his arms, and casts a look at the cradle, where a little boy lies stuffing a corner of the blanket into his mouth, and kicking out his feet at his father. Then Stephen goes into the little room beyond, and asks, 'How are you, granny?'

A voice answers, in a whining tone, 'Ah, deary, the children are all so wild and noisy, and Peter has run off with my beans. I'll tell his master when I get about again, and can go to school!'—granny, be it known, having become childish in her old age, and acquired an impression that she was once more a girl at school. Her sole amusement consisted in tossing up beans, and catching them on the backs of her fingers, as school-girls are in the habit of doing when at play, and of repeating hymns out of a hymn-book, that she might receive the approbation of her imaginary teacher.

'I have brought you some more beans, my good mother,' said Stephen in reply to granny's observation.

'Ay, ay, fine long brown beans, and some round white ones too—eh?'

'Both,' said Stephen; and he went back into the kitchen.

Why did not Stephen remain to talk with poor granny? He was hungry, and out of humour. Disinclined for conversation, he seated himself behind the table, under a large framed picture, to which a big seal was affixed, and sat waiting till the candle and supper came.

The supper was so long in coming, that Stephen rose and fetched himself a candle; and now we can see what the large framed picture is all about. It is nothing more nor less than the certificate of merit given to Stephen Huber on his leaving the army, after having served eleven years in the fifth regiment. The ink has turned brown, the arms upon the seal are almost all chipped off, and the flies are going through their last autumn manœuvre upon the smooth pane of glass.

There sits Stephen staring into the candle; the child, too, upon his knee sits quiet, and with a fixed look, as if lost in thought like her father; for he sees nothing that is going on around him—his past life shifts before him like a dream.

A joyous day was that when he entered the army; no father or mother wept at parting from him; he had been early left an orphan. From the service of one master he passed into the regiment, where all served like him. Years flew by, he knew not how, and when the appointed term of his service expired, he enlisted again for five years more.

In the course of the last few years he had made the acquaintance of his Margaret. Many comrades as he had in the barracks, Stephen now for the first time seemed to *belong* to some one in the world. Now came days full of joy and full of sorrow; for his soldier's life grew burdensome to Stephen, and after another year of faithful service, he asked for his dismissal. Then he married Margaret, and went to live with her and her mother on a small property they possessed; his own small savings helping to begin housekeeping creditably.

During his service in the army Stephen had grown a stranger to village life, he had been so long accustomed to wear gloves; but hard labour soon tanned the skin upon his hands, and formed a glove which he could not pull off. All work was at first distasteful to him; and yet this would not have mattered much, for a man in good health soon accustoms himself to anything. But another sad consequence had resulted from his past life: Stephen had lost the habit of providing for himself.

Digitized by Google

In the barracks, his board, lodging, and firing were all found him, and things went on in a regular course, so long as a man only did his duty; but Stephen was now left to shift for himself, and he felt this a hardship. Gladly would he have gone back into service, to have again a fixed duty and a fixed pay; but this could not be; and a good thing it was that Margaret was a woman of resolution. For the first year or two, whilst their household was small, all had gone on well and smoothly; but as the family and debts increased, so did difficulties and disasters.

It may be matter for wonder that anybody should have permitted Stephen to get into their debt. But the debts were not personal; they were in the form of mortgages on the land and cottage, the interest of which required to be periodically and faithfully paid. Like a large proportion of small holdings, this one was mortgaged to nearly its full value, with the additional burden of the mother's life-rent; and therefore it could not be sold by its nominal proprietors.

A man falling into poverty is like one who is shipwrecked upon a small island in the open sea: he stands forlorn, watching the turbulent waves as they wash away the land, and swallow it up. He stands upon a small plot of ground, and he feels this too at length sink away, and himself with it. The worst that can happen a man in this state is despondency: it destroys his courage, and all power to rouse himself, or attempt to redeem his position.

Stephen's life passed monotonously, and wrapped in gloom: he was ready to do any kind of work, and worked in downright earnest: true though it be that, as the saying goes, toil has a bitter root, but sweet fruit, Stephen could no longer taste either the one or the other. No work was hard to him, but he knew not the comfort which lies in the consciousness of having done one's duty. The springs of his mind were in a manner closed and choked up.

Only the day before, his eldest child was laid in the earth: he had stood by, and looked on with a vacant stare. At the sight of the coffin, he asked himself where the money was to come from to pay for it; and when the clergyman spoke words of comfort and blessing, Stephen thought to himself that these words had likewise to be paid for. Even 'death brings its charge,' he murmured to himself.

Those who are at dispeace with themselves, fall naturally into quarrels with others. Stephen's bad humour had made his wife sulky and snappish, and in this manner bad led to worse. That night the mutual ill-temper came to an open rupture, of course each blaming the other. After a storm of sharp words, Stephen remained silent. His thoughts turned to the time when he was free in the world, ere other lives were dependant on him; and the past appeared to him as a lost paradise. But he thought not of all the hardships he had then to undergo, nor how often he had sighed to be his own master, and longed for his present life. He now saw only the gloom around him, and thought how different it was when no one in the world had any claim on his exertions.

'Here am I toiling like a slave for these women,' said he internally, 'and getting no thanks for my pains; my wife even casts up that I got a cottage and land with her in marriage. 'Tis false! I got nothing of the sort. The payment of interest on mortgages is a millstone round my neck. To be sure if granny were gone, I might contrive to give up the property, and have a small balance over. But she wont die these dozen years. Old half-mad women are as tenacious of life as cats. . . . Ha! what notion was that which crossed my mind? Kill granny! No, no; that would never do. I have been a soldier, but never shall be—a murderer.'

As the fearful thought flashed across the imagination, Stephen started convulsively: his face grew red as fire. The child upon his knee, roused by his shudder, seized him by the chin. Stephen's features brightened: he lifted the child up, and kissed it fervently, as if by that kiss he would ask forgiveness for the sinful thought that had sprung up in his soul.

Stephen took the child in his arms, and turning to his wife, who was busy preparing some potatoes for supper, he inquired in a kindly tone if he could help her.

The woman answered acrimoniously, the fact being, that she had not yet vented her anger.

Stephen was thrown back on himself—on his own evil thoughts. In a chaos of passion, in which vexation predominated, he fell to rocking the child, which lay fast asleep upon his knee, with its little hands closed and raised towards his breast, until at length he perceived that he had almost thrown it on the ground, and stopped.

Hungry as he was, Stephen scarcely felt it a relief when supper was announced as being ready. The potfull of boiled potatoes was emptied on the table, and salt was set down for general use. Stephen forced himself to swallow a potato, but his throat seemed sewn up, and he muttered to himself, 'The best thing, after all, is for a man to be dead and buried.' He leant back and shook his head, as if wishing to shake off the thought of what was done, and could not be undone.

Margaret had been accustomed, before she tasted a bit herself, to peel the best potatoes with wonderful alacrity, slice and salt them, and push them to her husband: and this little attention she continued all the time she herself was eating. But this evening he sat waiting long in vain: the truth was, that Margaret dawdled somewhat, and he gave her a significant look: his wife saw in it only anger and reproach. What claim, indeed, had Stephen to her watchful attention? Could not he help himself? So thought Margaret, in her foolishness, and she pushed the peeled potatoes over to the children, as if to make up for their father's hasty words.

Stephen smiled to himself; and partly out of real kindness, and to make amends, but partly, too, from a little secret desire of retaliation, he now laid before Margaret a potato which he had himself peeled. But in a sharp tone she only said, 'Eat it yourself: I do declare you have never washed your hands after your stone-breaking!'

Stephen bit his lips, and presently blurted out, 'Get a baker for your husband; he'll always have clean hands with kneading his dough.' So saying, he clasped his pocket-knife, rose up, and left the house.

He now gave vent to his rage, and began to storm, whilst the silent voice of conscience interrupted his exclamations. Stephen thought thus to himself:—

'Truly I am the most miserable man in the world.'

'The question is, how that is to be understood,' replied the voice.

'Have I not to labour for wife and children, and slave like a horse out of doors in the wind and rain?'

'Whilst your wife has all the care and trouble at home, with her helpless mother and crying children, without peace or rest.'

'I never get a good word in return for all my labour.'

'Ask yourself whether you have not received many more good words than you have given?'

'I bring home every farthing I earn, and keep nothing for myself.'

'Do your wages belong to you or to your family, or has your wife secret treasures?'

'I never allow myself any pleasure.'

'And pray does your wife at home eat roast meat and salad?'

'For weeks I have not tasted a drop of beer.'

'Does your wife, then, drink wine every day?'

'And for all this I get never a word of thanks.'

'What thanks do you require for doing your duty?'

'She treats me like a dog, and makes only an ill return for all my kindness. I have never a happy moment.'

'Oh how you lie to your own soul! Can you have

Digitized by Google

forgotten the hundreds of hours, of days, when her love and goodness have blessed and strengthened you? Nay, could you not at any time wind her round your finger by a kind word?'

'My home is made unbearable, my life a burden. Oh that some one would send a bullet through my head!'

'Strike down your own wicked thoughts—destroy them; that is wiser.'

'Well, when I am dead and gone, she'll then learn what I have been to her.'

'Ay, what? A man unable to control his passions; and who, not content with the troubles that come of themselves, is ever worrying himself and his family.'

'I only wish that I could go out into the wide world, and forget everything.'

'Nay, there is *one* whom you cannot forget. *I* shall accompany you wherever you go.'

So thought Stephen to himself, and thus did the voice of conscience try to make itself heard within him; but he would not listen to it.

As he sauntered through the village, he felt as if he were a stranger and alone—as if he knew no one. He *was* a stranger to his own heart, as he was in his own home. He was ashamed to go to the public-house to drive away his cares, for his eldest child had been buried only the day before. Seeing by chance a light in the schoolmaster's house, he resolved to drop in upon him. He and the schoolmaster were great friends. The latter was a good sort of man, in the prime of life. He had drawn up for Stephen the petition which had procured him the little post of road-mender, and they had ever since been in the habit of meeting frequently. Stephen, who had lived many years in the town, and had a certain feeling of importance, thought this was just the man for him—one who, in spite of his humble condition, could understand him; and this was in reality the case.

At the schoolmaster's house Stephen met a number of men and lads, all patiently listening to a harangue. They were intending emigrants, who had come to be instructed by the schoolmaster about the geography and nature of North America, as to how they should get thither, the best means of settling there, and so forth. A thought flashed across Stephen's mind, of which we shall hear more presently.

When the lecture was ended, the folks all rushed into the open air. Every man seemed ready that instant to run off into the backwoods, and set to work, felling the trees of the forest that had stood there untouched since the day of creation, or digging and ploughing up the soil. At moments of excitement and enthusiasm like these, men are often able to perform almost superhuman feats; ay, and at such moments acts of daring and valour are achieved upon the field of battle. And yet, in truth, it is much easier to advance boldly up to the cannon's mouth than silently to work upon one's own secret will, and to combat the petty troubles and vexations of life—a struggle of the heart. Such a struggle Stephen had to encounter.

Many of the assembled throng now betook themselves to the public-house. They could not immediately set about anything for their future prospects, and thought themselves therefore at liberty to break through all restraints, and give themselves up to idleness, until the new scene of activity opened to them. Into this torrent of enthusiasm Stephen plunged, and heard all that was said in favour of emigration. Next day his humour was not improved. He had formed a project in his mind, not a word of which he said to Margaret; he wished to perfect the scheme quite alone. Moreover, he knew well enough the obstacles which stood in his way, and resolved to say nothing until these were overcome, his preparations made, and all was ready. He got a notion into his head that here, in his own country, no one could properly become a man; that life in earnest could only begin in the new world. He seemed to have now awakened to an estimate of the full power of manhood; and in fact this was in a certain sense the case. He felt a kind of pride, of self-importance, in doing all without saying a word; but Stephen had yet to learn from experience what a man gets by separating himself from those to whom the ties of nature have bound us; he had yet to discover the abyss toward which he was rushing.

Margaret, too, on her part, was looking forward to a new life—she was expecting another child; but she did not dare to disclose this to Stephen. Was he not her wedded husband in the sight of God and man? and yet she wept in silence, as if she had to hide a secret feeling of shame. She sighed when she thought that the new life would bring only fresh sorrow into the house; and recollected with what cold indifference Stephen had borne the death of their eldest child, or rather with the satisfaction of having a burden taken from his shoulders. Thus were these two persons, united by the closest and holiest ties of nature, and living under the same roof, parted as if by the wide sea.

Stephen, when at his work, would shake his head involuntarily, as if a horse-fly had stung him; and he would sometimes hold a stone for a whole minute under his foot, and forget to split it, as he sat lost in thought. And now the minutes seemed hours, for he had lost the only treasure which he had kept through all his poverty—his watch. 'Tis true he had only pawned it, to pay the expenses of the funeral, but he knew that he should never be able to redeem it; and he felt as if he had parted with a portion of his very existence, and an instinctive consciousness of coming misery stole upon his mind. As he used to sit thinking over the future, and how he should work in the backwoods of America, felling the trees and clearing the ground, every blow that he gave a stone with his hammer seemed to him a useless waste of labour: he longed to be at work on his own land, and not sit hammering there upon a heap of stones for mere pitiful day-wages. Then involuntarily he put his hand to his pocket, where he used to wear his watch, and he thought, 'Ah! if the old grandmother's bed were but empty, I could sell it and get my watch again.'

This thought, which suggested itself as it were by accident to his mind, from this time haunted him perpetually. As long as the old woman lived, Margaret would not consent to emigrate, nor could the cottage and grounds be turned into cash. At home, Stephen was now always silent, except when he broke forth from time to time; for the merest trifle threw him into a passion, and he quarrelled with all around him, because he quarrelled with himself. Margaret remarked the change in her husband, and began to experience feelings of remorse: she felt that she had gone too far—wished she could have recalled some exasperating expressions. One thing puzzled her: Stephen was evidently thinking over some scheme which he kept a secret from her. Could it have any relation to granny? He took looks of her that were positively frightful; at the same time he spoke gaily to the old woman, and listened to her long confused stories about the hymns she had learned.

It was no small aggravation of Margaret's disturbance of feeling that she had to contend with painful privations. The family were forced to live almost at the brink of starvation. A good stock of linen, the last thing a German peasant parts with, had been sold in liquidation of some pressing debts. Various articles of furniture had previously disappeared for similar emergencies. There was not a bedstead left in the house, except that on which the grandmother lay.

How melancholy was the picture which the interior of the cottage disclosed! The family one evening had retired to rest, after the mere shadow of a meal. Stephen stretched himself on the floor, supperless and hungry, and wrapped his old tattered soldier's cloak about him. Margaret had taken the child to herself, that they might keep one another warm; but she found no rest, for the voice of hunger cried aloud within her for food. Moreover, she lay thinking of her disagree-

Digitized by Google

ment with her husband; she wanted to speak openly to him about matters, but she felt choked, and her tongue was parched. Stephen, too, could not sleep; he lay tossing from side to side, restless from hunger and the struggle that was going on in his own mind.

A word spoken in kindness, one to the other, would have led to a reconciliation; but who was first to speak that word?

In his restlessness, Stephen uttered a deep sigh. It was dark, and Margaret could not see her husband; but she heard him sigh, and knew that he lay not further than an arm's length from her. The feelings of the wife and mother were melted: pride gave way before the influence of the affections: Margaret stretched forth her hand and laid it gently on the shoulder of her husband. It was a movement as if guided by an angel of mercy.

'Dear Stephen,' said the wife.

'Dear Margaret,' replied the husband. As he said so, his long frozen-up feelings found vent in tears. In tenderness there is repentance. Stephen resolved to unburden his thoughts to Margaret. He told her all—all that he had contemplated, and his sinful desire for the old woman's death. His feelings found a vent in tears, and Margaret wept with him. She told him that she had suspected his thoughts of emigrating; but had feared to speak. Stephen was now enraged with himself, but Margaret pacified him with affectionate words; and at length he said, 'Forget it all—forgive me! I see—I see: do not ask me more—forget it all! You are good and kind, Margaret; and indeed I will repay your love! Let us, above all, be of one heart and mind.'

Their poverty and long estrangement were all now forgotten; everything looked brighter; they no longer felt any hunger; and as they talked over their future hopes and plans, they reconciled one another to wait patiently for the present in their little cottage. Stephen determined to work hard, and to conquer every bad passion in his breast; and this resolution restored peace to him.

From that day he was unusually brisk and diligent at his work: spring was approaching, and with it the pressure of want began to be less felt. In his conduct to the grandmother Stephen showed a remarkable tenderness, and Margaret did not understand what he meant when he one day said, 'I do so hope that good old soul may live many years yet! Sometimes I have thought to myself that our little child would learn to walk alone, and run upon our own land in America; but no matter—'tis all one—it can play about just as well here.' Often in an evening he would sit playing with the old woman like a child, and yielded to her in everything, for she was very self-willed. He heard her regularly repeat the verse out of the hymn-book; but sometimes she did not know what hymn she had been set to learn, and then he would read to her the first lines of all the hymns alphabetically; but whilst he was reading, she forgot what she had wished, and wanted to play again with her beans. Stephen's conduct is told in a few words—it sprang, in truth, not only from patience and forbearance, but from a refinement of feeling.

One day the old woman was in great delight, when the schoolmaster, coming to call upon Stephen, heard her repeat her verse, and made her a present of a little picture. Stephen, too, shared in this innocent and childish joy.

When spring came, and the troop of emigrants prepared for their departure, the old feeling of restlessness came over Stephen again: he stood watching the folks as they passed him while at work breaking stones on the road, and he bade them farewell with a bitter smile.

'So,' said he, 'I have to mend the roads, to help you on your way! Perhaps it may turn out that you are but going before to smoothe the way for me—who knows?'

As Captain Lumbus drove past, he cried out to Stephen, 'Hollo, you stone-hammerer! in America I'll buy a dukedom, and call it Lumbia, and when you come over, I'll make you a present of a hundred acres.' Stephen did not answer.

For some days after the departure of the troop of emigrants, the village seemed quite deserted: their well-known faces were missing, and every one felt sure that they would never be forgotten. But no—when a man, or a community of men, sinks in the stream of life, it is as with a stone falling into the water: at first it parts the tide, but the rings which it creates enlarge and grow fainter as they recede, until at length the water flows on smooth as before. The wanderers were scarcely gone, when the young swallows, twittering in secret, took counsel together where they should fix their nests; then off they flew, circling around this roof and that, and on the wing discussing their plan of building. Ere they had finished their nests, hardly a person in the village had longer a thought for the troop of their brethren who had so lately gone forth from among them to settle and build in distant lands. Where were *they* now hovering? Stephen and the schoolmaster were almost the only persons who talked frequently of their distant friends, and accompanied them in thought across the ocean.

Autumn was come again. A merry little girl was added to Stephen's family, but a friend was withdrawn from it. The schoolmaster was imprisoned: he had received a letter from his brother, who had emigrated with the rest, describing the voyage to America, and the first steps taken to fix on a settlement. The schoolmaster had made several copies of this letter, which gave offence to the police; for it was construed into an attempt to evade the censorship of, and tax on, the public press. Some weeks elapsed before the poor man was set at liberty, and when he returned home, he felt that his position was changed: the little authority of his office was gone, and he finally resolved to emigrate. He told his intention to Stephen, who was, without any great difficulty, persuaded to accompany him; for the desire of emigrating only slumbered in his mind, and the slightest circumstance sufficed to reawaken the thought. Stephen, however, had to suffer a heavy punishment for the wicked thoughts which he had once allowed to enter his breast.

One day he was nailing up some boards in an outhouse, near which stood a ladder he had been using. Unsettled and capricious, the old grandmother had wandered to the spot, and, unperceived by her son-in-law, had climbed to the top of the ladder, where a favourite cat had taken up its station. All at once a piercing shriek was heard; the old woman fell headlong down the steps. Stephen ran to the spot, and stood horror-struck with his hammer in his hand. Several of the neighbours also came running up and gathered round the old woman, who lay senseless on the ground, apparently at the point of death. Pale as ashes, Stephen stared fixedly on the senseless body. There, thought he, was the accomplishment of that which he had so often contemplated—nay, desired in the bottom of his soul! A feeling of terror and remorse seized him, as if it was his wish that had done the deed: he ran away from the place, and acted as if out of his senses; he knew not which way to turn or what to do. Presently the constables came up, and Stephen had to go with them before the magistrate. The thought which he had kept hidden in the depths of his soul, which he had combated and conquered, and to which he imagined no one could ever penetrate, now occurred, as it were naturally, to the mind of every one, and a charge was immediately founded upon it. He was accused of having wilfully thrown the old woman down the ladder, and killed her with the hammer.

Notwithstanding his denial of the crime laid to his charge, he was committed for further examination. His confinement, however, was of no long duration. The old woman had not been killed outright, as was at first supposed. She recovered sufficiently to explain the

Digitized by Google

cause of her fall, and died next day, surrounded by her family. When she was buried, Stephen wept over her grave. These were the last tears he shed on his native soil, for with steady and sober resolution he now made all his preparations for removal from his native country, and at length emigrated. He had grown strong in the struggle with himself and with the world. He had learnt by hard experience to know himself and others, and his mind was now at peace. With the renovated spirit of youth and hopefulness, he was free to steer his course toward a new home, and to enter upon a new life.

The schoolmaster and Stephen, with their families, were among the first of those who went to seek their fortunes in America, and there they settled in one of those districts which have been appropriated by their industrious countrymen. There also they were successful in their labours; and under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, they had no reason to regret having sought a new home beyond the waters of the Atlantic.*

AN UNKNOWN REPUBLIC.

Among the higher recesses of the Pyrenees there exist two small republics, having scarcely any dependence on, or connection with, the monarchy of Spain on the one hand, or the newly-got-up republic of France on the other. One of these—Andorre—is not unknown to the world; but the other, which is of considerably less extent and population, may never probably have been heard of in England. Goust, as this obscure little commonwealth is termed, has its locale at the southern extremity of the valley of Ossau, or rather the track which leads to it there begins. This track winds along the face of a steep, through forests, rocks, and clouds, till the stranger, faint and dizzy, begins to fancy that he is in the nightmare, climbing some miraculous bean-stalk. But courage! Goust is no mushroom power: it is full of the ease and dignity of years; and at every step you find traces of bygone generations. Here the corner of the cliff is rounded; there a rustic seat invites you to rest for a moment; and again the hewn trunk of a tree affords you passage over some mountain torrent. Pleasant is it for the wayfaring man to pause in such a place; to feel the sunbeams showering upon him through the trees; to drink of the sparkling waters, with his hand for a cup; to lean over the precipice, and watch them leaping in mad joy into a bottomless abyss; to listen to their voice as it mingles with the singing of birds; and to see in imagination the distant world below, with all its paltry cares and mean ambitions. And more than pleasant for him is it to resume the journey after such a pause, to stride forward like a giant refreshed, and to feel that his spirit belongs to that upper region to which his feet are hastening.

The apex of the mountain is at length sufficiently near to be discerned above your head, for you are now between three and four thousand feet from the level of the valley, and a beautiful and yet fantastic scene it presents. Instead of the naked rocks you might have expected, a green coronal hangs upon the peak; and this, as you approach, resolves into trees and bushes, and gardens and fields, forming a little fairy oasis, belonging more to the air than the earth. This is the domain of Goust; and in the midst of these trees are its ten houses, inhabited by its population of fifty souls.

We cannot answer for the exact number of the people; but we know that the number of the houses has been the same through all tradition. Indeed the permanence of everything at Goust is its most striking characteristic; and in the present age of revolution, it may be worth while to try to ascertain the cause. As for the government of the community, we are not prepared to say that it has any definite form at all. At anyrate there is no council chamber, no parliament, no justice-room. Certain voices are listened to with respect and obedience, but age appears to be the sole qualification. At Goust all intellects are alike, the sole difference being made by experience. A man of a hundred years of age is wiser than a lad of fifty or sixty; and indeed till the first-mentioned age is attained, the judgment can hardly be reckoned mature. Centenarians are the rule amongst the old men, not the exception; and Dr Cayet, the chronicler of the place, who writes in 1605, mentions the death in that year of an individual who was born in 1482.

The religion of Goust has neither priest nor temple; but, except when they are shut up by the snow during winter, the inhabitants do not suffer the insularity of their position to deprive them of spiritual comfort. Laruns is the grand centre of the Christianity of the country; and thither, on great occasions, descend the population of the peaks and precipices of this portion of the Pyrenees. At Laruns they are baptised, married, and buried; for people die some time or other even at Goust. Lovers walk to the distant church to become husband and wife, and infants are carried thither to be made Christians; but the dead, who cannot walk, and whom it would be difficult to carry along a descending path cut in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, require some contrivance. They are made to slide down the precipice, and the mourners follow, having hold of a rope attached to the coffin. When the path at length becomes more practicable for a funeral procession, the cortège is met by a priest, and they take their way, with holy hymns, to the cemetery of Laruns.

But these are not the sole visits of our republicans to the lower world. They carry milk and vegetables even to the Eaux-Chaudes, and may be seen trafficking for luxuries, comforts, or necessaries in the most distant corners of the valley of Ossau. There is, indeed, one commodity—luxury, comfort, and necessary in one—the search for which brings every young man of Goust into the valley at one time or other. At home there are young girls enough, but all are within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and it is necessary to go abroad for a wife. Down, therefore, they plunge—these adventurous bachelors—like angels (Thomas Moore's) coming to woo the daughters of men; and casting the eagle glance of the mountaineer round this Tempe of the Pyrenees, they are not long of singling out their destined bargain. The marriage takes place, as we have said, at Laruns; and then comes the young wife's expedition, undertaken probably for the first time, into the cloud-land which is henceforward to be her home. As she ascends farther and farther from the level earth, and the path becomes narrower and steeper, she clings closer and closer, it may be supposed, to the arm she has selected for her support in the journey of life. The valley beneath is already covered with tumbling clouds, and she is terrified to look back upon the dizzy path by which she has climbed out of the vapour. Forward—forward—is her only hope; her destiny is fixed beyond recall; the metaphors of poetry are to her substantial facts. But how beautiful is the oasis that at length rewards her labour! How deep is the feeling of security with which her lately quaking heart is filled! And how strange the next morning is the silence of the desert air, which awakens her with a start and a thrill! But her dream is interrupted by the hungry yet joyous cries of the household for breakfast; and in half an hour the young girl of Ossau is converted into the thrifty, thoughtful, methodical, hard-working matron of Goust.

This incident is fertile in consequences; for the union of the two families does not end here. The adventurous brother of the bride follows her steps, both in affection and curiosity, to see what strange abiding-place the soaring fancy of his sister has chosen. Among the curiosities of the place, his eye rests upon a rich warm cheek and flashing eye, which has the same effect upon

* The above tale, bearing token of the simplicity of German thought and writing, is a free translation from Berthold Auerbach.

Digitized by Google

him—for love delights in contrasts—which the pale and pensive face of the girl of the valley produced upon the heart of the mountaineer. The one damsel descends as willingly as the other climbed; and by and by by the daughter of Goust becomes the wife of Ossau. Thus are knit together by kindred sympathies the two extremes of the region, and sweet thoughts and loving memories fly backwards and forwards, like doves, between heaven and earth. Thus, too, the principle of population is regulated, and the human ebb and flow goes far towards keeping the numbers of the oasis at an average which has remained steady for ages.

But when this equilibrium is interrupted by circumstances—when, for instance, there come some additional mouths, which threaten, when they grow larger, to stint the commons of the hamlet—then appears the wisdom of the government of Goust. A boy, perhaps two or three, if it be necessary, are equipped, and sent forth to push their fortune in the valley. And these are no loss to the hamlet: they form its advanced guards, and become *points d'appui* of its traffic. They are not exiles, but agents. They are true colonists, linked to the mother-land by love and reverence, and a constant interchange of good offices. In greater social aggregations the same necessity is felt, and the same means of relief is at hand; but, less clear-sighted than the centenarians of Goust, or else bewildered by the complications of a numerous society, such communities lose time in arguing and temporising, till the evil becomes intolerable, and the whole fabric of the state is shaken—perhaps shattered. The mouths continue to increase, while the produce remains stationary. Envy, hate, crime, take the place of love, innocence, and peace. The food is ravished which can no longer be earned; and the public misery at length revenges itself upon a government whose worst crimes were indecision and imbecility.

But although our hamlet escapes some of the evils, it yet misses, we must own, some of the advantages of a society in a more complicated state. In it individuals are nothing, and the mass everything. There is no opportunity for the innovations of genius, no field for experiment and improvement. The whole body politic must advance at once, or all remain stationary. Originality is reckoned madness; novelty is a crime—an insult. Agriculture and implements, manners and knowledge, are at this day what they were in the time of Henri Quatre; and long before then, the enduring stereotype had been cast. The stream of the world rolls by several thousand feet beneath, washing the base of that eternal rock, but unable to reach the summit with its voice or its spray.

Goust, we have said, is a democracy; and it is so in the strictest sense of the word. Distinctions of rank are unknown, and the only existing superiority is that of age. As a man in the progress of years becomes callous to the ordinary enjoyments of life, there open out to him new vistas of power and utility. Seated before their cottage doors, wrapped in the twilight radiance of the setting sun, the decemvirs of the hamlet receive the homage of their descendants. Their decisions, however, are not despotic, but constitutional; for the government is traditional, and the qualifications of a functionary are nothing more than years and memory. Property remains to this day on its original basis. No family has an inch more land than its neighbours. There being no inferiority of wealth, there is no pride of purse; and where the condition of all is known to all, there can be no pretension, no ostentation, no hypocrisy. It would seem, indeed, that there is an equality even in the intellect of the inhabitants, the means of its cultivation being so humble and so uniform; and thus the hamlet of Goust presents an almost absolute equilibrium, individual, social, and territorial, and may be looked upon as an expression of the democratic state in its simplest and purest form. Such as it is, it might form a useful study, both as regards its advantages and disadvantages, for the statesmen of these last days, if they could only raise their eyes high enough from the crowd that is rushing and struggling on the surface of the earth.

We have only to add, that this hamlet is one of several perched on the pinnacles of the Pyrenees, and almost forgotten by the parent state to which they belong. Escaping interference through their poverty, insignificance, and remoteness, they have grown up into self-supporting communities, and preserved a traditional independence in the midst of the political changes which have convulsed the rest of the country.

WALKS IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

Much as I have seen of grand and imposing scenery—mountains, rocks, waterfalls, and the great ocean itself—nothing has ever so effectually impressed me with feelings of the sublime and wonderful as the vast forests of Brazil. It is indeed allowed that the whole kingdom of nature presents no spectacle more grand, and at the same time pleasing and curious, than the Brazilian Forest. The woods of North America are doubtless as extensive and pathless, but they are comparatively monotonous and tame in their aspect; the climate under which they flourish not being calculated to impart picturesque, varied, and permanent beauty.

Equipped for the expedition, and accompanied by a guide, the traveller plunges into the forests of Brazil as into a sea of trees, flowers, and animal existences—all new, strange, and overwhelming in their abundance and illimitable variety. He sees what nature, under a burning sun, and with a rich soil, can do when left to herself. How puny man's efforts in comparison! After a day or two's wearisome rambling, he finds he has penetrated to the home of the beast of prey, the paradise of the insect and bird, and the court-royal of the vegetable kingdom. There, lost in wonder, moved by feelings wholly new to his mind, he is never weary of beholding. To use the bright colours of Dr Von Martius—in these 'vast woods, whose summits, bound together by wreathes of wonderful flowers, appear to fathom the blue sky, while the plains at their feet are clothed with the most lovely and odoriferous plants; and while beyond the eye catches a glimpse of the vast territory of the royal race of the palms, the traveller may easily conceive himself to have been suddenly transplanted into the fabled gardens of Hesperides.' These forests are of vast antiquity: the surface of the soil appears to indicate that while in other countries rough places have been made plain, valleys exalted, and mountains dethroned, here centuries have rolled past leaving scarcely a feature of the forest scenery seriously affected. The enormous dimensions of the trees, with the sure register of their age, preserved by themselves in their concentric rings, are evidences of this remarkable fact. The Brazilians call them 'Virgin Forests.' One of the circumstances which at first impresses most is the delicious coolness of the air. On the borders of these forest-realms a tropical heat beats upon the traveller's head; but on plunging into these wooded recesses, this is exchanged for an almost temperate climate. In less dense portions the mass of the solar rays is broken up into myriad-penciled streaks, which come piercing down through the verdant roof, divested of more than half their energy. There is a subdued and indefinite murmur pervading these majestic groves, like the hum of human life heard afar off: the tiny horn of the insects, the strange voices of birds, and the distant cries of the monkeys, make the solemn scene vocal with nature's hymn. But disregarding these, the traveller turns to the contemplation of the stupendous vegetation crowding around him, which coats the soil, creeps up the trees, flings its airy garlands aloft; which forms the foreground, the background, and the very sky of this sylvan picture.

The scene abounds in contrasts. The towering palm shooting up into the cloudless sky, seeking the nearest proximity to the sun, carries its graceful head high

Digitized by Google

above all. Conceive the effect of a beautiful crown of dark-green graceful foliage borne on the summit of a slender shaft, probably a hundred and eighty feet high. Then when the wind comes along the forest tops below, these gracious monarchs will be seen to bend in acknowledgment of fealty, and rising again, to fling out the splendid feathers in their tufts, as though, when the momentary act of condescension was performed, they hasted to resume the bearing of their rank. The situations in which the palms often make their appearance in these forests give them an additional beauty. Sometimes on the summit of a granite rock, fed by the humus of centuries, its root watered by the forest stream, the Linnæan 'prince of vegetation' takes its stand, rising into the air like a giant. Sometimes, likewise—for the palms are by no means uniform in size—they fix themselves in a desolate, solitary spot, the trunk swollen in the middle, and tapering above and below, thus wearing the appearance of vast nine-pins set up for the amusement of the ancient sons of Anak; and sometimes the children of the race will take the shelter of a sturdy green veteran, and, with a kind of vegetable vanity, display their exquisite forms and hereditary coronets against his rugged ungainly trunk and distorted branches.

While a comparatively dull similarity marks the forests of temperate regions, those of Brazil are conspicuous for the wonderful variety and endless contrasts. Here 'the silk-cotton-tree,' writes Dr Spix, 'partly armed with strong thorns, begins at a considerable height from the ground to spread out its thick arms and digitated leaves, which are grouped in light and airy masses,' while beyond, luxuriant trees of lower growth, and 'the Brazilian anda shooting out at a less height many branches profusely covered with leaves,' unite to form a verdant arcade. The next curious object is the hard outline of the 'trumpet-tree' (*Cecropia peltata*). The stem, which is smooth, polished, and of an ash-gray colour, springs up to a considerable height, and then suddenly flings out a whorl of branches like a ruff, which have *white* leaves at their extremities, reminding us, to compare great things with small, of the anomalous specimens of forest-trees which get imported into this country in children's toy-boxes. In the deeper recesses of the forest are trees of colossal proportions. Dr Von Martius gives the particulars of a locust-tree which fifteen Indians with outstretched arms could only just embrace. Several others were upwards of eighty feet in circumference at the bottom, and sixty feet where the boles became cylindrical. By counting the concentric rings of such parts as were accessible, he arrived at the conclusion that they were of *the age of Homer!* and 332 years old in the days of Pythagoras: one estimate, indeed, *reduced* their antiquity to 2052 years, while another carried it up to 4104! The effect produced upon the imagination by the sight of these vegetable patriarchs can scarcely be described. Many of the trees are adorned with beautiful flowers of every conceivable hue, and of odour equally varied, now attracting, and now repelling the explorer. Some of them painted in the gaudiest colours, glitter against the deep foliage, others concealed under its shelter, while others again expand, and glitter, and fade at a height at which neither the hand of man nor the invasion of animals can reach them.

Though the aspect of these mighty trees conveys something of the impression of an eternal existence, they are not less mortal than their humbler companions. Many agencies are in operation, the ultimate effect of which is to pull them down, lay them level with the ground, and reduce them to their original dust. If by ill-fortune one has long been surrounded by a crowd of trees of another kind, like the great ones of our own race, its situation is eminently perilous. The insidious neighbours conspire to sap its strength, purloin its juices, and contend for the ground with its struggling roots. The result is easy to be conceived: the noble tree begins to wither; branch after branch drops mortified from the trunk; it becomes seared, leafless, and rotten from head to foot; and in a few months the struggle is suddenly terminated by a mighty wind. The wood-boring insects and ants had long singled out their victim, and in millions had eaten up its strength. The splendid trunk bends under the wind; a fresh gust in greater violence catches it; and down it comes, overwhelming in its ruin not a few of the enemies which had combined against it, and startling the whole forest with the thundering crash betokening its destruction. A further work is, however, to be accomplished. Curious fungi steal over it, and revel on its dead carcass, on which they display their splendid apparel and grotesque forms. In a short time the chemical influence of the air also aiding in the deed, they, too, have fulfilled their office; and now the place where stood the pride of the forest 'knows it no more,' save as a shapeless mass of vegetable earth.

Penetrating more deeply into these forests, it is no figure to say that there is the kingdom of eternal night. The darkness is never broken by the intrusion of the solar beam, and the feebler moonlight is never known there. The period when the earth is rejoicing in the blaze of a mid-day sun, is that in which the darkness of these recesses only becomes a little modified for a dim obscurity. At this time the straight and lofty trunks of the trees alone are discernible; above them hangs a dense impenetrable roof of branches and leaves; and the impression of being in a great vault, upheld by a thousand rugged pillars, is that which most deeply affects the traveller. A dreadful stillness, and an over-mastering feeling of gloom, oppress the faculties, and he gladly retraces his steps to brighter scenes out of this valley of the shadow of death. The most remarkable feature of these ancient forests remains to be mentioned, and it is that which clothes them in the most elegant and fantastic garb: it is the innumerable, the incredible multitude of parasitic plants and creepers. As though the surface of the earth were insufficient for the purpose of unfolding all the glorious productions of the teeming soil, every hoary trunk is a flower-garden, every branch a flower-stand, on which a countless variety of plants, of the most exquisite foliage and flower, put forth their beauties, adorning the great mass on which they thrive with a garment of divers colours and odours not its own. Curiaces, arums, the splendid flowers of the pothos, the bromelias, the sweet-scented favourites of the South American gardens, and singular tillandrias, hang down in the most astonishing luxuriance and remarkable forms from every aged tree. The trunks are also the dwelling-place of a profusion of variously-tinted lichens—some of a beautiful rose colour, others of a dazzling yellow, some blood-red, which paint the rough bark, and contribute a richness and a warmth of colouring to the *ensemble* which can scarcely be conceived. Up other giant stems creep passion-flowers, in rich exuberance, expanding in a variety of rich colours their singular form, once so awe-exciting, so deeply mysterious to the early discoverers of this continent. But the appearance of the luanths, visci, and orchids, which scramble over these trees, the pen fails to describe. Here seated on a scaly palm, there reposing on an immense bough, or dangling from the farthest branch, they shed their odours, inexpressibly sweet and grateful, and exult in their fantastic beauties, giving their resting-place a splendour of appearance not to be equalled by the most magnificent collection brought together by the hands of man. Yet more wonderful even than these are the creeping and twining plants in these regions. An exquisite wood-engraving, from a drawing by Martius, of a scene in the Orgar Mountains, will be found in Dr Lindley's new work, 'The Vegetable Kingdom,' which will convey a definite idea at least of the elegant decoration thus contributed to the forest. Here will be seen Flora in her playfullest mood, flinging garlands from tree to tree, and binding in hymeneal cords, sometimes

Digitized by Google

of considerable strength, trees of the most opposite character and aspect. These plants creep in immense coils to the topmost boughs, fling themselves to the nearest neighbour, wind around the captive, and come down, twisting and curling in an inextricable manner, among the boughs. Occasionally they twist together like great cables, and are seen strapping down some great tree to the earth, something after the similitude of the mast of a ship. Mr Darwin says, 'During the second day's journey, we found the road so shut up, that it was necessary that a man should go abroad with a sword to cut away the creepers. The woody creepers themselves, covered by others, were of great thickness; some which I measured were *two feet* in circumference.' Many of these creepers suffocate the trees around which they clasp. In every direction their writhing lengths appear, giving the scene the character of an enormous nest of serpents. The surface of the ground is literally strewed with floral gems, in purple and gold, in scarlet and blue, and in every tinge into which the rays of light can be arranged; while the exquisite delicacy of the foliage of the ferns and mimosæ adds its peculiar grace to the whole. Flowers which would be the pride and glory of our conservatories, here fall beneath the foot of the traveller at every step. Should he escape from the dense groves in which he has been so long immersed, and gain the elevation of some lofty hill, what a scene presents itself! Grotesque cacti are all around, the curious trees called the 'lily-trees,' or vellosias, having thick naked stems, and dividing like a fork, with a few branches tipped with tufts of leaves, the most singular forms of the vegetable world, thrive on the plain at his feet, over which the emus, or American ostriches, gallop in flocks, and his eyes roam in never-tiring admiration over a sea of forest, of waving foliage, of changing tints, and of inexpressible majesty, spreading out its broad arms into the distant horizon. 'So thick and uninterrupted,' writes Humboldt, 'are the forests which cover the plains of South America between the Orinoco and the Amazon, that were it not for intervening rivers, the monkeys, almost the only inhabitants of these regions, might pass along the tops of the trees for several hundred miles together without touching the earth.'

These primeval forests are only silent during the midday glare of the tropical sun. The dawn of morning is greeted by legions of monkeys, tree-frogs, and toads, and when the sun arises the scene is full of life. 'Squirrels, troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap whirling and chattering from tree to tree. Birds of the most singular forms, and of the most superb plumage, flutter singly or in companies through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, and red parrots assemble on the tops of the trees, or fly toward the plantations and islands, filling the air with their screams. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent, bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange-trees; and their sentinels announce, with a loud screaming cry, the approach of man. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the uraponga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, filling the wanderer with astonishment. Delicate humming-birds, rivalling in beauty and lustre diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers.' Thus, and in a regular succession, do these happy creatures spend their brief existence. The sun declines, the beasts of the forest do creep forth in search of prey, 'till at last the howling of the monkeys, the sloth with the cry as of one in distress, the croaking frogs, and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day, and the bass tones of the bullfrog announce the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now fly about like ignes-fatui, and blood-sucking bats hover like phantoms in the profound darkness of the night.'*

But it must not be supposed that these forests are a paradise to man. Swarms of mosquitoes, multitudes of piercing, stinging, penetrating, poisonous flies torment every portion of the surface uncovered for an instant. Monkeys and birds plunder his plantations: ants and cockroaches devour his food, and pull down his house about his ears. Abroad, the fierce cayman awaits him if he ventures near the pools, and the ounce, poisonous serpents, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, and nearl, assault him in the woods. Yet with all these disadvantages, the same pen declares Brazil to be 'the fairest and most glorious country on the surface of the globe.' We may take for an appropriate conclusion the earnest language of our most recent traveller, Darwin:—'It is easy to specify the individual objects of admiration in these grand scenes; but it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment, and devotion which fill and elevate the mind. Among the scenes which are deeply impressed upon my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Terra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of nature. No one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and without feeling that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body.'

* Spix and Martius. Travels in Brazil.

SUBLIMITIES OF THE TOE.

WHAT is worth doing at all, deserves to be done well! Aim to surpass every one in the line of life you have adopted, and success is scarcely doubtful! Such appear to have been the maxims that guided the elder Vestris in his grand efforts to put himself at the head of the dancing world. Was Vestris wrong? Certainly not: he not only carried off the highest honours of his profession, but was able to inspire his son Auguste with a proper spirit of emulation. A notice of a few traits of the character and history of this remarkable man may amuse a leisure moment.

Vestris was the son of a painter of some merit at Florence, and coming to Paris in the latter half of the eighteenth century, soon became the idol of the public, as well as of the court of Versailles, where he acquired the flattering cognomen of *Le Dieu de la Danse*.

Auguste Vestris was also a favourite at court, and sometimes presumed so far on the kindness of his royal protectress, Marie-Antoinette, as to decline dancing on very slight and frivolous pretexts. This occurring once when Marie-Antoinette had expressed her purpose of being present at the opera, he was instantly arrested. His father, alarmed at the consequences of such folly and imprudence, hastened to intreat the queen's pardon through the medium of one of her ladies-in-waiting.

'My son,' said he, 'could not surely have been aware that her majesty meant to honour the house with her presence, otherwise, can it be believed that he would have refused to dance before his generous benefactress? I am grieved beyond the power of expression at this misunderstanding between the Houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which have always been on the very best terms since our removal from Florence to Paris. My son is *au désespoir* at so unhappy an occurrence, and will dance like an angel if her majesty will graciously command him to be set at liberty.'

The young man was instantly restored to freedom; and on appearing before Marie-Antoinette, surpassed himself in the graceful exercise of his talent. The queen applauded him; and as she was about to leave her box, the elder Vestris presented his son, who came to return her thanks.

'Ah, Monsieur Vestris!' said Marie-Antoinette to the father, 'you never danced as well as your son has done this evening.'

'That is very likely, madame,' replied the old man; 'for, please your majesty, I never had a Vestris for my teacher!'

'Then,' rejoined the queen smiling, 'the merit, doubtless, is chiefly yours; and indeed I never can forget

Digitized by Google

your dancing the *Minuet de la Cour* with Mademoiselle Guimard: it was quite a gem of art.'

Whereon the veteran artist raised his head with that grace which was quite peculiar to himself; for, filled as he was with *amour-propre* to a ridiculous degree, this old man had the noblest manners possible. Many a grand seigneur might have envied him the graceful and dignified ease with which he was so eminently gifted by nature; and several scions of nobility placed themselves under his tuition, to learn the secret of that courtly address which was so essential to their rank and position in life. On such occasions he would often make observations full of originality, and which indicated a subtle discernment of the follies and weaknesses of the great world. One of his pupils happening to be present at a lesson which he was giving the Prince de Lamarck, was so much diverted at the tone and style of his instructions, that he noted down his words, which have been transmitted to us in the memoirs of a contemporary; and they are so characteristic of him, as to carry us back to the princely *salon* where Vestris discoursed with all the gravity of a philosopher on those minutiæ of etiquette which in the eighteenth century were regarded as matters of deep importanee.

Let us then hold up our heads, and lend a docile ear to the courtly maxims of '*Lé Diû dé la Danse*,' as he was wont to call himself in his broad Italianised Freneh.

'Let us see, Monsieur le Prince. There, there—very well. Salute first—salute—her majesty the empress of Germany. Ah! lower, sir—lower (the last word in a quick impatient tone). You must remain three-quarters of a second, sir, before you attempt to rise. There—that will do very well. In rising, sir, you must turn your head gently and modestly towards the right hand of her imperial and apostolical majesty. Kiss that hand which bears the sceptre (without, however, presuming to raise your eyes to the august countenance of the sovereign).

'You must not, sir, give any sort of expression to your physiognomy while saluting so great a princess. A certain air of respect, and even of fear, should pervade your whole person, and in so awful a moment, will not diminish aught from the gracefulness of your figure.

'You may represent to yourself so many dazzling crowns, magnificent titles, dominions, supremacies: so many past ages of power, mighty victories, and other sublime thoughts, until you are penetrated with veneration. That is all, sir.

'Now, Monsieur le Prince, salute Madame la Landgrave de Hesse Darmstadt. Ah! that is too low—too low by four inches. You salute her as if she was a queen. Shade, sir—shade! Begin again if you please. Ah, that is well! *Bravissimamente!* You must not forget that it is but a landgrave you are saluting, after having just quitted the imperial court of Luxembourg. Now let your eye rest a moment on the venerable lady-in-waiting, and say to her, by your courteous glance and smile, "Apart from the trammels of etiquette, I offer you, Madame la Comtesse, all the respectful homage which is due to your virtues, your age, and the position you occupy at court."

'Now, sir, I should like to see you salute the Constable de Rome. Ah! my prince, how you do pain and trouble me! Is this the fruit of so much care and experience—of all my zeal and labour? That is not the way, Monsieur le Prince: it is too low for you—a great deal too low! One would suppose that you mistook an excellency for a royal highness, and that you were bowing as humbly to her as if you were a gentleman from Poitou. Let your frank open air express to her agreeably: "Princess, I am really rejoiced that my visit to Rome enables me to form the acquaintance of so illustrious a lady, the flower of Italian dames, and one who does honour to her country by protecting the *beaux arts*." Then turn quickly towards the Prince of Palestrina, the Constable's eldest son, who will doubtless have hastened into his mother's gallery on hearing of your visit at the Colonna Palace. Alas! alas! *sango di me!* What do I behold? Can I believe my senses? How, how! poor young man! You salute him with that stiff melancholy English countenance, which is only suited to almsgiving among the galley-slaves! So, sir, that is the way you would reward him for his polite *empressement!* And what is the consequence, my prince? He looks coldly on you; he will criticise and avoid you; perhaps become your enemy: there is no help for it!

'Let not this lesson, sir, be thrown away upon you; and when you see his brother Don Gaetano Colonna approach you, take care that your amiable manner should at once express to him, "I am truly happy to make your acquaintance; I desire your friendship, and I offer you mine; and (here a little pride and self-possession will not be amiss)—it is worth having."

'Always be cordial, without *empressement*, Monsieur le Prince. Believe me, it is the best plan. The modern fashion of stiffness is never proof against an affable manner; one in which dignity is blended with kindness is the most suitable.

'Now, sir, let us descend a few steps. Salute some famous virtuoso: salute him frankly, cordially. Take care what you are about, Monsieur le Prince; do not be in a hurry. Behold in this celebrated artist the delight of a whole empire; a man of nothing exalted to the skies!—one whom monarchs cherish, whom they ennoble and enrich. Represent to yourself old Vestris honoured with a pension, decorated with the black ribbon, which I would have there now, sir (pointing to his breast), if it were not for this Luciferic revolution. Behold in me the Chevalier Vestris! Salute, sir—salute; a little lower if you please, sir: there—that will do.'

The dearest object of Vestris's ambition was to be decorated with the black ribbon of the order of St Michael; and it was impossible to enlighten him as to the unsuitability of such an honour being conferred upon a public dancer, even though he were the most distinguished of his profession.

At a time when the aged Maréchal de Richelieu was lying on his deathbed, Vestris was continually in his antechamber urgently requesting to see him on an affair of great importance. Being at length admitted to the maréchal's presence, he intreated of the dying man to obtain for him the joint solicitations of the four first lords of the bed-chamber, begging of the king to bestow upon him the honour he so much coveted. 'Signor Vestris,' replied the maréchal, 'it is not fitting that I should write on this subject to the king; but I promise you that on my first attendance at Versailles, I will speak to his majesty concerning you.'

'Oh! my lord, may I hope that?'——

'I can answer for nothing, but for my speaking of it to the king, if ever I leave my bed again; and you may depend upon it my request will make him smile.'

The maréchal died, and Vestris never attained the object of his fond ambition.

He was also subject to the lesser vanity of desiring to conceal his age, and took incredible pains to deceive others in this matter. A celebrated *danseuse* having one day acknowledged, amid a large circle, her obligations to him as her teacher—'*Oh! mignonne Rosette!*' he replied, 'you talk of having taken lessons from me; but, my dear madame, *you* were a teacher yourself long before I had any pupils. I really do believe,' continued he, addressing the friends who were present—'I really believe she takes me for Old Saturn, or for the Destiny of Homer.'

Such were the foibles of this eccentric man, who united the utmost *naiiseric* and chorographical fanaticism with an extraordinary degree of acuteness of perception and originality of mind. Not only was he looked upon as one of the singularities of the eighteenth century, but also was he esteemed by those who knew him on account of his many amiable qualities; and we do not detail his weaknesses in a spirit of mockery or ridieule, for who amongst us can boast of being free

Digitized by Google

from the petty foibles of humanity? Happy those who are not tainted by worse follies than the inoffensive ambition and the harmless vanity which marked the character of this clever master of the dance.

ENGLISH PENAL SCHOOLS.

With all the remarkable advancement which the present age has made in practical science, and in many matters of social concern, it is undeniable that little or nothing has been done in the way of solving that great problem—the cause and cure of juvenile crime. All that we have ascertained is, that much of the prevalent delinquency is traceable to neglect and the formation of habits adverse to an honest course of life. But unfortunately the discovery of this fact seems scarcely to bring us any nearer to a practical remedy. The question of juvenile reclamation is inextricably involved with other questions; it is only a department in one vast subject—the social condition of the empire—and requires to be considered in connection with pauperism, defective national education, want of moral training and religious instruction, and intemperance with all the woes it engenders.

We cannot, of course, in these limited pages grapple effectually with this enormously-complicated question; but a few off-hand observations we are permitted to make may enable others to follow out the subject in all its bearings. First, as to the actual increase of juvenile depravity. All statistical inquirers into the subject make it evident that youthful offenders are increasing in relation to the amount of population. The number of criminals under twenty years of age committed to prison in 1835 was 6803, or 1 in 449 of the population, between ten and twenty years of age; while in 1845 they amounted to 11,348, or 1 in 304 upon the population of the same age. It is not till within the last ten years that the returns have specified the ages of prisoners; but we may judge of the proportion between crime and age by the two statements, that in the five years preceding 1810, the average annual number of commitments in England and Wales was 4792, and the convictions 2840, while the population of the age of ten years and upwards amounted to 7,302,600; whereas in the five years preceding 1845, the average annual number of commitments was 28,477, and the convictions 20,590; and the population ten years old and upwards had increased to 12,093,600; so that in a period of forty years' population, ten years old and upwards has increased 65 per cent., while the proportionate commitments for crime have been augmented 494 per cent., and the convictions 625 per cent. It is matter for regret that there should be a shadow of doubt as to the inferences here made, arising from the circumstance, that latterly there has been greater vigilance in capturing and bringing offenders to justice than formerly. But with every allowance for this possible ground of fallacy, it may be pretty safely admitted that juvenile crime is on the increase, all repressive influences notwithstanding.

The greatest difficulty in dealing with the subjects of juvenile delinquency and juvenile destitution, is that so often started by writers and thinkers, to the effect that if delinquency and destitution be remedied and removed by the especial guardianship of the state, a premium is put on both evils, and the exertions of honest labour and a course of virtuous action stand at a discount; that, in fact, to be fed, clothed, protected, removed to a distance where labour is highly paid, dishonesty and immorality make the surest road. It is much to be feared that philanthropists generally do not sufficiently estimate these reactive influences. Ragged or Industrial Schools, for example, have been advocated for their power of clearing away the juvenile lazzaroni of the streets. But at the very first, we expressed a fear that the temptations of food, shelter, and education *for nothing* in these seminaries might have a corrupting tendency; and experience shows us that, with Ireland as a great fountain of mendicancy, it is barely possible, with all the checks that can be instituted, to reduce the number of begging and pilfering children in large cities. In other words, the more we do to relieve individual responsibility, the more requires to be done. We would not, however, from a theoretic conviction of this important fact, throw overboard all those schemes which have of late aimed at assuaging juvenile vagabondism and crime. According to Lord Ashley's statement, we have 30,000 destitute children in the metropolis alone; according to the last return of the metropolitan police force, 2111 of these children, or persons under twenty years of age, were committed for trial during the last year (1847). And is this mass of destitution and crime, the large amount of which cannot be gathered from official returns, to be left uncared for, in all its present and future results, because of this objection? Granting that there is a shadow of injustice in thus assisting vice instead of virtue, it must be recollected that much of this vice—we might almost say all of it—has arisen out of circumstances over which the sufferer had little or no power of election; and that there must, and always will, exist a distinction, even though unrecognised by any mere formula of law, between that morality which has grown up out of government supervision and assistance, and that which has grown up pure and uncontaminated in the moral nature of the being. The ethics of society most justly recognise this distinction, and always will.

It has been suggested that the half-disowned pupils of the Ragged Schools in the metropolis would very properly be disposed of by a process of emigration and apprenticeship in the colonies. Still, with the widest and best-adjusted systems of emigration to any or to the whole of our vast colonial empire, the causes of juvenile crime in the mother country would be unredied; and whilst these exist, or even whilst undergoing a slowly-corrective process, much crime will necessarily arise, of too flagrant a character to allow of summary dismissal, or the palliative remedy of the mere Ragged School. For this there must exist discipline and correction; and it remains now for us to see whether or not a system of Penal Schools, efficiently carried out, would not effect more than the discipline of prisons, however ably carried out.

Looking at the great science of education, at its condition empirically, and by the light shed on it by minds like those of M. Willm, the Swiss Vhirli, and by the advanced philosophic speculations of M. Comte, and our own logician John Stuart Mill, we judge it in the new aspect of a science already based on certain fundamental inductions, and that a train of causes, methodically following one another, is necessary to the development of these fundamental truths or qualities on which can alone rest any beneficial results, mental or moral. Now look at the previous mental and physical condition of a juvenile offender, and see whether incarceration in a jail for three or twelve months, under industrial discipline, can beneficially alter all the foregone train of causes mental, moral, and physical. If, with respect to the training in Normal Schools, where we have the probability of acting upon entirely moral agents, three years is found the lowest average which can be allotted for any beneficial process of training, when the great philosophic teachers of Switzerland prefer a longer disciplining period than even this, we cannot expect effective action to be made upon the criminal condition, unless through a process efficient, systematic, and sufficiently prolonged. Prison discipline does not include such a process: it must arise from other methods. From what we have seen of the reformatory school at Horn, near Hamburg, and that at Mettray in France, as well as from all evidence bearing on the subject, we feel assured that Penal Schools, conducted with strict reference to moral and religious culture, and with a discipline involving out-door labour in fields and gardens, may be rendered the true means of reducing juvenile crime to a minimum. We are glad to observe that

Digitized by Google

the draft report on the principles of punishment, presented to the Parliamentary Committee on the Criminal Law by the recorder of Birmingham, suggests the adoption of Penal Schools in this country. The number of convicted juvenile offenders being, in 1845, 8532 males, and 1422 females—total, 9954—it was proposed by the late inspector of prisons, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, to divide England and Wales into thirteen districts, to each of which should be allotted a Penal School. We would, however, suggest that an exact apportionment of schools to districts is not in all cases desirable. The schools, accommodated in humble and temporary buildings, may be rendered moveable from place to place, with a view to operating on patches of land requiring to be reclaimed. By such means, great tracts of bleak moss may be brought into profitable cultivation, and at such a small expense as would induce landholders to enter into arrangements for leases on favourable terms. Energetically carried out, what an amount of national good might spring from school organisations of this nature!

The establishment of Penal Schools will be materially facilitated by a knowledge of the fact, that they will save money to the country, and be partly self-supporting; perhaps they may, in the end, be made entirely to support themselves, which will be a triumph of no ordinary kind. It has been found that at Stretton-upon-Dunsmore the cost of reforming a boy is, on an average, about L.26; while the average cost of transporting boys is L.33, 16s. 10d. a-head. The charge for reforming is therefore less than for punishing youths. The success attendant upon many of the Agricultural Industrial Schools established under the authority of the Poor-Law Commissioners, proves that land so occupied and cultivated can be made to produce a nett profit beyond cost. Of this fact the Bridgenorth Union School in Shropshire affords a remarkable example, that under able supervision, the labour of children may be made most profitable. The accounts of one year—that of 1846—were such as left a clear balance of above L.70, after every expense attendant on the farm, including the rent and taxes paid for the ground, had been defrayed. It appears from this that the actual profit of such an establishment may be calculated at the rate of about L.15 per acre, or at about L.3 per head on the boys above ten years of age employed in its cultivation. True that this establishment is under the control and inspection of one of the ablest agriculturists of the day; but there is scarcely now a county in England that could not produce a nucleus of scientific agriculturists, willing and able to form working committees to the Penal School of their districts. Further, an establishment of this nature, consisting, we will say, of 1000 to 1500 children, of relative proportions of sex, would be so subdivided into *homes* under distinct management, as is the case at Mettray, and with a certain allotment of land, as to afford all the benefits found to arise from the cultivation of small farms; whilst the aggregate produce of the whole, the rotation of crops, the draining, the levelling—in a word, all the higher scientific operations, as well as the breeding and amount of stock—being under the control of the Directory Board, there would be added to these lesser ones all the great general benefits found to arise from farming on a large scale. In fact such establishments might be made the great practical agricultural schools of the districts. To such places improved agricultural machinery might be sent for trial, and the amount of labour at command would permit of a garden-like culture highly desirable, whence the methods pursued are advanced experimental ones, and where it is desirable to test the full capabilities of the soil, and bring into practice Liebig's magnificent axiom, '*Cultivation is the economy of force.*'

In combination with agriculture, as the chief occupation of the inmates of such establishments, especially in reference to physical training, other trades would be followed. Tailoring, carpenting, shoemaking, blacksmiths' and painters' work, in their points of necessary usefulness, would all give a variety and stimulus to industry, and materially carry forward the higher points of mental education. This education, based on sound moral and religious principles, enlarged and fitted not to the social condition, the foregone crime, the actual destitution, but to the elements that constitute the individual, would go much towards producing excellence out of criminality, correcting social divergences, and bringing them within the province of that order so necessary to the wellbeing of communities, and converting what was obnoxious, costly, and destructive to the state, into the main principle of its order, its strength, its progress.

Properly conducted, there can be little doubt that the reformatory schools we have been speaking of would furnish forth the healthful materials of a useful species of emigration. And this brings us to say that no nation, government, or people, have any right whatsoever, morally considered, to transport the criminal to other countries—to flood other lands with evils it has found obnoxious in its own—*until* it has *first* applied the corrective process to the best and fullest of its ability, and done all within its provisional power to mitigate those evils bred and brought into action through the force of its own social mistakes. The point is, we think, fully proved by less than half the evils which have arisen out of the whole course of our transportation system. It has wholly failed on every point except one—that of making crime still more monstrous, and in brutifying human nature to the fullest possible degree. This great fact is fully proved by the whole mass of our parliamentary evidence on this subject. Now, if, therefore, this be admitted, the matter stands thus: punishment must be a fully corrective process; this process can only be efficiently carried out under the immediate control of a home government; and that such corrective ends involve a higher one—namely, that of carrying out future colonisation under the best social condition we have the power to command. Therefore as regards juvenile offenders, a system of Penal Schools, or national asylums, is a necessity, if we are to carry out any advanced process with respect to their condition. In a word, by gymnasia of this humble but important class, we might bring into use much mental and physical energy, now going to worse than waste, greatly to the benefit of the mother country, the colonies, and the unfortunate individuals who have a claim on public feeling.

THE BENGALEE DOCTOR.

[The following sketch has been handed to us by a correspondent.]

Not long since, an article appeared in your Journal styled the 'Old Baboo;' and truly it seemed to me (an Anglo-Indian) an interesting and well-drawn sketch. Some of the Bengalee Baboos, such as Rammohun-Roy, and Dwarkanauth-Tagore, of late years have played a conspicuous part in the society of India, as well as in the mercantile world; it was therefore but a mark of justice to the Bengalee Baboo to preserve his memory from oblivion. In the present day, in which the march of intellect is changing all things, the Hindoo character by education, intercourse with Europeans, &c. &c. is undergoing a complete metamorphosis; and a Bengalee Baboo of the true old school will no doubt, before long, become quite extinct; and so I think it may chance to be with the Bengalee Doctor, a worthy whose memory I would wish to embalm also in the pages of your Journal, if you should deem him worthy of a corner.

First, then, let me speak in general terms. A Bengalee doctor is not a creature like our medical men—highly educated, nurtured in colleges and dissecting-rooms, and sent into the world to heal his fellow-men. A Bengalee doctor enjoys few of these advantages. Some can read and write, and have a considerable degree of intelligence and suavity of manner; but hardly one has anything like a learned education,

Digitized by Google

All have a knowledge of drugs and simples, such as have been in use amongst the fraternity for ages; but none have the least knowledge of anatomy, or know the structure or use of one of the viscera.

Let this, however, not induce any one to despise my Bengalee doctor, and set him down as a complete ignoramus. Some of these men will perform cures which startle Europeans of the greatest skill; and some of them possess nostrums, or quack medicines, as the erudite call them, which no inducement will make them divulge, and with which they cure cancers, spleen, tertian agues, &c. &c. to the surprise of our more learned countrymen. Such knowledge and such secrets generally descend from father to son. The manuscripts of the sire are intrusted to the young aspirant as soon as he becomes a votary of Esculapius; he compounds his old father's medicines, and buys his drugs at the *pussaree's*, and accompanies him in his rounds, and so progresses in his sire's knowledge and practice.

This is one class of *coberazes* or doctors. Some, again, are entirely amateurs or self-taught geniuses. I have seen practitioners amongst gardeners, weavers, and shoemakers; and the latter of these frequently set themselves up as exorcists or devil expellers, and are such men as we read of in Scripture. They exhort the Evil One not only by mystic words, but chastise him with blows, which are generally inflicted with an old shoe on the devoted head of the possessed patient. The evil spirit is finally driven to an old tree or an old ruin; and the Hindoo wayfarer, in the shades of night, has an utter abhorrence of such known places, firmly believing that devils can be cast out, and that the power of performing such miracles still exists amongst their nation.

The Bengalee doctor is contented with a small remuneration. As he has neither wasted much gold, nor lost much of his precious time in study, he values his labours in his profession accordingly. Three or four rupees are reckoned a handsome fee in a serious case: eight annas (a shilling of our money), or even half of that, may be given without affronting the medicus in trifling diseases; and so poor or penurious is the Bengalee, that he frequently makes a preliminary bargain with the doctor, that a failure or death is to be followed by a loss of his fee, or a forfeiture of half the sum.

Now fancy the coberaz entering a sick-room, leaving his slippers outside: he makes his obeisance, or sometimes none, according to the rank of the family, and then seats himself at the head of the patient. He asks few questions, and is supposed to know almost everything by feeling the pulse. The tongue, that great oracle of our scientific men, is never consulted; the Bengalee will inquire if you have a headache, or if you are thirsty; but if he were to say, 'Put out your tongue,' he might be taken for a madman. Bleeding, cupping, and blistering are understood; but for the latter purpose vegetable substances are used; and I have seen even *gools*, a sort of artificial fireball, placed on the seat of disease, to bring on a flow of humour; but this is reckoned a violent and painful process.

The operation of cupping is performed by barbers, or *badenies*—the latter being a low caste of people, something like the gipsies. A doctor may recommend cupping, but his caste prohibits him from sucking the cow's horn to draw blood. Leeches abound in the marshes of Hindoostan, and a plentiful supply is always kept of them by the above-mentioned badenies, as well as by midwives, who always belong to some of the lowest castes among the Hindoos.

As cutaneous diseases are common, and productive of great annoyance in the hot and moist climate of Bengal, so the Bengalee doctor is most dexterous in curing ringworms, and the most repulsive-looking eruptions. In such cases they use alteratives, of which sarsaparilla is well known, along with their poisonous external applications, otherwise their red precipitate and borax, &c. might be very injurious. In every Indian town a druggist or pussaree may be found; and a scientific eye may fall in there with many a European drug, by the side of his Bengalee medicines, seeds, and poisons, having the most jawbreaking names. Here the coberaz or doctor comes and selects and buys, not unfrequently having recourse also to the garden or jungle, or to the shrine of the gods, for the tulsie, or the sacred burrut or banian, for its thin, fibrous, pendent roots, highly astringent, and on that account sought for by our medicus. I have seen the thorn, thistle, and even cacti used with success—the gelatinous pulp of one of these latter species being known to the Bengalees as cooling and astringent at the same time.

There exists another class of doctors in India; but these, strictly speaking, cannot be called Bengalee doctors. These men are with the sepoy regiments, under the guidance and tuition of the regimental surgeon. They are either Mohammedans, or Hindoos of the lowest classes, and some of them acquire considerable skill and experience in the course of their subordinate professional course. But not one case has fallen under my notice of one of these men, on retiring from the Company's service, having set up for himself, with his store of English knowledge and practice. I must not forget to mention, that amongst the Bengalee doctors great faith is attached to charms. When everything fails, one of these self-taught geniuses will perchance recommend for an ague to get a certain number of yards of cotton thread, spun by the chaste hands of a spinster; and to speak in Mrs Glass's way, he will say, 'Take your thread in hand, and when you reach a peepul-tree, then walk backwards, and wind the flimsy thread, without breaking, three times round the stem or branches. Neither gaze to the right nor left; but there leave your offering, and go your way, and no doubt your faith will cure you.' The peepul-tree is in one respect like the aspen: its leaves are affected by the slightest wind, and, like the aspen's, are constantly in motion. Another *hakeem* may recommend the fever-smitten to get a plateful of *rotees*, or scones, and *halwah* (a sweetmeat), and some other savoury things, and these must be gazed at by the patient, and excite his longing; and alongside of the eatables must be a lamb or kid, on whose head the sick man places his hand; and after some prayers, the eatables and animal are carried out to the jungles or country, and set down by some interested relative, and there the viands and scapegoat are left, and both doctor and patient look with confidence for a miraculous cure. This is a Mohammedan recipe. It is not an uncommon sight to see a plateful of rice, and cowries, or pice, and curds and red rags, placed at early dawn by some old Hindoo wife where three roads meet, at the recommendation of the coberaz; and wo to him who first touches or steps over these deadly charms! But I have done generalising, and now come to an individual sketch.

My hero is Sumboo Mistree or Coberaz. To him I owe a debt of gratitude; but for him, I could not have smiled with a set of pearly teeth in the days of conquest and romance; nor could I, descending to more homely and matronly days, and matter-of-fact and substantial things, have eaten a beef-steak or a roll at the present moment, if it had not been for this same Sumboo, whose invaluable tooth-powder I use to this time, in preference to Rnspini's dentifrice, and all other beautifully sealed and scented powders for ladies' toilets in little white boxes.

Sumboo, then, as known by me in days gone by, was an active, slender personage, with a round visage, fair complexion for a Hindoo, and clear brown eye. His height five feet eight inches, possessing a fine regular set of teeth, and a thick, trim moustache on his upper lip; for Bengalees let their beards grow on their *chin* only in the days of mourning, when the razor is not used for forty days. If on a visit to a superior, Sumboo was to be seen with the very beau-ideal of turbans on his well-shaped though small head; the muslin as white as snow, and every fold and plait laid on by a scientific turban-dresser. His *zama*, a very full dress, made of

Digitized by Google

mulmul also, hanging in folds about him, like a fashionable lady's dress in the present day; and well might Sumboo be styled a man in petticoats. Sumboo always wore a yellow plain slipper; and with true Bengalee feelings of respect, entered barefoot into a superior's house. My favourite's good-humour was imperturbable, and a smile was always on his face to cheer the sick man. A white scarf generally ornamented Sumboo's shoulders, and over this a shawl was thrown in winter. A bright tin-box, containing pills and medicines, was generally in Sumboo's hands, although a black cloth bag, like an instrument-holder of our surgeons, occasionally was patronised instead, and placed, rolled up, under his arm. My Esculapius was conversable with those for whose abilities he had respect; he talked with impartiality of his own practice in comparison with that of the 'sahibloag's,' and highly valued any European recipes if they were given him. He was far from niggardly with his own knowledge; and to my own father, whom he respected and knew well, I have heard him as frankly and candidly speak of the compounds of his salves or pills as any well-informed physician of our own nation would do. To his own compatriots he was of course all mystery, well knowing that ignorance delights in marvels.

Sumboo was not a rich man, so his house and furniture were humble. He always went on foot; and after his professional visits were over, he would be seen going to the river in a coarse *dhooty* to perform his ablutions and his devotions. Of his domestic connections I know nothing; but I think that, like most poor Hindoos, he had but one wife. The only extravagance Sumboo was guilty of—if extravagance it may be called, where religious feelings and prejudices were concerned—was, that he had once a year, in the month of October, the image of Cartic, or the god of war, made in his house; and this was styled giving a Cartic Poogha. Why he made that dapper, peacock-mounted divinity his household god, who can tell? Perhaps he merely lived and acted as his fathers had lived and acted before him: so a beautifully gilt and varnished god was made at his expense; and Brahmins and musicians were hired, first to honour, and then to drown Cartic after the days of ceremony and worship were over.

This is all I know and can divulge of the individual and his tribe. Whether he be still in the land of the living, crowned with gray hairs and a happy conscience, or whether Ganga has washed over his ashes, and obliterated the spot of his obsequies, Heaven only can tell, for it is thirty long years since I saw Sumboo.

CARLISLE BAKERS.

A few weeks ago we presented, from a published report of Dr Guy, an account of the deplorable condition of the London operative bakers. Dr Guy's paper has, it appears, suggested to Dr Henry Lonsdale the propriety of inquiring into the state of health and morals of a large body of individuals employed in the baking establishment of J. D. Carr and Co., Carlisle. The inquiry was entered on with a view to ascertain whether there was anything in the baking trade necessarily tending to bad health and demoralisation; and the result is such as may be anticipated: in a well-conducted establishment, with reasonable hours of labour, there is nothing in the baking, any more than in any other trade, to lower the standard of health or deteriorate the habits. Dr Lonsdale having furnished a paper on the subject to the Journal of Public Health, we are enabled to offer an abridged statement of his observations; and these will be perused with not the less interest, that we gave an account of Messrs Carr's great baking concern some years ago in these pages.

'Being introduced into the large packing-room of the establishment—a room ninety-nine feet by twenty-four, and having thirteen large windows—I found nearly seventy well-dressed working men and boys assembled under the presidency of one of their number—a journeyman baker, who was supported right and left by the Brothers Carr. Another baker was acting as secretary to the meeting, the object of which was, *inter alia*, to elicit opinions as to the mode in which the workmen had enjoyed their late excursion to Edinburgh, and at the same time to consider the pleasure trip for 1849. The fact of employers and employed occupying the same benches will appear sufficiently startling when contrasted with the degraded position of the bakers in London; and perhaps more so, when it is added that the workpeople at this meeting expressed their sentiments in a free and intelligent manner, void of restraint, and equally void of arrogance. The number of people engaged in the Messrs Carr's works varies from ninety to a hundred.

'Of thirty-one engaged in baking, seven were apprentices, between sixteen and twenty years of age, from six months to seven years in the trade; the twenty-four others were journeymen, twenty-one of whom were between twenty and thirty years of age; the ages of the remaining three were respectively forty-four, fifty-three, and sixty years. The journeymen had been from seven to twelve years in the trade. Being struck with the comparative youth of the great majority of the parties, Messrs Carr explained that "older hands," generally brought from Scotland, were found so intractable, owing to their drinking habits and non-compliance with the rules and orderly conduct which it was sought to establish on the premises, that they were obliged to give a preference to younger and steadier men. Six of the apprentices were very healthy; the seventh, his father said, was a delicate boy from infancy, and was then complaining of dorsal weakness; he had not been more than seven months at the trade. Of the twenty-four journeymen, only one was ill, and he (a delicate person from birth) laboured under cold and slight cough; the remainder were in the enjoyment of robust health. On more minute inquiries as to their past health, I found that seventeen had never ailed anything since they joined the baking: one had been four days ill during the five years that he had been engaged in the establishment: one had had diarrhœa twice a year, and attributed much of his present good health to teetotalism: one had suffered from erysipelas in the leg, caused by heavy work in a former situation: a third had had the rheumatic fever: another had the intermittent fever when working at Leith: one was liable to sore throat. A ready explanation was offered of the erysipelas and intermittent fever by the parties themselves, who had been exposed to heavy work, long hours, and confined rooms. They were most healthy in their present situation. The rheumatic fever was the only severe case of disease, as far as I could learn, that had occurred in the establishment since its formation twelve years ago. One of the workmen, an elderly person, whose memory and manner lacked nothing of youthful energy, could safely vouch, for six years of his experience, that there were "no important diseases amongst the men," by which I understood that the ailments had been most trifling. Personal observation assured me of the healthy appearance of the workmen. I questioned them, however, closely as to their liability to erysipelas and other skin diseases, spitting of blood, affections of the lungs, rheumatism, and fever; and I was gratified to learn their remarkable immunity, with the exception of the rheumatic case already alluded to. Mr J. D. Carr informed me (and he was confirmed by other speakers at this meeting) that he could not remember any particular disease occurring during the twelve years; that there had been no death among the bakers; and the only one which had occurred during that time was a carter of advanced age.

'The extremely good health manifested by the bakers, as given above, may be said to pervade the whole establishment. I examined twenty-eight boys, whose ages varied from twelve to fifteen years. Eighteen of these are engaged in the lighter duties of biscuit-making—sixteen of whom looked extremely well, and

Digitized by Google

had ruddy complexions; two were rather pale-faced, but professedly healthy and vigorous. The ten others, engaged in the packing department, were unexceptionably healthy—a remark which applies to the whole number since they joined the trade.

'I had an opportunity of seeing three millers, three packing-men, five joiners and carpenters, eight shopmen, and two carters, men of middle age principally, and all in excellent health, and some apparently amused at any questions being put relative to that which their countenances bespoke was so fully enjoyed by them.

'In the course of the evening I elicited from four or five of this intelligent body of workmen several important statements confirmatory of those recorded by Dr Guy, relative to the highly objectionable condition of the London bakers. An almost similar state of things exists in Edinburgh, or at least did a short time ago. The lads are sent too early to the trade, and work from three in the morning till six or seven in the evening, in underground rooms of extremely small dimensions, and dreadfully overheated; carry enormous weights on the head; and when they retire to rest, it is not to homes of comfort, as their sleeping-berths are too often recesses in the wall, little better than large cupboards.

'To what circumstances do the workmen of Messrs Carr owe their good health and past immunity from disease, as compared with their own class in metropolitan towns, or those of other classes of artisans, generally considered more favourably placed in point of health in the same city of Carlisle?'

Dr Lonsdale solves this question by a reference to the airiness of the apartments, the arrangements for insuring cleanliness, the temperate habits of all concerned, and the comparatively short working hours. 'The daily operations commence at half-past five A.M., and close at six P.M., with forty-five minutes to breakfast, and an hour to dinner; so that the actual hours of labour are ten hours and forty-five minutes daily. On Saturdays they close at five P.M. The wages of the workmen vary from 23s. to 25s. to foremen; 18s. to 20s. for journeymen; and 3s. to 5s. to boys, with an allowance of biscuits daily. None are allowed to work overtime without being paid, and their remuneration for over-time exceeds the ordinary rate of wages. Such wages, properly laid out in a provincial town, enable the men to rent comfortable dwellings, or lodgings with good sleeping apartments, to live on wholesome food, and dress themselves respectably as artisans. That they obtain these comforts I am fully satisfied from inquiry made. Being teetotalers, they spend no money in public-houses.'

A library, evening and Sunday school, and a reading-room, are the engines of moral advancement. 'The hours of recreation are spent partly in reading and partly in out-door exercise. The fact of the workmen living almost around the door of the mill, adds materially to their resting at the time of meals. In the winter, the reading-room is well attended, and the demand for books materially increased. A foremen's meeting is held weekly, at which one of the firm attends, and every encouragement is given to the men to mention anything which appears to them calculated to improve their own condition or that of the establishment. The kind urbanity of the masters has kindled a kindred spirit amongst the men. The workmen assist each other in times of distress—a fund being temporarily established for the purpose. No instance has occurred of parties engaged in the establishment soliciting parochial relief. Such a fact requires no comment.

'In lieu of races and other dissipating amusements, which fleet by, and leave no pleasant remembrances, the Messrs Carr entertain their workpeople to a day's excursion from Carlisle during the summer months; and a joyous day it is to all to visit interesting localities. To the Messrs Carr a trip of this kind may probably cost L.40; but I verily believe that they reap good interest for this and other benefactions by an increased industry, and more careful regard for their interests, on the part of their workmen.

'When I re-peruse Dr Guy's account of the London bakers, and recall my own brief experience of the same class in Edinburgh, and then turn to Messrs Carr's establishment, how striking the contrast! Here are workshops, wages, and hours of work, which tend to bodily comfort and healthy vigour; here are schools of instruction, reading-rooms, and library, to develop the moral and intellectual man; here the employers show the example of temperance, urbanity, and order—all which are calculated to promote self-improvement and self-respect, and to make their workpeople good and respectable citizens. I have endeavoured to show that they are a healthy body of men — probably more so than any other class in Carlisle—and from what I can learn, they have the character of being steady, obliging, and intelligent.

'It is evident, from Dr Guy's paper, that in London the men work double hours, and that masters literally rob their workmen of health and life; but as far as I can learn, this "double-time" system has not yielded a corresponding amount of wealth to the employer. Such a system cannot be expected to thrive. Man's labour, to be valuable, demands a due supply of good food and a proportionate amount of rest. Masters ought to be made aware, if they are not already, that work pursued for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four must be attended with many imperfections—much hard fighting against time; much carelessness and indifference, and great waste of material. I say nothing of the filthy habits and depraved feelings which such a system of slavery engenders; nor would it be politic to attempt an analysis of the principles of guiding men who, seeing themselves lowered physically and morally in the scale of artisanship, and daily pillaged of seven or eight hours' work by unscrupulous masters, may possibly be inclined to forget the difference between *men and beasts*, and seek, at their masters' cost, some equivalent for their unrequited services.'

In conclusion, Dr Lonsdale remonstrates with the practice of requiring hot rolls for breakfast, which is in reality the main cause of the oppression to which the London bakers are subjected. We do not absolutely despair of seeing master bakers emulating the Carrs as respects various arrangements; but it must be borne in mind that in the establishment just described *no rolls are baked:* it is only a bread-and-biscuit factory. In usual circumstances, master bakers, even with the best intentions, cannot follow the example given them at Carlisle. They are compelled, by a matter of public taste, to work their men an unreasonable length of time daily. On the public, therefore, be the blame, until the hot roll is utterly banished from the breakfast table. We agree with Dr Lonsdale in thinking that the duty of disusing this unwholesome species of bread 'merits the attention of those who occasionally lend a helping hand to ameliorate the condition of the humbler classes.'

ALUM WORKS.

The manufacture of alum, which consists in the refining of a rough mineral substance, was begun in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who established works for the purpose near Whitby. At this place the manufacture is still carried on, as may be observed by persons voyaging along the coast of Yorkshire. Whitby is situated on beds of aluminous schist, which extend over a district thirty miles in length, and terminate on the coast in cliffs rising in some places to a height of 750 feet. This schist, commonly known as alum slate, is partly bituminous, and contains scattered particles of iron pyrites. It is of a bluish-gray colour, resembling hardened clay in appearance, and decomposes, coming off in flakes or layers on exposure to the atmosphere: the most valuable lies near the surface. Among this schist there are large portions which, when laid in a heap, and sprinkled

Digitized by Google

with sea-water, take fire spontaneously, and burn until all the combustible material is exhausted. Some of the schists combine all the elements of alum, from which the refuse has simply to be separated; others contain clay and sulphur only, and after being converted into sulphate of alumina, require the addition of an alkali to form alum. The schists which are too hard to decompose naturally, are reduced to the proper state by the aid of fire. In whatever way the process may be carried on, the result ought to be the same; the combination in certain definite proportions of sulphuric acid, alumina, and water—the constituents of alum.

At Whitby, after the aluminous material is excavated, it is removed to the calcining ground in barrows, or by trucks running on tramways. Here a quantity of fagots and dry furze is disposed so as to form a bed about two feet thick, and four or five yards square: on this the schist, or 'mine,' as it is technically called, is piled to the height of four feet, when the underlying wood is set on fire. After this, more and more of the fagots and mine is added, until a heap 100 feet high and 200 in length and width is formed, containing 100,000 cubic yards. One hundred and thirty tons of the calcined material are required to produce one ton of alum. To prevent as much as possible the waste of sulphuric acid from so enormous an ignited mass, the crevices are stopped with small fragments of the refuse clay moistened. This at the same time excludes the air, binds the heap together, and keeps it from falling in. The calcination of a large mass at once, as is the practice at Whitby, is said to cause a prodigious loss of sulphuric acid. At the alum works near Glasgow, the more economical method of low heaps widely spread is adopted.

During the process of calcination the heap diminishes to one-half its original size, and becomes at last porous and open to the air throughout: its decomposition is facilitated by an occasional sprinkling with water. It is usual to have a number of heaps burning in succession, in order that every part of the works may go on uninterruptedly throughout the year. When a heap has become quite cold, it is ready for lixiviation: the calcined lumps are thrown into pits and macerated in water from eight to ten hours; the water becomes impregnated with sulphate of alumine; and under the name of 'alum liquor,' is drawn off into cisterns placed at a lower level, upon a fresh supply of roasted mine, until it acquires a certain specific gravity. More water is poured over the lumps left behind in the pits, and the whole of the material is washed and soaked again and again until the whole of the alum is extracted. To facilitate this operation, the cisterns are generally constructed on the side of a hill, and the better these are arranged, the more economically can the manufacture be conducted.

The different liquors obtained from the maceration are classed as strong, seconds, and thirds. To facilitate the subsidence of the sulphate of lime and iron, and the earth held in suspension, the solution is sometimes boiled; a process by which the sulphuric acid is made to combine the more readily with its affinities. When, to avoid expense, this preliminary boiling is omitted, the alum produced will be impure, and of inferior quality. After cooling, the liquor is transferred to lead pans, in which it is kept boiling for twenty-four hours; the loss in evaporation being supplied by pumping in additional quantities of 'mother water,' until the required degree of concentration is attained. About four hundredweight of alum is said to be the daily quantity obtained from each pan. The liquor in the pans is run off every morning into the 'settler,' where the alkali, sometimes a lye made from kelp, is added. Twenty-two tons of muriate of potash go to the formation of one hundred tons of alum. From the settler the liquor passes into coolers to crystallise; the crystals, after standing four days, are washed and drained, and, as described by Dr Ure, 'the washed alum is put into a lead pan, with just enough of water to dissolve it at a boiling heat; fire is applied, and the solution is promoted by stirring. Whenever it is dissolved in a saturated state, it is run off into the crystallising vessels, which are called *roching* casks. These casks are about five feet high, three feet wide in the middle, and somewhat narrower at the ends; they are made of very strong staves, nicely fitted to each other, and held together by strong iron hoops, which are driven on *pro tempore*, so that they may be easily knocked off again, in order to take the staves asunder. The concentrated solution during its slow cooling in these close vessels forms large regular crystals, which hang down from the top, and project from the sides, while a thick layer or cake lines the whole interior of the cask. At the end of eight or ten days, more or less, according to the weather, the hoops and staves are removed, when a cask of apparently solid alum is exposed to view. The workman now pierces this mass with a pickaxe at the side near the bottom, and allows the mother water of the interior to run off on the sloping stone floor into a proper cistern, whence it is taken and added to another quantity of washed powder, to be crystallised with it. The alum is next broken into lumps, exposed in a proper place to dry, and is then put into the finished bing for the market.'

Alum crystallises in octahedrons—a form which may be represented by two four-sided pyramids joined base to base. Besides the manufactories already enumerated, there are others in Belgium, Bohemia, Sweden, and France. In various parts of the world, it is sometimes found existing naturally in a pure state, on stones or in certain mineral waters. It is met with near Naples, where the argillaceous soil is abundantly penetrated by sulphuric acid; and in Yorkshire there are alum springs. The most famous chemists have from time to time directed their attention to the analysis of alum, with the view of effecting improvements in its manufacture; the general production has not only been benefited by these analyses, but the facility of adulteration diminished. The best alum is said to be made in Italy; that manufactured in France and England is not unfrequently impregnated with sulphate of iron. Among the improvements to be effected in the process, a means of preventing the present waste of sulphuric acid is greatly to be desired.

The uses of alum are manifold and important: incorporated with paper, it presents a hard, smooth surface, fit for writing upon; furriers employ it in the preservation of the hairy covering of skins; it retards putrefaction in animal substances; and hardens the tallow used for candles. Its astringent properties are valuable in medicine, and its caustic properties, as calcined alum, in surgery. But it is in dyeing that the use of alum is most important and most widely diffused. It is rare that colouring matters present any affinity for the substances to be dyed; most of them would disappear with the first washing, were there no medium by which they could be fixed. The substance employed for this purpose is called a *mordant* or *biter-in*; and in this respect alum holds a pre-eminent rank. This mineral is also made subservient to other less praiseworthy purposes: bakers use it to give a good colour to bad flour, and to swell a comparatively small lump of dough into a large loaf; iced ginger-beer and lemonade offered for sale at railway stations and other places, if narrowly inspected, will be found imbedded in lumps of alum, which pass very well for ice.

PEAT MOSSES.

A scheme has been lately projected in London for the improvement of Ireland, which is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the 'Inverness Courier:'—'It is briefly this—to convert all the peat bogs into charcoal! A society is in course of being organised for the above laudable purpose. A first meeting of its projectors and promoters was held here the other day, presided over by Lord de Mauley. A Mr Rogers, said to be an eminent civil-engineer, expounded the nature and advantages of the project. There are in Ireland about three million acres of peat bog. Being situated at various elevations above

Digitized by Google

the sea-level, they are all capable of being easily and effectually drained. By a process lately discovered and patented, the peat-fuel may be condensed and hardened, and rendered as dense, and consequently as portable, as pit coals. All the aqueous matter, amounting to forty per cent. (whether of bulk or weight, is not stated), can be squeezed out. In this state it is far superior to coals as a fuel for producing steam, because of the diffusive and radiating properties of the heat it gives out. A boiler in a steam-ship or railway engine would last double the time when maintained by the beneficent fires of peat instead of the deleterious ones of coal. There would be little or no smoke. Then one at least of the two great evils of life would be avoided—"a smoky house, and a scolding wife." But this is not all—very far from it: the peats could be converted into charcoal, of a much superior quality than the charcoal of wood, and at about a third of the cost. Then this charcoal would be of inestimable value in agricultural, manufacturing, sanitary, or domestic points of view. As a fertiliser of the soil, it would supersede guano, bone manure, lime, and farmyard dung. In manufactures it would smelt iron, and other metals and minerals, in the most effective and economical manner—rendering them all of three times their present value. As a disinfecting and deodorising agent, it would put a stop to all contagious and infectious diseases. It would sweep away all unpleasant odours, as its action is both instantaneous and continuous. In the kitchen or parlour fire the diffusive properties of the heat will be highly appreciated, and the absence of smoke will withdraw from the guidwife all pretexts for being out of temper. I wonder, however, that its usefulness in the manufacture of gunpowder was not mentioned. Then, when the bogs are cleared away, the land on which they stand, the stances, are quite in a condition to be excellent arable land, and to be particularly fitted for the growth of flax. Then this ground is to be lotted out in small patches to industrious tenants, and the whole land is to teem with plenty and gladness, as in the happy but fabulous vales of Cashmere. To effect this grand purpose, a company has been formed or projected—capital L.500,000, in L.10 shares. Annual profits L.160,000—half to the fortunate shareholders, and the other half to the industrious cotters, for the cultivation of their allotments. A million of money to be paid annually in labour; everybody to be employed by task-work, and paid weekly for his labour. Such is one of the Utopian views exhibited in the ever-varying phantasmagoria of Irish history and speculation. If all this peat and charcoal speculation can do so much for Ireland, what may it not also do for Scotland?' Quite right to ask this question. Scotsmen, look to your bogs; and do not allow these sources of wealth to lie any longer neglected.

BESSY AND HER DOG.

BY MARY BENNETT.

Bessy was always wandering;
Whilst to her pretty self she'd sing
Many a rhyme—Heaven knows who taught her—
Hour by hour, where no one sought her.
Sometimes on the skirts of a lane,
Bareheaded in a rapid rain;
Sometimes lagging down the hill,
A nutshell at the brook to fill;
Or a-bed on mossy steep,
Lulling herself and doll to sleep;
Now in the wood, now in the meadow,
In the light, and in the shadow.

No one thought, no one cared,
How the little Bessy fared.
Was she hungry, was she fed,
Was she alive, or was she dead:
'Twas no matter; her grief or glee
Moved not a heart that I could see.

And yet, before her friends were dead,
A cotter in the hamlet said
(In answer to a mother's prayer)
He'd guard the orphan child with care.
But when the mother lay in dust,
The cotter broke his holy trust:
And like a little gipsy wild
Roamed the poor ragged orphan child.

A friendless dog, a famished hound,
Bessy had in the hamlet found;
And fed it daily as she could
With scraps from her own wretched food.
The dog was of a noble kind;
It had a fond and grateful mind:
Happy, he rested at her feet,
Listening to her prattlings sweet,
Her voice of freshest native song;
Or roamed with her the mead along,
Or gambolled round, or rushed away,
Scattering the timid sheep in play;
Or tore between his teeth the clover,
Until some bee assailed the rover;
Or climbed the hill to view the down,
Bark o'er it, and then scamper down:
All tricks of fun, that pleased the child,
And many a lonely hour beguiled.
And well she loved the friendless hound,
And oft would clasp his neck around;
And pillow her head on his shaggy ears,
In mirth, in sleep, in laughter, in tears.

There came a glorious summer day,
And the child and dog roamed far away:
They came to a stream more deep than wide,
Transparent as glass thrice purified.
How Bessy stretched her round blue eyes!
Verily here was a blithe surprise!
Forget-me-nots had starred the stream
With beauty, like an angel's dream:
She looked in their eyes, these blue star flowers,
And they in hers, oh holy powers!
How the young spirit sprang to life,
With its own feebleness at strife.
New fancies kindled, and new love,
As she looked below, and looked above,
To the heaven above, and the heaven below,
Underneath the water's flow.

A verdurous bank, bent green and steep,
The matchless stream to guard and keep;
Sentinel weeds of stately form
Kept watch and ward in calm and storm;
A purple beech-tree overhung;
Wild tresses of the willow swung
Heavy on every passing wind;
And oak and elm met close behind.

Among the weeds the child crept down—
Hardly knew she the waters could drown—
And wading in, how pleasant was
The soft cool stream, and merry buzz
Of the water-flies and honey-bees,
And wasps and hornets under the trees!
She could live for ever with that fair water,
As it were her mother, and she its daughter.

No harm feared she, the happy child!
Singing her simple ditties wild;
And prattling gaily, as she bound
With the long grass her posy round;
Till bending down where clustering grew
Forget-me-nots of fairer blue
Than any elsewhere in her view.
Angel of Death! they were thine own:
She slipped upon a treacherous stone,
And sank deep in the lovely stream,
Under the evening's golden gleam.

The mournful midnight fast drew near,
Weeping for Bessy tear on tear—
For, cold as the Norland winter snow,
She lies among the rocks below.
Hark! the howl of her dog is heard,
Starting many a sleeping bird;
The moon grows old, the dog still lies
'Midst the forget-me-nots—and dies.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 93 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 246. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848. Price 1½d.

DETACHED SEAS.

We all are familiar with the grand distinction between the sea and lakes—namely, the one being composed of salt, the other of fresh water. We experience, however, some surprise on learning that there are many detached sheets of water throughout the earth, some of them reaching the magnitude of inland seas, which, though having no apparent connection with the ocean, are composed of salt water. The grandest example is the Caspian, which covers 36,000 square English miles. The instance, for various reasons, most interesting to us is the Dead Sea in Palestine. The saline contents of the former are said to be 'inconsiderable;' but those of the Dead Sea greatly exceed the proportion general throughout the ocean, being 26·24 per cent.* There is also to the northward and eastward of the Caspian a great range of salt lakes, one of which, the lake of Eltonsk, contains no less than 29·13 per cent. of salts. In this range occurs the sea or Lake of Aral, likewise brackish, and resting in the same hollow which contains the Caspian, but not connected with it. In point of size, these detached seas are rivalled by the grand lakes of North America. Their saline character—a peculiarity evidently connected with their having no outlet—gives them, however, a distinction in virtue of which they more forcibly arrest attention.

The natural and proper condition of water is *freshness*—the state in which it falls from the clouds. It is by accident that it acquires the saline or any other impregnation. This is indicated, if it were by nothing else, in the varying degree of the saltness even in the ocean; for the sea is saltest between the tropics, where the evaporation is greatest, and least salt at the poles, owing to the infusion of the melted ice. We need not, therefore, be surprised at finding that the detached seas and salt lakes are of a different degree of saltness from the mean of the ocean, or that they are different among themselves. It is surprising, however, to find so heavy a charge of this article in the Dead Sea as one-fourth of its whole mass. So extraordinary a fact was sure to excite great attention in early ages, though, as we now see, it is out-paralleled in the Lake of Eltonsk. Travellers tell that they have been able to discover no trace of animal life in the Dead Sea. They find themselves so buoyant in it, owing to its great specific gravity, that they can scarcely swim, it being difficult to keep both arms and legs under the surface at once. The skin smarts from the contact of the waters, and they come out with a sensible incrustation of salt all over. The stories told, however, of birds not being able to fly over the lake, owing to the fumes arising from it, are of the class of imaginary tales engendered by marvellous appearances. Sulphur and asphalt or bitumen are among the foreign substances contained in the water of the Dead Sea. The Caspian, in like manner, presents upon its western banks springs of naphtha. All of these are simple natural circumstances, easily to be accounted for by the character of the country drained into these detached seas.

Till no distant period, it was supposed that there was a subterranean communication between the Caspian and the Black Sea, forming a secret outlet for the large quantities of water brought into the former by the Wolga and other rivers. As evidence in favour of this supposition, it was observed that the sea-calves, dolphins, and other marine mammalia of the Mediterranean and Black Sea, were identical in species with those found in the Caspian. It was thought that these animals had found their way into the Caspian through the subterranean passages. Such notions are now wholly given up by men of science.

It has long been known, however, that the Caspian stands at a lower level than the ocean. Halley, the English astronomer of the reign of Charles II., speculated upon the depression in which it rests having been produced by the stroke of a comet. When, about 1732, some barometrical observations indicated its being fully 300 feet below the ocean level, the idea was put aside as 'evidently absurd;' but, some years afterwards, other observers finding reason to come to the same conclusion, it began to be the subject of serious inquiry. After many experiments by different persons, most of which came to widely different results, the depression of the Caspian below the level of the sea was ascertained by levelling in 1837 to be about 83 or 84 feet. This is a very remarkable fact, from its being of a nature not previously imagined as possible. But it is not alone the area of the Caspian which is concerned. The eastern and northern shores being almost level for a large space, it appears, from a calculation of Baron Humboldt, that the extent of continental land depressed below the level of the ocean is not less than 18,000 square marine leagues, being more than the area of France. We are not sure if the baron includes in this calculation the space and precincts of the Lake of Aral, which is now believed to be about the same level with the Caspian, and only divided from it by a very low tract.

Nearly about the same time when the Russian savans were engaged in this investigation, several gentlemen of different countries, almost simultaneously, and quite independently of one another, made the discovery that there was a similar depression in the area of the Dead Sea. One of these gentlemen, Dr Von Schubert, says, in a narrative which he has published—'We were not a little astonished at Jericho, and still more at the Dead Sea, to see the mercury in our barometer ascend beyond the scale. We were obliged to calculate the height by

* The saline contents of the ocean are from 3 to 4 per cent.

Digitized by Google

the eye, and although we reduced the height as much as possible, owing to the extremely unexpected nature of the result, yet the level of the Dead Sea, hence deduced, was at least 640 English feet under that of the Mediterranean. We endeavoured to explain away this conclusion in every possible way. . . . I could not have ventured to make public so extraordinary a measurement after my return home, although the measurement of the height of the Lake of Tiberias corresponded with it, had it not been that some of my friends published a notice of it in the "Allgemeine Zeitung."' An interest being now excited in the subject, several other measurements were made, but none of a satisfactory nature, till Lieutenant Symonds, in 1841, executed a trigonometrical survey of the space between Jaffa and the Dead Sea, and ascertained the latter to be depressed below the Mediterranean no less than 1311 feet! The area occupied by, and surrounding the famed Asphaltite Lake, including a large portion of the valley of the Jordan—the scene of some of the most remarkable events in history—thus appears to be a kind of pit, for so it may well be called. Even the Lake of Tiberias, seventy miles up the valley of the Jordan, was discovered by Lieutenant Symonds to be 328 feet below the level of the ocean.

From these discoveries, it results that there is no possible means of exit for the waters thrown into the Caspian and Dead Sea besides evaporation. Great as is the volume brought in by the rivers, the sun in those warm latitudes is sufficiently powerful to withdraw it again, thus keeping down the surface at a certain general level, lower than that of the main sea. It is believed that the reason of the saline taste of such isolated masses of water—and in this category the ocean itself might be included—is, as long ago suggested by Buffon, their being the ultimate place of deposit for the particles of salt washed by the rivers out of the land during their courses. A Caspian is, in this respect, to be regarded as a co-ordinate of the great ocean itself, albeit on a comparatively small scale. An English lake which received a rivulet, and had no outlet, would be another example; and even in such a sheet of water a charge of salts would perhaps in time be acquired.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, in his late laborious work on the Geology of Russia in Europe, describes the character of the great basin occupied by the Aral and Caspian. Excepting a tract (the Ust-Urt) interposed between these seas, which is a plateau of miocene limestone ranging under 731 feet above the level of the Caspian, this large region may be generally described as 'a desiccated sea-bottom entirely composed of sand, with occasional heaps of fine gravel rarely argillaceous and loamy, and almost everywhere strewed over with shells, or the débris of species, some of which are now living in the adjacent Caspian Sea.' This superficial formation rests on the flanks of the miocene limestone of the Ust-Urt, showing that it was deposited in a sea which insulated that district; and this sea appears to have been one precisely resembling the present Caspian, for the fossil shells are wholly of the kinds (cardium, mytilus, adacnè, &c.) which live in brackish seas, resembling these also in their being of a very limited number of species, while numerous as individuals; in which respect, it may be remarked, brackish seas differ from ordinary seas where the species are usually of great variety. Sir Roderick, therefore, believes that the great steppe of Astrakhan, and all the rest of that extensive low tract, forming what may be called the Aralo-Caspian basin, was, in comparatively modern geological times, but before the age of history, covered by a brackish sea, forming a sort of inner Mediterranean, and fully equalling that sea in extent. This tract is indeed only saved from being so at this moment by the strength of the evaporative power: were that diminished to any serious extent, the large rivers now flowing into the Aral and Caspian (the Oxus, Jaxartes, Wolga, &c.) would undoubtedly raise a single sheet of water by which this extensive portion of Western Asia would be overflowed. It may be a curious subject of reflection to the inhabitants of Astrakhan, that their city is only saved from permanent and hopeless inundation by the power of the sun's rays. So equally would this tract become the seat of a prolongation of the Mediterranean, a true saline sea, if the ground intervening between it and the Black Sea or the Sea of Azov, were to be from any cause broken down or lowered.

It becomes an interesting subject of speculation—By what means, and in what circumstances, have the Caspian and Aral been drained or emptied down to their present diminished forms and extent? It is first necessary to keep in view that Caspian shells being found on a sort of under-cliff of the Ust-Urt from 150 to 200 feet above the Aral (which it overlooks), we must presume that the Aralo-Caspian basin had once a greater height of water by at least that amount. The question arises—By what height of country is the Aralo-Caspian basin divided from that of the Black Sea?—the only point in which a connection has been presumed to have existed. We obtain some light on this subject from the observations of Pallas, who describes a cliff like the border of an ancient sea extending between the extremity of the Ural Mountains and a point near the upper extremity of the Sea of Azov: this is said to average about 300 feet of elevation above the Aralo-Caspian basin. It would obviously, if there were no lower point of connection, form a boundary for a lake or detached sea sufficient in height to deposit the shells on the under-cliff overlooking the Aral. We are not so clearly informed as to the height of the ground intervening more directly between the Caspian and Black Sea; but such information is scarcely necessary, as the brackish character established for the ancient Caspian by its shells shows it to have been divided from the Black Sea by a height sufficient to cut off all connection between their respective waters. When we ask more strictly, by what means has the ancient Caspian Sea been reduced? it becomes important to know that there is evidence for the fact, generally believed amongst the neighbouring people, that the waters are continually though slowly diminishing. A small overbalance of the evaporative over the filling power, such as we may believe now exists, would be sufficient, in the course of time, to reduce the great sea of a former age to the present pair of detached lakes.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, speculating on this subject, says—'Whilst we specially invite attention to the grandeur and peculiarity of this former internal sea, we think that its diminution to the size of the present Caspian and Aral Seas is mainly due to oscillations of its former bottom. The eruptive rocks which range along the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the Balkan of Khwarezm, are fortunately at hand to explain that, as igneous matter in many forms has sought an issue at many points in those contiguous mountains, partially raising up sedimentary deposits, and changing their mineral aspects and condition, so probably have internal widely-acting expansive forces, derived from the same deep-seated source, heaved up, in broad horizontal masses, to the different levels at which we now find them, the beds of the former great Caspian Sea. Such elevations would very naturally, we contend, be accompanied by adjacent depressions; and thus we would explain the low position of the Caspian Sea, and such portions of land about it, as are admitted by all observers to lie beneath the surface of the ocean.'

We must profess ourselves to be at a loss to perceive occasion for such upheavals and depressions of the surface as are here called forth.* There is nothing in the configuration of the district which we may not suppose to have co-existed with the former

* The value of Sir Roderick's statement depends altogether upon the character of the 'eruptive rocks.' If these are very modern, as lavas and trachytes, &c.; if they have acted upon the miocene rocks of the district, so as to control and otherwise derange their natural horizontality; or if they have in the least affected the character of the superficial masses containing the shells, *then to a certainty volcanic forces have had to do with the severance of the Caspian and Black Sea.—Note by a Friend.*

Digitized by Google

greater height of the Aralo-Caspian Sea, so that only the connection with the Mediterranean basin be higher than the position of the shells so often alluded to—a point upon which we have every reason to conclude affirmatively. Sir Roderick's contending for depressions seems uncalled for, when we consider that there are many lakes deeper than the neighbouring seas, and that in their cases we should equally find a subaërial depression, if the evaporative power were only in excess over that by which the lake is fed. The bottom of Loch Ness, for instance, is 700 or 800 feet below the level of the sea. Were it placed in a sufficiently torrid climate, we should have it transformed into a comparatively small salt lake, occupying the bottom of a vale precisely like that of the Jordan and Dead Sea. Lake Superior, in North America, the surface of which is 627 feet above the sea, has a bed 336 feet below that level. Here an increased evaporative power would have exactly the same effect. Such depressions of the surface apart from the bed of the ocean are common: had this been kept in mind, and had the main fact connected with salt lakes been held in view—namely, their issuing in evaporation—such men as Humboldt, Arago, and Murchison could not have failed to see that all recourse to such extraordinary means as upheavals and depressions might have been spared. Such motions of the surface are no doubt amongst the most indubitable of the facts educed by geology from the history of the past; but it was in earlier ages than those of the superficial formations that they were at their maximum of intensity. There has been of late years too great a disposition to resort to them for the explanation of comparatively modern phenomena.

These speculations are not exclusive of the possible connection of the Aralo-Caspian Sea with the Black Sea in an earlier age. It is ascertained of some parts of the earth that the relative level of sea and land has undergone a change to the extent of many hundreds of feet. Suppose this to have been the case also in the confines of Europe and Asia, then the Aralo-Caspian would be an inner Mediterranean, as Murchison calls it, until the waters fell (using this word merely for convenience) below the point where they would join; after which the Aralo-Caspian would be isolated, and its drainage by means of evaporation would commence. The fish of the present Caspian are said to be different as species from those of all other parts of the earth, though denominated sturgeon, salmon, herring, &c.; but the same marine mammalia exist here as in the Black Sea. If we could suppose the differences in the fish to be only such as differences of conditions can in the course of time effect, there would be nothing to prevent our regarding the zoology of the Caspian as an interesting memorial of the former connection of this sea with the ocean. R. C.

DASEE LEWELLYN'S WISH.

'Oh, father! how delightful it would be if you were an outlaw, or a rebel, or something of that sort; *then* I might be like Ellen in the Lady of the Lake: there would be danger and excitement, and daily sacrifices to make for you! Nay, if you were but an old blind harper, papa, I would be content! Leading you over the hills, as in the olden days of chivalry; in lighted halls and beauty's bowers to be welcomed everywhere.'

Such was the observation made one day by young Dasee Lewellyn, the daughter of a Welsh squire, and my very intimate though eccentric friend—a compound, as I sometimes thought her, of Die Vernon and Anne of Geierstein. I was at the time on a visit to Swan Pool, the picturesque residence of Squire Lewellyn, and though Dasee had often amused me with her flashes of sentiment, I felt that her present wish to see her father either a rebel or a beggar was rather *too* romantic.

'Thank you, my darling: I am much obliged to you,' said the squire; 'but as we *are* already welcomed by our neighbours most heartily, whenever we go amongst them, I much prefer the convenience of a comfortable carriage, with the inestimable blessing of eyesight, to toiling on foot afflicted and wayworn.'

'But,' vehemently urged his daughter, '*then* we should be welcomed for the sake of genius and the love of art; *now* it is because you are the Squire of Swan Pool, and I your heiress, and that we give good dinners in return, and a ball at Christmas!'

'Don't talk any more nonsense, Dasee,' answered her father impatiently. 'I like sentiment well enough, but not sentiment run mad, as yours seems to be. Why don't you take a lesson in common sense from your friend Miss —— there;' pointing to me as he said so. 'However, we need not say any more about that just now. So come and kiss me, like a good, sensible girl, and tell me what you think of Mr Smith, our new pastor?'

'Why,' said the 'good, sensible girl,' 'he is a great deal too fat and ruddy for a clergyman, and too young and happy-looking. What with his commonplace name, and commonplace appearance, I can't bear him.'

'But, my dear,' added Dame Winny, the squire's sister and housekeeper, 'a good young pastor, well and conscientiously performing his manifold duties, *ought* to look happy, if a quiet conscience and peace of mind can give happiness; and as to being ruddy and robust, what fault is that of his? I am sure he is a most excellent young man, and we are very fortunate in having such a successor to our lamented Mr Morgan.'

'I should think we were much more fortunate,' saucily rejoined the foolish, heedless Dasee, 'if Mr Smith had been a Mr anything else, and a pale, interesting, miserable-looking person, whom it would have made me weep to listen to, thinking of the sad tale that doubtless formed his history!'

'Right glad should I be if he had a tale to tell *thee*, thou foolish Dasee!' said the fond father. 'But if thou art so full of folly, depend upon it that Mr Smith will never think of thee.'

'Mr Smith think of *me* indeed!' indignantly exclaimed the heiress: 'I would not have him, even if he grew pale, and thin, and elegant to-morrow!'

On my *second* visit to Swan Pool, Dasee herself reminded me of these words, and also of the following incident, which took place in the churchyard:—

This burial-ground was situated on a hillside facing the lake; ancient trees spread their branches above the grassy mounds, many of which were ornamented with beautiful flowering plants, placed there by the hand of affection, and carefully tended, for the Welsh peasant attaches peculiar interest to these sweet memorials of the departed. It was evening time, and all was hushed around as Dasee Lewellyn and myself sat down to rest on a projecting stone. A woman, clad in mourning garb, entered the churchyard, and, not seeing us, presently knelt down by the side of a newly-made grave, on which the flowers, but lately planted, were struggling to regain elasticity and strength. We saw her tie them up, and pluck off the faded leaves; we heard her deep sobs, and her fervent ejaculations reached our ears. Dasee was very pale, silent, and thoughtful, looking on the mourner with deep interest and absorbing attention; and when at length the poor woman left the burial-place, she arose and sought the new-made grave, with clasped hands and an earnest manner softly exclaiming, 'Oh I wish that I too had a grave to tend!'

Admonition, warning, or reproof was alike useless. We silently left the spot, nor exchanged a word till within the warm cheerful rooms of the old house once more. We found the squire and Dame Winny busily engaged with a disputation at cribbage; but I fancied I guessed Dasee's feelings as she sprang into the arms of these dear ones, embracing them again and again with unwonted demonstrations of affection even for her, warm and affectionate as she ever was. Her heart perhaps smote her, but the idle words could not be recalled.

Digitized by Google

Our sojourn in the pleasant Welsh valley at length terminated; and many years passed away, bringing changes to us all, while still at intervals of time we continued to receive tidings of our valued friends at Swan Pool.

Dasee's letters were piquant and artless productions, but affording subjects for serious contemplation, as marking the gradual change of disposition wrought by time, change of circumstances, and the development of feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

With heartfelt sorrow we heard from Dame Winny of the worthy squire's affliction—namely, that he had become a palsied, sightless old man; but then Dame Winny spoke of 'Niece Dasee's beautiful demeanour and dutiful love towards her father;' and we shrewdly opined also that the reverend gentleman of 'the ruddy countenance and odious name' was beginning to find favour with the heiress. She herself wrote to us of his many amiable qualities, of his assiduous attentions towards her poor father, who, from his past habits and pursuits, most bitterly felt his present deplorable condition, so that, when the final news reached us of her princely patronymic being lost for ever in the commonplace one of 'Smith,' we were not much astonished.

After this event our correspondence became irregular. *Our* wanderings, vicissitudes, and sorrows, and *her* increasing family, accounted for this; while dear Dame Winny had so much upon her hands, so many calls on her time and attention, that writing, which had always been a laborious task to her, now became an almost impossible one.

Destiny, however, conducted us once more to Lewellyn's home; and at the period of our second visit to Swan Pool, when we gained the summit of the hill, and gazed down on the valley beneath, it might have seemed as if the summer-time of our *first* visit had come again, only that the summer of the heart had departed, and many wintry blasts impressed reality too vividly for fancy to hold its sway. All was unchanged without: there reposed the sparkling lake, over which Dasee used to skim in her fairy shallop, the ancient trees, the mountains, the old house, and the church spire rising amidst the dark foliage; all were there as in the days of yore! As we passed the burial-ground on the hillside, an impulse which I could not resist impelled me to alight and to enter the sacred precincts alone. How many new graves there were; how many brilliant flowers clustering around them, as the last rays of the setting sun illuminated the rainbow tints; thus telling of glory for the departed, and whispering hope to the survivors, seeming to say, 'I shall rise again to-morrow; the flowers will bloom another and another summer; and the inmates of these quiet graves are not dead, but sleeping!'

I was aroused from a deep reverie into which I had fallen by the soft sound of infancy's sweet engaging prattle; and on looking up, I saw a portly lady with two fair children standing beside two little grassy mounds, and answering their questions in an earnest, impressive, and tender manner. That voice—I knew it at once! But how could I recognise the identity of the sedate and portly matron, the anxious nursing mother, and the wild, giddy, aërial sylph of the mountain-side? But it was Dasee herself, and she smiled when I called her '*Mrs Smith*;' and the tears came into her eyes as we spoke of her numerous offspring: *then* I knew her again; for the smile was the saucy smile of yore, and the eyes wore the same touching and gentle expression which so often in girlhood had given promise of better things.

The little children intently watched our movements; their prattle ceased; and they looked awed, holding by their mother's hands with trustful love, as she pointed to the graves beside her, turning towards me a glance which I well understood, for the same remembrance flashed simultaneously on our minds. 'You do not forget; ah! I see you do not,' she whispered, 'those thoughtless words once spoken here, when I heedlessly exclaimed, "I wish that I too had a grave to tend!" *Am I not answered?* For here sleeps my first-born, and by his side a golden-haired cherub babe—a second Dasee!' She meekly bowed her head; and silence was the only and the best sympathy I could offer as we slowly approached the old gabled house—the beloved home of her early years, the scene of so many wild exploits.

I have already said that *without* all remained unchanged; *within*, the same, but oh how altered!

The white-headed squire was gently led about, not by his daughter—she had other pressing duties to attend to—but by his granddaughter, Winny Smith; and if Winny Smith's papa had been fat and ruddy on our former visit to Swan Pool, what was he *now!*—while of his hilarity and happiness there could be no doubt: it was perfectly heartfelt and decided. Dame Winny, too, was as active, as kind, as fidgetty, and talkative as ever; but withered and shrunken, and slightly deaf (only *slightly* she said); going about with a tall silver-headed stick, stumping londly up and down the stairs and passages, ever giving warning of the dear old lady's approach unknown to herself.

There were so many tiny Smiths running about, that it seemed unlikely there was any real danger of their being individually spoiled by grandpapa or Aunt Winny. We observed that they all wore black sashes, and that Dasee also was attired in mourning, thus giving notice of a recent loss; we found, on inquiry, that she had not long buried the second child she had lost: her eldest born, a promising boy of seven years old, had been taken from her a few years previously, and she had mourned his loss nearly to the death; but this last bereavement found the mother calm and resigned, prepared to render back the priceless treasure unto Him who gave it.

Many visits in company together Dasee and myself paid to the burial-ground on the hillside, with her pretty children frolicking around us; and I believe, were the usual tenor of our conversations analysed, and the pith of the matter extracted, the conclusion would be comprised in a small space, the following quotation of few words amply expressing our voluminous reminiscences—'Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school-fees are heavy.'

FOWLING IN FAROE AND SHETLAND.

These two groups of islands, situated in the northern Atlantic, and separated by only about one hundred and eighty miles, are not more contrasted in their political position and internal economy than in their geological structure, and consequent dissimilarity of scenery; though, from having been originally peopled by the same Scandinavian race, and long under one government, there are still to be discovered numerous traces of similar language, manners, and even personal appearance.

While Shetland is an integral portion of the home British empire, participating in her enlightened laws and policy, her freedom and progress in improvement, together with the good, and also, alas! evil, more or less attendant on our peculiar institutions, Faroe, as respects manners and state of society, is in much the same condition as it has been for a century past at least, or as Shetland was at that distance of time.

Faroe belongs to the Danish crown, is governed by its absolute though mild and paternal rule, and is subject to a royal monopoly of all commerce and other resources. From analogy and observation, however, we are disposed to the opinion that, for a half-instructed, isolated, and pastoral people, the Faroese appear to be at present in precisely the circumstances most conducive to their morality, independence, and happiness.

The geological formation of the Faroe Isles is of volcanic origin;* hence their splendid basaltic columns

* They are composed almost entirely of trap-rock.

Digitized by Google

and conical hills, deep valleys and mural precipices, narrow fiords and rushing tides. The shores are so steep, that in many of the islands there is no convenient landing-place. Boats are drawn up precipitous banks by ropes and pulleys; and a ship of large burden may lie close to a wall of rock from one to two thousand feet in height on either side, where the strait between is so narrow, that she can only be towed or warped onwards or outwards, as alongside a wharf. In some situations the cliffs present stupendous basaltic pillars, to which those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway are pigmies. More commonly the precipices are broken into narrow terraces, overhanging crags, and gloomy recesses, tenanted by myriads of sea-fowl of every name, whose incessant motions and shrill echoing cries give variety and animation to scenes otherwise desolate in their sublimity.

Among these dizzy and almost confounding scenes the fowler pursues his hazardous but familiar avocation; for the eggs and flesh of the sea-fowl are an important part of the food of the Faroese, and the feathers a profitable article of exportation. Little thinks many a discontented town-bred workman, or surly field labourer, and still less many a fashionable *ennuyée*, with what cheeriness and courage numbers of their fellow-creatures encounter not merely fatiguing toil, but frightful danger, while in quest of their daily bread!

The manner of performing the perilous task of taking the birds from the precipices is thus described:*—'The fowler (fuglemand) is let down from the top of the cliff by a rope about three inches thick, which is fastened to the waist and thighs by a broad woollen band, on which he sits. The adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, attaches it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in a hollow of the rock, the bird-catcher gives himself a swinging motion by means of his pole, till the vibration carries him so close, that he can get footing on the rock. He can communicate to himself a swing of thirty to forty feet; but when the shelf lies deeper back, another rope is let down to his associates in a boat, who can thus give him a swing of one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet.' The Faroese talk with rapture of their sensations while thus suspended between sea and sky, swinging to and fro by what would seem a frail link when the value of a human life is concerned. Nay, so fascinating is this uncouth occupation, that there are often individuals who, provided with a small supply of food, cause themselves to be lowered to some recess, where the overhanging cliff gives shelter from above, and a platform of a few square feet scarce affords sufficient resting-place; and here, sometimes for a fortnight, and even three weeks together, will the adventurer remain alone, scrambling from crag to crag, collecting birds from the nests, or catching them as they fly past him with his fowling-pole and net, till he has filled his bags with their slaughtered bodies or their feathers. We cannot imagine a more wildly-sublime locality for the restless energy of man to choose as a temporary sojourning place. The ceaseless discordant scream of the birds, no doubt amazed at the dauntless intruder on their haunts, the roar of the surf, and the wailing of the wind among the rocks and crevices, might combine well-nigh to deafen any unaccustomed ears. Moreover, there is the danger, the awe-inspiring scenery, the solitude; yet several persons have averred to our informant that in such a unique position they have spent absolutely their happiest days!

In Faroe the story is related, which is also said to have occurred at St Kilda, Foula, and Skye,† of a father and son having been lowered at once, the one above the other, on a fowling expedition, by the usual rope; that on beginning to ascend, they perceived two of the three cords of which it was composed had been cut by the abrasion of the rocks, and could not sustain the weight of more than one of them; and how, after a short but anguished contention, the father prevailed on the son to cut him off, and thus sacrifice his parent's life as the only chance of saving his own.

A far more instructive and thrilling anecdote, which, so far as we know, has not appeared in print, was told our informant in Faroe by a member of the young man's family to whom it occurred.

We have said that the fowlers are lowered from above, and manage to get stationed on some shelf or ledge of rock, frequently beneath an overhanging crag, where they disengage themselves from the rope, and proceed to their employment. Now it unfortunately happened that the young man we have alluded to, having secured his footing on the flat rock, by some accident had lost his hold of the rope, to which was also attached his signal-line, which he had the agony to see, after a few pendulous swings, settle perpendicularly utterly *beyond his reach*. When the first moments of surprise and nearly mortal anguish had elapsed, he sat down to consider, as calmly as might be, what he should do, what effort make to save himself from the appalling fate of perishing by inches on that miserable spot. His friends above, he knew, after waiting the usual time, would draw up the rope, and finding him not there, would conclude he had perished; or should they by the same method descend to seek him, how among the thousand nooks of that bewildering depth of rock upon rock find the secret recess he had chosen, where he had so often congratulated himself on his favourable position, but which seemed now destined for his grave?

More than once the almost invincible temptation rushed on his mind of ending his distraction and suspense by leaping into the abyss. One short moment, and his fears and sufferings, with his 'life's fitful fever,' would be over. But the temporary panic passed away; he raised his thoughts to the guardian care of Omnipotence; and calmed and reassured, he trusted some mode of deliverance would present itself. To this end he more particularly scanned his limited resting-place. It was a rocky shelf, about eight feet wide, and gradually narrowing till it met the extended precipice, where not the foot of a gull could rest: at the other extremity it terminated in an abrupt descent of hundreds of feet: at the back was a mural rock, smooth and slippery as ice: and above was a beetling crag, overarching the place where he stood, outside of which depended his only safety—his unfortunate rope. Every way he moved, carefully examining and attempting each possible mode of egress from his singular prison-house. He found none. There remained, so far as his own efforts were concerned, one desperate chance to endeavour to reach the rope. By means of his long pole he attempted to bring it to his hand. Long he tried; but he tried in vain: he could hardly touch it with the end of the stick and other appliances; but no ingenuity could serve to hook it fast. Should he, then, leap from the rock, and endeavour to catch it as he sprung? Was there any hope he could succeed, or, catching, could he sustain his hold till drawn to the top? This indeed seemed his only forlorn-hope. One fervent prayer, therefore, for agility, courage, and strength, and with a bold heart, a steady eye, and outstretched hand, he made the fearful spring! We dare not, and could not say exactly the distance—it was many feet—but he caught the rope, first with one hand, and in the next moment with the other. It slipped through, peeling the skin from his palms; but the knot towards the loops at the end stopped his impetus, and he felt he could hold fast for a time. He made the usual signal urgently, and was drawn upwards as rapidly as possible. Yet the swinging motion, the imminent danger, and his own precarious strength considered, we may well

* It is similarly pursued in Foula, St Kilda, and others of the Scottish islands.

† To which of these several places, therefore, belongs the honour of the incident is doubtful.

Digitized by Google

believe the shortest interval would seem long, and that no ordinary courage and energy were still necessary for his safety. He reached the top, and instantly prostrated himself on the turf, returning aloud to the Almighty his fervent thanksgivings, a few words of which had hardly escaped his lips, when he sunk into utter insensibility.

Great was the amazement of his associates to find him hanging on by his hands—greater far their astonishment at his singular adventure: but once having told his tale, which every circumstance clearly corroborated, his pole and net being found on the rock as described, he never would again be prevailed on to recur to the subject; nor did he ever approach in the direction of the cliff from which he had descended, without turning shudderingly away from a spot associated with a trial so severe.

Quite contrasted to all these scenes, as we observed at the outset, are the aspect of nature and the manner of taking the sea-fowl and their eggs in Shetland. The hills here are low, none of the seaward precipices are above six or seven hundred feet high; and so far from fowling being pursued as a regular branch of employment, under proper regulations, as in Faroe, the Shetland landlords and other superiors by all means discourage their dependents from spending their time and energies in what is at best to them a desultory and most dangerous occupation, which, moreover, robs the rocks, otherwise so bare and rugged, of those feathered denizens, their appropriate ornament. Still, so fascinating and exciting is this method of idling away time, that might be much more profitably or improvingly employed, at least in these islands, that many of the fishermen frequent the cliffs and peril their lives in the forbidden pursuit. Serious accidents occasionally occur. Some time ago a poor man met a very dreadful fate. He had been creeping into a crevice where were several nests with eggs; having inserted half of his body, he had dislodged a stone, which held him fast. His decaying corpse was found some time afterwards; the head, shoulders, and outstretched hands jammed in the crevice, and the feet and legs hanging out.

More lately, a man noted for his fowling depredations went out one fine morning to gather shell-fish bait for the next day's fishing. It happened to be the day after the communion Sabbath, when there is sermon at noon. The fisherman's Sunday clothes were laid ready, his family went to church and returned, but he appeared not; night came, and he was yet absent. Still his family were under no particular anxiety, imagining he had gone to a friend's at some little distance. In the morning, however, when he did not join his boat's crew to go to the usual fishing, the alarm was raised, and inquiry and search immediately made. It was without success for a considerable time; but finally, near the brink of a precipice, where an opening rent in the rocks made an accessible way for a short distance downwards, the poor man's shoes and basket of bait were found. Following up this indication, his fishing associates proceeded in their boat to the base of the cliff, from whence they thought they saw something like a human being. With renewed hope they climbed up, and found their unfortunate comrade caught between two rocks, where he reclined as if asleep; but he had fallen from a great height, and was quite dead: and by this act, as of a truant schoolboy, for a few wild-fowl eggs, was a wife and large family left destitute and mourning!

There is in the island of Unst, the most northerly of the Shetlands, one man who, by his bravery, experness, and, we may perhaps add, his incorrigible perseverance, has gained a sort of tacit immunity from the general restriction, or at least his poaching misdemeanours are winked at. His father was a noted fowler before him; and since his own earliest boyhood, he has been accustomed to make it his pastime to scramble among the steepest crags and cliffs, making many a hairbreadth escape, many an unheard-of prize. He has robbed the most inaccessible nooks of their inhabitants, and even surprised the sea eagle in her nest. He climbs barefooted, and his toes clasp the slippery rock as talons would. Fear or dizziness he knows not of; and for a few shillings, or for an afternoon's recreation, he will scale many a ladder of rock, and penetrate many a time-worn crevice, where human foot but his own will probably never tread. Every cranny, every stepping-place of the precipitous headlands of his native island are intimately known to him; and at how much expense of unconquerable perseverance, zig-zag explorings, and undaunted courage this has been accomplished, we may not stop too particularly to relate.

On one occasion, led on by his indomitable love of exploring, he had passed to a point of a cliff to which even he had never dared to venture before. His object was to discover the spot where he believed a pair of eagles had long built unmolested. Overjoyed, he reached the place; triumphantly he possessed himself of the eggs (for which, by the by, a commercial collector afterwards paid him five shillings); and then he for the first time became aware of his whereabouts. How he got there he could not even imagine. He paused a few moments: it was not fear, but unfeigned surprise and awe that entranced him; and then the consideration naturally forced itself on his attention—'How shall I return?' It ought to be mentioned, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that it is much more difficult to *get down* than to *ascend*. The whole tortuosities and difficulties of the path are more clearly in view, and the head is apt not to be so steady. In the present case, moreover, the excitement was past—the object was attained; and it is wonderful how the blood cools, and courage becomes calculating, in these latter circumstances. Well, beside the plundered eyrie our gallant adventurer sat cogitating. 'I'll never return, that's certain, to begin with,' he said to himself. 'After all my escapes and exploits, my time is come at last. Well, if it is, *it is*: let me meet it like a man! If it is not come, I shall get down in safety, as I have done ere now, though never from such an awful place before.' So he precipitately began the descent—plunging on without an idea except his early-imbibed belief in predestination, and an occasional aspiration to the Almighty for protection. He never knew, he says, how or by what paths he reached a place of comparative safety; but he would not attempt to go again to that spot for twenty guineas.

It is not, however, only in those localities with which from childhood he has been familiar that our courageous fowler is dexterous and adventurous in his undertakings. Tempted by an offer of adequate remuneration from an amateur, he engaged to procure an eagle's egg from a distant quarter, where they were known to have a nest. The gentleman, in the interval of his absence, sorely repented that he had proffered the bribe, though he by no means urged the step. But in due time the brave cragsman returned successful, having twice scaled the precipice to the eyrie. The first time when he reached the place, from whence he scared the parent birds, he found the nest so situated, that though he saw the eggs, he could not by any possibility reach them. Nothing daunted, he returned and made his preparations. To the end of a long fishing-rod he attached a bladder, the mouth of which he kept distended by a wire. Reaching this simple but ingenious apparatus to the nest, from the perching-place where he leaned, he gradually worked the eggs into the bladder-bag with the point of the rod, and bore them off in triumph. It was the most lucrative, though the most dangerous adventure he had ever accomplished; for the locality was strange, the weather was gloomy, and the birds were fierce, and at one time in startling proximity to the spoiler.

This man, who in every respect is the *beau ideal* of a successful fowler, is now in the prime of life, about medium height, active and agile of course, and slender and lithe as an eel. During the late trying season of destitution from the failure of crops and fishing, he has mainly supported his family by the produce of such

Digitized by Google

exploits as we have been detailing. And he has a little son, the tiny counterpart of himself, who, almost ever since he could walk, he has taught to climb the rocks along with him, and who therefore bids fair, should he escape casualties, to be as bold and expert in fowling as is his parent.

PROGRESS OF THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN SCOTLAND.

TWELVE months ago, we took occasion to point out what we considered the insufficient and unsatisfactory state of elementary education in Scotland, where, by the institution of parish schools, it might be supposed to have been on a tolerably perfect footing. Since that period the subject has undergone some discussion; and even those who advocate existing arrangements, allow that something is wanting to remedy acknowledged defects. The longer that the Scottish parish school system is considered, the less will it appear possible to adapt it to the present and prospective wants of the country without a very considerable change in its administration. While all acknowledge the value of its past services, and look on it still with respect, an impression is very generally gaining ground that it must submit to a by no means limited reform; and further, that this reform can be effected only by legislative revision and enactment.

The leading defects of the present polity are briefly these:—Only one school properly constituted exists in a parish; while some parishes, by reason of increase of population, would require several schools, all equally well supported by public grant. Originally placed in a great degree under the cognisance and government of the Established Church, the schools remain under the same management, although, in the course of events, the establishment is now the minority. In consequence of this arrangement, as well as the obligation of teachers to subscribe a religious test, the schools are sectarian in character; and the greater number of children—nearly the whole in some districts—are educated at schools got up by private parties, or by dissenting and seceding bodies. The salaries of the teachers are preposterously small; but there exist no means of legally increasing them consistently with independence of principle. It is very much to be regretted that any representation of these and other defects should lead to the slightest animosity or party feeling. The parish schools, as we have always understood, were not erected for the benefit of this or that party, but for all; and they have been endowed accordingly. If, then, society alter so far as to leave them in a false position, in which they cannot possibly realise the intention of their founders, is it not a public duty to aim at such changes as a calm consideration of the subject will suggest?

We have been induced to make these few remarks from observing that one of the largest and most respectable seceding bodies in Scotland—the United Presbyterian Synod—numbering about five hundred chapels, has had the sagacity to take an impartial and correct view of the state of our elementary education, and the courage to indicate the necessary remedial measures. The following document has been issued under the authority of the body:—

'At a meeting, held at Edinburgh on the 28th June 1848, of the Committee on Public Questions appointed by the United Presbyterian Synod, the following Resolutions were adopted on the subject of NATIONAL EDUCATION.

I. That the acknowledged inefficiency of the Parochial Schools of Scotland, and the dissatisfaction with regard to them which generally exists, are mainly attributable to the subjection of these schools to the control of the Established Church; while there is thus combined the *inconsistency* of a system called national being placed in the hands of a minority, with the *injustice* of maintaining the interests of a party at the public expense.

II. That the remedy for these evils is not to be found in educational grants to different religious denominations—a scheme whereby the interests both of religion and of education are liable to suffer from the spirit of party; that such a result is much to be deprecated, at a period of life when it is a main object of all sound moral training to foster kindly and generous sentiments; and that where this scheme has been put to the test of experiment, it is already yielding the bitter fruits of alienation and animosity which might have been anticipated.

III. That to render the parochial system of education truly a national one, the following conditions appear indispensable:—

1. The control of the Established Church over the Parochial Schools entirely to cease, and the right of superintendence and of management not to be placed in the hands of religious denominations as such.

2. Attendance at a Normal School, and certified acquaintance with the art and practice of teaching, to be required of all candidates for the situation of teachers.

3. Security for the sound principles of teachers to be sought in a right mode of appointment; and religious tests to be abolished, as sectarian in spirit, and at the same time nugatory as evidence of character.

4. Heads of families in parishes, or in such districts as may be found convenient, to have the right of electing the teacher, and of superintending by a committee of their number or otherwise the business of the schools.

5. The funds at present set apart for the support of Parochial Schools to continue to be applied to this purpose, and such additions as may be found necessary in particular districts, to be raised by local taxation—with a view to place the system under the wholesome control of public opinion.

6. Stated returns from the National Schools, embracing the branches taught, fees, attendance, &c. to be made to the Privy-Council, or to a National Board of Education, and a full digest of such returns to be published annually.

JAMES HARPER, *Convener.*'

A short time previously, in May 1848, the following resolutions were come to by the same body on the not less important subject of University Tests in Scotland:—

'That the existing University Tests are not only sectarian, unjust, and impolitic, but totally inefficient for the professed object for which they are imposed—namely, to ascertain the religious principles of persons appointed to professorships: that this synod regard the entire abrogation of such tests as desirable; and are of opinion that the right of appointment, placed in the hands of duly qualified parties, and exercised under the influence of public opinion, would prove the most eligible and available check upon improper nominations to chairs in the national universities.'

Those who are interested in the progress of national education will be gratified to observe that one of the most numerous religious bodies in Scotland has, much to its honour, taken so enlarged a view of this important question.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WAGES AND LIVING IN GERMANY.

THE price of labour is lower in Silesia than elsewhere in Germany, yet Silesia is one of the most valuable and industrious of the Prussian and Austrian provinces. The explanation is, that competition for work is great, owing to the dense population of the country—even of the mountainous portion belonging to Austria. The peasant who divides his time between the cultivation of the ground and his mechanical trade, makes only a fraction more than 3*s.* a week; while, if employed in a manufactory, his earnings do not exceed 6*s.* 6*d.* The linen manufacture is here very ancient; but it is still for the most part carried on by the country people in their own huts, and it yields them but a scanty subsistence.

In Prussia, the hours of labour are long, averaging twelve in the day; and for this period of toil a journeyman receives 1*s.* 5*d.* In a manufactory the wages are

Digitized by Google

similar, being 8s. 6d. a week. In Bavaria, the workman does not gain more than from 5s. 6d. to 7s. a week; but here he is comfortably lodged at the rate of L.1, 12s. a year.

In order to judge of these prices, we must take into account the general expense of living. Throughout Saxony, beef averages 3½d. a pound, pork 4½d., and bread ¾d. a pound. In Bavaria, beef is 3½d. a pound, mutton the same price, pork 3½d., and bread ¾d. a pound. In the Rhenish provinces the same prices very generally prevail. It must be confessed, however, that labourers have little to do with any of these articles but bread; three-fourths of them knowing nothing of meat but the name. This bread is made of rye, and is black, heavy, and sour; but they do not eat it entirely from necessity, but likewise from choice. They think it sustains them better than wheaten bread; and for this reason it is used likewise by plain families of a higher rank. This rye bread, with a little butter and potatoes, and in the morning coffee, forms the daily nourishment of the German workman. Meat, we have said, is unknown to the mass; and beer and wine are only tasted on extraordinary occasions.

Such meagre nourishment is not favourable to the character of the workman either morally or physically. It may be said that the German is always a slow coach; but the German working-men are apathetic and indolent, and as far inferior to the French, who live better, as the French are to the English, who live best of all. In a recent report made to the French ministry of agriculture and commerce, it is remarked that substantial and abundant living has a great influence on the quantity of work a man can get through; and that the difference in this respect is the cause of the advantage the English working-man possesses over the French. 'Experience,' continues the report, 'has frequently shown that when the latter enjoys as substantial aliment as his rival, he works as hard and as long.'

It might be supposed at first sight that, with bread at ¾d. a pound, the Prussian wages of 8s. 6d. a week would be at least equal to 17s. in England. But this is not the case; for in the latter country bread is only one of many items which make up the general expense of living. There may be little chance of a money residue in either country; but in England, the workman on low wages has at least the superiority in food, and what he terms comfort — things of which money is merely the representative.

The great increase of potato culture in Germany is a consequence of the lowness of wages; and the fact would serve of itself to disprove the common paradox, that the Irish are poor *because* they live on potatoes. The truth is the very reverse; the Irish live on potatoes because they are poor, and because they were prevented by the operation of the corn laws from having recourse to cheap grain. If there was a similar law in Germany interdicting potatoes, the effect would not be to prevent the spread of poverty, but simply to deny to the people a wholesome variety in the cheap food to which their existing poverty restricts them.

In Ireland, lowness of diet has the same effect as in Germany: it makes the labourer both weak and indolent. Professor Hancock, in his smart remarks on the opinions of those who desire government interference to give the Irish a taste for better food, does not advert to this circumstance. 'Let them try,' says he, 'the first potato-fed Celt they find with a good dinner of such established Saxon fare as roast-beef and plum-pudding, and I will venture to predict that a taste for good living will be developed with a rapidity, and to an extent, quite surprising to the pocket of the incredulous theorists.' The professor means, that an Irish peasant will choose a good dinner in preference to a bad one, if he has them both before him: but this is trifling with the subject. The taste sought to be developed is of that kind which will make a man *work* for what he covets — which will subdue indolence, drunkenness, and other bad habits, and raise him in the social scale.

RATIONAL CORSETS.

So much good advice has been thrown away upon the ladies in the matter of tight-lacing, that we are glad to notice an invention which goes far to divest them of the *power* of injuring themselves by means of the corset. This is a new application of caoutchouc, which is introduced, in the form of fine threads covered with lace-thread, into the staple of the cloth of which stays are made. Such a mode of introducing this material, it will be seen, permits free evaporation; while the elasticity obtained does away with the necessity for whalebone, except in such thin flakes as can do no harm. In the case with which an elastic ligature like this yields to the motions of the chest, consists of course its great superiority over the old corset; but the perfect adaptation of the new invention to the shape, and the graceful flexibility it permits to the figure, will, we suspect, be considered still greater advantages by the wearers. The inventors are Messrs Thomas and Co. of Cheapside, London, whose business of staymaking would afford some rather curious statistics. In this apparently unimportant manufacture they employ 2000 workpeople; 800 in London, and the rest in the provinces. It is worthy of observation that the lower we descend in society, the more bigoted we find females to the worst species of stays. Strength and unyielding solidity are the grand properties sought for; and in some places the stays offered for sale are actually weighed, and those preferred which are found to be the *heaviest!*

JAMES GREGOR GRANT'S POEMS.*

There is a story darkly hinted at, not related, by Dante, of a young wife who was imprisoned by her causelessly jealous husband in a tower built in the midst of a pestilential marsh. Here he watches day by day—himself her sole jailer—the ebbing life of his victim, till the tragedy closes with her death. To this legend the immortal Florentine has given a few lines, but these contain the materials of a fine poem.† The husband, it should be observed, is exposed to the same danger as the wife. He is no common assassin, who takes the life of a supposed offender, because it is in his power: he endures all the horrors of the marsh—the silence, the solitude, the siekening, the creeping of the aërial poison through his veins, the visible and tangible approach of death—all this he endures that he may see it endured by *her*; and yet we may conjecture that there lurks in some mystic recess of his heart an idea—almost a hope—that she will not be the first to perish. We may thus fancy the co-existence of undying love even with so monstrous a revenge, and divide our pity between the two victims of one destroying passion—the murderer and the murdered.

This we conceive to be the poetical view of a repulsive subject, and the only one which could fairly adapt it for exciting the sympathies on which it is the province of poetry to act. Poetry is the priestess of nature; and to imagine a cold, slow, calculating, selfish, and yet horrible revenge, is an apostasy of which her high and holy nature is incapable. Of this apostasy Mr Grant has been guilty; but although he would thus appear to be deficient in the loftier attributes of his calling, he partakes so largely in other respects of the true poetical spirit, that we should think it improper to allow his

* Madonna Pia and other Poems. By James Gregor Grant. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1848.

† 'Ricorditi di me, chi son la Pia:
Siena mi fe': disfecemi Maremma:
Salsi colui, che 'nnanellata pria,
Disposando m'avea con la sua gemma.'
Dante: *Purgatorio, Canto 5th.*

Digitized by Google

volumes to pass unnoticed in the common torrent of verse.

If Pietra partook as largely of the human nature of Othello as Madonna Pia does of that of Desdemona, we should have some difficulty in finding in the poetry of the day a match for the poem before us. And it does seem extraordinary that Mr Grant, in adapting his few materials, should have wandered so far not only from human nature, but from Dante. His own first stanza should have suggested the true theory.

> 'Madonna Pia! thou whose gentle shade
> In the sad Tuscan's awful path arose,
> When in the milder penal realm he strayed—
> Yet breathed no murmur of thy mortal woes,
> Nor creature, dead or living, didst upbraid
> With bringing thy sweet life to bitter close—
> Sighing but this—" that the Maremma slew,
> And he, the loved one, thy Pietra, *knew*."'

Had Pietra been a loveless, ruthless hangman, as he represents him, this affecting silence would have been mere stupidity. But Mr Grant makes us carry the stupidity (the name of which in romance is *feminine devotion*) to a still more surprising extent, as we shall see by and by.

Madonna Pia was young, beautiful, high-born, and prodigiously wealthy—

> 'Yet not for wealth did young Pietra seek
> This dazzling Phœnix of Sienna's sky—
> He saw an empire on her lip and cheek,
> An El-Dorado in her glorious eye!
> He heard sweet music when he heard her speak;
> Wings sprang within him when her step drew nigh;
> And the least glance or smile she threw on *him*
> Made all of brightness else look cold and dim.'

This radiant creature returns his love: they are married—they are all in all to each other—they are happy to the highest pitch that human nature can endure—and they believe it impossible that anything can occur to break the bright and smooth tenor of their charmed life.

> 'Never should hope or fear *their* steps divide—
> Never should love in *their* deep hearts decay—
> Never should joy or sorrow, side from side
> Sever their rich affections, night or day!
> Never should jealousy (the jaundice-eyed
> And canker-hearted) make of *them* a prey!—
> "Never, oh never!" blinding Passion cried—
> "Never, oh never!" blinded Faith replied.'

So far all is well. This portion of the poem is managed with infinite grace. You seem to breathe as well as read beauty; and in obedience to the magical wand of love, the moving world subsides into passionate repose—

> 'It was a lovely summer's loveliest eve
> When she—far lovelier still!—her passion told.
> The lingering sunset took reluctant leave,
> As, ray by ray, expired its purpling gold;
> The very twilight, dying, seemed to grieve,
> Lest never more such joy it might behold!
> All nature slept, as if on folded wing,
> And silence listened like a charmèd thing.'

The author pauses on this portion of his picture, touching and retouching with new delight. But his task presses. The marriage was already among the bygone things of the time: the excitement of the city was at an end—

> 'And flattering gallants sought no more to please
> The wedded wonder of the Sienuese.'

The circumstance which gives its tragic colour to the piece is a *smile*; and this we see has, as it is managed, awakened the ire of some of the critics, as a thing too slight and meaningless for such grave results. But a word may here be ventured in the poet's defence. The disproportion between cause and effect is a leading peculiarity of the olden ballads and metrical romances, in which the heroes, leaping suddenly from love to hate, and from indifference to the wildest passion, appear little better than maniacs to us sedate moderns. The reason simply is, that they want a historian to elaborate motives capable of explaining the transition. It was not the fashion of our ancestors to go into any details but those of action; and their suddenness is frequently termed vigour and simplicity by a more metaphysical generation. The fault, therefore, of 'Madonna Pia' lies not so much in the dire effects of a trivial cause, as in its inconsistency in failing elsewhere to fulfil in the same manner the conditions of the olden legend.

However this may be, Pietra sees one day a smile on the radiant face of his beloved; and, following the direction of her eyes, behold it is reflected in the face of a man! This is absolutely all. Nothing preceded the smile; nothing followed; it was itself accuser and proof in one—

> 'Sternly he sullened on their homeward way;
> Sternly he sullened to their chamber door;
> Sternly he left Madonna there—a prey
> To many a bitter pang unfelt before:
> Alone he left her—and alone she lay,
> Wondering and weeping all this strangeness o'er;
> Wondering and weeping—pouring sigh on sigh,
> And asking her deaf pillow "Why, oh why?"'

During the night her lonely curtains are withdrawn, and a stern voice bids her 'rise.' The face of the bidder is full of wrath and sin; and his parting steps shake the chamber as she prepares with a quaking heart to follow.

> 'As down some dusky stream a dying swan
> Creeps slow, slow down the marble stairs she crept,
> Shivering with icy terror—and, anon,
> From out the portal's gloomy archway stept;
> There sat Pietra, staring, spectral-wan,
> And ghastly-motionless, as if he slept
> On his dark steed; another neighed before her,
> And to its saddle menial hands upbore her.'

Away go the fated pair; and the first gleam of dawn breaks pale and drear as they pass through the last of the gates of Sienna. Skirting the craggy heights of Volterra, they ride seaward, and at length their horses' feet plash in the deadly swamp of the Maremma. In the middle there is a lonely tower, rising like an isle in a lake; and this is henceforward to be the abode of the husband and his victim. A wild scream bursts from the heart of Madonna Pia, as she stands there face to face with the avenger, and reads his purpose; and with the instinct of love, she tries to take refuge from his cruelty even in his arms. He dashes her to the ground and withdraws. This incident, it will be seen, is merely a following out of the poet's radical mistake; but still it must be said that it is in the worst possible taste, sinking Pietra, as it does, from a being of preternatural wickedness to a mere vulgar ruffian, and depriving the piece of one of the chief elements even of the false sublime which the author aims at.

> 'She rose, at length—but not to rave or stamp,
> Or rend distractedly her golden hair—
> Slowly she rose—and round her prison damp
> Looked long and pryingly, with dreadful stare.
> Save a thick ropy slime from the green swamp,
> Roof, walls, and pavement, all were lothly bare—
> And one stern loop-hole, barred with jealous might,
> Poured in the poisonous air and pale drear light.
>
> Thither she dragged—and saw the fenny grass
> Sullenly wave o'er all that sullen lea;
> And heard the bittern boom in the morass,
> And saw the wild swan hurrying to the sea;
> And dreary gleams, and dreary shadows, pass
> O'er lonely wilds that lonelier could not be:
> And then she turned, all hopelessness, within,
> And felt that all was hopelessly akin.'

She humbles herself at his feet; she tries expostulation, intreaty—all in vain; she implores that he will at

Digitized by Google

least let her know in what she has offended him. He is as mute as a statue.

> 'Gone—and no word: and thus, all sternly dumb,
> Daily, for months, her prison to and fro
> Implacable in silence did he come,
> Implacable in silence did he go.
> Oh! list, poor victim! list the bittern's hum,
> List to the sullen winds without that blow,
> List to whate'er drear voice comes o'er the fen—
> Pietra's voice thou'lt never list again!'

He comes and goes as silently as a shadow, his only errand to bring her food, and look at her wasting and withering away—like himself. The pestilential air of the Maremma works upon them both like poison. *Both!*

> 'The canker spreading to *his* bud and leaf
> Poor lost Madonna saw with tenfold grief—
> Grief deeper far than for her own decline!
> And once, when on his hands the sunbeams strook,
> And she beheld how fast they 'gan to pine,
> And with a tremor (not sweet Pity's!) shook,
> Love conquered terror, with a strength divine
> That cruelty itself could not rebuke—
> And she implored, with heart, and lip, and eye,
> "Let not *both* perish!—leave *me* here to die!"'

The descriptions we now have of the successive changes of the Madonna's spirit in her dungeon are the finest portions of the poem; but our space restricts us from copying a single stanza. A winter night at length comes—a dreary, dismal, bitter night; and Pietra, knowing that there is little chance of her living till the morning, comes—faint, ghastly, wan himself—to look upon her once more. Even then, when he finds her 'weak, as dying lamps are weak,' he will not suffer her to hear his *voice*.

> 'Yet to the last her shivering frame she raised,
> On *him*, on *him*, to pour her latest sighs;
> And, to the last, on *him* she gazed and gazed,
> With Love's beseeching and forgiving eyes!
> Until their orbs that heavy film had glazed
> Which melts no more till melted in the skies;
> And her last words fell brokenly and weak—
> "Guiltless I die!—Oh loved Pietra, SPEAK!"
>
> Then first in the avenger's bosom grew
> The anguish of one dread misgiving thought,
> Oft said, oft writ, that "*dying lips speak true.*"
> Oh God! if *now* that fearful truth were taught!
> One little word, while yet his voice she knew—
> E'en *one*, with heavenly soothing might be fraught!
> "Breathe but that word!" the angel Mercy sighed—
> "Breathe *not* the word!" a stubborn demon cried!
>
> And in his tortured heart the strife raged on,
> Till, in a moment, all the strife was vain!
> The weary spirit to repose was gone—
> The broken heart had broken from its chain.
> He pressed his hand upon her bosom wan,
> And felt and listened for the throb of pain;
> But all was still: pain, pulse, and breath had flown,
> And he and sated vengeance were alone!'

Such is practically the close of a fine and faulty poem. We do not repeat the accusation, so loudly made elsewhere, of plagiarism; for this, we think, is more in manner than matter. The cadences of other poets (chiefly modern) appear to have lingered so long in our author's ear that they come out unconsciously with his own ideas. We cannot trace any more than the usual *convergence* of thoughts, although occasionally words and forms bear almost a ludicrous resemblance to those of other writers: the line, for instance,

> 'I pass these raptures, for these raptures passed,'

might seem to be from a passage in the 'Rejected Addresses' inscribed with the name of Crabbe. Neither do we predicate of Mr Grant, as others do, that he will improve in his next attempt. We are willing to accept of 'Madonna Pia' as one of the best contributions to the poetical literature of the day, and have no faith that a practised hand, as that evidently is which has produced it, will surpass its own work on another occasion. In such circumstances, the contrary is more frequently the case than otherwise. At anyrate it is not experience in writing the author wants, for in the mere mechanical part he has little to learn; but if he would rise to a loftier strain, he must devote himself to a severe and searching study, not of the forms, but principles of his divine art, and be touched with a higher and holier faith in the duties and responsibilities of poetry.

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

SECOND ARTICLE—OCTOBER.

With October came cool weather, and we began to extend our morning walks into the beautiful country, which, more particularly on the side towards the mountains, afforded us a never-ending variety of interesting excursions. On Mondays the scene on the thoroughfares was enlivened by a perfect crowd of the peasantry coming to the weekly market with their wares. It was really not always easy to thread a clear path through the throng of busy, happy-looking people streaming on towards the town. Some were on horseback, some in charge of carts, a mob on foot, all well loaded, full as many women there as men, and numbers of them riding astride on their small spirited mountain ponies, in the midst of sacks of grain or wool, or baskets of farm produce. They wore their usual dress—the worsted gown and cotton shawl, and a bright-coloured handkerchief tied about the head: the only addition to their ordinary costume was a sort of skirt, open both in front and behind, like two aprons put on together, one at each side, and hanging down over their feet. Monday was the only day the little quiet town seemed to be alive: all the rest of the week there was nothing doing in Pau. Empty streets, deserted shops, a closed market-house, all still and silent, resting, as it were, after the bustle of the Monday. But October is the dull month here; hardly any one is to be met with belonging to the upper classes. The prefet, and the magistrates, and the English, are all at the different watering-places. It is the holiday season for the French officials, the only relief from duty given to them, this six weeks' vacation; the rest of the year they never quit their business.

Society being for the present unattainable, we had leisure to continue our observations upon the locality, and to acquaint ourselves more thoroughly with the habits of the place. The weather continuing for some time cool and showery, our walks were extremely pleasant. We found the roads good in every direction: they are all under government control, and managed with a regularity which insures perfection: men were constantly employed on them in small gangs, which appeared to proceed a certain distance, repairing diligently whatever was amiss, and then to return to begin again. The glazed hat of the labourer bore his number on the front: the same number was marked on his measuring pole and other tools, and on his provision bag. Women sometimes assisted in breaking stones, for female labour is abundantly employed in out-door work hereabouts. Indeed on the little patches belonging to some of the cottages, I have seen the wife do all—dig, or weed, or plant, as might be—while the husband obligingly walked about with the baby. The bypaths between these little farms and hamlets, and among the fields and vineyards belonging to them, always drew us on from one nest of beauty to another; the picture being always interesting, whether we found it snugly sheltered by fine old oaks and chestnuts on the plain, or up along the *côteaux* backed by those wonderful mountains. On the Bayonne road is the handsome villa of a British family, built upon a terrace among vineyards facing the Pyrenees, and overlooking the village in which still stands the old farmhouse where Henry IV. was nursed. Further on is the village and old cathedral of Lescures, well worth a visit. Striking off from the *pare* through fields to a sort of waste meadow by the *gâve*, we one day came upon a saw-mill, very small and very primitive indeed in its construction. A single saw, and the labour of a man and boy, were all the means employed

Digitized by Google

in the dilatory process of cutting up the timber. An aunt of mine, who in her youth had once been in our own Highlands, described just such a one as then existing in the wilds of Abernethy on the Spey. There was a flour-mill adjoining our Bernais saw-mill much on the same simple plan: no machinery for sifting the flour, nor for raising the sacks, nor any contrivance of any kind for lessening or expediting labour; indeed all arts appear to be in their infancy in these parts. The spinning all over the country was beautiful, yet much of it was done with only the distaff and spindle; the weaving good, with very clumsy looms, most of them too narrow to do justice to the fine table-linen made in the district, which is therefore spoiled by having a seam down the middle of most of it. The climate is particularly suited to the growth of flax. Were this crop more skilfully managed, the linen fabrics of the Lower Pyrenees might rival the productions of Belgium and Germany. The soil generally is so fertile, the rains so frequent, the temperature so equable, in spite of its many changes, that a good cultivator might increase to an extraordinary amount the produce of the land. At present, it seems to yield but little. Indian corn or maize, natural grass, and the vine, were all the crops we noticed, with the exception of small patches of flax and cabbage. The pottery-ware in general use was of the coarsest description, ill-shaped and half-baked, and very easily broken. There was nothing between this and fine china: no middle ranks of crockery—that most useful of earthenwares, which fills our British homes with the civilising elements of true comfort. The hardware was equally defective; knives dull and edgeless; such locks! keys without a ward! hinges only fit for barn-doors! such shovels! and, above all, such tongs! Really the tongs in our highly-polished drawing-room seemed sadly out of place among all the varnish and all the gilding. They were rude enough, but too slight for the kitchen; and the looseness of the screw which attempted to confine the two very long legs, made any use of them impossible. Luckily, logs of wood could be easily moved by the fingers.

On the road to Gaut, just a little beyond the turn to the Jurançon common, was the country-house of M. de Bernadotte, nephew to the late king of Sweden. The open gate often showed us grounds more neatly kept than is customary here, and fine large English-bred horses exercising. The stables were close to the house, in front; the square garden, with a pigeon-house tower at each corner, opened out of the courtyard; and a small thicket shaded a well-kept lawn beyond the railings between the garden wall and the stables: curious arrangements in our eyes, but almost general here, where there seemed to be no wish to put any object necessary in the economy of the household out of sight. The king of Sweden was born in a small house in one of the lesser streets of Pau, suited to the finances of an obscure family. He has, we understood, been very liberal to his connections, with all due regard to their position, beyond which he has never attempted to raise them; neither did he ever invite any of his relations to settle in his new country: he appears to have had but few; we met with none but the handsome owner of this villa. We all liked much to climb the côteaux, among the vineyards and the chestnut-groves, and to wander in the grounds of some deserted château; for the Bernais nobles make little use of their pretty country-houses: they resort to them sometimes on a summer day with a party of pleasure, or, in rare cases, they may ruralise in them for a week or two; but with their sociable habits, a town life is so much more convenient to them, they seldom think of quitting the pavement, except when, as in the case of M. de Bernadotte, the house be near enough to the town to be within a few minutes' walk of it.

As these our pedestrian excursions were of some hours' duration, and the weather still very warm for those in exercise, we used to sit down to rest here and there under a chestnut-tree, or by an open fountain, or near the hedge of some vineyard, refreshing ourselves with a bunch of fine, ripe, purple grapes, to which all wayfarers are welcome. At the moment, we thought them delicious, yet they were seldom high-flavoured; sometimes they were even harsh, when the vineyard had a faulty exposure. I filled my pockets with chestnuts unscrupulously, as the ground under the trees was thickly strewed with such as had fallen. They form part of the food of the peasantry, and are offered, ready boiled, in the streets, by people who carry about small charcoal stoves on a movable stall, over which they prepare them for a price almost nominal. Good medlars grew in the hedges, and a small green plum, not too acid to be agreeable; and the wild-flowers, late as it was in the season, were so innumerable, I brought home large nosegays of many beautiful varieties; for the whole country is a garden. I am no botanist, so that I may confound classes and species; but I often counted from thirty to forty brilliant flowers in my natural collection, all of which to me looked quite different one from the other. Chance being so bountiful, art reposes: there is not what we would call a flower garden in the whole country; hardly a cultivated flower; the market gardeners merely aim at supplying the ladies with bouquets, to be held in the hand at their parties; and the grounds round the villas have neither flowerbeds nor shrubberies; and very bare they look without green grass, with a few stray plants, a dozen or so of China roses, and some painted tubs with oranges and oleanders in them.

We had early in the month signed our contract with our landlord, a very grave affair, three good pages enumerating so many particulars, item one to nearly thirty, that it might have served for a treaty between two rival states. We had received its duplicate, made two inventories, and both parties had signed all the four papers; bows, and pretty speeches, and many civilities, had ensued; our landlord had dined with us, and had expressed his delight at the dinner being served so hot—a very rare occurrence in these parts. There are no covers to any of the dishes, nor any hot-water stands, nor any attention paid to the quick serving of the table. We had brought our own peculiar comforts with us, and we found them always most fully appreciated—our silver teapot in particular; no people being fonder of good tea than the French, or who make it worse, which I attribute to the economical pinch of tea let to stand for an indefinite time in a coarsely-manufactured china teapot. In return for the few hints we found ourselves able to give, there were a good many we soon discovered it would be very desirable to take. One of these is the making of coffee; another the management of the *pot au feu*, which furnishes the daily soup, and forms the foundation of every sauce required, at little or no expense, as only odds and ends in general go into it, with the small bit of beef which daily appears in the bourgeois' houses as the *bouilli*. There it stands from early morning, a tall earthenware jug or jar, in the midst of a bed of wood-ashes, just at the corner of the hearth, simmering away, and applied to when wanted. In the north of France, the lower orders take this or a poorer soup poured upon bread for breakfast. Our servants at Pau, like their betters, regaled themselves with a cup of milk-coffee early, and then waited till between ten and eleven o'clock for the substantial repast which forms the French *dejeûner*—a little dinner, in fact—or our luncheon, meat and wine being served at it. The whole town reeked at this hour with the smell of the onions used in all the stews preparing. The dinner-hour of the place is five o'clock: our servants dined after us, and they were always glad of our teapot in the evening, though they never made any regular supper. They were very easily satisfied. They had a certain allowance of bread—a large one we thought it; a few sous weekly for wine; so many aprons a-piece; and their wages. They never made any complaints; they were never out of the way; they did their work as well as they could; and they always appeared gay and good-

Digitized by Google

ared. The bread supplied to the household we
d not eat, except when hot; it was crisply baked,
ked light and inviting, and was really good just as it
t the oven; but it was quite sour when cold. We had
onsiderable trouble in hunting out 'English bread,'
which, being a fancy article, we paid forit a fancy price.
At home we send for 'French bread' as a luxury. The
milk, too, was sometimes at fault with us; one morning
it would not boil for the coffee, a real distress to us, who
depended on it for our English style of breakfast. It is
brought round but once a day, although the cows are
milked twice, and worked hard, poor things, all the
same: it was they that were commonly yoked to the
bullock-carts. The two milkings are put together; and
as there are no dairies, the milk during the very hot
weather frequently suffers. There is no redress. The
peasant owner of a cow or two merely parts with an
overplus; if one customer does not take it, another will;
he is not making a trade of the business; he does not
want to increase his stock, or his means, or his employ-
ments; he succeeded to little, is content to leave behind
him nothing additional: he wishes his children just to
resemble himself. There is no great riches among them,
but they all looked comfortable; they had food, fuel,
substantial furniture, and serviceable clothing; and they
seemed to be in their own quiet, and perhaps rather
rude way about as happy a peasantry as is existing.
Extremely industrious they are. I do not know that
we ever saw man, woman, or child fit for any work,
idle. The women never have their knitting out of their
hands. As they walk along under their burdens, or sit
beside their stalls, they are all busy with their glancing
needles, making with these simple implements not only
gloves and stockings, but almost every article of dress.
Some of the things manufactured of the fine wool of the
Pyrenees, tinted with the brightest colours, are worked
thus into patterns of exceeding beauty.

The old women spin a great deal, many of them
using only the distaff and spindle, and walking about
while thus employed in charge probably of their grand-
children. A rag or a tatter is not to be seen among
them; their clothing is coarse, and frequently not of a
piece, but there is never a hole visible. This extreme
personal tidiness of the population is indeed remarkable,
after the flimsy style of dress gaining ground among
the lower orders in our own country. In France, the
dress of the different classes is so exactly defined, that
there can be seen no faded finery decking tawdrily the
persons of those whose occupations require a more
substantial equipment. The country-people in their
woollens, the men with a blouse over the good jacket
and trousers, the women with a handkerchief upon the
head, stuff gown and stuff apron, the latter very full,
with two deep pockets in it, are quite distinct in ap-
pearance from the bourgeois in his *froc* or broadcloth
jacket, the bourgeoise in her mob-cap and small white
collar and finer apron. The servants smarten them-
selves a little, but the cooks all wear the handkerchief
upon the head; and the *bonnes* can neither put on a
bonnet, nor gloves, nor a silk gown; nor can they emu-
late the grisettes and the young wives of the tradesmen,
and arrange, like them, their pretty hair better than is
commonly managed by our own young gentlewomen: a
neat plain cap is their only permitted head-dress. What
can become of all the ladies' old wardrobes is a point
that to this day puzzles me, as every season the fashions
vary: all seem to new rig, as by a stroke of a fairy
wand, and the discarded garments are never seen again.
There is no reforming, remaking, reviving. The fresh-
ness of her toilette marks the good taste of the French-
woman. Nothing that she once lays aside ever appears
in any shape upon any person again; so that what fate
they are destined to remains to me an impenetrable
mystery.

The rain, which fell plentifully about the middle of
the month, although rendering the climate between the
showers very agreeable, so cooled the air, that we were
often glad to light our cheerful wood-fire in the evening.
The houses are ill adapted for comfort at any season,
being full of doors and windows, struck out anywhere,
without plan of any sort, at any side or corner, and
none of them fitting, so that draughts scudded through
every room in all directions, adding to the chill of
winter; while in summer the numerous windows ad-
mitted the fiery sun so liberally on all sides in succes-
sion, that it was nearly impossible to keep the apart-
ment cool, in spite of attention to the closing of the
Venetians, for there are no verandas to shade them.
Architecture is indeed little understood in the French
provinces: staircases are narrow, passages numerous,
floors ill laid, few lines straight, no distances regular.
The mason-work is very middling; the carpenter-work
is very bad; the plumber is unknown. Still the rooms
open to company look very pretty, from the polish, and
varnish, and gilding, and the mirrors used in their deco-
ration. The shapes, too, of all the cabinet-work were
of tasteful design, faulty as was the finishing. In hot
weather we were perfectly satisfied; but when the cold
weather came—and it is very cold at intervals for
several days together all through the winter—our Eng-
lish habits required more protection from its effects
than the natives are in the custom of indulging them-
selves with. The little rug, just big enough to save one
pair of feet from the icy feel of the polished floor,
attentively placed before the chair of a visitor, was far
from sufficient for our luxurious recollections. We
bought a carpet to cover all the room; and sheepskins,
handsomely dyed, to lay before the doors. We puttied
up all but one window; we stuffed listing into the
crevices; and we placed a large screen between the
principal door and the fireplace. Yet all these precau-
tions did not save me from many a shivering; but these
shaking fits did not begin till the early part of Novem-
ber. During this month of October we had more fre-
quently heat to complain of; for we were several times
quite exhausted by the effects of what is called here
the 'Spanish wind,' a dry scorching breeze, which must
be something of the nature of the sirocco. It is a real
infliction while it lasts, which is fortunately never above
a day or two; and it is always followed by refreshing
deluges of rain. It is odd that these perpetual changes
should have no ill effects upon the health either of the
inhabitants or strangers, provided there be no bilious
temperaments in question. Bilious patients must avoid
Pau, all their symptoms becoming much aggravated in
the sedative climate of these plains. For all affections
of the throat, and chest, and head, a residence here,
resorted to in time, has proved to be an almost certain
cure. And yet the differences of temperature are in-
cessant: there is no knowing how to dress or how to
sleep for two days together. I folded both a cotton and
a woollen blanket at last, and laid them at the foot of
my bed, to be drawn up as required; and I had a thin
gown and a light shawl, and a thick gown and a warm
shawl, which went on in rotation for weeks.

These recurring chills appeared to make no differ-
ence in the out-of-door habits of the population.
Nothing, indeed, strikes us of the colder north as
stranger than the customs of the southern nations in
this particular. The people actually live in public.
They do not merely sit at their doors, as a lounge of a
fine evening; they really do all the work out in the
streets which it is possible to avoid doing within. All
our neighbours were examples. The wife of a horse-
dealer, in the lane at hand, the wives of the hairdresser,
the harness-maker, pig-feeder, near us, all sat out on
chairs in the middle of the street, day after day, mend-
ing their family linen. One of them had on one occa-
sion spread a quantity of maize over a cloth, and laid
it all along the pavement to dry, while she sat beside it
knitting, near a round stone which a good woman from
the country found a convenient restingplace during
the operation of putting on her shoes and stockings
and her garters, hindered rather than helped by a stout
man in a blouse, who stood beside her talking so loud,
that, had I understood their patois, I could have re-

Digitized by Google

peated every word he said. The pig-dealer's wife commonly fed her pets outside the courtyard, fondling them during their meals as kindly as if they had been her children; brushing, scratching, nay, tickling these ugly creatures—for the long-legged, narrow-headed swine of the country are no beauties—often coaxing additional morsels into their huge mouths by means of her caresses! Pork is considered to be very good here, and the hams are very celebrated; so, probably, the lucre of gain influenced this show of affection, gentle treatment being a very remunerating ingredient in the flesh-making process. She had her economied reasons, therefore, for wasting none of it upon her children, who, poor things, received thumps enough to keep one or other of them in tears all day. They were good little things, too, and very pretty: almost all the children in the place were beautiful, so plump, so lively, with their clear dark skins, carmine cheeks, very bright eyes, and caressing manners. But, alas! there is no Infant School to send them to, nor good school of any kind for the lower orders; none that could aid in developing the intellect of really an acute people, except, indeed, one under the care of the Huguenot minister, which is of use to a very small proportion of the inhabitants. The peasantry are therefore quite illiterate, few of them being able even to sign their names: neither of our maids could read or write; their spare time, no small allowance, was usually spent in the yard belonging to our hotel, in company with the other servants of its inmates. Any work they could do in the open air was commonly carried on there. One piece of business all the whole town was extremely particular about—this was the regular refashioning of their delightful mattresses, a ceremony gone through by all householders twice every year. Nobody knows what a good bed is till they have slept on a French mattress; the large square French pillow is very luxurious, but the mattress is perfection. All ranks appeared to possess them of a quality probably varying with the rank of their owners, but all far superior in their degree to any of a corresponding class in our own country. I watched the process of remaking ours with much interest. The ticking, which was of a fine description, was taken off and washed; the stuffing of wool and hair was pulled out well asunder, kept separate, and *teased*, then laid upon a tray of sacking, stretched to a frame set on tressels, and beaten with long rods, a few handfuls at a time, in good earnest by two men in alternate strokes. As the whole town was occupied in the same manner at the same time, the sound of thumping was incessant. There were at least a half-dozen frames going at once in our yard, and noise enough accompanying the business to have drawn a much less inquisitive traveller than myself to a back window. When the stuffing had been sufficiently prepared, the under part of the tick was laid on another frame, and the wool was shook evenly over it till it reached the proper thickness. A layer of hair was then spread over the whole, the upper part of the tick was quilted down upon this, and stitched round the edges, and then what a bed it makes! Underneath this woollen mattress there is generally a sack filled with maize straw, which our maids shook smooth every morning, and renewed very frequently.

I never could succeed in getting our little *bonne* to dust the furniture; I had to take that duty on myself, as I found was the custom generally with the French women of my own rank, who never trust rougher hands with the care of their drawing-rooms. The servants do very little; the poor water-carrier (the help) did all the hard work, scrubbed the pots, cleaned after those above her, and dry-rubbed the polished floors after rather a peculiar manner. The hard scrubbing-brushes used for this purpose were strapped upon her feet, and away she went, thus strangely shod, skating over the floors, sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other, and then for a whirl or two on both together, in a fashion that was amusing enough to witness, but which took a long time to produce the proper lustre on the boards.

We got on very pleasantly with our assistants, I always preserving our good-humour, making due allowance for their different habits, and not sticking with pertinacity to our own. The servants do not dislike living with the British; we pay them and feed them so well, although in general they are not treated by us with the kind familiarity they are accustomed to. A French *bonne* is, to a certain extent, the companion of her mistress—sitting at work beside her, walking out with her, always spoken to as a humble friend, and always remembered, should any occasion offer of rewarding her faithful service. The domestics are looked on as children of the house, kept in great order, but very affectionately treated. They never seem to presume on this affability—their manners, like their dress, marking their position distinctly. All this of course looks very strange to us.

THE BLIND MAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

Any one who has been accustomed to children, cannot fail to have observed how much they are affected by the *tones* in which they are addressed. The *words* spoken have less power than the sound of the voice which utters them. There is one lady of my acquaintance, a most amiable and excellent person, but towards whom, to this day, I cannot feel cordially; for no other reason, than because I have shadowy recollections of harsh tones in which she used to speak to me when I was a timid, shrinking little girl, whom this energetic lady thought it her duty to try and *rouse*. I had not sense at the time to appreciate her motives; and I dreaded her, though she never appeared at our house without raisins and comfits in her pockets. Children are not such mercenary little beings as is often supposed: her good things never purchased my love, nor removed the nervous feeling caused by her voice. How different was the reception we gave to a poor cousin, who had no bribes to bring, but came with loving smiles and kindly tones, to tell us simple tales from the Bible history, and to join playfully in our childish games! The memory of this contrast, and of many other impressions of early days, combine to make me feel the force of one trait in the character of the model woman drawn by King Lemuel, 'In her tongue is the law of kindness;' and to agree with a more modern authority, that 'Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my heart.'

As an example of another kind. There was an old gentleman in our town (an Irish town), quite famous for the abuse and the halfpence he spent upon the beggars; and though the poor creatures were philosophical enough to take the one with the other, and to bless 'his honour' abundantly 'for his goodness,' they have been often overheard discussing his merits among themselves, and deciding that, 'though he was a rich man to be sure, he was no *gentleman!*'

But *looks* are as powerful as either words or tones. The softest tone in the world counts nothing to the instincts of a child without a corresponding look; and very often the look alone determines his affections. One day I was walking along, little heeding the external world, when my eyes were arrested by a remarkable figure seated upon a door-step. It was that of an old man tolerably well-clad, and almost hidden in a heap of baskets of all sorts and sizes. His hat was off, as if for coolness, and lay on the step beside him; his hair was as white as snow, and waved over his shoulders; and a beard of like colour and length flowed down upon his breast. His head was raised towards the blue bright sky, and a calm smile played upon his worn features. He sat silent and absorbed, as it were drinking in the beauty of that cloudless sky; but as I paused in admiration to think how a poor old countryman could feel thus, I saw that one avenue for the entrance of beauty was closed: the old basketmaker was blind.

There was a little girl not far from the old man, and evidently in his company. She was scantily clothed,

Digitized by Google

and had neither shoes nor stockings, though that is no sign of great want in Ireland. Her attitude was that of extreme weariness: her elbow rested upon one knee; and supported upon her hand leant a young rosy face, half concealed by long brown locks, that strayed from beneath a white calico cap, whose ugliness could not detract from the little damsel's beauty. But what a strange expression of melancholy and premature thought upon those tender features! I longed to speak, but the silence of the old man and the child controlled me, and I passed on without breaking it. I longed to give the little girl something, she looked so sad and weary. I had no money at the moment; but remembering after a while that I had a biscuit in my pocket, I returned and handed it to her without saying a word. She started, raised herself a little from her seat, lifted up her large liquid eyes towards my face, took what I offered her, and silently resumed her position—all in a second—for I instantly passed on.

A few days afterwards I was walking through a neighbouring street, when I felt my gown pulled gently; I turned round, and was surprised to recognise my little friend, now, I am glad to say, full of smiles. She was out of breath from running, and I asked her whence she had come, and where she had left the old man? I was beginning to frame some question, too, as to *what* she wanted with me, when she evidently feared that I might imagine she was going to beg; and a proud blush mantled in her cheek as she hastened to say, 'I wanted nothing, ma'am, but to thank you for your kindness the other day.'

It was my turn to be ashamed; and I said, 'My dear child, you looked very tired, and I was sorry I had nothing more to give you.'

'Oh, ma'am, thank you. I was tired indeed; but I was not in want—grandfather had money. But I'll tell you, ma'am, what it was, if you'll only wait a minute until I run and tell grandfather where I am, for he is selling baskets at the end of the street.'

Being in a hurry at the moment, I pointed out my house to her, and told her to call there in the evening with her grandfather, as I wanted some strong baskets, and could speak to her then. She came, and I learned her simple history. Her grandfather had been long blind, but had been taught in a benevolent institution the art of basket-weaving, and had supported his family comfortably by his industry. He lived with his widowed daughter, little Norah's mother, in a village several miles from Dublin, and passed his days there peacefully, never venturing into the 'big city,' as Norah called it; for when he had a supply of baskets made, his daughter used to hire a horse and car and take them into Dublin, where she always disposed of them advantageously, and returned with her cart full of edibles and clothing for the little household. Norah was sent to school daily, and caressed by her grandfather and mother. She dreamt of no happier lot, and feared no coming storm, until she reached her eleventh year, and the great blow came—her mother died. Poor little Norah! She could no longer go to school; for the house must have a mistress to sweep it out, to boil the potatoes for the pigs and poultry, to mind the old man, and provide his frugal meals as his daughter had done; and little Norah must be the woman of the house. Thus passed a month or two; but then the old man found his purse growing empty, and as he had a supply of baskets ready for the market, he must go up to town and sell them. Norah must go too to lead him; but she dreaded the journey, and still more a sojourn, however short, in the strange 'big city' her mother used to talk about—associated in her youthful fancy with cars and carriages running over her and her old blind grandfather, and robbers taking from her the produce of the day's sale. 'And then, ma'am,' she added, 'I thought worse of having to go and knock at grand houses, and perhaps to have to speak to grand ladies. I was so afraid of that, that my heart quite sunk in me, and I did not like to tell grandfather how bad I thought of it all; but I said I was tired, and asked him to sit down and let me rest; and then I thought of my mother, and how she would never come back, and my heart was broke, and I could not stir a step farther; and we sat upon the door-step, and I began to cry—all quite easy, for fear poor grandfather would know. And then, ma'am, I saw a tall lady pass by with a parasol, and I thought, "Yes, they are all *quality* here; I cannot ask them to buy my baskets; they would be angry for my speaking to them." But you turned back, then, ma'am, and came and *looked* down at me—oh! almost as my mother would look, ma'am, begging your honour's pardon' (she added with a curtsy)—'and then you gave me the cake out of your pocket, and smiled; and from that moment, ma'am, I feel so light somehow about my heart, I don't feel afraid of the quality any more: they are the same flesh and blood as the poor people, and they can have motherly hearts for the poor.' And thus ran on little Norah; and I was glad to hear that her grandfather's expedition to town had been most satisfactory to him as well as to his little girl, and that they meant to return home next day with a good stock of provisions. They promised to call and see me whenever they were in town again; and I have promised the old man (who feels 'not long for this world,' as he says) to take his little granddaughter into my service when she loses his protection.

SCIENCE IN MAURITIUS.

It is always gratifying to be able to invite attention to efforts made for the growth of knowledge, the practical application of science to the business of life, or the opening up of hitherto undiscovered resources in nature. We have now before us a volume of the 'Transactions of the Natural History Society of Mauritius,' comprising a period of four years, which enables us to form a tolerable estimate of the progress of science in that remote dependency. The Society numbers about one hundred resident members, and nearly as many foreign and honorary. Shut up in an island about equal in extent to the county of Worcester, they have a comparatively small field of observation; but so much the more reason is there that the work should be effectually done. They are well situated for communication with other parts of the world, and the 'Transactions' show that correspondence with China, India, Europe, and Africa, is actively maintained. The Society has been in existence about twenty years; and with a view to greater usefulness, has recently added 'Arts and Sciences' to its title. The members profess as their primary object the study of natural science, more particularly to the applications which science may render to agriculture and the industrial arts. Under this head are embraced—means for promoting the cultivation of vanilla, silk, tea, sugar-cane, &c.; prizes for the best and most prolific samples of rice, maize, manioc, and other vegetable productions, combined with experiments on the use and properties of manures, and the effect of climate. The scheme is a good one, and if well followed up, we have no doubt of the result proving most satisfactory and advantageous.

The vanilla plant, we read, has been introduced and grown in the island with most encouraging success. This production, it is pretty well known, is used to give a flavour to confectionary, liqueurs, and principally chocolate. Mexico exports annually a quantity valued at 40,000 dollars; and its further culture in Mauritius is looked forward to as likely to add an important item to the resources of the island, as a plantation may be raised at comparatively small expense. It is said to be superior to the vanilla of Brazil, which bears a high price in European markets—from seventy to eighty shillings per pound. Some idea of the probable return may be formed from the fact, that one plant at the end of three years will produce 10,000 flowers, and one hundred pods make a pound weight of the vanilla of

Digitized by Google

commerce. The success of the plant in Mauritius was for some time problematical, so scanty was the produce, when the undue growth of a particular membrane was found to be the cause which had prevented the maturing of flowers into pods. An investigation took place, and the defect was remedied by making an incision at a certain time; and the assistance thus rendered to nature has had the desired effect of multiplying the flowers. It is a little singular that the introduction of the vanilla into Mauritius is of comparatively recent date; although a native of tropical climates, it was unknown in the island until about twenty years ago. In the year 1818, an individual from the neighbouring island of Bourbon, on a visit to Paris, saw a vanilla plant at the Jardin du Roi. Astonished at its growing in so unnatural a climate, he addressed himself to the director of the garden, and ultimately resolved on attempting to introduce it into the colony. Three or four cuttings were taken from the rare exotic, and removed with all due precautions to Bourbon in 1822. Slips from these were afterwards conveyed to Mauritius, where their naturalisation at first appeared to be hopeless. At length, in 1831, after various alternations of failure and success, the first crop of a dozen pods was gathered, and vanilla now forms a staple in the markets of the colony.

The first cherry ever grown on the island appears to have given rise to some extraordinary proceedings. A tree had been introduced and tended with great care by a planter, who watched over it with trembling anxiety during the flowering season: all the fruit, however, failed except one cherry, which gradually ripened and came to perfection. A festival was given in celebration of the event by the delighted planter, and the governor, Sir R. Farquhar, invited to gather the unique and interesting specimen. He arrived punctual to the hour, and at the head of the assembled company approached the tree. The cherry was gone: a young negro, unable to resist the temptation of the red and juicy fruit, had swallowed it. The governor appeased the planter's vexation with the good-humoured remark, that the will would suffice for the deed, and the company consoled themselves for the disappointment by adjourning to the breakfast table.

The climate of Mauritius must be admirably adapted for the culture of silk: the quantity of rain is comparatively small—a fact of much importance in the rearing of silk-worms. The East India Company's establishments have been taken as models for the silk-growing plantations, or 'magnaneries,' as they are locally called. The most important is under the management of a lady, whose father introduced the cultivation of silk. The first plantations were made by the assistance of Indian convicts lent by the government, and a grant of L.100 allowed for a further supply of mulberry-trees. The first supply of silk offered for sale was in 1820, when 750 lbs. of the article in a raw state were brought into the market. Certain untoward circumstances have subsequently tended to check this branch of industry, but the Society is now working in earnest to improve and extend it. We may add, that an annual vote of 10,000 francs is made by the French government as prizes for the best cocoons and mulberry-trees in the island of Bourbon. Experiments undertaken with a view to make the tea-tree productive in Mauritius, were sanctioned by the home government; and a small sum towards defraying the expenses was granted, on condition that seeds should be distributed to all who chose to apply for them, with a view to render the growth of tea general throughout the island. Two Chinese acquainted with the manufacture of tea were brought from Canton, and the first plantation of 5000 square yards has realised every expectation. Samples have been sent to England, and approved as marketable; and the growing and manufacture of tea are considered as so thoroughly established, that the Society unanimously assented to the cessation of the annual grant. Tea now appears in the list of exports from the island.

Among the communications to the Society, is one describing a process for making sea biscuit to keep three years without deterioration. It consists in mixing a pulp obtained from yams with dry wheat flour no water to be used. The biscuit made in this way is said to be of better flavour than sea biscuit generally. Some of it kept for eighteen months had undergone no sensible alteration, and small quantities have been placed in charge of captains of ships bound on long voyages, as the only means of effectually testing the quality. If successful, a profitable branch of industry may here be made available, as yams yield 40,000 lbs. to the acre.

With regard to sugar, it has been shown, by improved machinery, which subjects the canes to a greater amount of pressure than usual in passing through the mill, that the sugar crop may be set down at 8000 lbs. to the acre. The experiments from which this datum is taken were made with canes grown on a rocky soil eleven or twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. In fact the 'Transactions' of the Mauritius Society furnish sufficient evidence to prove that more depends on the care and attention paid to the canes while growing, and period of cutting, than on the quantity brought to the mill. Among other improvements is a new reverberating furnace, by which the juice is rapidly heated with a very small expenditure of fuel. The quantity of sugar exported from Mauritius to England in 1845 was over 80,000,000 lbs., besides 10,000,000 lbs. to other countries.

The Society has for some time entertained the project of naturalising the salmon in the rivers of the island. A series of instructions have been drawn up, at the suggestion of a member residing at Belfast, as to the best means of transporting salmon spawn, or the young fish, from this country, without injurious oscillation or unequal temperature. It is obvious that the nicest precautions will be required to insure success in a voyage of from ten to twelve weeks. The experiment is an interesting one; but it remains to be seen whether salmon will live in the turbid rivers of an island in the Indian Ocean, or if, after remaining one season, they will ever return.

The great demand for guano as manure induced the chief civil engineer, Lieutenant-colonel Lloyd (the same, we presume, whose name was associated with the enterprising ascent of the Peter Botte mountain in 1832), with some other gentlemen, to make a trip to a group of rocky islets about twenty miles from the coast of Mauritius. So tremendous a surf beats upon these islands, that they can only be visited during what are called the 'hurricane months,' when there are frequent calms; and even then the voyage is perilous, owing to the rapid and uncertain currents running between the reefs. On this occasion the party, who had embarked in a small colonial schooner, were exposed to extreme danger from the springing up of a gale of wind, which raised mountainous breakers in the narrow channels, and were obliged to bear up for Round Island, one of the largest of the group, where they with some difficulty effected a landing, with the stores intended to supply them during the prosecution of their search, while the schooner was forced to run back to Port Louis. The gale increased to a hurricane; the party had no other shelter than that afforded by an old worm-eaten tarpaulin; their water-casks were washed away by the tremendous waves, although the precaution had been taken of rolling them nearly one hundred yards up the steep rocky beach; and they had no water but what was found in holes in the rocks. They were kept prisoners in this way for seven days, when they were taken off, not without risk, by a steamer manned with volunteers from a vessel of war then lying at Mauritius. 'During our forced sojourn,' writes Lieutenant-colonel Lloyd, in his communication to the Society, 'we witnessed from our half-sheltered nooks such a wonderful and impressive scene in the strife of the elements, and the indescribable magnificence of the monstrous waves, beating with overwhelming violence the crum-

Digitized by Google

sang precipices beneath our very feet, that we never shall forget a sight which but few mortals have had the opportunity of safely enjoying.'

Round Island is described as a most extraordinary geological phenomenon. A mile in length, and somewhat less in breadth, and rising to the height of 1000 feet, it is broken up into caverns, clefts, pinnacles, and overhanging cliffs of calcareous conglomerate, lava, and basalt. During the commencement of the gale, Lieutenant-colonel Lloyd had an opportunity of witnessing a most interesting fact in natural history connected with the habits of the *Phaëton phœnicurus*—red-tailed boatswain, or tropic-bird. 'Myriads of these birds,' he writes, 'exist on this island; and to our utter astonishment, what we had only previously remarked to be a most becoming ornament in the tail of these splendid sea-birds, proved to be an essential portion of the beautiful mechanism which nature has afforded them to aid in their swift and varied motions; and that the two slender and delicate feathers of their tail serve them as a rudder or backwater, which, with their feet, they work with the greatest ease and rapidity on either side, to guide them in their evolutions in steering through the air.

'It was not one, but hundreds, that we saw applying this most extraordinary power; and it was beautiful to observe the suddenness and energy with which they used this simple machine, when, on pursuing their course against the increasing gale, they discovered us behind a jutting rock, and seizing their tail, and placing it almost at right angles to their body, their head outstretched in the opposite direction, they changed their course in the circumference of a few feet, I may almost say a few inches. But for witnessing this fact, I could hardly have credited the appliance of so frail a material to such a purpose; fortunately the corroboration of my friends will not place me in that category with regard to others.'

By the publication of such facts and observations as those we have brought forward, the Mauritius Society is rendering good service to the cause of science and industry. In a scientific point of view, comparatively insignificant things are not without their value. 'Bring me a plant, a leaf, a flower, an insect,' said Linnæus, 'and you add a new link to the chain of my investigations.' The Society has our cordial wishes for its prosperity, and we trust the sentiment expressed by one of its members will be fully realised: 'that scientific and philosophical inquiries, whilst they exalt the intellectual portion of man's nature, and consequently react on the mass of mankind, also assemble together individuals of different creeds, of different opinions, of different stations of life, in the one peaceful and useful aim of benefiting by their inquiries their fellow-men for generations to come.' In fine, the proceedings of this remote Society, the zeal and success with which its members combat against the difficulties of their situation, might put to shame the communities of more highly-favoured districts at home, among whom it is found almost impossible to establish with any degree of permanency even a book-club or reading-room.

A GREAT PRINTING-OFFICE.

We copy from 'Dickinson's Almanack for 1846' an account of his immense printing-office, in Boston:—The office covers an area of 14,203 square feet, embracing fifteen rooms. It is lighted by day by 1664 squares of glass set in 100 different windows; and by night by gas shooting up from 100 different burners. In those premises we have one steam-engine of ten-horse power, three Adam's power presses, two Napier presses, three rotary presses, two Ruggle's job presses, eleven hand presses, two copper-plate presses, two embossing presses, one hydraulic press, four standing presses, one small power press, two paper cutters, three card cutters, one ink-mill, and four machines for shaving stereotype plates, two of which are moved by steam-power. We have more than 400 different styles of types—borders, flowers, and cuts of various sorts; in weight, 30,000 pounds. These are all held in their places by means of 866 type cases, or brass galleys, 200 feet standing galleys, 330 chases, and three bushels of quoins. We have two large cisterns, which contain about 1000 gallons, or upwards of eighteen hogsheads of water. This is distributed through every part of the office by means of 500 feet of lead pipe. We use six hogsheads of water per day, which, supposing it was brought in buckets, would take one man thirteen and a-half hours each day to furnish, allowing him to bring four gallons every ten minutes. Our various presses threw off in the course of the year, 6,069,480 sheets on paper, or 12,845 reams. Supposing each sheet to be about two and a-half feet long, and that they were placed in one continuous line, they would stretch out to 15,173,700 feet, or nearly 2875 miles, about the distance from here to Europe. It is computed that we have printed the past year 130,240,000 pages of books, 64,000 circulars, 25,000 commercial and lawyers' blanks, 20,000 cheques, 25,000 billets, 500,000 bill-heads, 200,000 shop bills and hand bills, and 2,000,000 of labels. We have cut up, printed, embossed, and sold 1,201,520 cards, or 24,030 packs. Our average consumption of coal is over two tons a week, or more than 100 tons a year. Besides our 100 gas burners, we use about 150 gallons of oil for extra lights and machinery. For our various printing it takes 1200 pounds of ink per annum, besides gold leaf, bronze, and size. In our type and stereotype foundry we have used the past year 50,000 pounds of metal, and turned out 7000 stereotype plates of various sizes and shapes. In our whole establishment we employ usually about 100 hands, and it is safe to conclude that our office affords direct sustenance to at least 500 persons.—*Boston paper.* [In these days of steam-printing there is nothing very wonderful in all this. The great Boston office could be matched in Edinburgh, and many times more than matched in London.]

SUPERSTITION IN 1848.

'There is (says the *Worcester Chronicle*) now living at Cradley, near Stourbridge, a woman who professes to have the power of witchcraft. A short time ago she greatly terrified a neighbouring butcher by declaring that, within a given time, he would fall from his horse and break his neck; and such was his credulity, that he gave her 2s. 6d. to induce her to change or remove the spell that hung over him. At the latter end of last week the wretch threw the whole neighbourhood into the greatest consternation by asserting that a large steam-engine boiler would burst at the British Company's Iron-works, Congreaves; the result of which was, that numbers of people residing in the vicinity of the works left the neighbourhood, in order to avoid the destruction which would have resulted from such a catastrophe; and on the same account several persons engaged in the works were induced to absent themselves during the day.' The *Cornwall Gazette* records another instance of ignorant superstition in 1848:—'A farmer in the parish of Bodmin, believing that some ailment of his cattle was the consequence of their being bewitched, has recently attempted, as a remedy, the expedient of killing a chicken, and roasting its heart after sticking it over with pins! The experiment has been so recently adopted, that the enlightened agriculturist is still awaiting the result. Meantime he is in doubt as to the proper course to be taken, on which, for his own immunity, and the health of his cattle, he ought to pass when he meets the supposed witch.'

HATCHING FISH.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell (which has been fresh emptied) through a small hole; which is then stopped, and the shell is then placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Medical Times.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 247. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848. Price 1½d.

A WORD ON THE HIGHLANDS.

One of the most agreeable of the many agreeable tours which may be performed during summer in Scotland, is an excursion from Loch Lomond, by an interesting line of road, to Glencoe and Fort-William; and thence, after some rambling about the skirts of Ben Nevis, to Inverness by steamer along the Caledonian Canal. A short time ago it was my fortune to make this journey, partly with the view of indulging in the picturesque, but chiefly to have a glance at some of those scenes rendered memorable by the destitution which prevailed during the winter of 1846–7.

Among other novelties which the tourist is promised a sight of in passing towards Glencoe, is the Black Mount, a recently-created deer forest of many miles in extent, belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane. In crossing this tract of bleak mountainous country in the stage, little time is afforded to gratify curiosity; but he would be a dull traveller who could not, in a ride of two or three hours, observe the peculiar aspect of a district cleared of sheep and cattle, and inhabited only by herds of wild animals, and the scarcely less wild bands of gillies who are employed to take care of this extensive chase. The scene is silent and dismal. You glide through a waste of marshy hollows environed by lofty mountains; and the only living things which greet the eye are here and there startled packs of grouse, or a few deer, relieved against the sky, on the summits of the brown heathery hills. The Black Mount, however, is only a specimen of the great tracts of country which within the last twenty years have been rendered useless to man in the Highlands of Scotland. Shortly after the close of the Rebellion in 1745, many Highland proprietors, according to new economical views, turned their dependent clansmen adrift, rooted out small crofters, and dividing their lands into large sheep tracts, leased them on advantageous terms to store-farmers of skill and capital from the south. Much of the Highlands is still under this system of pasturage; but much has latterly suffered the new transformation into hunting-grounds—a remarkable change; for in the nineteenth century, when all else is advancing, the enforesting of lands formerly useful seems like taking a step back to the earliest ages of mankind. I have often wondered whether it would be consistent with public rights for individual holders of property to render their lands utterly useless to the community?—or, to put an extreme case, whether the owner of an estate is entitled to sink his lands in the sea, if he feel so disposed? Questions of this curious nature may with propriety be considered in relation to the Black Mount and other Highland deer forests, where, for the sake of a little amusement in autumn, the means of human existence are effectually extinguished. Some writers, indeed, attempt an apology for the practice, by representing that the 'deer-shootings' yield a rental equal to that from sheep-farming, and, besides, give employment to large numbers of men as keepers. This argument, which could with equal propriety be used in vindication of gaming-houses, is too ridiculous for criticism. On the spot, the new process of turning arable and pasture lands into a wilderness is far from being popular. Houses and hamlets are eradicated, farmers of all sorts disappear, and long-established roads through the glens are ruthlessly shut up; and any one who, on business or pleasure, attempts to pursue their half-obliterated track, is exposed to challenge and litigation. As yet, the great landowners who indulge in these odd fancies have encountered only public sarcasm and reproof—a species of bombardment which they endure with magnanimous coolness.

Besides the enforested and sheep-pasturing portion of the Highlands, there still exist a number of districts in which something like the old small-farm and crofting systems prevail; and after looking at these, the mind is almost brought to admit that it would be better for the country that the Highlands should be peopled with grouse and deer, than with the human creatures who draw out existence in what must be called the wretchedness of barbarism.

Fort-William is a small town at the opening of several valleys pursuing an easterly direction, and for the most part pastoral. In the low grounds, cultivation is pursued on a limited scale, while the hills around—the Braes of Lochaber, as they are locally termed—are devoted to purposes of pasturage. Interspersed with these varieties of surface, we may observe pretty considerable tracts of moss, black, miry, and, in present circumstances, useless for anything but to furnish fuel to the inhabitants. About this district, from the foot of Ben Nevis to Glen Spean and Glen Roy, we wandered about for a few days, and took the liberty of noting the condition of the cottagers. In this quarter we are in the country of the Macdonalds, one of the most gallant of the clans, whose descendants, till the present hour, though altered in position, retain many traditional recollections of their ancestors. Several owners of property hereabouts, as in many other parts of the Highlands, are, however, English successors, by purchase, of what once belonged to old native families. The extensive estate of Inverlochy, which lies immediately to the east of Fort-William, is the property of an English nobleman, whose father purchased it some years ago, on the insolvency of its former owner, the Marquis of Huntly. Regarding the general aspect and condition of the Inverlochy estate there has been some unpleasant controversy. Mr Somers, a gentleman of the press, in connection with the 'North British Mail,' having, after personal inquiry, made various statements, unsatisfac-

Digitized by Google

tory to the noble proprietor,* his account of the state of affairs was impugned as untrue and unjustifiable. I pronounce no opinion on the special matters in dispute, but I lament to say that the condition of many cottages not only on the estate of Inverlochy, but on that of Glen Spean, are so extremely, though not peculiarly bad, as to be somewhat of a scandal to the age.

In describing the human habitations which lie scattered about these wastes as 'cottages,' we employ the only term which the English language admits of. But to what is generally understood as a cottage they bear very little resemblance. In travelling by a cross path along a bare hillside, you suddenly observe smoke issuing from certain holes in certain lumps of stone and turf. These lumps are the dwellings of the small farmers and crofters; and a number of them together forms the Highland hamlet or clachan. In the midst of a straggling clachan we one day stopped our conveyance and alighted; and pioneered by our obliging conductor—a Macdonald, who introduced us in Gaelic—we stepped into one of the cottages. On opening the door, the apartment we were ushered into was that devoted to the cattle; but these were not at home, though the damp mud floor was strewn with their litter and refuse. On our left was a partition formed of wattle, and this imperfect screen was all that separated the biped from the quadruped inhabitants. Passing through a door in the wattle, we were in the family apartment. On one side was a shelf with a few articles of earthenware, and below it was a wooden chest holding the Sunday clothes; on the floor were two or three stools and a chair, which, with an iron pot and a deal table, were the whole furniture. There was no grate or chimney. The fire was on the bare floor, and the smoke from it curled in wreaths round the apartment, glazing every rafter with a jet-black japan, and finding exit by an opening in the roof, or by the door and window—or, more correctly, hole in the wall; for the aperture answering as a window had no glass. Over the fire there dangled a chain, to which the pot might be hooked; and half up towards the roof the chain passed through a disk like a pot lid, the object of which was to prevent the drops of rain which descended through the chimney-opening from falling into the fire, or into the food which was dressing upon it. Another wattle partition divided the apartment from a dark den-like place, in which I caught a glimpse of a bed. And this was the house of a farmer, as he must be called.

The wonder to a Lowlander is, how people can live in such hovels; but the human being has a marvellous power of accommodating himself to circumstances. The poor Highlander has never known any better, and if he did wish to have a good house over his head, he would require to build it at his own cost, and be compelled to leave it at the end of his lease. Thus insecurity as to a return for outlay is substantially the reason why the Highland, like the Irish small farmers, are so poorly lodged. In the Lowlands of Scotland, the landlords, almost without exception, build excellent stone and slated houses for their tenants; but except on the estates of the wealthiest proprietors, this very proper practice does not appear to prevail in the Highlands. When asked how they contrive to exist with any degree of health or comfort in their wretched turf huts, the Highlanders seldom fail to ascribe much to the beneficial influence of the peat smoke. How far this opinion rests on any sound principle I am unable to say; perhaps it is not unworthy of the investigation of sanitarians.

In the general economy of Highland farming, such as we see hereabouts, there is room for vast improvement. By a judicious application of capital, great patches of the lower-lying mossy lands might be reclaimed and cultivated, by which luxuriant green crops would be raised for the winter food of cattle. At present, there is a melancholy waste and misapplication of natural resources—no proper fences, nor rotation of crops, while the apportionment of farms is very defective. We found in full operation an extraordinary species of communism, which I shall leave to be described in the language of Mr Somers. 'Each township or hamlet is literally a joint-stock company of farmers, the members of which are bound, jointly and severally, to the landlord for payment of the rent. The arable part of the farm, rented by one of these clubs, or companies, is divided into ridges of equal size; and these again are divided equally among the members; for, as the people argue, in order to secure a fair division of the soil, it is necessary to cut it up into small sections, and set aside a section to each family consecutively, till the whole are exhausted. A family will thus have as many as six or seven ridges spread over all parts of the farm, and each of them surrounded by similar stripes belonging to his co-tenants. The hill or pasturage of the farm is held strictly in common. Every member of the hamlet contributes an equal number of the sheep and cattle necessary to stock the hill; a shepherd is employed at the common expense to tend the flocks; and one of the number, in whom the little community has confidence, is appointed annually to sell the stock requiring to be taken to market, the proceeds being applied to the payment of the rent, and the overplus, if any, divided equally among the co-tenants. The rent of the townships vary from L.150 to L.350 per annum, being at the rate of from L.7 to L.20 for each tenant. The stock of sheep range from 600 to 2000 on some farms; and each family has seldom less than three milch cows. If any of the tenants proves indolent, wasteful, and unable to pay his share of the rent, his neighbours are secured against loss by his stock; and should he turn out incorrigible, they can expel him from the club: but in the event of any one being disabled, by accident or sickness, so that he cannot cultivate his part of the farm, his co-tenants join together and do it for him gratuitously. The claims of widows in this respect particularly are respected, it being a fixed rule that no widow be put out of the club, but that all lend her a helping hand till her own family are able to take the duty off their shoulders. There is thus in these simple communities an active and benevolent co-operation, which saves individual members from the calamities which befall poor families in more artificial states of society.'

From what I heard on the spot, there is no reason to discredit an observation of Mr Somers in reference to a farm of this class. 'The produce of the farm is insufficient to maintain the families upon it, and the attention of the tenants is distracted from the cultivation of the soil in a too often fruitless search for day labour, to eke out their inadequate resources. Driving sheep to the south is a common employment for this class of men; and it takes them away from their farms at the time when their crops are arriving at maturity,

* 'Letters from the Highlands, on the Famine of 1847.' By Robert Somers. 1 vol. duodecimo. London: Simpkin and Marshall. This work, embracing much graphic description, is well worthy of perusal.

Digitized by Google

and when their undivided attention is most necessary to secure the fruits of their labour from the ravages of a fickle and boisterous climate.' In other words, the proprietors of these lands do not get rents out of the produce, but from the employment of their tenants in work, altogether apart from the farms. Affection for the place of their birth, and an unwillingness to leave it for more favoured climes, cause them to undertake obligations unwarranted by the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed. What should we say of the sanesness of a shopkeeper who proposed to pay his rent not from his receipts in trade, but from the wages of himself or daughter employed in a separate establishment? Yet on a footing of this nature stands the rent-roll of many Highland as also many Irish proprietors. It may perhaps be said by way of offset, that if the land which now forms a club-farm were let in a mass to one farmer with capital, a better rent would be paid, and, besides, the farmer would have an overplus profit. Be it so. The negligence which avowedly tolerates and maintains a condition of things revolting to decency and humanity, not to say dangerous to national safety, only the more exposes itself to reprehension.

On going eastward, and seeing the extensive improvements lately effected on the properties of Lord Lovat, the Duke of Richmond, and other spirited landholders, we felt as if in a new world. The neat cottages, with the well-kept patches of land about them, on the Richmond (lately the ill-managed Gordon) property, presented a scene of rural beauty and comfort which contrasted strangely with what we had witnessed on the west side of the country.

It is usual to impute much of the misery of the Highlands to the habitual indolence of the people. We may grant that they possess no earnest spirit of industry. But in justice, we should view the inhabitants of these remote solitudes as the wreck of a primitive, uninstructed, and, it may be added, unfortunate race. Faithful, kindly in disposition, submissive to law, and with strong religious impressions, they may be considered to form the raw material out of which much good might be wrought. For the greater part, however, in the hands of absentee landholders, needy from their own extravagance or that of their predecessors, they have been either expatriated, or left to carry on a hopeless contest with nature. In some quarters, their whole means of livelihood is the produce of a patch of potato ground; and by way of rent, they give their personal labour at any time and to any extent it may be required—a species of serfdom revolting to modern ideas, and which is little calculated to inspire a love of regular industry. 'How natural must it be,' says the authority already quoted, 'for the Highland cotter to detest labour, when he feels himself bound hand and foot for the petty privilege of planting a few barrels of potatoes!' If the Highland proprietors were to reside on their properties, and set about the improvement of their lands and the humanising of their tenantry, accusations as to indolence would soon be unheard of. The physical and social improvements now going on in the Lewis under Mr Mathison, show what may be effected in meliorating the condition of the Highlands and Islands.

The longest lane has a turning. Highland mismanagement, by the exposure connected with the late famine and other circumstances, seems likely to undergo some modification. A change in views connected with store-farming deserves especial notice. In the introduction of large sheep farms sixty to eighty years ago much suffering was inflicted. Had the new order of farmers settled in the Highlands with their families, the change would have been only from a Celtic to an Anglo-Saxon population. In too many instances, however, these farmers put their property under the charge of shepherds, and lived themselves in the south; so that there were not only absentee landlords, but absentee farmers. Of the cruelty of this perfected system of annihilating a settled population nothing need be said. What is immoral seldom comes to any good. The system is at length discovered to be economically mischievous; for not a shilling of capital can ever accumulate in a country inhabited only by sheep and salaried assistants. I am glad to learn that, impressed with this conviction, the Duke of Sutherland is beginning to divide his large into small farms, and to lease them to capitalists, who will give the country the benefit of their presence. When the system of enforesting has run its course, let us hope that it will come to as creditable a termination.

W. C.

THE GAMBLER.*

'A MOMENT later, and the train would have gone without me,' said I, as, almost breathless with running, I placed myself in the corner of a first-class carriage on the rail from Versailles to Paris. Three persons and a little dog were my companions. Soon I began to scrutinise them; and then, as is my custom when travelling, to amuse myself with fancying some tale or adventure of which they formed the *dramatis personæ*. Near me sat a pale-looking young man, carelessly but elegantly dressed, and so intently reading, that even my hurried entrance into the carriage scarcely caused him to lift his eyes from his book. In one corner sat an elderly gentleman, seemingly in that happy state which is between sleeping and waking; his cheeks were wrinkled, his hair gray and scant, and his thick and bushy eyebrows almost concealed his deep-set eyes, which from time to time were turned upon the young man engaged in reading. 'Pshaw,' thought I, 'this is probably an uncle accompanying his thoughtless nephew to the town.' And then I turned my attention to a young lady who occupied another corner of the carriage. She, too, was pale, and more interesting than handsome. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first-rate *artiste*. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society. Her eyes were large, and blue, and intellectual; her lips smiling; and a small and delicately-formed hand grasped a smelling-bottle, which she frequently used. Opposite to her lay a small English dog of uncommon beauty, between whom and his waistress frequent looks of affectionate recognition were exchanged. She seemed sickly, and to breathe with difficulty, frequently placing her hand upon her heart, on which occasions I observed she wore a rich and costly bracelet. Such were my travelling companions. The supposed uncle now slept, now cast vacant looks around him; the thoughtless nephew read on; the lady often sighed; the little dog snored; and I indulged in all the luxury of a day-dream, fancying many a strange history connected with those around me. It was evident, as I thought, that they were strangers to each other; and then the lady travelling alone in a first-class carriage, her simple yet highly-finished dress, the gemmed bracelet, her reserved looks, and retiring manners, led me into a wide field of supposition, too quickly interrupted by our arrival at our destination. The train stopped; the pale gentleman continued his reading; the lady again sighed, and placed her hand upon her heart; the old gentleman kept his seat; none seemed inclined to make the first move; so, slightly bowing to my companions, I left the carriage, and soon found myself in possession of a room at my hotel.

Dinner over, I went to the theatre; and from thence, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house; and great was my surprise to find in the ostensible proprietor of the table the same old gentleman I had met in the railway carriage, and to whom I had assigned the character of a morose old uncle. Very few

* Translated and abridged from the French.

Digitized by Google

people were present, and play had not yet begun; and the *croupiers*, or groom porters, as they are called in England, were seated on their high stools, on either side of the table, in that stolid indifference which, whether natural or assumed, seems always to mark such men. The old gentleman was seated at one end of the table, nervously grasping in his hand a massive snuff-box, while his eyes seemed restlessly to wander between the heaps of gold before him and the door, which, soon opening, gave entrance to another of my travelling companions—the young man, the fanciful nephew. Although very few people were present, play soon began. It was *rouge et noir*. Every sound was hushed, except the voices of the dealers calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was 'raked' from one to another.

I never play myself; and since I knew no one among the few gamblers present but my two travelling companions, my attention was altogether engrossed by their proceedings. Indeed the large sums which were lost by the young man, the roulean after roulean that he placed upon the table, only to be swept from before him, his pale cheek reddened by excitement, and his frequent and deep-drawn sighs, most painfully interested me; and then his continual losses, the run of luck that was so evidently against him, and the cessation of all other play but his, deeply engrossed me. About one o'clock in the morning he left the room, and, I had every reason to suppose, without a Napoleon in his possession. I immediately followed, and, much excited, with my friend repaired to sup in a neighbouring coffee-house.

'You seem much excited with what we have seen,' said my friend; 'and since you cannot conceal the interest you take in play, and the evident taste you have for it, I admire you the more that no inducement can tempt you to participate in the game.'

'I will never play myself,' said I; 'though I confess that play deeply interests me, especially such high play as we have just seen. Besides which, I was doubly interested, since both the keeper of the Bank, and the young man who has lost so much, were my silent companions on the railway from Versailles last evening; and more, those whom we have seen such keen adversaries in the fight for fortune I absolutely supposed uncle and nephew.'

'The young man you allude to,' replied my friend, 'is a colonel in the Russian service, Count Z——, a celebrated for his great losses. You know what enormous fortunes the greater part of the Russian nobility are possessed of; but still, from what I hear, I fancy that this poor man has not much remaining. He has just come from Naples, where I am afraid to name the sum they say he left behind him. He is an incorrigible gambler, and strange to say, his almost invariable bad luck has not taught him wisdom. Who the banker is I do not know; I never saw him here before, though I heard he is a Spaniard, who has just joined the concern with a very considerable capital. But here comes Monsieur Clement, the supposed proprietor of the rooms: let me introduce you; he will tell you of the unknown.'

The usual compliments being exchanged, M. Clement took a seat at our table; and then I heard that the supposed Spaniard was an expatriated Polish officer, and, as it was said, of high birth, although he was only known as Captain Carlo. He lived very simply, and in great retirement, and it was only the day before that he had, to the astonishment of everybody, proposed to take the Bank into his own hands. His evident command of money, and the terms he offered, were such as had induced the proprietors to comply with his seemingly strange proposal. It was very late, or rather at an early hour in the morning, that we separated; and I do not know how often I turned in my bed before I could compose myself to sleep. My chamber, too, was small; the night oppressive; and my neighbour in the adjoining room, from whom I was separated but by a slight connecting door, apparently even more restless than myself. He paced his room incessantly, and occasionally I heard the sigh or moan of mental or bodily distress. I suppose it was the wine I had drank, the excitement I had undergone, and an unwillingness to interfere in that which in anyway concerned me, which prevented me from pulling my bell and summoning a servant to my neighbour's assistance. At last, however, I fell asleep; and, as may be supposed, awoke late in the day, stupid and unrefreshed; and even when I left my room and repaired to the street—and, let me add, it was my first visit to Paris—a something seemed to hang over me; a dread of impending evil, that deprived the novel scenes around me of all their charms, and sent me back to my hotel to a quiet and lonely dinner in my room; and that finished, I was again alone with my wine, a slight dessert, and my wandering thoughts. I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was night. A candle shone through a crevice of the door leading to the adjoining room, and the conversation of a man and woman greatly excited my curiosity. I will not attempt to palliate the offence of listening to it; I could not help myself, nor even move or make a noise, so that my neighbours could understand that they might be overheard. The man's voice was at first soft and intreating; the woman was evidently crying, and the little she said was in short and broken sentences, and so interrupted by convulsive sobs, that I could not follow them. I gleaned, however, enough to know that she was resisting and refusing a request the man was making her: at length, however, hysteric sighs were the only replies; and then his voice had lost its softness and persuasive tones; it became harsh, and loud, and imperative; and I plainly heard him say—

'Well, madam,' said he, 'you shall repent this obstinacy, and your determination to plunge me into hopeless ruin; and not only me, but yourself also. Something tells me I shall be fortunate to-night. If you will not give me your diamonds, you will deprive me of the only opportunity of regaining all my bad-luck has cost me.'

'Say rather what your folly, your madness has cost you,' said the lady. 'It is all that you now have left to us. These poor diamonds will scarcely suffice to take us home, and enable us to escape from this city of vice, and a ruin that every hour stares us more plainly in the face. I intreat you, by all you ever held sacred, be contented with the dreadful lessons you have received: renounce this fearful infatuation: return to a wife who, in spite of all the ruin you have brought upon her, still loves you, still adores you, and would still go hand in hand with you to retrieve our lost fortunes.'

'Madam,' cried the man with a voice choking with passion, 'all I ask are your jewels: keep your remonstrances, your reproaches, to yourself. I am your husband, and I have the right to dispose of all your possessions as I may think fit to do.'

'Have you not sufficiently stripped me of my possessions, of my poor banished father's lands,' replied the lady, 'that you would deprive me of this poor bracelet that contains my dear mother's portrait, to possess yourself of the jewels which surround it? No,' continued she, after a moment's pause, interrupted by convulsive sobs—'no, I will defend this poor remnant of my fortune with my life. My mother's portrait shall never leave my arm; and I will preserve its diamonds to save me yet a while from the want and misery I see approaching.'

A demon's laugh, which still rings in my ears as I write the words, was the man's reply. The door was suddenly opened, and so violently shut, that the light was extinguished. I heard the wretched woman fall upon her knees, listened to her few, short, wild, and supplicating prayers, and all was still.

* * * * *

At eleven o'clock I was again in Monsieur Clement's gambling-room.

Captain Carlo was seated with clasped hands at the table anxiously, as I thought, watching the door. The

Digitized by Google

Russian colonel was not there. He soon, however, arrived. His face was flushed, and he seemed intoxicated. He seated himself, and fixed his eyes intently staring at the gold which lay in heaps before him. Captain Carlo seemed to regard him with the most intense interest; but he saw nothing but the play and the gold upon the table.

'Make your game: the game is made,' said the croupier; and as he was about to deal the cards, the colonel cried, 'I may rather say shrieked, in a voice of wildness, 'A hundred Napoleons upon the red!'

The dealer paused, and seeing that the colonel placed no money on the table, coolly said, 'Pardon me, sir; you must stake the money.'

The colonel seemed horror-struck: he became deadly pale, then fearfully red; and after a momentary struggle for utterance, he thundered out, 'Dare you speak so to me, sir?' And then, in a lowered tone of voice, he said, as he left the room, 'After the large sum I lost to you yesterday, I did suppose, as I had not my purse about me, that you would not have refused me so paltry a credit.' There was something in the whole manner of the man, and the tone of his voice, that seemed, as it were, to paralyse the appetite for play of the few who were present. One by one they left the room; and by some undefinable attraction I soon found myself the only stranger who had remained. Captain Carlo was apparently anxious and distracted, and one or two casual remarks I made to him were vaguely answered. Evidently his thoughts were elsewhere. No new comers had arrived: I did not play: the croupiers were about to put up the implements of their trade, and I took up my hat, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and again the colonel entered. How shall I describe his appearance? His face was distorted, and very pale: his lips livid; his hair disordered, and wildly hanging about his head; his right hand was in his breast; he trembled violently, and his glassy eyes wandered vacantly. He appeared to make an effort to rally and to recover himself, and calling for champagne, drank glass after glass nearly as rapidly as the servant poured it from the bottle. The draught appeared to sober him; and the croupier, as if to test his intentions, made a show of recommencing his avocations.

'Cut the cards if you please,' said he. I could not!

'Red again!' immediately shouted the colonel, as he withdrew his hand from his breast, and placed upon the table a magnificent bracelet, of apparently great value. 'It is worth a hundred thousand francs,' continued he. 'Ah! where now is your courage? You who an hour since refused me the miserable sum of one hundred Napoleons! What! are you afraid, or can you not cover my stake?'

Captain Carlo quietly, and without a word, opened a small box before him, and taking from it notes to the amount of a hundred thousand francs, placed them beside the bracelet. The game proceeded. 'Black wins!' cried the croupier. The colonel had again lost, and the rich bracelet was the property of the Bank. The blood ran cold in my veins as I recognised the jewel. My head swam round, and I was obliged to cling to the table for support. I had nearly fainted with excitement and surprise; and I still felt as in a stupor, when the voice of Captain Carlo recalled me to myself.

'Colonel,' said he, 'I know you have not provided yourself with money; but if, in the meantime, you will accept the contents of this pocket-book, to-morrow we can arrange our account.'

But why prolong the painful scene? The offer—how strange and unaccountable did it appear to me—was greedily grasped at, and the game recommenced; I need not tell with what vicissitudes. Suffice it to say, that all was again lost.

'Now I will play you double or quits,' said the colonel in a paroxysm of utter desperation.

'No,' replied the captain, 'I will play no more: the sum you already owe me is more than you are able to repay. Yet stay: I will play you for ten times the sum of your wife will be your security.'

At these words the unfortunate Russian uttered a cry more frantic, I think, than ere was heard from the walls of a madman's den. 'I can never forget it. He fell back wards on a chair, his hair stood on end; his forehead was bathed in cold perspiration; his vigorous frame trembled like a leaf: he seemed to stagger as he rose from the chair; but clasping the heavy table before him with his two hands, he pushed it from him with almost superhuman force and violence, and rushed from the room.

I was far too excited myself to observe the effect of this sad scene upon Captain Carlo; but he arose from his seat, and not perceiving that I was behind him, I heard him, to my great astonishment, say in a voice of profound emotion, 'My poor, poor Julie; still he loves her: all is not yet lost; her honour is yet sacred to him; he may yet be saved.' He turned and saw me, and trembling, he continued: 'I have observed, sir, your interest in this unhappy man, and now bear witness that all good is not yet dead in his heart. Love for his wife still rankles, for he would not involve her name in a gambler's deeds. No, no! he is not yet lost. Happiness and wealth are still in store for him. This night and my proceedings have cured him of his love of play. Know, sir, that this man is the husband of my only child, from whom and from my country I have been long banished, and obliged even to keep my very existence a profound secret from my nearest relatives. I escaped with wealth which, by prudence and personal privation, has greatly accumulated. It is only lately that the pardon of my generous sovereign has recalled me to my country and my home, and only then I heard of my poor daughter's fate and her husband's infatuation. None could tell me where I could find them, for none knew where they were. I, however, fell upon their traces, and heard enough to convince me that I need not interfere with any prospect of success till all was lost. His lands have long been sold; but I was rich, and could restore all when the proper moment came. Knowing that he was coming to Paris, I hastened to assume the character of the proprietor of these rooms, in the hope that, by allowing him to play for unlimited sums, I might hasten the happy moment when I should know he had staked his all, and lost it, and I might proclaim myself, and regain my children. This bracelet, sir, contains the portrait of my adored wife, who gave it to my poor child. She would never have parted with it but in the last extremity. See what love will do! She has sacrificed her last remaining treasure, and he has refused to compromise her in name in his nefarious transactions. Oh!' cried the old man, the warm tears running from his eyes—'oh that it was to-morrow, that I could embrace my child, and pardon and restore her husband!'

Shocked with these fearful revelations, I hurried the poor old man at once to the hotel.

'I know where they are,' said I; 'let us lose no time in going to them.'

'Is Colonel the Count Z—— at home?' hastily demanded Captain Carlo of the porter at the hotel door.

'No, sir,' was the reply.

'Has he been long absent?'

'He was here soon after eleven, and then again went out.'

'Let us go up stairs,' said I.

Impatience hastened the steps of the father; scarcely could I follow him with the light. He knocked at the door; all was still: again he knocked, and the only reply was a suppressed and mournful howl of a little dog; and now he applied his hand to the lock, and opened the door. All was dark. He took the candle from my hand and went in; and I, irresistibly compelled, followed him. Oh horror of horrors, what a scene met my eyes! Dead upon the bed, and deluged in blood from a deep wound on her beautiful arm, lay the only child of the poor old man!

Digitized by Google

In a few days afterwards, the wretched gambler, the cause of so much wo, was the inmate of an asylum for lunatics; his case adding another to the many instances of mental ruin from the ill-regulated and unjustifiable passion for gain!

LIEBIG ON THE VITAL FORCES.*

THE present work of Liebig is a continuation of the labours he has been so long engaged in to elucidate and explain the powers employed by nature to carry on animal and vegetable life. Some of these powers are the very same as we see at work in the inorganic world or among inanimate things. Gravity, cohesion, solution, and the combinations and decompositions specially treated of in chemistry, are all largely concerned in the phenomena of vitality, as well as in the other phenomena of the world; they are *vital forces*, although they may not be the only vital forces. It seems likely that, in addition to the numerous properties and powers of inorganic bodies, there are certain distinct forces belonging exclusively to living bodies; which are not developed or brought into existence except in matter endowed with life, and which would therefore deserve to be called vital forces by pre-eminence, or the specific powers of organic existence. But these forces, of themselves could not sustain the life of a creature; for this end they must co-operate with a great many of the forces that adhere alike to living and dead matter; so that it is a great mistake to speak of *the* vital force, or of the *one* power that keeps vegetables and animals alive, and enables them to grow, and fructify, and reproduce their like. Life is made up, in the first place, of a very elaborate and complex *structural* arrangement, a highly-organised mechanism or anatomy; and in the second place, of the operation of the various *powers* and *properties* belonging to all the materials of this structure, whether these powers be mechanical, chemical, or vital —that is to say, including the properties that the substances possess while in the inorganic form, and whatever new properties they may put forth in their organised arrangement. Thus water is one of the most invariable constituents of living bodies; and the numerous properties that it has in its separate state are all made use of to the full in the animal and vegetable systems. Should it be deprived of any one of these (as of its fluidity, by being frozen), the living thing that it happened to be associated with would as certainly be killed as if the special forces of the organised structure were totally suspended.

It will thus be evident that the study of living beings must not be confined to an isolated search after the peculiar forces of vitality, but must embrace the application of the other natural forces to the operations of life. It is necessary to begin with tracing all the effects of the inorganic forces upon these operations; and when we are sure that we have done this to the full, if we find that there remain certain processes still unaccounted for, we may set them down to the special powers of organised nature; and from the character of the processes thus separated and distinguished from all the rest, we may infer the exact nature of these organic powers. In this way we shall know at last (as far as the thing is knowable) what is the secret or the mystery of life.

Few need to be told that we are as yet a good way off from this desirable consummation. At present, scientific inquirers are occupying themselves with the first stage of the investigation, or the tracing out of the operations that may be sustained within the living body by the inorganic forces alone, supposing these to work out their effects exactly as they do in their ordinary connections with inanimate matter; and no one pretends to doubt that, for example, the laws regulating the latent heat of water and steam are strictly observed in the case of the constituent water of organic bodies.

In his present work, Liebig has devoted himself to the elucidation of one class of physical forces employed in vegetable and animal life—namely, the forces of the absorption or imbibition of fluids by membranes, and other tissues and solid substances permeable to fluids, when the liquid or gaseous. It is well known to all who have attended to the mechanism and processes of the animal body, that this process of imbibition goes on very extensively within it; indeed this is almost the only way that fluids can enter many parts of the system. If we look at the blood-distributing mechanism, we shall find that it is an apparatus of shut tubes, circling from the heart through the body, and from the body back to the heart; but nowhere in all its course (excepting the two junctions in the neck with the lymphatic trunks) does it present any opening or outlets that could either discharge or receive a liquid stream. And yet the purpose of the circulation is to take in matters at some parts of its course, and give them out at others. It takes in from the alimentary canal, in a liquid shape, the nourishing matter of the food; it gives out matter to the liver and the kidneys. In the lungs it takes in one gas, and gives out another; and in all the tissues of the body there is a continual exchange of substance going on through the walls of the small blood tubes, which are diffused everywhere: fresh matter to nourish and replace the surrounding tissue passes out of each tube by sweating through its sides; and a portion of the altered and useless matter, by a similar process, is taken in and carried along the circulation. The blood is a very mixed and complicated fluid, being the commissariat for supplying every distinct tissue with its proper material; and on entering any one tissue, such as muscle, the particles of fresh muscle are given out, and certain parts of the used-up muscle drawn in instead: the new matter and the old pass one another in the pores of the blood tubes. It is the same with brain or mucus membrane, or any other of the substances that are subject to the tear and wear of the living action.

It will thus be evident that one distinct force in constant requisition in the animal economy is the force of fluid imbibition, which therefore becomes a subject of study and of interest to every lover of knowledge. Like all other branches of inquiry into nature, it has both a speculative and a practical value: it is a part of the mystery of existence, which the intellect of man has always been intent on solving, and at the same time of the utmost importance to our corporeal wellbeing.

With the view of ascertaining the precise character, and the most simple mode of expressing the workings of this force, Liebig instituted a set of experiments on the passage of liquids through animal membranes. Like experiments and like inferences from them have also been made by others, who must therefore share with Liebig the merits of whatever advances human knowledge may have now attained in this department.

In order to connect the force of fluid imbibition with forces familiar to us in the inanimate world, a few words of reference to these forces will be necessary.

Of natural powers possessing mechanical force, or capable of setting material masses in motion, the most prominent and striking is the falling force or weight, called in Latin 'gravity.' The full range of this power, as first seen by Newton, extends to the starry heavens, and knows no bounds that we are aware of. Distance diminishes its intensity, by spreading it over space, but does not destroy it. Its effects are pre-eminently on the large scale.

It requires a greater effort of attention to appreciate a different class of attractions which operate only on the atoms or small particles of bodies. All substances that we know of are made up of fine particles held together by attractive or adhesive forces. The firm solid masses of stone and metal that we see about us

* Researches on the Motion of the Juices in the Animal Body, by Justus Liebig, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author by William Gregory, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: printed for Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street. 1848.

Digitized by Google

are aggregates or masses of powdery atoms, too fine to be distinguished by the most powerful microscope; and the reason why they do not preserve the condition of powder or dust is, that nature has given them strong attractions for one another, so that in favourable circumstances they stick all together with an intense energy, which it often requires a great force to overcome. Mere gravity would not keep particles together with such a degree of compact firmness. Now although the general effect of these atomic attractions is very obvious to our senses, by making all the difference between the dust that floats in the wind and the rocks that defy the ocean, yet their operation on the individual particles cannot be observed, owing to the excessive smallness of such particles compared with our powers of vision. But if we take the liberty of representing an atom by an apple, and a brother atom by a second apple, and if we imagine these two apples so attracting each other that it takes a powerful pull to draw them asunder; and if, moreover, we conceive that attraction is not the whole of the action that goes on between them, there being at the same time an intense repulsion that holds them from coming perfectly close, we shall possess an illustration of the forces that maintain the solid structure of bodies. If we imagine the two apples held at a distance of half an inch from each other, and so fixed between two forces, one preventing them from being drawn asunder, and the other preventing them from coming any nearer, we shall have a picture of what occurs between every two particles of a piece of iron or stone. Each atom of iron clings to its fellows all around it with an intense adhesion, which, however, is counteracted by a repulsion that makes them all keep at a certain distance from each other. The attraction is an inherent property of the particles, but the repulsion may be very much modified by heat.

Of this binding attraction which gives us firm masses instead of what in Scotland might be called a universe of *stour*) there are two different kinds, which we have carefully to distinguish. The first is the kind that obtains between particles of the same substance—the adhesion of iron to iron, lead to lead, sulphur to sulphur, ice to ice, clay to clay. This has been called *homogeneous* attraction, or kindred attraction. By enabling each atom to cling, by a preference, to its fellow of the same class, it keeps up the distinctness and purity of substances; and without it, we should have a general chaos of all the materials of nature, to the utter confusion of their specific and distinctive usefulness. Pure gold or pure water would be an impossibility, were it not for the kindred affinity of the particles of each; for if they were once broken up, and intermingled with strange matters, there would be no means of separating the mixture.

The other kind of atomic attraction is what subsists between the atoms of different substances. Although the attraction of each for its own kind is the primary law, there is, over and above this, certain cases where the particles of one kind attract the particles of another kind. Thus besides the adhesion of copper to copper and tin to tin, there is an adhesion of copper to tin, such that, when they are melted together, the one diffuses itself through the other, and the whole mass becomes coherent under three different atomic attractions. But the most common, and perhaps, on the whole, the most important instance of this action, is the wetting of bodies by water, or the adhesion of watery particles to the particles of other bodies. The action is not an unlimited one: it is not a matter of course that any substance will show an attraction for any other substance; on the contrary, some substances are wholly destitute of adhesion to certain others, and some have the power of adhering to many, and some to few. The phenomenon is very variable; and it is one of the specific characteristics or properties of every substance to have a certain amount of adhesive affinity to certain other assignable substances. To distinguish this kind of attraction from the first, it is called *heterogeneous*, or foreign, or alien affinity. Liebig and some others reckon it a kind of chemical affinity, because it operates, like chemical affinity, between the atoms of bodies; but in this country it is usual to reserve the name 'chemical' to the affinity that transforms two substances that are mixed together into a third, with properties totally distinct from either—as in the affinity between oxygen and hydrogen when they form water.

As the purity and separate existence of the various materials of the globe are maintained by kindred attraction, so a certain number of mixtures and adhesions arise from foreign attraction. All cements operate on this principle; likewise the alloys of metals, the composition of rocks, and the dissolution of solids in liquids, and of liquids and airs in liquids. The penetration of liquids into the pores of solids is a very conspicuous example of the same action—as in the swelling of wood by being wetted, the absorption of water by a sponge, and the rise of oil in wicks. When glass tubes are formed of a very fine bore, if they are dipped with one end in water, the water will rise up several inches above its level, the rise being greater as the tube is smaller. This case has been called capillary attraction, because the tubes are so fine, as to be compared to hairs. But the name is a misleading one, and carries the mind quite away from the real cause of the rise of the liquid, which is the attraction of the water for the glass. If a capillary tube were formed of tallow or bees' wax, there would be no such rise; these substances not being of the class that water has an attraction for.

The present researches of Liebig have reference to the foreign or alien attraction that we have now explained; and they involve two different cases of it, which are complicated together in one operation: the cases are, the attraction of one liquid for another, causing them to mix together; and the attraction of liquids for porous solid membranes, which leads to their imbibition or absorption. We shall now describe some of his experiments.

Animal membranes and tissues are permeable to all liquids whatsoever: they are in no case liquor-tight; and when two liquids disposed to mix are separated only by a membrane, the mixture is retarded, but not prevented. If a piece of bladder is stretched across the end of a tube, and if the tube is filled with brine, and immersed in pure water, so that the two liquids touch the bladder, one on one side, and the other on the other side, an exchange takes place through the bladder—brine flows down out of the tube, and water flows up into the tube; and the crossing or exchanging movement continues till the liquid outside and inside is of the same uniform degree of saltness. So if alcohol and water are put in the same predicament, with a membrane separating them, there is a cross-current between the two till an even mixture has been produced—the presence of the membrane does not suspend the alien attraction of particles of water for particles of alcohol.

So far the phenomenon presents no remarkable singularity. But it has been observed that, in many cases of this kind of mixture, more of the one liquid passes through than of the other; and at the end of the process, the quantities remaining on the two sides are changed, one being increased, and the other diminished. Thus in the case of water and brine, the water flows faster through to the brine than the brine to the water, and the bulk of the mixture on the side of the brine is increased, while the bulk on the side of the water has diminished. So when alcohol and water are used, the alcohol passes in least quantity, and therefore increases in bulk, while the water diminishes. This would happen even if the alcohol, the lighter of the two, were uppermost in the experiment: the specific gravities are not concerned in the process. This case of alteration of bulks, when first discovered, was reckoned a new and remarkable phenomenon, caused by a peculiar and distinct force, and the names *endosmose* and *exosmose* were applied to designate the action.

Digitized by Google

It is now, however, distinctly understood that the new and unknown power of nature is employed in the matter. The inequality of flow is owing to attraction of the membrane itself for the two liquids. Like most other porous solids, animal membrane has a strong attraction for water, and sucks it into its pores so energetically, as to swell out by the action. It has likewise an attraction for brine, or the mixture of salt and water; but this attraction is not so strong as for the pure water. Hence if water be at one side and brine at the other, both will be absorbed, but the water will be drawn in most strongly and most rapidly; and hence a greater quantity of it will pass out at the other side—that is, more water will pass through to the brine than brine to the water. There is the same superiority in the attraction for the water in the case of alcohol and water. Also if pure water is used with a solution of sugar in water, the sugared water will increase in bulk, and the pure water will diminish. The greater the difference in the attractions of the liquids for the membrane itself, the more marked will be the change of bulks from the inequality of the transudation. Thus a solution of albumen has an exceedingly small attraction for animal membrane; hence, when it lies at one side, and water at the other, the permeation is almost all on the side of the water, or the water passes through to the albumen, while scarcely any albumen passes through to the water: it is a case of one-sided absorption rather than of mutual exchange.

The phenomenon, therefore, is the result of three different attractions—one between the liquids themselves, such as would make them thoroughly mix with each other whenever they came in contact; and two between the membrane and the two liquids. If the membrane's attraction is the same for both liquids, the flow is equal to both sides; if it is greater for one, that one passes through in greatest quantity. And as, in general, water has a stronger attraction for membrane than other liquids, it will show the most abundant absorption.

Liebig points out several applications of these doctrines in the animal body, which contains a vast assemblage of membranous tubes. Thus in drinking pure water, the absorption through the walls of the stomach into the blood is more rapid than with any other liquid. A solution of salt stagnates for a considerable time before it is taken into the circulation; and in that time it exercises the well-known purgative influence in the intestines. So tea or milk will remain much longer in the stomach than water. The rapidity of the absorption of pure water is very great, and enables water-drinkers to pass an extraordinary quantity through the body in a short time. In proportion as the water is mixed with any dissolved matter—common salt, salts of soda or magnesia, iron, lime, &c.—its absorptive power is reduced; and if drunk in the same quantities as pure water, it will cause a heavy oppression both in the stomach and in the blood-vessels; being obstructed first in its passage into the circulation, and next in its passage into the kidneys.

The consequence in the animal body of the very little affinity of albumen for membranous tissues, is the more effectual retention of the blood in the blood-vessels, blood being composed of albumen and a number of other matters, which have all a low attraction for the sides of the tubes. These substances must of course not be wholly retained in the blood-vessels, as their purpose is to nourish the tissues; but it would seem that they require to be prevented from passing through with the same rapidity as watery solutions of other matters.

The various membranes of the body, and the walls of the different viscera, probably possess unequal attractions for different liquids, and this may in part determine the tendency that they have to pass particular fluids in preference to others. But this is a very obscure subject, and there seem to be other forces at work in the selective power of the various secreting organs in addition to mechanical imbibition or transudation.

The present volume contains the description of another class of experiments, of the same general tenor, but calculated to illustrate especially the influence of the cutaneous transpiration of the animal body, or the escape of vapours through the skin, upon the motion of the liquids in the interior. There is a constant escape of watery vapour, mixed with other vapours and gases, from all the pores of the skin, the water being the most copious ingredient: and this transpiration is very fluctuating, and is dependent on the condition of the external air, as well as on the state of the body itself. Experience shews that the health and vitality of the individual are greatly affected by it.

Liebig has made experiments upon tubes closed with bladder, and filled with water, so that one side of the bladder is in contact with water, and the other side with the external air. In this arrangement the water evaporates through the bladder into the air; and when the tube is a bent one, the bending being at the top, and one of the arms (which both point downwards) covered with bladder at the mouth, while the other is immersed in a vessel of liquid, the evaporation from the free end leads to a rise of fresh liquor, by the atmospheric pressure on the liquid of the vessel, even if the immersed end be likewise closed with bladder; so that the effect of evaporation through the walls of tubes is to keep up a motion of the liquid within the tubes. Thus evaporation from the skin takes off pressure from the liquids of the capillaries, and they are driven on by the pressure behind with so much the more rapidity. In a word, cutaneous transpiration has the effect of increasing the rapidity of the circulation in the neighbourhood of the skin, and therefore of increasing the functions of the blood in renewing the tissues and maintaining the vigour and vitality of the system. For as life consists of the uninterrupted decay and renovation of the muscle, nerve, mucus membrane, and the other organs and tissues, so the more rapidly these two processes go on, provided they keep an equal pace—that is, the renovation equal to the decay—the greater is the force and feeling of life in the individual. Hence the value, among other things, of an uninterrupted evaporation through the pores of the skin. The impulse thus generated to the movement of the liquids has the same general effect as an increase of the power of the heart to send blood through the body. The evaporation from the lungs is another case of the same principle: the more abundant it is, the more rapid is the circulation in the lungs, and the greater the aeration or purification of the blood.

But evaporation is always dependent on the dryness of the external atmosphere. When the air is perfectly saturated with moisture, no vapour rises from stagnant pools; and although the high temperature of the body will always cause a certain amount to go off from the skin, yet in a moist atmosphere the action must be very much repressed. The fluids thus lose one of the forces that keep them moving; they stagnate to some degree; the processes of wear and renovation are diminished; and the powers of life stand at a lower figure. The stagnation may be such as to bring on some unhealthy change in the fluids, and then we have disease. It is of course quite possible that the cutaneous evaporation may be too great, and the motion of the fluids made disproportional to other processes, which also will cause disease. Health is the result of a perfect *balance* of all the functions; but in general it is seen that a dry air and free evaporation are favourable to vital activity, and a moist air is a ready source of disease.

Liebig extends the same reasoning to plants whose leaves present a large extent of evaporating surface. He thinks that this evaporation may be the chief force that maintains the motion of the sap: he quotes a number of experiments made in the last century by Hales to confirm this supposition: and as the partial stagnation of the animal fluids from a checked transpiration is a cause of weakness and disease, so he considers that plants are struck with blight in the same

Digitized by Google

way. Influenza and the potato disease are caused or promoted by the same atmospheric peculiarity of excess of moisture. From Hales's observations he quotes an instance of the blight of hops under the circumstances of a period of intense heat, which gave a great impulse to growth, followed by a long succession of moist, close days, and consequent stagnation of the over-abundant sap.

The volume concludes with a paper by Dr Klotzsch of Berlin on an improvement in potato cultivation. The idea of it is, to pinch off about half an inch from the ends of the twigs of each plant twice in the course of the season; first in the fourth or fifth week, or when the plants are from six to nine inches above the soil, and again in the tenth or eleventh week. The object is to prevent the growth of the flowers of the plant, and to send all the force that would be expended on these to the roots, as well as to the stems and leaves, whose action on the air ministers to the growth of the tubers beneath. It is said that in this way the produce of the potato will be very much increased, while the liability to blight will be diminished. A more limited form of the practice has been in existence for some time, but it is worth being tried to the full extent now mentioned.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Chateaubriand is no more! The mind which imagined 'Atala' and 'René' has faded from our view. Traveller as well as author, he who has led us over so many lands, has now departed from earth. Amid the troublous clouds which hover over his country, the sun of the author of the 'Essay on Revolutions' has set.

François-Auguste de Chateaubriand was born at St Malo, in Brittany, in 1769. His family was one of the most ancient of the Breton race. His first years were passed in the Château de Combourg, an old paternal mansion. From the height of a tower in which was situated the bedchamber of his childhood he heard the breakers of the sea roaring upon the wild Breton shore: he listened to the gusty wind, or heard the drear shriek of the gull, while watching the now sparkling, and now hidden stars, and becoming acquainted with all the scenic points of an ocean coast.

The Chateaubriand family, it appears, had a physiognomy at once haughty, cold, and melancholy. In character the father was proud, austere, and impassible, and his conduct was felt to be so unfatherly, that it drove his child to seek for sympathy rather amid the savage scenery around, than from him. In solitary reveries amid wild walks the young Chateaubriand thus first nursed those powers of imagination which were latent within him. Nor was the poetry of sympathy without an inspiration and an object even in the cold château. A small sweet flower yet bloomed in that drear wildwood: a young sister was there, whose love he returned, who understood his emotions, who recognised the grace of his nature, and appreciated it in the delicacy of her own.

As the youngest son of the family, Chateaubriand was destined for the priesthood. His studies commenced at the college of Dol, and terminated at that of Rennes, where he had the future General Moreau as his schoolfellow. The profession which had been chosen for him was, however, one to which he had no vocation, and it was abandoned. A step had, however, to be taken. Sometimes he thought to visit the lands beyond the tomb; sometimes to embark for the East Indies. At length his elder brother having become the accepted suitor of the granddaughter of the great Malesherbes, a sub-lieutenant's commission was procured him in the Navarre regiment, and Chateaubriand arrived in Paris in 1789, was presented at court, rode in the king's carriage, joined in the royal hunt, and entered into all the gaiety of the French capital.

His intellectual tastes and studies were, however, not relinquished even in the whirl of Parisian life. There was a little court to which he was more attracted than to the great mesh of which he was a member, and to which mind alone gave the claim to admission. It was the court of the last and least disciples of the Encyclopædic school. Through them Chateaubriand was first brought before the public as a poet. Under their patronage appeared a far greater than themselves.

Meanwhile one volcanic eruption of the Revolution succeeded another. The affair of Coblentz occurred. The regiment of Navarre, of which the Marquis de Montmart was colonel, having mutinied like the others, Chateaubriand found himself released towards the end of 1790 from his military engagements. Preferring to emigrate, he determined to make his travels useful. He aspired to nothing less than the complete discovery of the north-west passage. Hearne had seen it in 1772, Mackenzie in 1789, and why should not Chateaubriand fully make it known in 1791? At least it was a matter of laudable ambition—better than emigrating to England and teaching French. Accordingly, in the spring of 1791, he embarked at St Malo with a letter of recommendation to Washington from the Marquis de la Rouraize, who had served in the war of American Independence. His voyage over, he presented his note of introduction to the new Cincinnatus. Washington listened to his project with astonishment, and spoke of the difficulties of the enterprise. 'Is it not easier to discover the polar passage than to create a people as you have done?' said Chateaubriand. Washington gave the young enthusiast a warm grasp with his noble hand. In the preface to 'Atala,' and in a note to the 'Essay on Revolutions,' our traveller has explained at length his intended plans for his journey. He wished to discover the passage to the north-west of America by penetrating to the Polar Sea. Instead, however, of directing his course to the northward, he meant to pierce the western coast a little above the Gulf of California; thence following the outline of the continent, and keeping the ocean constantly in sight, he intended to travel northward as far as Behring's Strait, to double the last American cape, to pursue an eastern course along the shores of the Polar Sea, and to return to the United States by Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Canada. This route, however, from one cause or other, was step by step relinquished. He was advised to begin by seasoning himself by an excursion into the interior of America, to make himself acquainted with the Sioux, the Iroquois, and Esquimaux; and to live for some time among the hunters in the Canadian woods, and the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. This advice appeared reasonable. Our traveller thus viewed the cataract of Niagara, explored the gigantic ruins on the banks of the Ohio, and loitered amid the savages in the land of the Natchez. Soon the discoverer gave place to the traveller, the traveller to the poet. The north-west passage seemed nearly forgotten. Chateaubriand wandered over lake and forest, sketching from a wild nature in colouring worthy of sky and cloud, and studying tribe by tribe the manners, the religious notions, and the languages of the Indians. In reading his travels, his love of colour has always struck us. Had his genius been engaged in painting, he would have been a great colourist. Take a passage for example. In describing some North American plains Chateaubriand writes: 'The movable surface of these plains rise, and are gradually lost in the distance; from emerald-green they pass to a light-blue, then to ultra-marine, and then to indigo—each tint dissolving into the next, the last terminating at the horizon, where it joins the sky by a bar of dark azure.' His American Travels are also remarkable for collections of words in the aboriginal languages, and for pleasing relations of the poetic traditions of the Indians. No progress was, however, made towards the polar passage. He noted now 'a light wood of maples, through which the sunshine plays as through lace;' now 'peaked hills, flanked with rocks, from which hang convolvuluses with white and blue flowers, festoons of bignonias, long grasses,

Digitized by Google

and rock plants of all colours;' now the foliage, 'which displayed all imaginable hues—scarlet passing to red, a dark-yellow to a bright gold colour, reddish-brown to light-brown, green, white, azure, in a thousand tints more or less faint, more or less bright.' He marked 'striped ducks, blue linnets, cardinal birds, and purple goldfinches glisten amid the verdure of the trees.' He heard the whet-saw imitate the noise of the saw, the cat-bird mew, and the parrots chatter. He saw to the south 'savannas studded with groves, and covered with buffaloes;' and the Rapids 'according as they are illumined by the sun's rays, blown back by the wind, or shaded by clouds, curling up into golden waves whitened with foam, or rolling on in a dark-looking current.' In fine, he entirely forgot his plan of discovery; and in the land of the Natchez imagined 'Renè,' and wrote 'Atala' and 'The Natchez,' in which he described so well the manners of the tribes among whom he sojourned.

Accident, however, threw in his way a fragment of an English journal. By this he learnt the flight of Louis XVI., his seizure at Varennes, and the intended invasion of France by the emigrants. A native of Brittany, and therefore a thorough believer in the divine right of kings, he felt that honour called him to join the French royalists. He thus abandoned the American wilds and the north-west passage, and returned to Europe, and entered the Prince of Condé's army. When he reached his camp, it was remarked that he came late. 'But I come express from the cataract of Niagara,' replied Chateaubriand. The poet made the campaign with an old damaged musket. Inside his knapsack was the manuscript of 'Atala,' which fortunately warded off a ball which would otherwise have destroyed him. At the siege of Thionville, however, Chateaubriand was wounded in the thigh, and left for dead in the ditch, where the small-pox, which was then ravaging the little army, seized upon him. Some of the Prince de Ligne's followers luckily discovered him, and threw him into a wagon, in which he was taken in an apparently dying state to Ostend. Arrived at Ostend, he was immediately placed on board a small vessel bound for Jersey. It made Guernsey harbour, where he was carelessly put on shore, when the poor sufferer was nearly in extremity. Covered with loathsome sores as he was, a poor fisherman's wife pitied his fate, had him conveyed to her cabin, and tended him with unremitting care until his recovery. We wish we could record the name of this good woman, which is truly worthy of being associated with that of Chateaubriand, who owed nearly as much to her as to his mother.

When he had recovered, the unhappy emigrant determined to seek literary employment in London. He arrived in the British metropolis in the spring of 1793, destitute alike of friends and resources, and although freed from the small-pox, yet in indifferent health. Lodged in one of the lowest of London lanes, Chateaubriand earned a petty pittance by teaching French and making translations for the booksellers. His leisure time was more congenially employed in planning and composing his 'Essay on Revolutions.' This work caused him two years of labour, and was first published in London in 1796. In it his object is to prove by parallels between ancient and modern revolutions—their like rise and similar failure—that violent eruptions of society are incapable of forming phases of positive and permanent progress. If the particular instances in this book are sometimes too strained, and the comparisons too loose, much of the general view of the author may yet be admitted by the candid and liberal reader. The chief fault of the work was the sceptical tone which prevailed in some parts of it. At times its author appeared to donbt Providence—progress itself. This fault, however, was fully redeemed in the believing, trusting pages which he afterwards published in the 'Génie du Christianisme.'

Meanwhile the misfortunes of the emigrant had been aggravated in those of his family. Mademoiselle de Rosambo, the wife of his brother, was executed with her husband and her mother on the same day as her illustrious grandfather, M. de Malesherbes. His mother soon followed them to the grave—his father had previously died. On her deathbed she had charged his beloved sister to write him a letter, appealing to his religious duties. When his sister's letter reached Chateaubriand, she also had died from the effects of imprisonment. This event profoundly affected him. It seemed as if two voices called to him from the tomb. These voices were to him the voices of two saints, and they were thus the inspiration of his 'Spirit of Christianity.'

A new scene had, however, occurred in the revolutionary drama of France. Bonaparte arose to power, and opened to the emigrants the gates of their country. Chateaubriand returned to France in 1800, and in connection with M. de Fontanes was employed upon the 'Mercury.' In this paper, part by part, 'Atala' first appeared. The worn-out citizen of republican France was delighted with the frank manners and artless simplicity of this wild child of the forests of the Far West. The civilisation of old Europe listened with pleasure to the *naïve* thoughts of the young savage of the new world. It was a successful work, as it was felt to be as fresh and new as a blackberry from the woods.

The publication of the 'Spirit of Christianity' succeeded the appearance of 'Atala.' After the harsh negatives which had burst asunder the bonds of a bold bigotry, it came with words of consolation to the world, uniting faith and reason, and throwing a holy halo over the internal man. While Napoleon was building up his imperial edifice with circumstances, outward forms, and false shows and shams of things, Chateaubriand on his part pointed to that renovation from within, to that spiritual revolution and empire of the soul, which may indeed be assisted by external reforms, but for which they can never prove the substitute. The 'Génie du Christianisme' is yet an admired book. To analyse it would be to injure it. Its aim has been indicated, but to be judged of, it should be read throughout. The 'Spirit of Christianity' was dedicated to the First Consul, and its author was immediately hailed by him who could ever appreciate the use of great minds. Chateaubriand was sent by Bonaparte to Rome as first secretary to the French embassy. He arrives at Rome: he sees the Coliseum, the Pantheon, Trajan's Pillar, the Castle of St Angelo, St Peter's: he watches 'the effect of the moon upon the Tiber, upon the Roman mansions, and upon those illustrious ruins which are scattered about on every side:' he is received by the Pope, who makes him sit beside him in the most affectionate manner, and tells him, with an air of complaisance, that he has read the 'Génie du Christianisme,' a copy of which indeed lies open upon his table. Besides his letters from Italy, Chateaubriand has given a description of Rome and Naples in the fourth and fifth books of the 'Martyrs.' It was in Rome, beneath the porticoes of the Coliseum, that the 'Martyrs' was conceived. 'One beautiful evening in last July,' writes Chateaubriand, 'I seated myself at the Coliseum on a step of the altar, dedicated to the sufferings of the Passion: the setting sun poured floods of gold through all the galleries which had formerly been thronged with men; while at the same time strong shadows were cast by the broken corridors and other relics, or fell on the ground in large black masses. From the lofty parts of the structure I perceived, between the ruins on the right of the edifice, the gardens of Cæsar's palace, with a palm-tree which seems to have been placed in the midst of this wreck expressly for painters and poets. Instead of the shouts of joy which heretofore proceeded from the ferocious spectators in this amphitheatre on seeing Christians devoured by lions and panthers, nothing was now heard but the barking of dogs, which belonged to the hermit resident here as a guardian of the ruins. At the moment that the sun descended

Digitized by Google

below the horizon, the clock in the dome of St Peter's resounded under the porticoes of the Coliseum.' Amid scenes and memories like these the inspiration which produced the 'Martyrs' was nursed. From the church of the catacombs he derived his heroes for that mournful but exciting work. It is full of pictures of Italy, but its best praise is, that its heroes are sufferers, and its courage Christian.

On his return to Paris, Chateaubriand was named minister plenipotentiary to Le Valais. It was on the evening of that day when, under mysterious circumstances, the corpse of the last of the Condés was discovered in a ditch at Vincennes. He had been assassinated under the oak beneath which his ancestor St Louis had even administered impartial justice. On the same evening, while Paris was yet pale with consternation, Chateaubriand sent in his resignation.

While in Italy, Chateaubriand had conceived the idea of a pilgrimage to Greece and Palestine. This he now determined to put into execution. In 1806 he again saw Italy *en route*, wooed for a moment the bride of the Adriatic with a pure passion, embarked for Greece, passed on swiftly to the Sparta of Lycurgus and Leonidas, meditated in the Cigora of Athens, touched at Smyrna, glanced at the City of the Sultan, passed to Cyprus, reverently saluted Mount Carmel, and fell upon his knees, like a new Crusader, at the sight of the Holy City. Here he followed, step by step, the traces of sacred tradition, and devoutly marked the footprints on the pilgrim path of the Saviour of mankind. From Palestine he sailed to Egypt, crossed the city of the Ptolemies, followed the Nile to Cairo, contemplated Memphis and the Pyramids, and visited Tunis and Carthage. From thence he embarked for Spain, viewed the fair vale of Granada, and under the magic portals of the Alhambra, conceived the 'Last Abancerage.'

After an absence of ten months, in the spring of 1807 Chateaubriand returned once more to his native country. In the retirement of his hermitage in the Valeé-aux-Loups, near Daulnay, he then wrote his 'Itinerary,' a remarkable historical and geographical work, and afterwards completed the 'Martyrs,' which he had planned at Rome. While thus engaged, the events of 1814 menaced a change in France, and Chateaubriand quitted his retreat, and hastened to mingle in the conflict. We shall slightly pass over his political career, as good poets are often bad politicians, and it is often better to be with the bard in the grotto consecrated to poesy and religion, than to follow him into the party-routs of politics. Chateaubriand's first political act was his too famous pamphlet of 'Bonaparte and the Bourbons'—a production which in charity is thus passed over. The insults which were afterwards exchanged between him and the illustrious captive of St Helena were alike unworthy of each. After the Hundred Days, Chateaubriand followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where he formed a part of his council, in quality of minister of state. After Waterloo, he also preserved his title, but refused to accept a portfolio in company with Fouché. As a member of the Chamber of Peers, and as a publicist, he was henceforth most known. As his political credo, he published his 'Monarchy according to the Charter'—an obscure and contradictory work. In the columns of the 'Conservateur' he, moreover, vehemently attacked the Decazes ministry, and charged it with complicity in the assassination of the Duke de Berry. The Villèle ministry next entered upon power, and Chateaubriand was at once named ambassador at Berlin, and afterwards at London. In September 1822 he also passed the Alps to represent France at the Congress of Verona, where he pleaded the cause of Greece, defended the interests of France on the question of the Spanish war, and returned to replace M. de Montmorency in the office of foreign affairs. In this position he differed with his colleague M. de Villèle on the Spanish war. Some slight was offered him, which his Breton blood could not bear, and another Coriolanus passed to the Volsci. Armed with his pen, and encamped in the 'Journal des Débats,' Chateaubriand thenceforward waged a vigorous war with Villèle, which was rewarded by the Martignac ministry with the embassy to Rome. Soon afterwards, however, on the coming in of the Polignac party, he resigned office, and recommenced his opposition. The revolution of 1830 occurred, and placed the Orleans family in power. This new turn of affairs was too much for the poetical politician. He bade adieu to the Chamber of Peers; and henceforth became a champion of the legitimist party and the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux, for which he encountered persecution.

With an annuity derived from the sale of his posthumous memoirs, he spent the latter years of his life in retirement; and died just as France was undergoing the throes of a fresh revolution. Inconsistent in his theories, and to the last degree visionary, there is much to ridicule and condemn in his political career; but he possessed many admirable points of character; and the French people have singled him out for honour alone of all the writers of the Empire and the adherents of the Restoration. One of his most cherished fancies was to be buried on a rocky islet near St Malo; and his dying request to this effect has, we believe, been fulfilled.

In person Chateaubriand was short and thin; his face was pale and strongly lined; his eyes beamed under prominent brows; his forehead was ample; and as an old man, his large head was bald at the top, but elsewhere crowned with a forest of white locks. In dress he was neat, and even beauish. In manners he was gracious, urbane, and modest; and his love for children was remarkable. Chateaubriand was married, but little has been furnished respecting his wife; and we believe he has left no descendants. The last years of his existence were employed in reading his 'Mémoires d'outre Tombe,' at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in the retirement of which he died. This autobiography is now waited for by the world. Mrs Trollope, in her 'Summer in Brittany,' has communicated some pleasant pages of this self-history of a celebrated man, which makes us desire more. For the rest, Chateaubriand had a pompous academical funeral in the French style, which has not passed without animadversion. A valued writer and a delightful traveller, a poet, a gentleman, and a man with a religious heart, he has left behind him a European reputation, which, if not grander, is yet purer than that of many of his cotemporaries.

GOSSIP ABOUT SHARKS.

It may be wrong—I know it is—to hate any creature which God has made, every living thing having, it may be supposed, its uses in creation, and therefore part of a great general economy. At the same time people cannot well avoid having their antipathies. Some have no great affection for rats; few look with anything like satisfaction on snakes and various other reptiles: it has been my misfortune to hate sharks. Yes, I say it undisguisedly—of all created beings, a shark is to me the most abhorrent. Born in the tropics, and living the chief portion of my life just beyond their verge, where bathing in the sea was more a necessity than a luxury, I have often come into contact in various ways with this fiend of the deep. Fiend of the deep, however, is not the proper term; it lurks also in shallow sunny spots, where the brilliant white sand supports apparently just enough of cool still water to afford a bath for a troop of nymphs or children. In the most retired corner of such a locality, just where the tide will allow of his quick exit, will the brute lurk, and we betide the animal which comes within its reach! The *ground shark* is the most dangerous and deadly of all his deadly tribe; for, as a negro once said, 'You never see him till you feel him.' In the open sea you have some

Digitized by Google

chance for your life; for your enemy is visible from the deck of a ship, or even from a small boat; the deep-sea shark swimming high in the water, and in calm weather generally showing his dorsal fin above its surface. But the ground shark, as its name signifies, lies crouched below you, glaring upwards in all directions as it skews itself round; its eyes take in a great extent of the surface; and small chance has living flesh or bone when opposed to its powerful jaws or numerous rows of teeth.

My hatred to this monster dates from a very early period of my life. When about four or five years old, I was once floating in a tiny canoe within the reef which circled one of the islands of the Pacific. He who held me in his arms bade me look over its side, and there, far down, but quite distinct in those transparent waters, were several sharks sporting over the coral which branched from the bottom. In their gambols, they would shoot up towards the surface; and in turning, the glancing white belly and the horrid jaws would suddenly reveal themselves. My childish dreams were long after haunted by that vision; and perhaps my antipathy thence arose. But often since that period have I had cause to shudder when even the name itself was mentioned; not so much perhaps on my own account personally, as on that of others who have suffered by them.

I myself, however, have had some narrow escapes from the scoundrels. I remember well, when a boy at school many years ago, one Saturday afternoon my father taking myself and two brothers out fishing, not with the rod and line, as in this country, but from the boat's side, in five fathoms of blue water. We were in a common waterman's boat, such as was used in the harbour, which, not to be particular, was in Australia. We anchored about three or four hundred yards from the end of a small island; and while the waterman and boys fished, the old gentleman put up his umbrella to keep off the sun and read his newspaper. After our fishing was over, at about sunset, one of my brothers and I determined to bathe. My father did not much like the idea; but we assured him there was no danger, and jumped in and swam to the island; and after running about for ten minutes, we jumped in the water again and struck out for the boat. The wind blew pretty feebly, and the small waves washed about my head, and forced me to swim on my side or back, to avoid their splashing in my face; owing to this, I did not hear the shouting which had for some moments, in fact, been kept up by those we had left in the boat. The first word I did hear distinctly was a terrible one—'Shark!' and at the same instant I saw those in the boat all standing up and waving their hands, the old gentleman shaking his umbrella in a very emphatic manner. I turned myself quickly round in the water. I have said before the sun was nearly down: it is not surprising then that, springing up as I did, the shadow of my own head and shoulders should startle one so suddenly alarmed as I was. Down I went as quickly as possible; for the only chance you have with a shark is to get below him; and if you can reach the bottom, to kick up a dust there, and under cover of the cloud raised, to swim in another direction. I saw nothing, however, except the white legs and body of my brother, who was about thirty yards behind me when I went down; and I came up again. He had seen me go down, and asked me the reason for doing it. I was glad to find that he had not heard the cries from the boat, for he was a timid lad, and I feared the effects upon him. I kept constantly before him, splashing the water in his face, and shouting, until he got into a towering passion. This was what I wanted: for his attention was drawn from the boat. The agony of those moments I shall never forget: I did not know the exact nature of the intimation which was wished to be given us, beyond the simple fact, that it was connected with the dreaded shark. Every moment I expected to see the baleful shadow glide swiftly towards us, and in imagination I felt myself—but it is useless to attempt describing what was the nature of my feelings. They were, in fact, all swallowed up in one sentiment of terrific expectation. A very few minutes must have elapsed before the boat shot up to us and took us in; and yet the space seemed interminable. During the latter part of the time the cry of 'shark' had luckily been suppressed, for which I was very grateful; for I dreaded the effect upon my brother exceedingly. When we got safe in, he was ready to pummell me for tormenting him; but when he ascertained the reason, he turned quite pale and sick. It seemed that a boat, anchored some fifty yards or so from ours, had hooked a large shark when we were about one-third of our way back to the boat; and the cries were for us to go back on shore, and the boat would come to us. After a struggle, although the hook and line were very strong, he had got off, having bent, or rather straightened the former, while we were still some two hundred yards off.

When in Sydney, I went one Sunday morning to bathe. I was accompanied by a friend who had just arrived from the South Sea Islands. He was very timid, and clung to the rock, never going beyond a few yards from it, and instantly returning. Upon rallying him, he confessed his great dread of sharks. I assured him that in that harbour accidents never occurred from any such cause; which was certainly correct, inasmuch as, up to that period, I had never heard of any person having been killed in it; and in the bays close to the town I should suppose that sharks scarcely ever come, being in that respect very different from the West Indies or the coast of Africa. I took my usual swim out for twenty minutes or so, and returned home. On that same day, as I was walking with another friend, after the morning service, a constable touched him upon the shoulder, and pressed his services as a juryman to serve on an inquest then about being held upon the body of a man *that morning killed by a shark*. We found the poor fellow with a terrible wound, extending from the upper part of the thigh to the knee, the flesh being, in fact, entirely stripped from the bone. He was a convict, who had been confined in Cockatoo Island, a station for prisoners, situated about eight miles from Sydney higher up the harbour, and further from the sea than the spot where I bathed that morning. The circumstances attending the accident were peculiar. He and some other prisoners had received permission to bathe; he being the first stripped, jumped into the water, which in every part of the harbour of Sydney, and the coast generally, is deep, being in that respect very unlike the shelving coasts of this country. He had not swam more than a few yards before one of the skulking ground sharks had him fast by the upper part of the thigh. One of his comrades in the most gallant manner jumped in and seized hold of him; and after a struggle, in which all the flesh was stripped off, the poor fellow was got on shore; but the great artery of the thigh was severed, and he was already dead.

Another case, somewhat similar to the above, took place in a remote part of the coast of Australia some years previous to it. Long will the catastrophe be remembered by sorrowing friends in that part of the world, although many years have passed away since it occurred; for, unlike the last case, the victim was not an outcast from society, a convict loosed from his chains for a few moments, but a young and fair lad, the pride of his fond mother, who had, by an singular fatality, lost her husband and several other members of her family by drowning, and a friend and school-fellow of the writer of this article. He was riding in the lonely bush in company with one servant, from one cattle station to another, if I remember aright. The

Digitized by Google

road lay for a considerable distance along the banks of what is termed in the map a river; but which is, in fact, an arm of the sea. He was about twelve years of age; and, as would be expected from a lad fresh from school, finding himself on horseback, about to proceed to a spot where he would have plenty of shooting and kangaroo hunting, as well as riding after wild cattle, he was in very high spirits. The day was very hot; and when, at a turn of the road, he found himself on the very verge of the cool blue water, no wonder he felt inclined to bathe. The servant, however, reminded him that they had sixty miles yet to ride, and should lose no time; he resolved, therefore, to bathe his feet only, which were very hot. He dismounted, as did also the man; and pulling off his shoes and stockings, he seated himself on a flat ledge of rock, where the water was very deep, and dipped his feet in. It was much the same as if a person suspended his feet over the side of a boat when in deep water. His head was turned towards the man, with whom he was at the moment speaking, when a small ground shark, about five feet long, rose suddenly, and seizing him by the calf of the leg, dragged him off the rock into the water. The man had seen the fish rise; but so rapidly was the poor lad seized, that ere he could spring forward to grasp him, the shark had already borne him shrieking away. As in the last-mentioned case, the hooker-on was brave and true-hearted. He leaped into the water, being a good swimmer fortunately; and, though with some difficulty, succeeded in reaching and taking hold of the boy; for when a shark has a large body in its jaws, it generally rushes to and fro on the surface of the water. For a long time did they struggle, the man endeavouring to reach the shore, and the shark rushing sometimes in that direction, and at others in the opposite. At length, however, they reached a spot some thirty yards or so distant up the shore, and where the water shoaled sufficiently to permit the man to plant his feet for an instant to the ground. The moment this happened, owing to the greater resistance offered, the flesh instantly separated from the bones, and the shark swam off with the piece in his jaws. He got the poor lad, who was half drowned and nearly insensible, safely on shore; and had assistance been at hand, his life might ultimately have been preserved. But the nearest aid was sixty miles off, and the limb was so dreadfully wounded (the whole of the back portion of the leg being either torn off, or separated from the bone), that, carrying him before him on the saddle, he was obliged to travel very slowly. Worse than this, he had to encamp one, if not two nights, in the woods, before reaching the station. The poor lad died from tetanus or locked jaw a few days after the occurrence.

A few years ago, a sad occurrence took place on the coast south of Sydney. A vessel had been wrecked somewhere near Twofold Bay; all her passengers and the crew had escaped safely to the shore, and as they had recovered some provisions, and had the prospect, after a few days' travelling along the coast, of reaching a settlement, they were all in high spirits. They had no boats, for all belonging to the vessel had been destroyed at the time of her wreck. Owing to this want, they met often with great difficulties in crossing the numerous creeks or rivers which fall into the sea in different parts of the coast they were proceeding along; being often compelled to make long circuits to go round these, or to reach a spot where they could wade across them. All difficulties, however, of this nature had now nearly been surmounted—they were not far from the settlements but one more creek remained to cross, and then they would be within reach of assistance and sympathy from their fellow-creatures. Upon the arrival of the whole party at the borders of this inlet, as usual two of the men, carrying poles in their hands, entered it, to ascertain beforehand whether or not it was fordable for the whole number. And their comrades seeing the pioneers reach the middle of the creek without the water rising above their waist, prepared to follow in a body, when suddenly one of their guides, uttering a loud shriek, disappeared headlong beneath the surface. His comrade, who was only a few yards off, turned his head to ascertain the cause; but he was instantly seized, and the agonized spectators gazed on, unable in the least to aid their unfortunate companions, who were being torn to pieces before their eyes. For some few minutes the rushing play of fins and tails, glancing in all directions, with now and then portions of the remains of the unhappy victims, was incessant; but fresh assailants crowded to the spot, and soon nothing but a ripple here, and a slight splash there, indicated the locality as one where so fearful a tragedy had been so lately enacted.

Terrible instances are all these of the ferocity and deadly cunning of this atrocious monster. We will finish this article with the mention of one other slight incident connected with this 'sea lawyer,' as the sailors term him, of a less melancholy termination than those adduced.

A merry party of us were once on a calm summer evening pulling across a bay in a whale-boat. We were proceeding to a dinner party, in fact, and of course were all dressed in our best, as the phrase is. Amongst our number was a would-be sailor, who wished to impress upon the uninitiated an overwhelming sense of his nautical abilities. He seized every opportunity of 'showing off;' and amongst his other ambitious notions, he wished it to be believed that he could steer a whale-boat. Now it must be remembered that the boat employed in the South Sea fishing is a very different affair from other boats; and, in particular, it is steered in a different manner, a long oar being employed, which projects from the stern; whereas, in common boats of course, as every one knows, a rudder and tiller of wood or ropes are used. In steering the whale-boat the helmsman stands up, grasping the middle of the steering oar in one hand, balancing himself gracefully as the boat rises and falls on the seas; and it requires great skill and dexterity to keep so long a lever, projecting as it does from the stern of the boat for twenty feet, from suddenly (when struck by a wave, for instance) acting in a forcible manner against the person who holds it. In calm weather of course, and when the water is smooth, a child might steer a whale-boat; but the pseudo-nautical I have mentioned, I verily believe, thought he could steer one in a gale of wind. At any rate he could not resist the opportunity which smooth water, no wind, and, what was of greater consequence to him, I believe, a select party of spectators to witness his performance, offered for the exhibition of his skill; and he offered to relieve the old sailor who was steering of the task. The tar looked for a moment at the satin vest, tights, and swallow-tail of the applicant, and sniffed the air as if to ascertain what breeze brought the scent of the *Eau de Cologne* to his nostrils, and then, without a word, resigned the oar. I am not aware if any of the party *wished for some* accident to supervene, to take the conceit out of the aspirant; certainly none expected anything of the sort. And yet a calamity did occur to make the parboiled diner-out whom in the height of his glory, at the very moment that, while the boat in reality was 'steering itself,' as the term is, he was deluding himself into the belief that he was its unerring guide.

The blade of the steering oar, unlike those of the pulling ones, was bound round with a broad band of bright copper, to strengthen it, I presume, and keep it from splitting. This copper band, as the boat glided over the surface of the water, by its glistening quality attracted the notice of a 'tiger shark,' as it is called (a species of the common ground shark), which rushed upwards, and seizing hold of the oar-blade, shook it in so tiger-like a fashion, that our dandy, holding the oar more gracefully than firmly, was hurled completely overboard. Very much astonished he was, as indeed were all on board; but the old sailor grasped hold of his leg and hauled him in. And it was observed that

Digitized by Google

the veteran tar, as he took a second look at the satin vest, tights, and swallow-tail, had a broad grin upon his countenance. This little incident took place at a small port south of Sydney.

SANITARY EVILS FROM SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN TOWNS.

THE following, compiled by Mr Dunhill, civil-engineer, is an abstract of evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Smithfield Market, May 1847. The subject is of vital importance to many provincial towns now afflicted with slaughter-houses in confined neighbourhoods:—

'Dr Jordan Roche Lynch had lived and practised for the last fifteen years in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, the sanitary state of which was most defective. The slaughter-houses have a most injurious influence upon the district: they generate fever, render the most simple diseases malignant, and shorten the duration of life. In Bear Alley, a lane running from Farringdon Street to the old wall of the city, called Break-neck Steps, there is a slaughter-house behind six or seven houses, which are inhabited by the humblest classes of society. The stench is intolerable, arising from the slaughtering of the cattle and the removal of the fæcal matter, the guts, the blood, and the skins of the animals. When they clean the guts, the matter is turned out; some of the heavier parts of the manure are preserved to be carted away, but a great deal of it is carried into the sewers, which have gully-holes; and in the summer months, the heat acting upon the fæcal matter, causes its decomposition, and carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and carbonic acid gas, all of which are fatal to animal life, are disengaged, and rush out of the gully-holes, so that a blind man's nose will enable him to avoid approaching these outlets. Whenever he (Dr Lynch) goes into places or houses contiguous to the slaughter-houses, he is compelled to hold his nose all the time he is there, the stench is so great. He has patients in all those houses. They are never free from the effects of it; and when the people there are dangerously ill, he is without the hope, by any exercise of skill, of restoring them to health. He invariably makes it a rule to intreat them to conquer their repugnance to go into the workhouse, in order that they may have better air; and if they accede, the medicines that would have failed in the noxious atmosphere before, restore them in most instances to health. The people where such smells are "*drink*;" it is a kind of instinct—they fly to it; they fancy that the stimulus resists the noxious agency of the foul air they are breathing; and they are right: malaria, such as is generated in these slaughter-houses, is a narcotic poison; it oppresses both body and mind; and under the influence of this physical and mental depression, they instinctively resort to the gin-shop, which aggravates their distresses, by extracting from them the means of living perhaps better than they do.

The sewer which receives the refuse of the slaughter-house in Bear Alley comes down the declivity, and runs under two houses occupied by a Mrs James and a Mrs Bethell, in Farringdon Street. In every part of Mrs James's house the stench is so strong, that he frequently forewarned them that they would have an attack of fever. The lady in question was attacked with erysipelas in the head and face, and died, in spite of everything that could be done, and showed evidence, even after death, of the state the system had been in, owing to the absorption of putrid poison, emanating from the decomposition in that sewer of animal matter from the slaughter-houses, which gives out sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas in immense quantities.

There is a slaughter-house in Fox and Knot Court; it is a very large establishment, and the proprietor endeavours to keep down its offensiveness; he has recourse to every means he can devise to counteract the bad effects; he has it sluiced and washed frequently; and notwithstanding he has the advantage of a steep declivity to the main sewer of the Fleet, the stench, especially in warm weather, is most intolerable. A few months back, he (Dr Lynch) was obliged to interfere, in consequence of the people right and left in this locality being attacked with sickness of the stomach, bowel complaint, and fever; they stated it all arose from the slaughter-house in question; he accompanied the police thither, and found carts and wagons laden with bullocks lying on their backs, blown out, their bellies inflated like drums, their eyes starting out of their heads, their tongues out: with some of them their bowels had burst, and were lying about, yet their stomachs were equally distended, emitting putrid gas, and the stench was so great, that the nose could detect it at a considerable distance.

The slaughter-houses must be removed from their present confined locality; no arrangement, however perfect in detail, can obviate the evil; the decomposition of vegetable matter is very injurious, but does not seize hold of the system with the same intense violence that a mixture of animal putrescence does.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.—In consequence of medical reports on the evils which flowed from the slaughter-houses in Paris, an edict was issued in the year 1810 that public abattoirs should be constructed, and when completed, all private slaughter-houses suppressed, for which no indemnity was granted to the butchers, who raised several objections to the alteration in the system, but it has been found in practice to work admirably well.

The five abattoirs which were constructed include 240 slaughter-houses, each of which accommodate one, two, or three butchers, according to the extent of their dealings; the total cost of their erection was £300,000, and the revenue they yield is £40,000 per annum.

Mr Thomas Dunhill, civil-engineer, had devoted much time and anxious attention to this question, feeling that the present system of slaughtering the food for 2,000,000 of souls, in the heart of the city, and in densely-populated localities, materially affected the sanitary condition of the metropolis; and this conviction has been confirmed by personal examinations in the districts where slaughter-houses abound. He had also visited several of the slaughter-houses in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, Newgate, Leadenhall, Aldgate, and Clare Markets; more filthy places he cannot conceive to exist than these. Accidents of blood: there is a total absence of drainage, ventilation, and natural light; the machinery is imperfect; the water supply inadequate and impure; the blood and filth accumulate in the cellars for months; and he was always ill after inspecting them.

Not the least important feature in the establishment of out-lying abattoirs is, that bone-boiling, skin-dressing, glue, gut, and horn manufactures, and numerous other noxious crafts in connection with the offal and refuse of slaughter-houses, highly prejudicial to the public health, and intolerable nuisances where they are now carried on, would shortly find their way out of town to the neighbourhood of the points of the *material* they require.

He had visited the abattoirs at Paris: the continental system formed a striking contrast to that pursued in this country—nothing could be better devised than the plan adopted in France; and he derived such infinite pleasure from witnessing the improvement, that he has never ceased to urge the importance of its adoption in this metropolis, and every other city throughout the United Kingdom.

Charles J. B. Aldis, Esq. M.D., physician to the London and Surrey Dispensaries, was physician to the Farringdon Dispensary in 1844, which at that time was situated in the locality of several of the metropolitan slaughter-houses. Small-pox and fever were very prevalent, the number of cases exceeding those of other dispensaries, though situated in as densely-populated a district, which he attributed to the inhalation of accumulated poison generated in the slaughter-houses. The decomposition of animal matter therein gives out poison of the most virulent nature. Upon visiting these places, he found quantities of blood, paunches, and their contents, strewed all over the ground, and heaped up in the corners, which were giving out a miasma redolent of small-pox and fever; indeed there were no less than seven cases of the former at the Farringdon Dispensary in one day—an instance surpassing all his experience. In the vicinity of Bear Alley, a bird-fancier who resided there could keep no birds alive; has been obliged to prescribe for patients outside their houses, for fear of being sick with the vapours from the slaughter-houses gaining access to the courts and alleys, which, being destitute of ventilation, pervades every room in the houses, dealing out disease and death amongst the inhabitants.

William A. Guy, Esq. M.D., is physician to King's College Hospital; considers slaughter-houses in the midst

Digitized by Google

of a dense population objectionable, on account of the large quantity of ordure and offal which necessarily accumulates therein. It is a great disadvantage that large masses of filth should be suffered to congregate in the very heart of a great city, as it not only affects the sanitary condition of the population in itself, but sets an example to the whole neighbourhood to be unusually dirty and filthy. The localities of these nuisances are usually avoided by respectable persons. An inferior class occupies the houses, whose squalor and wretchedness is but an extension of the evil.

Mr William Fortesque, surgeon, considered the effluvia from the slaughter-house refuse a mixture of sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gases, which are disengaged in proportion to the stage of decomposition the fæcal matter has reached; and that it is highly detrimental to the health of the locality in which slaughter-houses are situated, when enclosed by dwellings, and in the midst of a dense population.'

A VALUABLE HINT FOR FARMERS.

The celebrated Mr Robert Bakewell of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of the New Leicester sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding high glee of a farmer not only of the olden school, but of the golden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied 1000 acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one-quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found, by a little more speed and a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one-third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor dry furze land, even when the furze covered in some closes nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased: he made more money because his new broken-up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more labourers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning, had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had to manage 1000 acres; therefore he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married, he gave her 250 acres, or half which remained, for her portion, and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm one-quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of 250 as he had done of 1000 acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone! rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb; he got as much more work done for his money; he made his servants, labourers, and horses, move faster; broke them from their snail's pace; and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servants and labourers, instead of saying, 'Go and do it,' he said to them, 'Let us go, my boys, and do it.' Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for forty or fifty years; straightened his zig-fences; cut his water-courses straight, and gained a deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from 10 to 14 yards in width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets; and threw three, four, five, and six closes into one. He found out that, instead of growing white-thorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in the winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds. After all this improvement he grew more, and made more of 250 acres than he did from 1000; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let him rams and sold him long-horned bulls (said Mr Bakewell), and told him the real value of labour, both in-doors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen, and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farm. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off all his old deep-rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

A PINT OF ALE AND A NEWSPAPER.

How strangely the value of different things is estimated in some minds! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a taste of the leaves of the hop-plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated; and a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture, which costs also so little labour as hardly to be reckoned in our coinage. A pint of this sells, retail, for fourpence; and if of good flavour, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money; and so it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which cost one penny-farthing, and the duty thereon one penny, with no deductions for damaged, crooked, or over-printed copies made ready for sale, and charged too with carriage from mills and stamp-office at a distance; and it is covered with half a million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same day; and this sells for no more than the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops! And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world, and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be read by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere; and it promotes trade, and finds employment, and markets for goods, and cautions against frauds and accidents, and subjects for conversation; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of the moment more prized than things of moment? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale?—*Liverpool Mercury.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRAIRIE WOLF.

I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favourable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontiers of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I espied a large, gaunt and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase; and being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humour to flee, however, but boldly met me full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then 'laid to' my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and using it for a shield, began to thrust it towards his gaping jaws. My *ruse* had the desired effect; for after springing at me a few times, he wheeled about, and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and return to the attack, and conscious that, under the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I very resolutely—took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a drawn game, though I had myself given the challenge.—*Journal of a Santa Fé Trader.*

Digitized by Google

POPULAR RECREATION.

Can anything be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet what can we expect if we provide no means of recreation; if we never share our own pleasure with our own poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well locked up, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art without paying for it; and we shut up people by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on both sides by dusty hedges. Now an open space near the town is one of nature's churches: and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing-places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion as a means of social improvement should be ever in the minds of legislators and other influential persons. Blunders in legislating about railways, and absurd expenditure in making them, are a far greater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a 'Book of Sports' upon the people, who in that case would be resolutely dull and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labour might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill: he might aid in establishing zoological gardens, or music-meetings, or exhibitions of pictures, or mechanics' institutes. These are things in which some of the great employers of labour have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his workpeople are deprived of by being almost confined to one spot; and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds, by inducing them to take interest in anything which may prevent the 'ignorant present' and its low cares from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit or some art in which he takes especial pleasure himself, and which gives to his leisure perhaps its greatest charm; he may be sure that there are many of his people who could be made to share in some degree that pleasure or pursuit with him. It is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable benefice, to provide for the poor such opportunities of recreation or means of amusement as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellowmen.—*The Claims of Labour.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE POPE.

I had the honour of two interviews with Pius IX.: the first as a member of the committee appointed for a humane purpose; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope; and certainly, as Mr Harford spoke his sensible address, his Holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank, and even simple. There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment. Pius IX., addressing his fellow-men, utters like a man of sense what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling, outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him: hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked that an English advocate had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know, but, unfortunately, being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it—a very sensible, but unkingly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified; he appeared as if his royalty sat awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI. The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX., denote plain, vigorous sense, resolution and manliness of character, and true benevolence, more than refined or polished taste, lofty dignity, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he never would be mistaken for a subtle Jesuit or crafty priest, but would pass all the world over for a sagacious, clear-headed, English country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time I had the honour of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease; and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland, and spoke in terms of hearty admiration of the exertions made by the parliament in England in relief of the Irish famine. The vote of ten millions seemed to astonish his Holiness. On this occasion the manner of the Pope was fatherly, and undoubtedly, I must say, coated as I am in the Protestant faith, the unaffected behaviour of Pius IX. towards people of all nations is that becoming an ecclesiastic aspiring to be considered the head of the Christian church.—*Whiteside's Italy in the Nineteenth Century.*

A SKETCH.

Hers was a lowly and a lonely fate:
Far from the world's gay throng, unseen, unknown,
Like a fair floweret in a woodland vale
She grew in beauty, 'neath the fostering shade
Of an old stately tree—her fathers' home—
Which centuries had seen that proudly stand,
Braving the storms of winter and of fate,
In lone magnificence. She, fair and young,
The child of that high race, was gently nursed
With smiles and loving tears—the only beams
And vernal showers of her quiet spring.
And days and years passed on—unmarked the flight
Of Time—till she blushed forth a glorious flower.

But none were there to see, and none to love
The sun had been to love. Far otherwise
Her fate ordained. And finding not all around
No ocean for the stream of love that gushed
Warm, pure, and holy from her youthful heart,
Meekly she turned her soft blue eyes to Heaven;
And there, amid her native woodlands, like
The woodland flower—her emblem—on the soft
And wooing breeze that gently round her played,
She lavished all her sweets—a fragrant store—
And there she garnered up her love, her hope,
Her heart's sweet virgin bloom.

So passed her spring; and summer glided on,
Yet still she lonely dwelt—blessing and blessed
In that fair vale, and by the world unknown.
Pleasure, the butterfly, unheeding passed
On jewelled wing; but the bee, Happiness,
Dwelt lovingly within her gentle breast,
And lingered, charmed with it's sweet resting-place,
Drinking the honey of her soul; and Peace,
The dove-like, brooded in the shadowy boughs,
And lulled her with its whispered melody;
And evermore the eye of Heaven gazed
In her pure eyes, and found reflected there
Its holy image.

Thus waned her summer; and now autumn drear
Obscured with clouds the sunshine of her lot.
Loved blossoms faded round—and sere and wan,
Frosted with dying moan above her head
The kindred leaves of her 'time-honoured' tree.
She wept to see them parted: day by day,
Hurled in dark eddies to the stormy sky,
Or faded on the parent bough; and then
Falling around her once bright dwelling-place,
And mingling with the dust of years gone by.
Dimmed were those gentle eyes; yet 'mid their tears,
With fading light turned lovingly to Heaven:
And so she died.

Mourn not her lonely fate. True all unknown
Passion to her, and greatness, and renown;
Yet blest in this was she: unfelt was Love,
Therefore Inconstancy, Greatness unknown,
And hence Ambition's restless flood had ne'er
Disturbed the placid current of her life.
Sweet ties of household love—and charity,
Friendship, and pure benevolence—in these
Passed all her quiet hours. Oh say, ye sad
And weary ones of earth! was she not blest
Whom peace and love surrounded, and who died
Tranquil and hopeful, gazing up to Heaven?

C. C.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 248. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848. Price 1½d.

FROLICS OF FASHION.

It is told of an old Scotch laird that he had acquired the habit of walking in an odd shambling manner from an excess of politeness while residing at a foreign court, where the reigning prince had the misfortune to be somewhat stiff in the ankle-joints. There was nothing very remarkable in this trait of complaisance, for the spirit of imitation in dress, language, and customs of all kinds is of so universally pervading an influence, that, right or wrong, its dictates are unhesitatingly followed. One therefore should not laugh too hard at the old laird's affected lameness. We are all less or more followers, from imitation and habit, of usages which common sense has some difficulty in justifying.

Of all despots, Fashion is the most despotic; and yet the thing is entirely voluntary. There is, however, the terror of appearing to act differently from what seems to be a legitimately-erected standard. No inquiry is employed as to the correctness of the taste which has suggested any distinct change in fashion. No matter even that accident has been the cause of the alteration; for, as in a state of panic, what all hasten to do cannot possibly be wrong. In the modern lady-world, this panic of fashion is observed to work as marvellous transformations as that which took place among the towering head-dresses of Addison's days, and to have about as reasonable a purpose. When the Queen was on the Clyde last year, finding her face visited too roughly by the air of our Scottish hills, she tied her veil under her chin. The action was natural, and the effect no doubt, in the circumstances, becoming. The royal cheeks, warm with health, flushed with womanly and queenly feeling, and fanned by the welcoming breezes of the north, looked almost as beautiful, we daresay, as a moss-rose. However that may be, before the day was out, there were hundreds of other cheeks in the same predicament. The rage of imitation spread. In the shadiest walks—in the closest streets of the town—in the calmest and hottest days of the season—the veil was fashionably tied under the chin. The fashion, however, was in reality made a fashion only through misapprehension; for the Queen had merely adopted a temporary expedient to serve a temporary end; and when the emergence was over, she no doubt unloosed the knot, and gave her veil to the winds as usual. Her imitators were as unregardful of *circumstances* as the very sagacious monkey which gulped a package of medicine because he saw his master swallow a quantity of the same material previously.

To a silly and panic-like rage of imitation may no doubt most fashions be traced; the fear of infringing even a trifling point in a prevailing usage being perhaps stronger than that which makes men avoid the commission of serious error. And thus highly artificial states of society, in which etiquette exercises the chief control, cannot be said to be favourable to the growth of moral excellence. We would not, however, have it thought that there is anything either blameable or ridiculous—far from it—in following fashions which are convenient, becoming, and suitable to general circumstances. Every successive generation introduces some species of novelty, which is an expression of social progress; and in costumes and customs we may read the moral history of a country as distinctly as in its medals and monuments. Fortunately the tendency of fashion in our own day is towards simplicity; though in this respect we are only following the progress which commenced a generation ago. The imitation which challenges sarcasm is that of the monkey and the medicine—a fantastic copying of what is valueless and unsuitable. In this respect it is a meanness, and betrays as much the want of true dignity as of common reflection. It is the enemy of fashion, perpetually turning it into ridicule, and forcing it into a thousand feverish changes to escape from its persecutions. These changes are sometimes as comical as those of the two fairies in the 'Arabian Nights,' who fought through a series of metamorphoses. We remember the leaders of ton, some years ago, had recourse to the expedient of disguising their voices by a certain dexterous use of the roof of the mouth. Even this, however, did not baffle their pursuers; in a very short time the world of slavish imitators acquired the new form of speech, and drove invention to new shifts. At a later epoch some ingenious persons stuck an eye-glass into their eye, supporting it by the muscles alone, and bearing with heroical equanimity the inconvenience and the ridicule: but this has now come down to the order of small imitators, who affect to bask in the sunshine of fashion.

As regards the mass of mankind, imitation is a kind of substitute for principle; and estimated not in its extreme aspect, until individuals are better able to direct their own movements, it deserves indulgence, if not approbation. So many persons are placed in circumstances adverse to original or independent thought, that we cannot speak too flatteringly of efforts at imitation, which, though sometimes grotesque, and possibly out of place, are in the main respectable, and significant of a wish for improvement. On a late occasion, when shown into the cottage of a rural labourer, we observed with surprise that a small table was laid out with books star-fashion, as in the drawing-room of a city. The effort at gentility was in one sense ludicrous; yet how deserving was it of commendation, *all things* considered! The true way to view such things is to place them in contrast with that utter disregard of all the decencies of life which is unhappily manifested by parties moving in a rank equal to that of the rural labourer. Only a day or two

Digitized by Google

previously we had visited the house of a person of greater worldly possessions, and found the family living almost in a state of nature along with their cattle. Exhibitions of this latter sort are calculated to inspire a wonderful degree of toleration of imitative efforts at elegance and improvement, however incongruous. Better see a population toiling to ape the fashions of refined society, than see it contented with the listless mediocrity of semi-barbarism! Placed in this light, the mimicry of fashion is to be viewed as one of those tendencies which Providence has impressed on mankind for their benefit. It is constantly drawing them out of the slough of natural desires, and leading them by steps, imperceptible to themselves, towards the higher aims of civilisation.

THE START IN LIFE.

A TALE.

'Well, Cousin Danby, so Mary is going to be married? I rode over to hear all about it, and to ask how soon I am to wish you joy.'

'Thank you kindly, John,' replied the mother of the bride-elect, her face beaming with smiles: 'indeed you should have been the first to hear the news, only you were away at the assizes; for often and often Mary said to me that there was no one in the world on whose advice she would depend, or to whose opinion she would look up more entirely, than your own: not that Mary felt any doubts as to her choice; she knew him all her life, and so do we all—as good a gentleman bred and born as in all Ireland: indeed for that matter, much better than Mary had any right to expect: but she did often say that had you been at home before matters were entirely settled, she would have liked to consult you as to what you thought best.'

With all patience and attention John Travers listened, knowing well that interruption would only add to the intricacy of the narrative. Now, however, at a pause he inquired where was Mary; but without heeding the inquiry, Mrs Danby proceeded in her harangue. Mary's intended husband, Frank Nugent, had got a wonderful catch of a farm on lease from Mr Jones, and everything no doubt would go on beautifully. There could not have been a better start in life!

'And where is the capital to encounter so large an undertaking?'

'Oh, Mary, you know, has a hundred pounds, and Frank will probably get something from his brother George.'

'Umph,' said John Travers. 'The bargain is not completely made?'

'Quite settled,' answered Mrs Danby with a look full of satisfaction. The lease was drawn and signed a fortnight ago. Tradesmen are in the house, and most part of the furniture is come home. Mary has not quite fixed the day, but I have an idea it is not very far off.'

'I did not expect to hear matters had gone so far,' said John gravely; 'though guessing pretty well long ago how they would end. As you say, their choice does credit to them both; and yet I confess, Cousin Danby, I more than share in Mary's anxieties regarding the future; and as *my* notions are my own, I am afraid I cannot so easily lay them by. But tell me, how did Frank Nugent come by such a bargain? Mr Jones has the name of being a hard and griping agent, and very few real bargains, as I hear, have ever passed through his hands.'

'Oh, but Frank is very different from the generality of his tenants,' replied the widow. 'No wonder if Mr Jones made a compliment to him; or most likely the family had interest with Sir Hugh himself, and got the place for Frank without any thanks to the agent. Indeed it seems so natural to me that any of the Nugents could get a farm whenever they chose to look for it, that I never thought of making it a subject of inquiry.'

'Interest—interest—the Irish look too much to doing things through interest,' said John Travers composedly.

'And all right too, if they have not a fortune of their own,' replied Mrs Danby. 'But tell me, Cousin John, what you would have recommended.'

'That is soon done. I should have advised Mary and her intended husband to wait a little till better times, or at all events not to have started with a heavy farm on their hands, but, in preference, to have opened a shop in the town. I know one, with a stock to boot, which is at present to be had for a comparatively small sum.'

'A shop! Did you say a shop? Our family have never descended to the meanness of trade. I am glad I was the first, and I hope the last, to hear of your doubtless well-meaning, but unsuitable proposal. It would ill become any of Mary's relations to teach Frank Nugent that his position was lowered by his marriage.'

'Well, cousin, no offence meant either to you or the Nugents, or least of all to dear little Mary. I wished to see her and her husband independent, what they never will be at the fag end of what you call their position. Gladly would I have done something to spare Mary the weary struggle of keeping up false appearances—done anything but quench her heart's young joy. Remember that, Cousin Danby, I would not thwart this marriage—I would not even say it was inconsiderate or ill-advised, though many might agree with me—for I know them both thoroughly: they are good, honest, loving, and in the end they will pull through.'

Luckily, as Mrs Danby remarked, the advice and the foreboding were both too late, and John Travers was too wise and too kind to offer superfluous counsel; so he bided his time, contenting himself for the present with forwarding their preparations as far as lay in his power, avoiding all discussions of ways and means. Mary alone, perhaps, read his silence aright—his forbearance; but as this was a point on which her doubts had been stifled by the hand which was to provide for the future, she determined, in the fulness of womanly trust, that no other should revive them again; and thus the subject was tacitly dropped, while both in their own way looked as happy and hopeful on the day of the wedding as if no cloud from the future had ever shadowed their minds.

Happy and hopeful!—those were no words for Mrs Danby; she was actually radiant as carriage and jaunting-car drove up to her door, and the full tide of compliments and congratulations poured in. To do her justice, her hopes and her plans were all centered in her daughter; her dreams of ambition only through her: she still had her dreams, but they were about to be realised, and she was contented to shine for the future with reflected light.

Mrs Danby was the widow of an officer, who, some twenty years before, when quartered in this her native village, captivated by her blooming face, had married and taken her away. She returned at his death with one little daughter, judging from experience that the slender provision, which was scarce better than poverty amongst strangers, would seem quite a fortune in the eyes of her humbler connections at home; and by good management, and keeping her own counsel, it really answered all the purposes of a fortune in her hands. Every one hastened to welcome her—every one tried to assist—all gave her credit for genuine feeling in returning to her early home and friends—none suspected that necessity had influenced her choice; and all at once she found herself, for the first time in her life, a person of consequence in the circle in which she lived. But, unreasonable woman, this did not satisfy her; she had been all her life clinging to the edge of another, and could know no contentment until she had slipped herself fairly in. Had her ambition been for Mary only, it might have been abundantly gratified; her sweet looks and manner unconsciously won their way in circles where her father had been intimate many

Digitized by Google

years before. But no one thought it requisite to include Mrs Danby in the attentions paid to her daughter; and each solitary invitation would have been a source of fresh vexation, had she not regarded Mary as the stepping-stone by which her wishes were to be accomplished in the end.

It might have been a false and mortifying position for Mary to find herself accepted on a memory that had all but passed away, while her actual connections remained unnoticed and unknown—even her mother. But *she* had too much tact ever to complain: instinctively she stood in awe of Mary's true heart—her single mind; she knew her daughter would never mix in society where her mother was rejected; and still hoping on, made her present retirement seem both to Mary and her own companions quite a matter of choice.

How often would Mary, in the midst of her pleasant anticipations of some party, lay down her simple attire with a sigh, and exclaim—'Oh, mamma, what a pity that you too may not wear a white muslin—then you need never stay at home from unwillingness to spend money in a suitable dress; though shame for me,' she would add, throwing her arms round her neck, 'to give even this as a reason, when I know too well you lost all heart for amusement before ever you came here!'

And again, how often would the mother scan the sweet ingenuous face of her child, on her return from some excursion, to discover whether it bore any trace of the mortifications her own sensitive vanity always led her to apprehend. But no; Mary, as we have said, was too true-hearted, too gentle, ever thus to suffer: she made no vain pretensions, and her companions were well contented to love her for what she really was; so well, that when Frank Nugent began to love her best of any, his sisters and his mother only hoped he would deserve her, and thought him fortunate indeed when he won her true and warm heart. Luckily they knew but little of Mrs Danby, or of her boastful delight at 'the connection,' little of worthy John Travers and his graver anxieties, ere their judgments might have remained suspended between the hopes of the one and the fears of the other, until the scale had been turned against Mary herself.

Frank's eldest brother, George Nugent, indeed protested they were a couple of fools: Frank for selling his hunter, and giving up his free quarters at home; Mary for refusing a rich old squire, whose admiration had long been their standing joke. And confoundedly unseasonable, to use his own words, was Frank's request to be paid off the few hundreds his portion as a younger son, and in fact all he could call his own. So the money not being *convenient*, George bestirred himself to find some equivalent. Mustering together two or three past obligations, and some unpleasant information which he had equally stored up, he now brought them to bear, in the friendliest manner, on Mr Jones the agent; received in return the lease of the farm, which Frank in his turn accepted in lieu of his claim—no unfrequent mode of management; and thus all parties were pleased—the agent, who gave only a nominal bargain; the brother, who cleared off an encumbrance on his property; the young lovers, rejoicing in their own happiness and the goodwill of their friends, heedless that in one instance it had been purchased, and dearly too; and Mrs Danby and John Travers both right in their conclusions: Mr Nugent's interest had obtained the farm—Frank's money had secured that interest.

Some few, very few years had passed by, when whispers began to float about too much in the tone of John Travers's early forebodings. Mrs Danby's countenance —a true barometer—no longer bright and exulting, revealed much that her lips were still far from uttering. She had moved down again to the lowly front parlour, again condescending to be amused by the movements of the village street; and if now and then she did ascend to her former quarters, and station herself again at the favourite window, it was no longer ostentatiously to point out the residence of Mrs Nugent, but to weep, where none could see her, over Mary's fallen prospects and her desolate home.

Perhaps had she visited it oftener she would have found less occasion for sorrow. How many griefs, how much of regret and disappointment, might we all find ourselves spared if we only took a sober and probable view of the future in the morning of life! In the morning of life? Yes; not that of the youthful dreamer, not that morning still gilt with the glories of dawn; but of actual life, with its cares and its business, on which few enter steadily without finding its reasonable promise fulfilled. But if Mrs Danby was still a dreamer, it was not so with Mary. From the first, she had been aware of her position, and determined to make the best of it. She knew she could never expect to mingle on equal terms with the rich or great of their neighbourhood; and wondering at her mother's extravagant anticipations, she gently, but decidedly, discouraged them at once, though pained to find her motives entirely misunderstood; her mother attributing the check to unwillingness on the part of Mary to allow her to participate in amusements which she could never believe would be voluntarily resigned. But Mary was firm, even with Frank, though with him her part was different, more easy, yet more difficult: she was all in all to him, supplied the place of all; and yet he had been accustomed to so many things of which he never knew the value—things supplied without question in his brother's somewhat wasteful establishment—that she felt those minor privations must be a continual strain on his good-humour, and that on her devolved the task of preventing them from becoming a strain upon his love. She tried to give as modest a tone as possible to their establishment; to prove from the very first that superfluities were not necessaries; and that now, while life and joy were young, was the time to accustom themselves to live without indulgences which might be requisite, yet not attainable, in after-years. But to do all this with a husband all his life accustomed to indiscriminating hospitality; always ready to enjoy the 'passing hour;' whose favourite maxim was, 'we'll never do it younger;' to do this efficiently, and yet not disagreeably; to check extravagance without infringing on real comfort; to lessen their circle of society, yet leave no wearisome blank; to choose so well, and exert herself so well, that the few more than supplied the place of the many—this was surely an arduous task for quiet unpretending little Mary: but she set about it with all her heart and all her spirit; and it was done.

She succeeded so well, that even George, who began by calling them fools, and indeed, as far as Frank was concerned, by verifying his words, was now fain to call him 'a lucky dog.' He would often escape from his own irregular home to enjoy the comfort and the quiet of their well-ordered dwelling; and was never better pleased than when one of Mary's fairy notes would furnish him with an excuse, by asking him to ride up 'Lady Lilly,' and give her to poor Frank for one day with the hounds; or to bring the greyhounds in the morning, that he might enjoy a day's coursing after his hard work all the week; and to remember all the while it must seem to come from himself, as Frank would be twice as much delighted then. 'Yes, Frank is a lucky dog: she is a woman in a thousand,' was always George's soliloquy as he hastened to obey her behests. But latterly it was uttered more slowly, more sadly; then followed by an impatient burst, 'But where's the good of it all? Of all her good sense, all her good management, they have nothing to work on: I have nothing to spare them; and sooner or later, the crash must come at last.'

It came sooner even than any anticipated: it came to them, as well as many another, in Ireland's fatal year. But though hastened by general calamity, it was not the less inevitable; for Frank had embarked far beyond his means, and no after-prudence could retrieve that step. Ground imperfectly cultivated; shortcoming crops; cattle insufficiently housed and fed, dying in

Digitized by Google

the front of house and things purchased at a price nearly double their value on time—time that expired without bringing anything to satisfy its demands. At last, as we have said, that year came when none could afford to be indulgent, none could wait for money once due; debt after debt was demanded, and paid out of the produce of the farm as far as it went, in the hope that when the next gale came round, Mr Jones too might give a little time. Vain hope! an ejectment was served; and Frank and Mary found at last that they had only to depend on each other's true heart for comfort and counsel under the long-impending blow.

At least it was on that they each most relied in the hour of need. Though grateful to many friends who offered sympathy and assistance, they resolved to be independent for the future, however lowly might be their lot; and agreed there was no shame in honest poverty while they could truly say, according to the apostle's injunction, they 'owed no man anything but love.' George Nugent and John Travers were both included in the family council. George, really distressed, yet without the least notion of business, could offer no better suggestion than that they should sell all, and pay all, and take up their quarters with him until better times. This offer he pressed on them warmly—kindly, for he made it bear the aspect of a favour to himself.

'You will do us more good than can be told, dear Mary. Since my poor mother died the house is all at sixes and sevens; the girls know nothing of management, and I myself am going to the dogs. Do half as much for us as you have already done for Frank, and we will have reason for ever to bless the day you came amongst us.'

There was a soft light in Mary's eyes as she turned them on her husband; if her gentle heart could have felt pride, it might have glowed at that moment to hear the hand of the family, amidst all their ruin, declare that she had effectually done her part. But there was nothing in her look that spoke acceptance of the invitation; and Frank, reading it aright, while he gratefully thanked his brother, hastened to decline the offer for them both.

'No, George, it would never do for me to go back to our old ways: a relapse is always worse than the first disease; and Mary's care and trouble must not go for nothing in the end. Besides, there are the children.'

'Oh, the more the merrier,' interrupted George.

'You know how fond I am of them already.'

'Yes, too fond, dear George,' said Mary affectionately, 'too fond of them and of us. You would spoil us all; and you know there is not quite so much of life before us now; we must be up and doing something to retrieve the years we have already let pass.'

But what that something was to be—all now turned their eyes on steady John; while he in his turn hesitated, and seemed diffident of what he had to say. He looked at Mary—so soft and delicate, so apparently unequal to encounter the rough ways of the world—at Frank, with his somewhat proud and careless air, so unsuited to its lowlier paths—and again he looked reluctant to speak what was in his mind; but seeing that all three awaited his opinion, he commenced by asking Frank whether he should certainly give up the farm, and what surplus they hoped to retain after disposing of everything.

'The farm gives me up,' answered Frank sadly. 'I owe more than a year's rent, and can expect no allowance; so I suppose all I have will not do much more than pay. At most, I cannot have more than a hundred pounds clear after all.'

'Then,' said John Travers boldly, 'that is nothing to live on, though something for a beginning, if turned to good account. Move down to the village, and open a meal store; keep your three best horses, and have them continually on the road bringing it out from the ships; attend yourself—ay, and Mary too—to the sale from morning to night; and, mark my words—you will be richer before the year is over than you were in all your lives before.'

He stopped short, like one who had made a desperate plunge without knowing the depth, and now hardly ventured to look at the faces around him. He might have seen an angry flush on that of George, as he turned hastily to the window and began beating time upon the pane; Mary's eyes were cast down, and her fair cheek a little pale; Frank silent and thoughtful, but calmer than any. He was the first to speak; and holding out his hand to John, said, 'I believe you are right; I at anyrate thank you sincerely for your straightforward, manly advice.'

Mary had hardly time to raise her meek eyes, now filled with approving tears, when George turning round, exclaimed impetuously, 'It is advice that shall never be followed. What, man, are you mad, to think of disgracing us all? Mary, will you speak, and bring him to reason? Make him accept my offer; come and live with me; and I'll see Dillon or O'Brien, and get them to use their interest to have him put upon the roads, or under the poor-law; anything, in fact, rather than see him selling meal.'

But Mary did not speak. She knew that many of the situations mentioned so ambiguously by her brother-in-law, even if attainable, were altogether precarious, depending on the evil days which all trusted would not last. No—much more gladly would she have seconded her cousin's advice; and oh how thankful she felt that her influence was not needed, that her husband's own upright feelings prompted the courageous step!

She was silent; and George, after waiting vainly a few moments, at last lost all patience when Frank and John Travers commenced discussing the details of the proposed plan. Interrupting them again with a strong and indignant protest, again offering his interest and his home as what they should know to a rational mind, he took an abrupt leave, and went away in a most dissatisfied frame of mind; conclude that his conduct on their marriage deprived him of the right of interference now, and yet full of newly-awakened sympathy and affection prompting him to assume it.

But poor Mrs Danby! What were her feelings when Frank and Mary were actually established behind a counter, and that too in the very village where she had always held her head so high—literally within sight of the spot where she lived? With delight she had heard of George's generous proposal. In her own words, it would have been another feather in her cap to have her daughter presiding at Mount Nugent—in fact, mistress of the house; and great in proportion was her indignation at the lot they had preferred. It even outravelled that of George Nugent; and equally finding remonstrance vain, she retreated in wrath to the back apartment again, determined not to witness their fall.

John Travers once more—but now really hopeful—had assisted in all their arrangements; taken a house for them in the village; attended the auction; privately purchased Mary's favourite little articles of furniture, and placed them in her new dwelling, so as to give it at once the air of home; put Frank's carriers in train, and his stores when they arrived: in short, smoothened the difficulties that would have seemed almost insurmountable to those habituated to such different pursuits.

It surely was a hard struggle not only against the wishes and prejudices of those they each respected and loved, but even against lingering doubts and feelings scarce acknowledged by themselves. Nothing but a strong determination to do right, to act honestly in the eyes of all men, and independently in their own, could have given them courage; and the step was hardly taken, when they reaped their reward. It was first a day's wonder, then approbation followed. The worldly-minded said 'they knew what they were about;' the generous-hearted sympathised with them, and warmly wished them success; but, dearest of all, they had the

Digitized by Google

blessing of the poor. Each week and each month throughout that calamitous year the pressure became greater—louder and louder the cry for food; and what an unspeakable happiness to our young beginners to feel that in their hour of need they had been led into a way of life that enabled them to bear a share in alleviating the distresses of others!

The prudent foresight of John Travers had advised the purchase of a cargo early in the year, and his kindness had insisted on adding what was requisite to make up the sum. Prices afterwards rose, doubled, quadrupled, in the rage for speculation, in the necessity that parted with all to save existence; but to the covetous practices that disgraced the period Frank Nugent formed a bright exception: he ascertained, in the first instance, what was really a fair profit, and no after-circumstances could tempt him to deviate from the scale he had laid down. In this resolution he was confirmed by Mary, who would eagerly exclaim, 'Oh yes; would that we could part with it for even less—would that we were better able to prove our gratitude for abundance while so many perish for want!' Yes, dear Frank, let us be not only contented, but oh how thankful, if this year only leaves us as it found us, still blessed with one another, even though, like Paul and his companions, we have been brought to land with nothing but the broken pieces of our ship!'

Frank smiled at her enthusiasm, but went steadily on: soon he had companions enough in his vocation; his experience made him an invaluable, indispensable member of the Relief Committee, while his moderate demands made all eagerly turn to him for its supplies. These facts soon became apparent to George Nugent, and even to Mrs Danby's narrower mind. Frank was not only met and associated with on equal terms as ever, but even held in honour by all the gentry of the neighbourhood; while Mary, attending indefatigably to her own share of the duty, received abundant testimony that her labour was not in vain: and thus conviction gradually stole on the minds of their offended relatives, and with it a truer estimation of themselves, and of the vanities they had each in their own way most highly prized, until at length the fastidious George Nugent might have been often seen lending Mary a helping hand during Frank's unavoidable absences.

The year was ended, and brighter prospects opening on a suffering world, when Frank and Mary, with mother, brother, and true friend, were assembled for the evening in the quiet little parlour behind the shop; the former enjoying the little relaxation with double zest after a day of unusual weariness—a day of reckoning and calculation, as, with John Travers's assistance, they wound up their accounts for the year that had gone by. No wonder they looked so happy: not alone had that kind friend been repaid, but a surplus remained exceeding their united fortunes before grasping agent, heedless brother, or luckless farm had melted them away. A thoughtful silence followed the glad announcement, interrupted at last by George exclaiming warmly, 'You were right, Frank: dear Mary, you are always right; and it isn't because of what we hear just now I say so; I have long been turning it in my mind: in eating the bread of your own earning, you have had power to give bread to many; and still more right you were in resisting my advice a second time, when I would have had you make more haste to become rich. To me, that never made a shilling in all my life, and whose only experience is in spending and in losing, there is something even miraculous in the way you have got on. Come, tell the secret, Mary. Had you, as Nurse Malsony used to relate long ago of our great-grandmother, who fed all her poor neighbours out of one chest of meal in some famine of old—had you an angel come that would light on the chest with the earliest dawn, and shake meat from her wings until it filled as fast as it had been emptied the evening before? Had you such a dove, Mary?'

'You should ask that question of Frank,' said John Travers coldly. 'If not favoured with angels' visits, he has one sweet household dove that comes as near as mortal may to be an angel upon earth.'

'Then what will that fair bird say,' continued George in still livelier tones; 'what will she think of my coming to propose another flight? Nay, Frank and John Travers, do not look so grave all at once: and Mary, do not turn those dove-like eyes away—rather turn them to that window, and you will see where I want you to alight.' And his eyes brightened mischievously as he added, 'Though neither Barley Hill nor Mount Nugent are in the view, look down, Mary, along the river's bank, where the smoke is curling up through the old ash-trees: see where the sun is glancing on the water: yes, the wheel is still going round, the fire still on the hearth, but old Johnson died yesterday, broken-hearted, they say, at the failure of his miserly speculations in the end. God forgive him! he took his own turn out of the poor all the year; but at anyrate he is gone now, and the mill and the cottage fallen back into my hands. Frank and Mary, I owe you a good turn, so let me pay my debts too: even John can say nothing against that, or against my proposal now. You have capital enough and experience too; so take the mill, and may you thrive there as well as you have already done here.'

Once again—but on how much truer grounds—all parties were pleased: all the hearts then present more closely drawn together. Sweet had been the uses of adversity to all, but none showed their effect more plainly than Mrs Danby; a serene and chastened spirit was visible in all her manner, visible in her silence, in her grateful looks; and when the change was made, and every tongue was eloquent on the beauty of the situation, the advantages of the position, she scarcely ventured to whisper, even in her inmost heart, what more would have formed its loudest theme, 'they have returned to their proper position after all.'

THE GREAT BEDFORD LEVEL.

While the western side of the island of Great Britain is remarkable for its generally rocky and mountainous character, the eastern side is for the most part equally distinguished by its alluvial plains and soft sylvan scenery; the truth seeming to be, that the eastern coast is composed to a large extent of the washings of mud and sand from the higher regions of the west. In some places, the beach on the eastern shore consists of wide tracts of pure sand laid bare at the recess of the tides, and at others it is of the character of a marsh, in which what vegetation carry on a contest for mastery. We propose to give a short account of the largest of these marshes, usually called 'the great level of the fens,' or 'the Great Bedford Level.'

The district comprised in this term, about seventy miles long, and from twenty to forty wide, containing nearly 700,000 acres, is bounded by the high lands of six counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln. The waters of nine counties are carried through it by eight rivers, four of which—the Witham, Welland, Nene, and Ouse—discharging their contents into the great estuary of the Wash, form the natural outfalls for that portion of the country. For a long period, extending further back than our oldest historical records, this district has been an immense swamp, dreary and pestilential. The quantity of water pouring down from the uplands was greater than, from the levelness of the surface and choked condition of the outlets, could find a ready passage to the sea; besides which, the tides from the German Ocean rushing up the streams caused periodical inundations, and the whole region became a succession of shoals, stagnant lakes or meres, with intervening spaces of slimy bog, and a few elevated spots resembling islands. Such a wilderness as this must have been a paradise for wild-fowl, noxious reptiles, and barbarian freebooters. We have no knowledge of any attempts at reclamation prior to those of the Romans: remains of forts, mounds, and

Digitized by Google

gravel dikes made by these enterprising invaders being yet visible. One of their dikes, commencing on the Nene at Peterborough, may be traced to Lincoln, and, according to the late Mr Rennie, as far as the Trent. From what we know of the Romans, we may believe that their works were maintained by powerful industry; they compelled the natives to cut down trees and raise banks; but on their departure in the fifth century, the barriers and drains were neglected and destroyed, and the fens relapsed into their original condition. During the Saxon rule several monasteries were built on some of the higher grounds, the immediate precincts of which were doubtless protected and improved by the monks; but beyond this nothing was done in the way of general improvement. Readers of history will remember the use made of the fens in the Danish and Norman invasions; the woods and marshes became strongholds for fugitives, and a camp of refuge was held for many years in defiance of the enemy. It is probable that the condition of the district may have been sometimes better than at others; for Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury speak of it in glowing terms, describing the beauties of the level surface, the rich grass, vines, and apple-trees. Most likely this description was applied to the elevated sites cultivated by monks or other proprietors, as sudden floods occasionally devastated the rest of the country. Obscure traditions tell of inundations in far remote times: Dugdale records an irruption of the sea which took place in 1236, and destroyed men, ships, land, and cattle. A similar deluge occurred in 1613, and again in later times, so that the level kept up the character given of it, as having been 'for the space of many ages a vast and deep fen, affording little benefit to the realm other than fish or fowl, with overmuch harbour to a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people.' Down even to within a very recent period, much of the surface consisted of dismal sloughs, overgrown with acres of reeds, a fountain of ague on a large scale. The inhabitants lived in a state of isolation from one another, and travelling was so difficult, that boards were affixed to the horses' shoes to prevent them sinking into the soft soil.

The task of reclaiming such a morass must have appeared hopeless, yet adventurers have not been wanting. From the era of William the Conqueror to the reign of Elizabeth, various bold efforts were made to reclaim at least portions of the fens. James I. also regarded the subject with much interest: successful drainage would give him new lands to distribute among his followers; and he is reported to have said that he 'would not suffer any longer the land to be abandoned to the use of the waters.' In his reign the first local act for draining was obtained, but not without great opposition. To insure success, the king invited from Holland Cornelius Vermuyden, an eminent Zealander, whose knowledge and abilities were presumed equal to the task. The undertaking was further supported by several Dutch capitalists, who, by what appeared to be a prudent investment, secured a home in the new country to which to flee in case of emergency. Vermuyden was knighted by James; the remuneration for his services was to be 95,000 acres of the fen. Though an able man, he originated many fatal errors, particularly that of relying too much on artificial cuttings, and neglecting the natural outfalls. His efforts in many instances were but temporarily successful. In addition to natural obstacles, he had to encounter those opposed to him by the inhabitants, who were exasperated at the 'invasion,' as they termed it, of their common lands. Their hostility was directed not only against 'the foreigners,' but against draining altogether. For the gratification of a few petty interests, it was thought better that a large tract of country should remain a pestilential waste than become productive. So great was the discontent, that when, in the reign of Charles I., a tax of six shillings per acre was laid on the whole fen land, to provide a drainage fund, not a single penny could be collected. An estate of 35,000 acres, which the Earl of Lindsay had obtained and cultivated under the authority of the king, was reduced to its former condition by a mischievous assemblage of the 'lazy and beggarly people,' who broke down the banks and destroyed the drains. Rather than tolerate the presence of the hated foreigners, the femmes petitioned the Earl of Bedford, who held large estates near Ely, to undertake the work. He did so: large cuttings were effected, the principal being the 'Old Bedford river,' twenty-one miles long; but in the end the work was again stopped, in consequence of the opposition to the Dutch labourers who were employed. The son and successor of the earl, some years afterwards, in company with other adventurers, resumed operations under authority of an act of the Long Parliament, and now the 'New Bedford river' was cut, and other useful drainages effected. Scottish prisoners, captured by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, and Dutch prisoners, taken by Blake in his action with Tromp, were set to work on this great effort at land reclamation. After Cromwell's death, the works languished; but by the exertions of the Earl of Bedford, a charter was obtained from Charles II., and the 'Corporation of the Bedford Level' established in 1644. The body still exists; and to their able management are due the gradual improvements which have ever since taken place.

The opposition encountered by the early adventurers abated as the economic results of their labours became apparent; and attempts to reclaim different portions of the fens were made by other parties. The attempts, however, were rendered in a great measure abortive, by neglecting the outfalls of the river into the sea; the waters, not having free vent, were thrown back upon the interior, and there remained but to adopt the alternative of mechanical drainage. First a few horse-mills, and afterwards a vast number of windmills, were employed to raise the water; but all proved unavailing, until the powerful and continuous aid of steam was called into operation. At the present time there are from 40 to 50 steam-engines and 250 windmills working at the fens. The consequence is, that vast tracts of ground, once swampy and dotted over with pools, have been reclaimed and brought under cultivation. A powerful steam-engine is pumping the water out of Whittlesey Mere, which spreads over 1000 acres; and Holm Fen, which, a few years since, was a reed shoal of 5000 acres, now produces crops of excellent wheat. Ugg Mere is changed into productive fields; and Ramsey Mere, 560 acres, 'which once grew enormous quantities of long reeds (used for thatching in the neighbouring counties), now comprises three farms of beautiful land, on a higher level than the surrounding fen. And this mere has now farm-buildings built upon its bed, a good gravel road running through the middle of it, and produces fine crops of wheat and oats.'

As a necessary consequence, the value of lands has increased with the march of improvement. Farms which, thirty years ago, were bought at L.5 per acre, are now worth seven or eight times as much. The annual rental of 1000 acres near Harrcastle, in what is now one of the richest districts, was not long since less than L.10. Now the fertility and productiveness of the Great Level have become proverbial—for crops and cattle there are few places which excel it. Some of its productions—such as wood and peppermint—are peculiar to the district; and recently a Yorkshire company have taken a considerable tract of some of the best land on lease for the cultivation of chicory. Within the last seven years the farms and pastures have been still further improved by underdraining; and the peaty soil, as it becomes drier, subsides from two to three feet, and is rendered more fruitful by the compression. Clay is found throughout the level, at various depths below the surface, and has been largely taken advantage of for admixture with the lighter soil. The excavations made from time to time have brought to light many evidences of the former state of the fens

Digitized by Google

—whole forests of oak and fir lying flat, with the roots yet firmly imbedded in the subjacent earth, remains of boats and habitations, farming implements and tools; and in one singular instance a meadow was exposed with the swaths of grass still ranged on the surface as they fell under the scythe. The discovery of those relics at different depths leads to the conclusion that the Level was at one time a vast estuary, in which the sea at different epochs has deposited layers of silt.

The presidency of the Bedford Level Corporation has devolved upon several eminent noblemen from the time of Francis, Earl of Bedford, to the present time. The company appoint a registrar and receiver-general of the taxes levied for the maintenance of works, and an engineer. The latter employs a superintendent, with a staff of sluice-keepers and labourers, whose duty it is to attend to the outfalls and make the necessary repairs. He is authorised to prevent the mooring of vessels in improper situations, or the deposition of any impediment that may retard the flow of the water. For the latter purpose he is furnished with rakes and other implements for the periodical weeding and clearing of the rivers. Each division of the Level has its superintendent and subordinate staff. The sluice-keepers are required to be on the watch night and day to close the gates against the flood-tide, and open them at the ebb, by which means the channels are kept secured out. They have also to see that boats pass through the gates according to the established regulations, and to keep a daily account of the depth of the water on the sill of the sluice, recording floods or any other unusual rise.

The embanking up of the water-courses has brought a most important means of fertilisation within reach of the fen-farmers, known as 'warping.' This consists in flooding the lands one or two feet deep, by opening sluices placed for the purpose, and allowing the water to remain until all the mud in suspension is deposited before it is again drawn off. In this way any number of inches of a most valuable fertiliser may be spread over the land, with but little trouble or expense, and with a most remunerative effect. Such is the quantity of mud brought down by the rivers which traverse the fens, that the operation of warping is continually and naturally going on at their *embouchures* to an extent scarcely credible. According to Sir John Rennie, on the Nene channel the deposit was fourteen feet, and on the Ouse twenty-five feet perpendicular, in about six years. The quantity, however, varies according to situation; but two feet per annum appears to be no unusual amount. This circumstance has led to the taking in of many hundreds of acres from the sea. The first plant that makes its appearance on the new lands is the marsh samphire, which is soon followed by 'sea-wheat' (*Triticum repens*) and grasses. 'Experience has shown,' observes a writer in the Agricultural Society's Journal, to whose Report we are indebted for several particulars, 'that the ground ought to be covered by nature with samphire or other plants, or with grass, before an attempt is made to embank it.'

Similar reclamations are taking place at the outfall of the Welland, where the stream at present is compelled in a tortuous course by mud banks. The method adopted is to straighten the channel of the river by placing 'two rows of bush fagots, perhaps fifty yards in advance on the mud, at low water, on each side of the river. After a few tides these fagot heaps are found full of "warp," a mixture of fine sand and mud, which renders them in some degree solid; another tier of fagots is then laid upon the first, and is again embodied with them by the warp. This kind of embankment is continued in a straight line over sand and through water, or across the old bed of the river, the fagots being sunk in the water and bedded in the soft mud, by means of earth, &c. thrown upon them out of boats. One row is always advanced before the other on that side which will most impede the current of the river; the tide, in coming up, overflows this weak fence, filling it with warp, and making it so strong, that the ebb water is unable to remove such an obstacle from its course, and is compelled to dig out a new channel through the sandbank in the intended direction. In this way the fagots are advanced, taking care to keep the "scour" side foremost, and a new deep channel is worn by the water.'

The most beneficial improvements yet effected in the draining of the fens are the new outfall of the Nene at Wisbeach, and that of the Ouse, by what is called the Eau Brink Cut, at Lynn. The former of these works cost L.200,000; but by making the necessary embankments, more than ten thousand acres were gained from the sea, besides the promise of future increase. For no sooner is a barrier bank raised than the sea begins immediately to throw down a deposit at its foot. In this way the outside of some banks is elevated higher than the inside. By the 2½ miles of the Eau Brink Cut, the work of the late Mr Rennie, the last circuitous bends of the Ouse, stretching double that distance, are avoided. The cost was L.150,000: a good part of the sum was wasted in defeating the opposition offered to the bill authorising the work in its passage through parliament. After the opening of the new cutting in 1821, its utility became so obvious, that five years afterwards, it was rendered still more serviceable by widening.

In 1751, a grand and comprehensive scheme was proposed by Mr Kinderley for uniting the rivers flowing into the Wash in one common channel, and conveying them away into deep water. The project, a most masterly one, has been since then occasionally revived, but no active measures taken to carry it into execution. In 1839, Sir J. Rennie drew up a report on the subject, demonstrating its entire practicability. The proposal is to straighten and embank the outfalls of the Nene, Ouse, Witham, and Welland—to conduct them to the centre of the Wash by a grand system of barrier banks, which will give an additional fall of six feet, and thus secure a channel that shall keep itself clear, and at the same time more effectually drain the interior; besides which, it would offer a safe road-stead for vessels. There is now reason to hope that the project so long in abeyance will be realised. Within the past few weeks meetings have been held on the subject at London and Lynn. The leading men of the latter town will subscribe L.120,000 towards the undertaking; and it is understood that application for the necessary powers will be made to the next session of parliament. Seventy thousand acres of the Wash are already left dry at low water; but should this scheme be carried into effect, the number of acres reclaimed will be 150,000—a territory larger than some of our present counties—for which the name of Victoria Level has been proposed. The cost of reclaiming is put at L.17 an acre, while the land, when gained, will be worth L.60 per acre. According to one of the calculations, in 1862 the shareholders will be receiving 4 per cent. in addition to the repayment of the whole of their capital. Such a work as this is quite in accordance with the engineering intelligence and capacity of the age, of which it will remain a monument, stamped with a higher character than the great undertakings of antiquity—that of utility. When completed, we may hope that other portions of the island will receive the same attention. For example, the Solway Firth, Morecambe Bay, the Leven and Duddon Sands, all of which, if reclaimed, would add largely to the resources of the empire. A scheme that similar project is contemplated by our neighbours the Dutch in connection with a railway from Flushing to Middleburg, and across the islands of Walcheren and Beveland, to unite with a line on the mainland. At the narrowest part of the Sloe—the channel between the two islands—embankments or jetties have been carried some distance into the water, round which the conflicting tidal currents of the East and West Scheldt have deposited such a thick-

Digitized by Google

ness of silt, that Mr Grahame, on making a professional inspection of the place, found the channel fordable at low water, and recommended the carrying of the embankment entirely across, by which means it is calculated 40,000 acres will be naturally reclaimed in the course of six years, and be worth £40 an acre. The Dutch authorities have not yet determined on the project, but we think they cannot reject so desirable an acquisition of territory, especially as the railway will assist in restoring to Middleburg a share of its former prosperity. We cannot conclude our notice of the great level of the fens better than in the words of Sir John Rennie's report:—'If ever the undertaking should be carried into effect, not only will the drainage and navigation of an extensive district, bordering on the rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, and the Great Wash, and comprising little short of a million acres of land, be greatly improved, and thus their power of production be greatly augmented, which alone is worthy of considerable sacrifice to obtain, but an entire new district, containing 150,000 acres of valuable land (which is half as large again as the entire county of Rutland, which contains only 95,000 acres), may be added to the kingdom. It will, I trust, be admitted that few enterprises, if any, have offered a more satisfactory prospect, whether regarded in light of profit to the individual or to the community at large, and such as ought to command attention.'

GRESHAM COLLEGE.

While there is so much discussion on the subject of popular education, and the plans of the present government are subjected to such severe scrutiny, it may be worth while to look briefly and occasionally at what past times have done; and for the present, at the institution for public instruction in the city of London, known by the name of Gresham College, of which it may be truly said that no foundation of the present day is based upon more liberal and comprehensive principles. The first of these is, that instruction in different sciences should be given gratuitously to all who wish to receive it: the second, that the professors be chosen with a sole regard to their character and attainments, and without any reference to their attachment to, or dissent from, the established church. The boundaries of science have been largely widened since Gresham's time; but there is nothing in his will to limit the range of his professors, or to prevent any addition to their number. The professor of geometry may embrace the entire subject of practical mechanics, or the professor of physic may lecture on chemistry, botany, or physiology.

Up to the year 1768, the professors resided and lectured at the spacious mansion of Sir Thomas Gresham in Broad Street. There Briggs, Barrow, Hook, Gunter, Sir William Petty, and Sir Christopher Wren, gave their lectures as professors of the College: there Newton, Boyle, Halley, and other eminent men of science joined them, and formed the Royal Society, which continued to meet for fifty years under its roof. The rents and profits of the Royal Exchange were bequeathed by Gresham for the support of his College, the trustees being the Corporation of London, and the members of the Mercers' Company.

It will hardly be believed that such an institution, beneficial to all, burdensome to none, should have been destroyed by an act of parliament. But so it was. The means employed to effect this barbarous and nefarious transaction are not known, and can only be conjectured. The result is, that the government of the present day possesses a site in the most valuable part of London, equal in size to that covered by the Bank of England, for about £1,150 per annum. Meanwhile the professors were driven to lecture in a small room in the Royal Exchange. Every motive to exertion was destroyed, since any endeavour to assemble an audience in a room of such scanty dimensions would have been absurd. In such circumstances, the lectures ceased to excite any interest or attention, those for whom they were designed being practically excluded from them.

In the year 1837 the Exchange was burnt down, and the cost of erecting the new one devolved on the trustees, to whom, as a temporary lecture hall, was offered the theatre of the City of London School, a room capable of holding 500 persons. It now remained to be seen whether Gresham College was a worn-out institution, and unsuited to the present state of science and of society, or whether it was still able to realise the intentions of its founder.

The trial exhibited a regular increase in the number of hearers, varying according to the general interest of the subjects, but always sufficient to show that the public attention, and especially that of the citizens of London, was directed to the re-establishment of the College. Several years elapsed before the building of the new Exchange began; and by this time the rebuilding of the College was no longer regarded as a doubtful or uncertain affair. A piece of ground belonging to the corporation, at the junction of Catteaton (now Gresham) and Basinghall Street, was fixed on for the site, and there Gresham College stands. It was opened on the 2d November 1843, with an appropriate address from the Rev. J. Pulton, the professor of astronomy; and an ode was composed for the occasion by Mr E. Taylor, the professor of music. Since that time, the number of hearers has gradually increased, having been at Michaelmas term of that year 2451, and in the corresponding term of last year 2940; so that the four terms give an aggregate attendance of from 10,000 to 12,000 persons per annum.

When Gresham College was raised to the ground by a decree of the legislature, had the ground on which it stood, and by which it was surrounded (reaching from Broad Street to Bishopsgate), been let out on building leases, the income arising from it would now have been nearly £40,000 per annum, instead of the pitiful sum for which the trustees were compelled to barter it away. It might have been anticipated that the present government of the country, having professed so much zeal for popular education, would have gladly done an act of tardy justice to an institution especially founded for, and dedicated to, the service of the people, without distinction of rank, sex, or sect—an institution fettered by no obsolete usages, but in active and useful operation, as far as its means allowed. These, at present, are very slender, owing to the heavy debt which the Gresham trust incurred by building the Royal Exchange and the College. Some addition to the library and apparatus, or some extension of the usefulness of the College, would have been an act at once graceful and just. The facts above stated were brought under the notice of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but in vain. A refusal to do anything for Gresham College was the result: an act the more ungenerous, as it proceeded from the descendant of a Gresham professor.

That the munificent design of its founder has been but partially carried out, is true; but this has arisen from events which he could not foresee. He left, in the Royal Exchange, what he regarded as an ample revenue for his College. And such it was, till its destruction in the great fire of London brought on the trust the heavy charge of rebuilding it; and before this debt was liquidated, the second Exchange shared the fate of the first, and occasioned a renewal of the debt. These were casualties which he did not contemplate; but still less would he have imagined that the government of England would, by an act of the legislature, have compelled his trustees to expend £1,800 of the revenues of the College in its destruction, and thus deprive London of his munificent bequest.

Digitized by Google

It is, however, satisfactory to reflect that the germ of the institution yet remains; that its advantages, even with its present limited means, are extending; and that Gresham's generous wish of *instruction for all* is, as far as it can be, realised.

NARRATIVE OF A YORKSHIRE EMIGRANT.

In the last week of August 1831, a farmer at Barwick-in-Elmet, in Yorkshire, half ruined by an unfortunate lease, arranged his affairs, and with a small sum in his pocket, set out with his family for America. He was a matter for long consideration to which part of North America he should proceed; but he at length determined to go to Pike County, Illinois, where Mr B——, a person from the same part of the country, had already settled. The family of emigrants consisted of husband and wife, and five children; two elder children—a son who was employed as a teacher, and a daughter in service—being left behind. The leaving of this daughter has been the means of giving to the world an interesting narrative of the family experiences among the woods of Illinois. After a residence of a number of years in America, the mother returned to England for her daughter, and this afforded the son an opportunity of writing from the lips of his parent a minute account of the enterprise in which she had engaged. This narrative having been published by a bookseller in Leeds,* with a view to furnishing exact information to intending emigrants, we are enabled to offer an outline of the difficulties and sufferings to which the family were exposed, and the hopes which cheered them on in the western wilderness. The language of the mother has been amplified by the son, sometimes not in the best taste; but, on the whole, the picture presented has all the force of truth; and we should suppose every particular to be substantially correct.

The route adopted by the emigrants was judiciously chosen: it was by Liverpool to New Orleans, and thence by steamers up the Mississippi. England was left with a pang of regret, mingled with fears for the future; and during the voyage across the Atlantic, anxieties pressed on the minds of the party. On arriving at New Orleans, the first thing was to exchange the English sovereigns they had brought with them for American dollars; the expenses, since leaving home, amounted to about £23. 'On leaving the ship, I felt a renewal of my home-sickness, to use a quaint expression it seemed to be the only remaining link between me and England. I was now going to be an alien among strangers. Hitherto I had been accompanied by persons who, when my pain on leaving home manifested itself, could sympathise with me. I should have preferred the meanest passenger on the ship to any I saw on the packet. As, however, we were all in haste to be on our way, I had little time to spend on those tender associations. I certainly left the ship with an aching heart: the captain and cabin passengers had been very kind to us during the voyage, and on going away, my children were severally presented with small tokens of approbation, of which they were not a little proud. I must now leave the ship to pursue my route up the stream of the Mississippi to St Louis, a distance of not less than thirteen hundred miles. The country on each side of the river is of a dead level, but to all appearance exceedingly productive, and cultivated with considerable pains. On account of the heat which prevails in these districts, the productions of tropical regions are here grown in great abundance. The extensive plantations, notwithstanding their flat appearance, are exceedingly beautiful; and if anything could have made me forget that I was an unsettled exile, the scenery of the country bordering this river must have done it. The time occupied in passing from New Orleans to St Louis was about twelve days. We reached the latter place about noon, and found another steamer ready to convey us forward to the situation at which we purposed to remain. I had little opportunity of surveying the town, and therefore can say little respecting it, but was somewhat surprised to find that this noted city should be built principally of wood. Its situation is not the most eligible as regards health, being near the confluence of the Missouri and the Illinois; it is, however, on that very account likely to become a large and wealthy city, and is indeed by some described as such already. On entering the second steamer I found I had made a poor exchange; the weather was beginning to feel uncommonly chill, and our accommodation was here very inferior, so that we felt exceedingly anxious to be at our journey's end. Philip's Ferry, at which we intended to leave the river, was not more than one hundred and twenty miles from St Louis; we therefore comforted ourselves that we should soon be there.'

This place was at length reached; a boat was lowered, and the party were put ashore on what, to their consternation, appeared to be the edge of an uninhabited forest. It was a frosty night in November, and no accommodation of any kind presented itself. 'My husband and I looked at each other till we burst into tears; and our children, observing our distress, began to cry bitterly. Is this America, thought I—is this the reception I meet with after my long, painfully anxious, and bereaving voyage? In vain did we look around us hoping to see a light in some distant cabin. It was not, however, the time to weep. My husband determined to leave us with our luggage in search of a habitation, and, wished us to remain where we then stood till he returned. Such a step I saw to be necessary; but how trying! Should he lose himself in the wood, thought I, what will become of me and my helpless offspring? He departed. I was left with five young children, the youngest at my breast. When I survey this portion of my history, it looks more like fiction than reality; yet it is the precise situation in which I was then placed. After my husband was gone, I caused my four eldest children to sit together on one of our beds, covered them from the cold as well as I could, and endeavoured to pacify them. I then knelt down on the bare ground and committed myself and little ones to the Father of mercies, beseeching him to be a lantern to my feet, a light unto my path, and to establish my goings. I rose from my knees considerably comforted, and endeavoured to wait with patience the return of my husband. Above me was the chill blue canopy of heaven, a wide river before me, and a dark wood behind. The first sound we heard was that of two dogs that came barking towards us, so as greatly to increase our alarm: the dogs came up to us, but did us no harm; and very soon after, I beheld my dear husband, accompanied by a stranger, who conducted us to his habitation, whither our luggage was shortly afterwards removed in a wagon.'

Revived a little by a residence of one or two days in the log-hut of the stranger, who took care to exact payment for his hospitality, the family removed to the house of Mr B——, whose representations had induced them to come hither. It was a dwelling of the most miserable kind; and they gladly purchased the right of possession of a property offered to them on easy terms. The method of purchasing public lands is here alluded to. 'The land in the various states has all been surveyed by direction of the government, and divided into portions of eighty acres each. For the sale of the land thus surveyed and laid down on large plans, a land-office is established in various central situations, where all the allotments of a certain district are sold, and the purchasers' names registered. Any person, therefore, who wishes to purchase one or more of these subsections, can see the plan, and select any that are unsold. They will even sell as small a quantity as forty acres; but as they do this merely to accommodate new settlers, no person already possessing eighty acres can purchase a smaller quantity than that at a time.' In some of the

* 'A True Picture of Emigration,' &c. Sixpenny pamphlet. Green, Leeds; Berger, London.

Digitized by Google

older states the government lands are all sold off: it must there be bought of private owners: but in Illinois and other new states there is plenty unsold. The government price everywhere is one hundred dollars for eighty acres. As there are myriads of acres yet in their native luxuriant wildness, any person may with impunity cultivate as much as he chooses without paying anything; and as a further inducement, when a person begins thus to cultivate, no other person can legally purchase that land till four years have expired from the time of his beginning to cultivate. By obtaining what is termed a pre-emption, the improvement arising from his own industry is as secure to him for four years as if he was the actual owner. Should, however, he fail to pay for the land before the term expires, an indifferent person may then purchase it; but this seldom happens. Every person purchasing land at the office must declare upon oath, if required, that no other party has an improvement on it. And if it be proved to be otherwise, such purchase is in every case invalid, and the fraudulent party liable to a heavy fine. An improved eighty acres was the first land we purchased: we obtained it in the following manner:—A person named Mr Oakes having heard that a family about to settle was sojourning at Mr B——'s, came to invite my husband to buy some venison, which he had killed with his rifle just before. My husband went with him, and in conversation found he was disposed to sell his improvement right; for the four years were not expired, and he had not entered it at the land office. For this right he wanted sixty dollars. My husband told him he would call upon him the next day, and returned to Mr B——'s, after buying a quantity of nice venison at a halfpenny per pound. The following day my husband and I visited at Mr Oakes's, who took us round the estate, showed us the boundaries, which were marked out by large stones set at each corner, termed the "corner-stones." Mr Oakes had broken up about twelve acres, three of which were sown with wheat, and the remaining nine ready to be sown with Indian corn, oats, &c. the following spring. As we liked the situation and land very much, and were wishful to be settled, the agreement was completed that evening, and the money paid and possession obtained the following day. The reader is aware that the sixty dollars given to Mr Oakes were only for his house, improvement right, sugar-making utensils, &c. One hundred more we paid at the land office at Quincy, and we obtained the usual certificate or title deeds; and thus, by the 1st of December, having spent about L.30 in travelling, L.35 more in land, &c. we were the rightful owners of a farm of eighty acres, with a log-house in the centre of it.'

The emigrants now had a house, but no furniture, except two boxes, two beds, and a few cooking utensils; and for the accommodation of his family the husband made a rude kind of table and stools. The family meals consisted of hasty-pudding, bread, and a little venison, to which was occasionally added milk, given by a neighbour in hard lumps, such was the scarcity of the frost. The bread was baked in a flat-bottomed iron pan, which is almost the only oven used by settlers. The purchase of flour reduced the cash in hand, on which a large draught was further made in buying a cow and calf, a young mare, and two pigs. Only four or five dollars now remained of all they had brought with them, and part of the sum they were obliged to spend in buying sulphur, to cure the family of a disease called the 'Illinois mange,' which attacks all emigrants shortly after their arrival. Serious inconvenience was felt in the want of soap; but this was finally got over when the pigs were killed. They mixed a part of the fat with a strong solution of wood ashes, and an excellent kind of coarse soap was the result. With another portion of the fat they made candles. The severity of the weather was a great drawback on comfort; but there were other things to damp the spirits. They were several miles from any store where articles could be procured, and five miles from a church. They now regretted the step they had taken in leaving home. 'We had indeed plenty of corn bread and milk, but neither beer nor tea; coffee was our chief beverage, which we used very sparingly, for want of money. All the water we wanted we had to thaw; and during the nights, on account of the severe frosts, we were very cold indeed, although we always kept the fire burning. Our bedclothes we had taken with us from England, and we were unable to procure any more, as they were dear, and our means almost exhausted. We had indeed some good land, but it was nearly all uncultivated, and we had nothing to sell except our cattle, which we wanted. The only ground of hope we had was in our industry and perseverance. My husband worked very hard; the little time we had to spare after feeding the cattle and procuring fuel was spent in splitting trees to make rails.'

As spring advanced, the wheat which had been sown began to spring up, and the family hopes revived. The first produce of the farm was a quantity of sugar, made from the sap of maple-trees. This was a seasonable boon. By dint of hard-working, nearly three hundredweight of sugar, besides a barrel of molasses, were realised. The greater part of the sugar was sold to a storekeeper for seven or eight cents a pound; the payment being in Indian corn for seed, meal, a little coffee, two or three hoes, and an axe. 'It was now the middle of March, when Indian corn, the most useful produce of that country, must be sown, or the season would be past. We had land and seed, but no plough, nor any team, except an old mare, that we feared would scarcely live while she foaled, and consequently we could not yoke her. What could we do? If we did not sow we could not reap: we should have nothing to feed our cattle with the ensuing winter. All difficulties are overcome by labour. We set to work with our hoes; I, husband, and son—the latter under ten years of age—and day after day, for three successive weeks, did we toil with unwearied diligence till we had sown and covered in nearly four acres. We should probably have sown more, had not the rains, which fall in torrents at this season, prevented us.' The thunder and lightning which accompanied these torrents were very appalling. A greater source of disquietude made its appearance in the form of vast numbers of mosquitoes. These attacked the family at night, so as to prevent sleep; and no way was found to rid the house of them except that of raising clouds of smoke from green boughs.

Towards the end of June, the wheat, which had been sown to the extent of three acres, looked ripe; and having borrowed a couple of sickles, the husband and wife went forth to reap it. A terrible misfortune ensued. The husband stumbled over a log of wood, and falling on the sickle, he cut his knee severely. Next day the wound swelled, and was very painful, and symptoms of fever were apparent. The situation of the poor wife is described by her as heartbreaking; but it is not the practice of intelligent Englishwomen to moan over evils that may be assuaged by personal activity. Our heroine applied herself with diligence to foment the injured knee; and in a day or two she had the happiness to see the swelling and feverish symptoms abate. 'My situation,' she observes, 'was still embarrassing. Our wheat was quite ripe, indeed almost ready to shake; and if not cut soon, would be lost. We had no means of hiring reapers, and my husband could not stir out; I was therefore obliged to begin myself. I took my eldest child into the field to assist me, and left the next in age to attend to their father and take care of the youngest, which was still unweaned. I worked as hard as my strength would allow; the weather was intolerably hot, so that I was almost melted. In little more than a week, however, we had it all cut down. Meanwhile my husband had continued to mend, and was now able to leave his bed and sit in a chair, or rather on a stool, placed near the wall for support to his back, and made further comfortable with the help of a pillow or two. The wheat was still unhoused, and exposed to

Digitized by Google

the rays of the burning sun, by which it was in danger of being dried, so as to waste on the slightest movement. It was absolutely necessary that it should be gathered together forthwith. Having neither horses nor wagon, we here encountered another difficulty. The work, however, could not be postponed. With a little trouble I got two strong rods, upon which I placed a number of sheaves near one end of them; I then caused my little son to take hold of the lighter end, and in this manner we gathered together the whole of the three acres. My partner had by this time so far recovered, as to be able to move about with the help of a strong staff or crutch; and thus he came to the door to show me how to place the sheaves in forming the stack. The reader may probably suppose I am endeavouring to magnify my own labours when I tell him I reaped, carried home, and stacked our whole crop of wheat, consisting, as before stated, of three acres, with no other assistance than that of my little boy under ten years of age. My statements are nevertheless uncoloured facts; and what renders them still less credible, the work was performed in addition to the attendance necessarily required by my young family and sick husband, and during the hottest part of the year.'

As soon as the husband was able to work, he set about thrashing his wheat, which, when winnowed by throwing against the wind, measured eighty bushels. This quantity, which would bring a considerable sum in England, was, as a matter of necessity, sold to the storekeeper at his own terms. For a yard of common printed calico he exacted a bushel of wheat; and ten bushels were taken for two pairs of shoes; a little meal, a few pounds of coffee, a plough, and two tin milk bowls, cost the greater part of what remained of the wheat crop. Hopes which had been entertained respecting the crop of Indian corn now vanished. The grains had been sown too late, and were only laced into the ground, wherein the land should have been ploughed. When the autumnal rains began to fall, the crop was cut, though much of it was still green. The little that was ripe was kept for seed.

The account which is given of the difficulty experienced in cutting the small crop of corn gives one a forcible notion of the troubles of settlers in remote situations. The instrument employed was a scythe, so old and blunt, as to render the work very toilsome. It would have done well if sharpened, but the family could procure no stone for the purpose. The narrater says she has heard her husband declare 'he would cheerfully work a fortnight for a good Yorkshire scythe-stone and a wrag whet-stone.'

October having come round, it was considered to be time to sow wheat; but where were the horses to plough the fields? A Mr Knowles was heard of who ploughed for hire, and a fifth of the produce was offered him in exchange for the operation of ploughing. Knowles declined the bargain—would not give credit; but said he would do the ploughing if the family would give him their watch. The watch, which had been brought from England, was accordingly parted with, and the wheat was sown as well as could be wished. In November, at the end of the first year in America, the members of the family had some reason for congratulation. They possessed band of their own, which was paid for; they had an increasing stock of cattle; a house over their head, and suffered no want of plain food. But all their clothes were getting into rags, and they had no money to buy new ones, and this materially aggravated their suffering from cold during the second winter. Hitherto they had contrived to keep clear of any serious debt, well knowing that debt is the ruin of a great number of settlers. One day they were waited on by a Mr Vanderoozen, who offered to sell them a cow and two young steers on credit; and heedlessly they made the purchase. It was a fatal step, deeply repented of. Vanderoozen's object was to get them into his power, and this power he speedily and remorselessly exercised. On the point of being deprived of all by a sheriff's warrant, and turned adrift on the world, they were saved only by the interposition of Mr B——, who advanced money to pay the debt. An abundant produce of sugar enabled them to return fifteen dollars to their friend; and work was given for the loan of the remainder till all was paid. Forty pounds of sugar they exchanged for a sow and litter of pigs.

Matters were daily mending; but again came the period for ploughing, and still a team of horses was wanting. This is described as one of the most perplexing things connected with their agricultural labours. Their inability to plough the land was ultimately relieved by an unasked-for piece of kindness from a neighbour, who saw their difficulties. He ploughed the land gratuitously; and now they had the satisfaction of seeing twelve acres systematically put under crop. 'Till this time,' says the narrator, 'we had no garden; my husband therefore dug up about a rood of fine dry land, and fenced it round with brushwood, after the Yorkshire style of dead-fencing; the greater part of it we planted with potatoes, and the rest with other kinds of vegetables, obtaining the seeds and plants from older settlers. Before our wheat crop was ripe, we had finished the fence round the new field, and rooted up the greater part of the underwood growing thereon; most of the stronger timbers we allowed to stand, having previously cut the bark on the trunk, to prevent their growing; the rest we decapitated, and kindled fires round their stems to burn them away. This employment, and the attending to our cattle, employed the whole of our time till the wheat harvest, and I assure the reader we were not idle. At the usual time, about the end of June, we began to cut our wheat, retaining the old sickles which we had borrowed the year before.' The wheat harvest, at which father, mother, and son laboured, proved abundant; but by the carelessness of one of the little girls, the field took fire, and in spite of the united endeavours to quell the conflagration, a considerable portion of the crop was consumed. Seven acres were fortunately saved, and the sight of this quantity secure from the fire caused emotions of thankfulness. The toil-worn pair 'sat down and wept.'

The fire was the last great misfortune which the family experienced. Things gradually wore a brighter aspect. The early difficulties of settling had been overcome. With a portion of the wheat they purchased several articles of wearing apparel, paid off a small account for salt, and obtained gearing for a yoke of oxen; the value of forty dollars being left over in the hands of the storekeeper at interest. They were now enabled to plough the land with their own apparatus and oxen, which gave 'unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction.' After this, sowing and harvesting went on in regular course, and need not be particularised. A preemption right was bought from an adjoining settler, and by settling with the government at the usual price, a considerable addition was made to the family possessions.

At about a dozen years from the period of settling, the condition of affairs was as prosperous as could have been expected. Instead of the original log-hut, the dwelling consisted of a good house, provided with neat and suitable furniture. All were well clothed. Besides foreign luxuries, the family had plenty of good food, produced on the farm, such as beef, pork, butter, fowls, eggs, milk, flour, fruits, and vegetables. Places of public worship and schools had sprung up in the neighbourhood. 'We have at least twenty head of horned cattle, of which we kill or sell off some at every autumn; we have seven horses, including one or two foals; besides pigs, sheep, and poultry. Our land, which is of excellent quality, and very productive, extends to three hundred and sixty acres, more than a half of which is cultivated. Not wishing to manage the whole ourselves, we have two small farms let off, for which we receive as rent a dollar an acre. It is not difficult to let land

Digitized by Google

broken up at the above rate. Many who do not possess the means for purchasing land are glad to rent a few acres, on which to grow provender for their cattle during winter, and food for themselves. I wish to make no boast of our possessions; but having told the difficulties we experienced at our commencement, I ought in fairness to state what our success has been. We have seen a neighbourhood rise around us; and in some situations where, at our first coming, everything appeared in its native wildness, small villages have now begun to rise. Means of comfort are now within our reach. We remember the time when we knew not where to apply for an article, if at all out of daily use; but by the increase of population, we can now easily obtain anything we require, either as food, physic, or clothing; and were we disposed to give up labour, we could live very comfortably on the fruits of our former toil.'

To complete the lesson which this candid statement is calculated to enjoin, the narrator refers to the unceasing exertions which had been employed, and mentions that much of the success finally achieved was owing to the unpurchased labour of the younger members of the household; thus showing that a family of children, who are a source of continual embarrassment in England, are, on the contrary, a sure means of wealth to the emigrant.

We would conclude by recommending the pamphlet before us to the notice of parties in humble life who may be pondering on the subject of emigration. As presenting a graphic picture of what in most circumstances is necessarily endured before reaching the point of ultimate comfort and success, it is a useful contribution to popular literature.

ANECDOTE OF SPANISH EXILES.

FRESH in the memory of many readers may perhaps be the touching little episodes and scenes which were often enacted and witnessed in our kindly land during those years when so many Spanish patriots sought an asylum with us. Destitute refugees in most instances they were: and when rare exceptions occurred, from the exiled having friends to supply them, or from their having succeeded in bringing with them jewels and other valuables, it was beautiful and refreshing to behold the charity and generosity with which they manfully shared all they could possibly spare from their own absolute necessities with their less fortunate brethren.

There came to reside in our immediate neighbourhood, at the time I allude to, a Spanish gentleman with his wife, who occupied humble apartments in the house of an ancient ci-devant domestic of ours. Mrs Dorothy was a prim and precise specimen of crabbed old maidism, though a really painstaking, well-meaning person at heart. Her domicile and its appointments, although without any pretensions to refinement or elegance, were scrupulously neat and clean; and as she depended upon letting lodgings for her support, it is to be supposed she was rather particular as to whom she received: children not being tolerated, from their destructive propensities, and foreigners specially eschewed because they were 'dirty.' Such being Mrs Dorothy's theory, we were at a loss to imagine what had led to her change of plan in favour of the Spaniards. Afterwards, indeed, the explanation seemed easy enough, as we thought it impossible that any one could resist the winning charms of the strangers' manners; and each day we heard from Dorothy herself new praises of her foreign lodgers; they were so quiet, orderly, and easily pleased; so polite and kind in their bearing; and their payments were so regularly anticipated, although their frugality was almost painful to witness. Dorothy was sure they were 'great people;' for although they had given their names only as Monsieur and Madame T——, she had accidentally seen miniatures set in brilliants, diamond stars, and other splendid ornaments; in short, Dorothy's obdurate heart was warmed in a way, I believe, it had never been warmed heretofore. A few little offerings on our part of flowers and fruit, together with the gift of introduction of my being under the tuition of an accomplished Spanish lady, speedily brought about an acquaintanceship with the exiles; and we have the happiness of believing that in our home these charming persons passed some of the least irksome hours they had known since quitting their own sunny land. Dorothy was right as to her suspicions regarding their rank: they claimed descent from the ancient kings of Spain; and their clear olive complexions, blue eyes, and other decided characteristics, vouched (as they said themselves) for the truth of their claims.

The general was always engaged in writing during the day, but in the evening he often joined our domestic circle; and who that has ever heard a guitar in Spanish hands can listen to its lifeless strains when twanged by other fingers? Who that has ever listened to a Spanish voice chanting the Moorish romance, cares to hearken to the tame English ditties of to-day? With the aid of singing, dancing, and story-telling, many months passed away; and they sometimes half forgot their poverty and privations, and we the difference of rank between our guests and ourselves.

We had reason to fear that they were too liberal, too generous towards their unfortunate countrymen for their own means we observed were becoming more and more straitened, and many little comforts, and even necessaries, were abridged day by day; but who dared remark, or offer advice or assistance to them unasked? They indeed demanded, and we accorded, all imaginable sympathy and delicacy, but that was all.

One evening General T—— and his lady came to visit us, bringing with them a stranger, whom they named as Don Pedro ——. This young Spaniard had been the general's aide, and his latter still continued to manifest a warm and affectionate interest in his welfare. Don Pedro inherited all that chivalrous grace of form and bearing which we are accustomed to associate in our ideas as the necessary adjuncts of a high-born cavalier; added to which, a shade of the deepest melancholy and dejection contributed to enhance the interest he excited, although this was easily accounted for by his position as an exile, in ill health, and penniless.

The last subsisted on yet on funds arising from the sale of the valuable trinkets which he had worn about his person, and also by giving lessons in Spanish; but pupils were scarce, and teachers numerous; and now, with broken spirits and a shattered frame, he had come to his friends General and Madame T——, to see what change of air and careful tending would do to restore him. Dorothy had consented to make room for the invalid; but, alas for the proud Castilian!—how could he consent to burden these kind friends when their means were so rapidly dwindling away? Besides, other claims were pressing: there were large families of exiles in the utmost necessity, delicate females and children tenderly nurtured; raffles were got up, fancy articles made and sold, and all was done that active benevolence dictated; but as time wore on, distress became more urgent, and at length General T—— consented to the repeated solicitations of Don Pedro, and permitted him to speak to his English friends about a raffle, as the best means of raising the full sum it was valued at, for a gold watch set with brilliants, the last treasure that Don Pedro owned. Madame, indeed, privately whispered that she did not think this sacrifice would have been tolerated by the general, had it not been deemed expedient that a trustworthy and competent messenger should immediately depart for Spain to convey despatches of importance and secrecy. Don Pedro was selected for the dangerous honour, and he undertook the mission with alacrity. 'For,' said madame, smiling, 'he has left his love behind;' and to be 'faithful in love, and gallant in war,' was the national characteristic. Means were required to carry out this arrangement, and the sale of the gold watch offered the only way of raising them. It had belonged to Don

Digitized by Google

Pedro's deceased mother, to whose her son had been fondly attached; it was a family relic and heirloom, of inestimable value to him; nor do I think even we ever clearly comprehended how agonising the sacrifice was. Don Pedro's morbid delicacy and fastidious shrinking from all appeals to raise feelings of pity, we entered into and respected; but we did not sufficiently comprehend his veneration and love for this old relic, with its quaint setting and unwieldy bulk. But if we did not, there was one who did; and this was the last individual in the world whom we should have suspected of entertaining such sentiments. Mr Jeremiah Bunson was a privileged lounger and ancient intimate, taciturn and eccentric, and a professed hater of all foreign interlopers; he was a thorough-paced John Bull, abominating all languages save his own; and the poor foreigners had rather learned to dread his incessant growling and uncourteous bearing towards them. We knew, indeed, that 'the bark' was often heard when 'the bite' was wanting; and the readiness he evinced to exert himself for the benefit of the needy in the affair before us, proved the sincerity and goodness of his heart. He was not wealthy, although, being a bachelor, he had no one but himself and his own whims to consult; and 'Jerry Bunson's whims' had passed into a proverb.

Two or three days after the subject was first broached, Mr Bunson informed us that he had been fortunate enough to find a purchaser for the watch, and there would be no occasion to establish a raffle: Don Pedro intrusted him with it, the specified sum of eighty guineas would be paid down on the following evening. Poor Don Pedro! how pale he looked as he placed his beloved relic in old Jeremiah Bunson's hand: he struggled manfully, but could not repress some tears which rolled down his Italian cheeks. How ardently I longed to be rich, to have given him the money! I manifested no concern, whom we were about, the thoughts that were passing through my mind; but he only patted my head, and said, 'Pooh, pooh, silly child; the watch is a pretty bauble, and people like to have something to show for their money.' I muttered something concerning 'mercenary creatures' and the absence of all 'chivalrous feeling;' but Jeremiah chuckled, and coughed, and put the watch into his pocket.

The next evening the money was paid down, as agreed upon, and in a few days Don Pedro was to start for Spain. At a very early hour on the morning of his departure he received an unexpected visit from Mr Bunson. This gentleman placed a small box in his hands, saying that the friend to whom he had consigned the watch, found it, on inspection, so much more valuable than he had anticipated, that he considered a sufficient sum had not been demanded or paid for it; but that as he could not afford to disburse more, and 'a bargain was a bargain,' he requested Don Pedro's kind acceptance of a keepsake, enclosed in this case, which he hoped in future days would serve to remind him of English friends, and of his watch being in safe hands. All that Jeremiah requested was, that it might not be opened till Don Pedro set foot on Spanish ground. This was readily promised, thanks expressed, and the exile departed. After many weeks had passed away, Mr Bunson received a letter by unknown means, bearing Don Pedro's signature, and written in Spanish, which of course rendered a translation necessary ere our worthy friend could profit by its contents. Of these I will not attempt a repetition; to English ears they would sound rhapsodical; but let us imagine what Don Pedro said when, on opening the box, he found it contained his lost, his beloved old watch! How happy Jeremiah was! He said he must learn Spanish, if it was only to read this letter from the noble youth; and I believe he did consult my preceptress on the subject; but after the first lesson, the attempt was abandoned in despair.

Don Pedro eventually obtained pardon, rank, affluence, and a bride in his own land. In after-years he again wrote to Jeremiah Bunson; and this time the packet contained not only the borrowed sum, but a magnificent snuff-box, set with diamonds, and portraying on the lid a likeness of the dark-eyed beauty, who, Don Pedro said, had learnt to pronounce Mr Bunson's difficult English appellation with gratitude for the kindness shown to her husband.

Over the fate of General T—— I must draw a veil: history has detailed it, with all its dramatic horrors; and little did we contemplate, when enjoying such intimate and close communion with these amiable foreigners, that the gentle manly heart would so soon cease to beat; and that a disgraceful death as a rebel would be the ultimate fate of him whom we had only known as the devoted tender husband, the attached friend, the generous single-minded Christian, and the chivalrous accomplished gentleman.

GARDENS.

The word suggests a summer theme, but, like gardening, it has a portion for all seasons, and an interest for almost every mind: few there are who cannot find pleasure in the exercise of that primitive art; and those few, generally speaking, will be found themselves uncultivated within. The love of gardens is a feeling at once the most universal in its extent and the most salutary in its operation, of any that has been retained by modern society; it belongs to the primeval times, and keeps the freshness of old rustic nature about human hearts and homes through ages of dusty toil and mechanical civilisation. We cannot conceal from ourselves that much of life as it now appears has the artificial stamp upon it; our daily business, our habits of action and even of thought, our social arrangements, and our domestic manners, all bear the impress of machinery and making up: they were made up for us, in fact, before we knew them, or so much as entered this living world. But the roses that summer flushes so brightly in the rich parterre, the woodbine that blooms on the cottager's garden wall, or the bed of snowdrops that delights the cottage child, when the days are lengthening and the robin begins to sing—these are the forms renewed that came and go with the seasons, and are sacred beyond human comprehension or control.

The fields are far off to the inhabitants of cities, and those of the country know them to be the meadows or harvest ground that must be reaped and sown, the domains of utility tilled by laborious strength: beautiful are they in the first green of the corn, and rich when it waves wide and yellow in the autumn's sun and breeze. The trust, the life of the world are there; but the garden is the cultivator's own demesne, to which his leisure is given where his taste finds scope, and over whose wealth he rejoices as that which comes without either risk or misgiving; hence from the earliest date of history and civilisation men have delighted in gardening—the sage and the simple have found it equally attractive. It has been the amusement of princes, poets, and philosophers; minds of the highest order, in both ancient and modern times, have made it their chosen study, and unlettered hard-working men, in the rough byways of life, have selected it for their only relaxation. He was a curious, though not unphilosophic observer who remarked, that wherever taste and care were exhibited in the garden, whether pertaining to cottage or castle, the traveller might fairly reckon on civility and refinement in the household. Gardens are entirely unthought of by savage tribes. Those of them who plant roots or sow grain have no idea of the small enclosure for mingled ornament and use which is generally understood by that term among us. The garden occupies a large space in most people's home recollections: all whose childhood has been passed in the country will remember some little spot in which their earliest attempts at planting were made—how often the first roots were pulled up to see if they were growing; and when at length sounder principles of horticulture were acquired by the expanding mind, with what cheerful and earnest industry were the weeds removed, the

Digitized by Google

flowers trimmed, and, more than all, the requisite duties done to that first estate—better kept perhaps than the patrimony or the acquisitions of after-life; and when it grew to prosperity and bloom, under shower and shine, and hopeful labour, oh how great was the triumph, and how rich seemed the reward! In this sense the garden has its worldly uses, by initiating the young into habits of industry and forethought, not to speak of the far higher lessons it presents to the spring-time of their souls regarding that Infinite Wisdom that has so perfectly arranged what a German philosopher calls 'the harmonies of vegetable life.' It is sad to think how often such pleasant instruction is forgotten in riper years; but the garden keeps its hold on the memory through many a change. This is beautifully expressed by the poet, who makes a dying child say—

'Brother, the little spot I used to call my garden,
Where we sat in early spring to watch the budding things.'

And another description of the childish garden and the laburnum-tree that had long survived the boy on whose birthday it was planted, has come home to the early recollections of thousands.

Solitary and isolated persons are generally garden lovers: the monks and nuns of old Catholic times were celebrated as such. Many of our now common flowers and even fruit-trees were first introduced by the gardening monks in barbarous and turbulent ages. Pilgrims and Crusaders occasionally brought them presents of seeds or slips from Syria and the south of Europe; by which means the cherry, strawberry, tulip, and pink, together with a vast variety of garden plants and trees, were propagated in England. The abbot of Sir Walter Scott's well-known novel, who, after the Scottish Reformation, quietly adopted the profession of a gardener, though a subordinate, is not the least interesting character in the work, and seems to have practised his chosen vocation to good purpose in the monastery. It is to the quiet cultivators of gardens for solace or amusement that many nations owe the introduction of some of their most valuable plants. Most people are aware that the potato was thus planted first in Ireland by Raleigh, at his Youghal garden; and wheat was introduced into Mexico by a negro slave, who found a few grains in sacks of American maize purchased by his master, and planted them in his own small garden in the twilight, when his work was over.

Emigrants and exiles have thus propagated the flowers and plants of their native country in far distant regions. The remnant of the Moors driven from Spain in the sixteenth century are said to have brought the orange of Seville with them into Barbary; and almost in our own day, some French refugees have added the vine to the plants of Southern Australia. In the story of 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' there occurs the description of a garden cultivated by her father, in the hours he could spare from hunting, for the family subsistence, in order to rear the hardiest wild-flowers of his native Poland, the only ones that would grow in the rigours of that climate.

The fathers of the church were in the habit of comparing the soul to a garden: probably the monastic custom already remarked made the simile familiar to their minds. 'Cultivate thy soul,' says one, 'as thou wouldst thy garden ground; root out the weeds year after year, for the seasons will renew them; cherish the flowers, and see that thou bestow most care ou that which is most likely to fail.' Gardens figure conspicuously in the mythology of all nations living under a warm or temperate climate. The Mohammedan paradise is represented under that symbol. The Chinese speak of the gardens of the immortals, which are said to be situated among the mountains of Thibet, and blest with perpetual summer: nothing within their bounds can die or grow old, and several ancient sages are believed to have retired to dwell among their bowers; but for centuries mankind have lost the way, and no traveller has ever succeeded in finding it, though the Chinese poets celebrate many who made the attempt; but few of them returned to their homes, and those who did so, could rest no more. There is a wild tradition among the Arabs concerning the gardens of the desert, which are believed to have been formed by an ancient tyrannical king at enormous expense and labour. They say that he had conquered all the nations of the East, and boasted he would conquer the sands also; but having at length completed his design, of which the Arabic legend retains a dazzling description, the gardens suddenly became invisible in the pomp of their richest bloom, and neither the monarch nor any of his successors ever again beheld them; but bewildered travellers have caught glimpses of them at times through the falling twilight, and given splendid though vague accounts of their gorgeous trees and flowers. The Hindoos believe that the widow who consumes herself with the corpse of her husband will expiate the sins committed by him and all her relations, and dwell with them in a magnificent garden for ten thousand lacs of years. In the legends of the north gardens have no place: the Scandinavian and Icelandic traditions speak only of halls and forests; and the old superstitions of Russia bear the same character. In those lands of pines and snow, gardens must have been unknown in earlier times, but civilisation has brought them in its train. The Norwegian cottager now cultivates a garden of his own, fenced round with firs, furnished with peas and turnips; and if the owner be tasteful, perhaps a bed of daffadils, or yellow crowsfoot, varied with the foxglove and a rose bush or two; for it is remarkable that some variety of the rose is to be found in almost every climate south of Greenland. The Royal Garden at Stockholm contains one of the best collections of plants now in Europe; and it is well known that many pine-apples are produced in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, in spite of its nine months' winter, than in that of any other capital in Christendom.

Asia was early celebrated for its remarkable gardens: those of Babylon, which rose on a succession of terraces, supported by ponderous pillars, to the height of the city walls, were famous in ancient times; and the floating gardens of Cashmere, though of a comparatively modern date, are not less so. They consist of enormous rafts, with sides like boxes to contain the soil, which is heaped in to a depth sufficient for the growth of large shrubs, and even trees; by these means a garden is formed, with arbours and parterres filled with the finest plants of the East, and generally a kiosk, or summer-house, in the centre. As the huge rafts, though moored to the shore with great cables and pillars, move with every undulation of the water, they are said to resemble floating islands, clothed with the richest bloom and verdure. Some gardens of the eastern world, especially those of Persia and Hindoostan, are of immense extent; but, like everything valuable in that direction, they are always attached to royal palaces, private individuals rarely expending much care or taste on their gardens, and the humbler classes scarcely ever seeming to think of such things. With public gardens the Asiatics are entirely unacquainted; that method of unbending the popular mind is yet in advance of their civilisation. Most readers are aware that gardens of this description are now in every city of Europe. Paris contains probably the oldest, and one of the most complete. The history of gardening exhibits many and strange revolutions: the old Romans had their garden walls painted in scenes and patterns like some of our modern apartments; but in respect of cultivation, their art went no farther than planting the fruits and flowers most congenial to the soil: all our conservatory and hothouse practices were unknown to them.

About the close of the seventeenth century, a mode of gardening was invented by Le Notre in France, which was soon adopted over all Europe, and of which the gardens of Versailles present the best specimen. The chief characteristic of Le Notre's style was excessive re-

Digitized by Google

gularity—trees were cut into fantastic shapes, beds were squared, walks and hedges were made straight by rule and line: if water was introduced, it was as a formal *jet-d'eau*, or a pond resembling a canal; where the ground sloped, it was laid out in a succession of terraces; and at every available point there was stuck the figure of a heathen god or goddess. While this stiff style ran its course on the continent, it was ridiculed by Addison in England, and gave place to a modified system of gardening, in which artificial wildernesses were interspersed with all sorts of oddities. A writer on gardens of this new style of art thus describes their appearance:—'What in nature is dispersed over thousands of miles, was huddled together on a small spot of a few acres square: urns, tombs; Chinese, Turkish, and Hindoo temples; bridges which could not be passed without risk; damp grottos, moist walks, noisome pools, which were meant to represent lakes; houses, huts, castles, convents, hermitages, ruins, decaying trees, heaps of stones—a pattern-card of everything strange, from all nations under heaven, was exhibited in such a garden. Stables took the place of palaces, kennels of Gothic temples, and this was called natural.' Pope, at Twickenham, had a garden of this character, which was adopted as a model.

Since this era of artificialities, gardens have undergone various changes of style, the taste which prevails in England having latterly spread far and wide. This new style of gardening consists in a happy blending of nature with art—it is nature directed, not tortured. The principal peculiarity of the modern English garden is the green and finely-shaven lawn, with patches of cultivated flowers and shrubs, and the whole interspersed with winding walks. Beyond this, we think, it would be difficult to go. If gardens have not reached perfection, it is at least something to say that the *jardin Anglaise* is now universal.

Perhaps the natural taste for gardening was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Saabye, a Danish missionary, who, with his wife, resided many years on the coast of Greenland. The missionary's house was surrounded by high rocks, which partially sheltered it from the fury of the northern storms and sea; but the mould on the stony soil in its vicinity was not deep enough for any root, and Saabye and his wife were obliged to transport the requisite additions from a considerable distance in a tub, having no other utensil suitable for the service. Thus the first garden in Greenland was formed; and the missionary planted it after the manner of cottage gardens in Denmark, with seeds sent him by the ship that came annually at midsummer. The results of his gardening experience in the polar regions are curious. It was not till the beginning of July that the frost of the long winter was sufficiently thawed to commence operations; there was then a summer of two months' duration and continual day, the vegetation being proportionally rapid: cabbages flourished remarkably well, turnips grew to the size of a teacup, lost their bitter taste, and acquired an agreeable sweetness; but Saabye's carrots were never larger than the stalk of a tobacco pipe. Celery and broad beans would not grow at all; peas ran into bloom, but did not set; and the missionary seems to have regarded these as the only flowers of his garden. Yet in that dreary and remote solitude, surrounded by the natives of the north, whose language they were years in acquiring, the devoted exiles found pleasant occupation and familiar memories of their far old home in the spot so hardly redeemed from sterility, and yielding at the best such scanty returns for their labour. Nor can the subject be wound up without recalling the observations of Lord Bacon in his essay on gardening:—'God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.' Yes, gardens are clearly significant of elegancy. He cannot be a bad man who loves either flowers or gardens!

HOMES AND DWELLINGS OF THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

On this subject we copy the following from 'Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper:'—

'The searching inquiries of the commissioners appointed to report on the Health of Towns have clearly demonstrated that the rate of mortality is greatly increased in those localities which are densely crowded, undrained, badly ventilated, and imperfectly supplied with water. An investigation of the sanitary condition of nearly one hundred of our principal cities and towns traces the same results to the same causes, so that the evidence adduced admits of no refutation. In the cellars of Liverpool and Manchester, in the wynds of Glasgow, in the courts and alleys of London, typhus constantly is present; and the dwellings of the poor in these districts are the abodes of pestilence and epidemics. The sole property of the working-man being his labour, and that labour being suspended when health is deranged, the sanitary question branches out into a financial question; and Dr Southwood Smith has justly remarked that of all taxes, the heaviest is the fever tax. To those, then, who have few or no sympathies with their humbler brethren, and are deaf to the calls of humanity, we must apply the argument derived from the pressure of poor rates, and appeal from benevolence to cupidity; interest and duty here act both separately and in combination to rouse the wealthier classes, where government does not interfere, to take such measures as may best promote the public health and diminish the rate of mortality. We are happy to state that an Association, having these objects in view, is now being formed under highly favourable auspices, having the title of the "Suburban Village Association;" and we have reason to believe that the plan originated with Lord Shaftesbury.

'It is proposed to render the railway subservient to public health, by constructing houses at various stations, from four to ten miles distant from London, suited to clerks, artisans, and others of limited income, and to include in the rent a daily ticket to London and back again. To insure perfect ventilation, and to guard against overcrowding at any future date, only six cottages will be built to the acre, and each of them will have a good garden. As the Association is incorporated for a philanthropic purpose, and not with any moneymongering design, the dividends are not computed at more than five per cent. on the capital to be invested; so that the rent will not exceed that paid for rooms in the confined courts of the metropolis.

'A project of this description merits the most complete success. As a pecuniary investment, nothing can be safer; and though it does not tempt the gambling speculator by extravagant gains, it offers to the prudent a moderate profit without any hazard. We may confidently affirm that buildings of the character proposed will never be depreciated in value, but will at all times readily find tenants who appreciate the advantages of pure air. The children of the labouring men brought up in these villages will be removed from the demoralising influences of the metropolis; and as it forms part of the scheme to attach a school and a church to each district, both religious and moral culture will receive due attention. Thus the Horatian precept will be acted upon, and these villages become nurseries in which sound minds will be trained up in sound bodies.

'The principle here set forth in reference to the metropolis is equally applicable to the neighbourhood of all large and densely-crowded cities. The parties promoting the plan should bear in mind that they will not only obtain five per cent. on their investment, but save considerably in their poor rate. The children now vagabondising in the streets, and too frequently preparing themselves for the jail or the hulks, will be brought up in habits of industry and virtue, and when arrived at mature years, will be a benefit instead of a nuisance to the state. Among all the speculations that have been propounded, we know of none, in its direct and indirect consequences, more calculated to produce the best advantages to its originators and to those who will participate in the plan as tenants; while the incidental good that must accrue to society at large if the country towns follow the example of the metropolis is incalculable.'

Digitized by Google

[We cannot but approve of the scheme here alluded to for providing healthful homes for the humbler classes out of town on lines of railway. But we venture to predict that the parties for whom the benefit is more specially intended *will not take advantage of it.* They will still prefer living in mean crowded alleys, garrets, and cellars, near central thoroughfares, where their associates reside, and where public-houses and pawnbrokers are in convenient proximity. That small tradesmen, clerks, and others, who know the value of pure air, and aspire to a respectable mode of living, will gladly embrace the privilege offered by the Association, no one can doubt.]

THE SILK TRADE.

The recent disturbances in France are likely, and that soon, to lead to a most important event—namely, the removal of the fancy silk trade from Paris and Lyons to England. The apparent impossibility of conducting either this or any other manufacturing establishment with safety and profit to the capitalist, has already (but only as many had anticipated) turned the serious attention of some French houses engaged in the fancy silk trade to look out for some other locality, where their operations can be carried on without the interference of the Communists. In proof of this, there are now parties in Coventry and Manchester, and no doubt in London, recently arrived from Paris and Lyons as pioneers; and, from information that may be relied upon, there is every reason to believe that several establishments will forthwith be removed to England—but which will, in all probability, for the present be at Coventry, though London and Manchester cannot possibly fail to participate greatly in the benefit which this movement is sure to create. The Parisian and Lyonese workmen will then learn, by bitter experience, if in no other way, that capitalists who have anything to lose will not permit the interference and dictation of Communists as to the mode in which business shall be conducted. It is therefore probable that the silk trade of Europe will permanently settle in England.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A HELP TO ENERGY.

To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred: I was obliged to resort to my 'grand expedient' in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device, then, is this:—I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course exceedingly cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking in after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative?—*Tour of a German Prince.*

TOO LATE.

Some men are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is either to yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the ears have started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long, that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table again. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season, at church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, always ready, even if he should carry out his principle to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband and father, hinted to the bereaved widow that, at a proper time, he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was just in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the parson made the proposition to the widow. 'You are too late,' said she; 'the deacon spoke to me at the grave.' Scores have lost opportunities of making fortunes, receiving favours, and obtaining husbands and wives by being a few minutes too late. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain issue till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate, and tremble—who are never on hand for a journey, a trade, a sweetheart, or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill calculated to get a living in this stirring world!—*From a newspaper.*

THE KINGE'S HUNT IS UPP.

[The following capital song is given by Mr Collier in his 'Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company.' It is supposed to be the production of a writer called Gray, who was held in good estimation by Henry VIII. and the Protector Somerset 'for making certain merry ballads.']

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh daye,
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merie horne wakes up the morne
To leave his lide bed.

Beholde the skyes with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grasse is greene, and so are the treene,
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogges are runninge free;
The woodden rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey tantam tee ree.

The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye as he rieth hye,
To see and to be seene.

Awake all men, I say again,
Be merie as you maye,
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Whilst the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that odd compound of incompatibles called 'human nature.' It was a Christmas eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so 'bitter cold.' The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant, 'It is a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbour, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip; fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip.' These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again. 'Stop, Scip; you need not go now: *the weather has moderated.*'—*Boston Recorder.*

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

If it is true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.—*Milton.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 249. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848. Price 1½d.

DOING AND DREAMING.

In our multifarious correspondence there is a class of letters capable of more extended application than the writers imagine. These letters are confidential communications, generally from young men discontented with their position in life, and anxious for advice as to how they may contrive to emerge into circumstances better adapted to their tastes and genius. Almost all of them state frankly the reason why they have been induced in this emergency to address themselves to the 'Journal;' and that reason is, that it is the Journal which has touched with unwonted light 'the sleeping images of things,' which has stirred up their ideas from the bottom, and imparted a restlessness to their minds that seeks to relieve itself in some new course of action. Such, however, is not declared to be the effect of the mere expansion of mind brought about through the agency of literature; it refers more particularly to the authentic pictures we delight to give of the successful struggles of merit, and the rise of lofty and heroical spirits into power and fame, in spite of the adverse circumstances of fortune. Musing on these histories, warmed into generous enthusiasm, and stirred with emulative ardour, our inexperienced readers mistake the vague and romantic yearnings of youth for the throes of genius, and fancy that all they want to arrive at distinction is to be set upon the path.

Now we are not opposed to a moderate indulgence of the imagination: we think, on the contrary, that it tends to good. The inner life of a man is as important as his outer life; and the former, like the latter, must have its moments of unbending and recreation. Our dreams of fame may give birth, when the proper circumstances arrive, to action calculated to assist in realising them; and in the meantime they serve at odd moments to refine as well as amuse, and to float the free spirit above the cares and vulgarities of life. But the danger is, that this may go too far; that the dreamer may conceive a distaste or contempt for his ordinary avocations; and that, in fancying future greatness, he may neglect the sources of present comfort and respectability. It is therefore worth while to consider whether the vague aspirations alluded to afford any evidence of our being really superior to our present employment, and calculated to shine in another.

What has been the course of those remarkable persons who have risen from poverty and obscurity to be the cynosures of the world? Did their minds wander about in search of suitable employment? Did they feel an indistinct consciousness that they *could* do something, if they only knew what it was? Did they ask their way of the passers-by to the temple of fame or fortune? No such thing. They did their appointed work not only without aid and without a question, but in defiance of remonstrance and opposition. If mechanists, they converted into magical rods the humblest tools of the humblest trades; if philosophers, the phenomena of nature were as open to them in a hovel as in a palace; if poets, they poured forth their golden songs from the garret or the plough-tail—

> 'They lisped in numbers—*for the numbers came.*'

It would seem, in fact, that vagueness and uncertainty are indications of a want of power, and that the very circumstance of a man's asking for advice shows his inability to act upon it.

Let us look into literature for an illustration of what we mean. The profession is thronged by individuals who have no chance, and never had a chance, of success. How does this come about? Through dreaming. They mistook sympathy of taste for sympathy of talent, the power to admire for the power to create, and plunged madly into a business for which they were prepared by no study, and qualified by no natural gifts. The history of persons destined to succeed in literature is different. Their first efforts come from them, as it were, unawares. Doubtfully, timidly, they cast their bread upon the waters, ignorant of the process it will undergo, and incredulous of the form in which it will return to them. But it does return; and in a form which makes their hearts beat and their eyes dazzle—Money! They care not for money abstractedly; but in this case it gives them assurance that the coinage of their brain bears a distinct value in the estimation of their fellow-men. God bless that first guinea! No after-fortune can compare with it. The most intellectual of us all may sink gradually into the peddling, shopkeeping propensities of social man; but in the midst of the very basest vulgarities of life, we return proudly—and some tearfully—to the recollection of our first guinea!

Literature, as Sir Walter Scott has observed, should be used as a staff, not as a crutch. Remarkably few are able to make it the sole means of a respectable livelihood. At the very least, no rational person would embark in literature as a profession without having previously ascertained whether he had the power to live by it. With definite and manly *plans* we have of course no fault to find—let such be formed, and receive due examination; but what we allude to is that unsettled cloudy state of the mind which unfits us for the present without having any influence upon the future. This state of the mind is more common and more fatal in youth than is usually supposed; and it is not the less so from its being induced by a mere mistake, which confounds the capability of doing with the habit of dreaming.

Again, we find from the history of men who have risen from obscurity to eminence, that although they may be, in the common phrase, 'the architects of their own

Digitized by Google

fortunes,' they are not the contrivers of those circumstances which have placed them in the way of fortune. While apparently preparing for what is to come, they are in reality merely following the bent of their own inclinations, till they are sucked, either gradually or suddenly, as it may happen, into the current of events. This is another lesson for dreamers. Things should be allowed to come about naturally. There should be a patient submission to circumstances; but let the best be made of them, and the rest will follow. If young persons have a consciousness of any taste or talent of a desirable kind, let them cultivate it quietly till the proper opportunity comes, and they find that they can trust to it for their advancement in the world. A remarkable instance may here be mentioned of the sort of fatality which governs the struggling genius. There was once a village lad whose name was Nicolas, and whose dream was Rome. This was no idle dream with him, for he had painted from his childhood. He would paint—he could not help it; and at Paris, to which he found his way, that he might look at better pictures than he could see at home, he copied some engravings from Raphael, which gave a still firmer bent to his genius. A gentleman who admired the arts took him with him to Poitou, from which he returned moneyless, painting his way as he went along, to Paris. He became unwell, and went home to his native place—the village of Andeli on the Seine—and dreamed of Rome as he lay on his sick-bed. When he got better, he actually set out for Rome, and painted his way as far as Florence: but not a step could he get beyond that, and he returned almost in despair to Paris. Here at length he accidentally found a patron, who encouraged him to turn his face once more towards Italy; and in 1624 he did arrive at Rome. The result is thus told:—'Here Nicolas lived for a long time, miserably poor, but supremely happy; starving his body, and banqueting his mind. He fell in with a sculptor called François Flamand, whose circumstances were similar to his own, and these two lived and laboured in a corner together, surrounded by the dreams and monuments of genius, and stealing out every now and then to sell their works for any pittance that ignorance would bid or avarice afford. But the pictures of Nicolas at length began to attract attention; and the humble artist was drawn from his solitude. This change of fortune went on; for although poverty or envy may retard the rise of genius for a time, when once risen, any attempt to repress it, however powerful, is like opposing a tempest with a fan. Every tongue was now busy with the new painter's name; every eye was fixed upon his face or his works; all Rome was shaken with his fame. This was soon told at Paris; and he who on former occasions had travelled thither a lonely, friendless, half-starving youth, was led to the capital of France in triumph, and overwhelmed by Cardinal Richelieu and the king with honours and distinctions. After the minister's death, he returned to Rome, and died there in the seventy-first year of his age, leaving the illustrious name of Nicolas Poussin a rich and glorious legacy to his country.'

It occasionally happens that the present business of our clients is of a nature which they think beneath their merits, and obstructive of their aspirations. In a state of incipient rebellion against their present employment, they long to be something else. A young draper, heart-sick of the counter, asks our advice—a teacher in a country school is dying to be a man of letters. We have no patience with these dreamers. Why will they not let things take their course? Earnest all the time in their respective callings, there can be no objection to their looking out for opportunities of advancement. For our part we should like as well as anybody to better our condition; and indeed sometimes, when we see public affairs going wrong, we have a wonderful notion of a seat in the cabinet! But after all, as there must be a variety of employments, and people to fill them, the best way to manage is for each of us to *deserve* promotion, and hold fast by what we have got till we get something better. It is not the employment that makes us respectable, but our conduct in it. A footman on the stage, whose sole business is to deliver a message, has not a very dignified occupation; but nevertheless we expect him to get through it with intelligence and propriety; and if he fails to do so, from any notion that the part is beneath him, he becomes at once an object of indignation or contempt. This footman may be the author of the piece, or he may be capable of writing a better one; but the fact has nothing to do with his personation of the character which is his actual share of the performance.

And this brings us to a point at which our homily may conclude. The supposed capabilities of a man for another employment should never have the effect of making him despise or neglect his present one, however humble it may be. If it is worth our while to do a thing at all, it is surely worth our while to do it well. If there be any false shame on the subject, it ought to be banished by the reflection, that there are vast numbers of men of worth and talent superior to ours labouring, and labouring cheerfully, at still meaner employments. Besides, it should ever be borne in mind that, even in comparatively obscure situations in life, there may be, and is, the greatest earthly happiness. By a due culture of the faculties, by refining the sentiments, a common blacksmith may enjoy a satisfaction of mind equal to that of the greatest man in the parish. One who values genius merely as a means of advancement in the world, cannot know or feel what genius is. Yet on this false estimate are based a great proportion of the dreams which disturb the existence and fritter away the energies of youth. It is not spiritual, but temporal glory for which the common visionary pants; it is not the souls of men he desires to take captive, but merely their pockets: the paradise which opens to his mind's eye beyond the counter is composed of fine houses, gay dresses, and luxurious meals. The meanness of such aspirations enables us to say, without compunction, that he who indulges them no more possesses the intellectual capabilities he fancies, than he is likely to enjoy the substantial rewards of industry and perseverance.

THE HOUSE AND ITS VARIETIES.

The dwellings of mankind possess one peculiarity unknown to those of any other order in the animated creation—namely, a boundless variety in their form, fashion, and materials. All other creatures construct their dwellings on the assigned plan of their species, which appears to be as certain and limited as the rest of their instincts: one lion's den exactly resembles another, and the nest of every lark is the same; time and generations make no change on their architecture: the Alpine vulture still builds his eyry in the cleft of the rocky precipice in the very form described by Pliny; and petrified nests of swallows have been found in the ruins of Petra resembling in every straw those attached to our humblest eaves. Even such animals as display the greatest share of what may be designated the constructive instincts, act under the same law of perpetual uniformity. The tailor-bird never thinks of sewing another storey to the slender fabric of leaves and grass its active bill has appended to the boughs of the African palm, nor the bee of giving an additional side to the unvarying six of his honey cells. But what immense dissimilarity prevails in the houses of mankind! Some have been gigantic edifices: for instance, the palace of Nadir Shah, in the ancient city of Delhi, which was said to occupy a space of three square miles. Had his majesty's chamber been situated at one end of it, and his breakfast room at the other, a morning walk out of doors must have been a superfluity. Some, again, have been

Digitized by Google

specimens of lavish wealth and splendour; such as the celebrated golden house of Nero, in which neither wood nor stone was visible, the very walls and roof being overlaid with gold; and in the centre was an open court surrounding the Temple of Fortune, built of a species of talc or natural glass, which contemporary authors assure us was as clear as crystal, and perfectly transparent.

What a contrast to these temples of despotic vanity is presented by the Hottentot dwellings of South Africa, which consist of a hut, or rather tent, formed of rush mats stretched on a few rude poles, and easily packed upon the back of an ox at any moment the owner may find it expedient to change his locality! The palace of a negro monarch is formed by a circular fence of wattles and clay, enclosing a number of huts built of similar materials, thatched with palm leaves, and provided with doors too low for entrance, except on the hands and knees. Each of the queens-consort is assigned one of these structures, by way of preventing quarrels; and in most cases it is expected the lady will build it for herself as soon as the marriage feast terminates. The dwellings of his courtiers and subjects in general resemble that of their sovereign; and an African capital may be erected in a week, and destroyed in an hour. The homes of our British ancestors, as described by the Roman writers, seem to have been little superior; and the celebrated exclamation of the valiant chief Caractacus, when, in his captivity, he beheld for the first time the wealth and magnificence of Rome, 'How could you, who possess so much, envy me my reed-thatched hut in Britain?' powerfully corroborates their statements. Yet the same country now contains Windsor Castle, Eton Hall, Chatsworth, and innumerable mansions that are reckoned among the most splendid in Europe.

The domestic architecture of different times and nations is indeed strangely diversified according to climate, habits, and civilisation. When the Spanish invaders of South America first reached the banks of the Orinoco, they found them occupied for a considerable distance by a people whom they denominated 'Tree Indians,' from their custom of constructing a kind of hut or cage of wickerwork for their families on the thick and spreading branches of their native trees, in which they lived during the six months of tropical rain in complete inundation, to which their country was subject; having laid up a small stock of provisions during the dry season, and dropping down, when the weather permitted, by a rope of cocoa-nut fibre to the canoe always made fast below, in search of whatever else the rainy season afforded. Almost at the opposite extremity of the world, the Icelander constructs his habitation with an outer wall of turf, about six feet thick and four high, enclosing its various divisions: on one side, generally facing the south, are three doors, painted red, which respectively open to the smithy, cow-house, and family residence. The latter consists of a long narrow passage with apartments on each side. Every chamber has a separate roof, and is lighted by a small pane of glass, or more commonly talc, four or five inches in diameter. Several families frequently inhabit the same house, and all their members find nightly rest in one apartment, which is also the general refectory. The citizens of Bantam, a town of Java, adopt a similar construction, but suited to their southern latitude. Each hut, or rather family group of huts, which are built somewhat in the African style, have a circle of cocoa-nut-trees planted round them, with a strong bamboo fence outside, by which the inhabitants are completely separated from their neighbours; and the town at a distance resembles a forest.

Many of the houses in the capital of Borneo Proper, which is situated on a sort of estuary, are built on rafts moored to the shore, so as to rise and fall with the tide; and the Dyaks in the same island hang up human skulls, by way of ornament, over the entrance of their dwellings. The houses of the Finlanders are usually constructed of fir-trees, rudely squared by the axe, and laid, with a thin layer of moss between, upon each other: the ends, instead of being cut off, are generally left projecting beyond the sides of the building, and have a most savage and slovenly appearance. The roof is also of fir, sometimes stained red. The windows are frequently cut out with the axe after the sides of the house are raised.

The Kamtchatdales have two kinds of habitations—one for winter, and the other for summer. The winter habitations are sunk some feet under the ground; the walls are formed of trees laid over each other; the roof is made slanting, and covered with coarse grass or rushes. The interior consists of two rooms, with a large lamp fed with train oil, and placed so as to warm both rooms, and at the same time to answer the purposes of cookery. These houses are frequently large enough to contain two or three families, and fifty persons have been known to take up their abode in one of them. In that case, the dirt, smell, and soot issuing from the lamp are such as only a Kamtchatdale could endure. The summer house is supported on pillars, which raise it to the height of twelve or thirteen feet from the ground. These posts support a platform made of rafters, and covered with clay, which serves as a floor, whence the house ascends in the form of a cone, roofed with thatch. This apartment composes the whole habitation, and here all the family eat and sleep. The object of this singular construction is to have a space sheltered from the sun and rain, yet open to the air, in which their fish may be hung up and dried. It is afforded by the rude colonnade which supports these structures, and to their ceilings the fish are attached. Such is the style of building practised at the north-east extremity of Asia; nor are the popular fashions of its southern nations much in advance of this. The dwellings of their kings and satraps indeed exhibit a degree of magnitude and splendour for which nothing but the ruler's unlimited power over the inhabitants and resources of his country could account. This is more especially observable in the ancient palaces, whose vast ruins, now left in desert solitude, evince to the far-exploring traveller from Europe at once the former power and deep decline of the Asiatic monarchies. The palace of Chilminar in Persia, though long roofless, still stands a mighty monument of Eastern architecture. The walls are constructed of blocks of gray marble, apparently without cement; and a marble staircase, wide enough to admit ten horsemen riding abreast, leads from the lower to the upper divisions. In the before-mentioned palace of Delhi there are still to be seen the remains of a vast covered balcony, called the Hall of Justice, the walls of which were covered with pictures representing groups of animals, fruit and flowers, entirely formed of stones of various colours, according to those of the objects represented; and in the central group was the figure of the artist, who executed the whole in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is said to be a European. But the ordinary habitations of the East, which, like the usages of Eastern life, have remained the same for centuries, are but little indebted to comfort, and less to elegance. The well-known division of the harem exists only in the mansions of the rich and powerful, which, at least in Mohammedan countries, are generally constructed in the fashion introduced into Spain by the Moors of Granada, and still seen among the old houses of the peninsular towns—walls without windows to the street; a flat roof; and a small open court in the centre, into which all the apartments open and windows look.

It is curious to remark that the city of Bagdad, so splendid in the Arabian Nights and other tales of our childhood, at the present day consists of brick houses but one storey in height, and provided with a subterraneous flat in the form of cellars, to which the inhabitants retire in the extreme heat of summer. The subjects of the Birman empire are obliged by their government to employ nothing but wood and bamboo cane in the construction of their houses, in order that the

Digitized by Google

burning of towns by the enemy (which appears to be of frequent occurrence) may be less felt by the public. The Siamese have their habitations supported on pillars of considerable height, their outgoings and incomings being facilitated by a ladder, which is drawn up when circumstances make it expedient to cut off the communication. Most of our readers are acquainted with the fact, that great numbers of the Chinese reside in junks on their great rivers and canals, and whole generations are born, grow old, and die, floating on the waters. But even in the great cities of China domestic accommodations are on the following average:—The dwelling is generally surrounded by a wall six or seven feet high; and within this enclosure a whole family of three generations, with all their respective wives and families, will frequently be found. One small room is made to serve for the individuals of each branch of the family, sleeping in different beds, divided only by mats hanging from the ceiling; and one common room is used for eating.

Asia, however, affords specimens of the house kind which, though rarely in use among modern generations, have at least the advantage of singular durability—we allude to the rock-hewn habitations taken notice of by all European travellers. The famous city of Petra in Arabia has been the theme of admiration and astonishment to all the tourists of recent times; but another town, apparently far more ancient, and of greater extent still, exists in the north of Affghanistan, and is known throughout the East by the name of Bameean. The city consists of a great number of apartments cut out of the solid rock. It is said that in many of them the walls are adorned with paintings, which look still fresh after centuries of desertion and solitude; some of them are adorned with niches and carved work. There are supposed to be more than twelve thousand of such habitations in Bameean: the country of the Affghans abounds with them; but the natives, who are mostly Mohammedans, entertain a superstitious prejudice against inhabiting such homes. They have old traditions which declare them to have been the first habitations of mankind; and that strange city is casually mentioned by some of the classic authors: yet by whom its rocky abodes were excavated, who were its inhabitants, or what their history—all has passed from the recollection of the world, and exists only in fabulous or uncertain tales.

The ancient homes of the world were almost in every point dissimilar to those of modern nations: among the polished Greeks and Romans the houses of the wealthier classes were constructed with a portico in front, which opened into a large apartment intended for the reception of visitors, with its roof sloping down to the centre, in which there was a large square opening for the rain to run into a cistern, placed below for that purpose. Beyond this apartment were the rooms for family use; all the decorations of our walls with them took the form of marble; mosaic floors occupied the place of our Brussels carpets in classic estimation; and the most fashionable style for a dining-room was the representation in stone of crumbs and fragments of a feast; and apartments so finished were appropriately designated 'unswept halls.' Nor must it be forgotten that a Roman bedroom, though inlaid with coloured marble, had rarely, if ever, a window—a custom which appears rather to have originated in some mistaken idea than the deficiency of glass, which was comparatively well-known in those ages, and seems to have been used for ornamental purposes. Pliny speaks of glassy chambers; and Cardinal Maximen records that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as some workmen were digging on the ruins on Mount Cœlius, they found a room belonging to an antique dwelling-house, the walls of which were covered with plates of glass, some of them tinged with various colours, others of their own natural hue. In the early days of Rome, any attempt at splendour in building or decoration appears to have been very unpopular; and a consul who found his new house in this respect displeasing to his countrymen, demolished the fabric in a single night, in hopes of regaining their approbation. The abode does not appear, from this circumstance, to have been very substantial; but the remains of Roman dwellings which Italy still presents, prove how far the public mind had changed with the progress of wealth and time. The fashion of building storey above storey, though almost peculiar to Europe, was early introduced, as we find a law of Augustus prohibiting the erection of houses above the height of seventy feet, or about six of our modern storeys.

In relief to those lofty buildings and far old times, the less civilised nations of the earth still practise some curious modes of construction in their houses. The natives of Samar, one of the Philippine Islands, weave large wicker cages for themselves of bamboo, the floors of which are raised some feet from the ground, to allow the free circulation of air in that torrid clime; and the natives of New Guinea, who build in a similar fashion, secure their whole property, usually consisting of hogs, in the space below.

Some nations live entirely in tents—as the Bedouin Arabs, the Kourds, and the Calmuc Tartars; the aborigines of New Holland have no houses at all; but in this respect, as well as in others of equal importance, they seem to merit the designation of the French naturalist, who called them 'the lazzaroni of their species.' The variety in human abodes seems as endless as that of human character: none of them can indeed shut out misfortune; but after this somewhat lengthened survey, we presume the great majority of our readers will agree in the fact, that a comfortable British home, belonging to any of the industrious classes, is, like our country, with all its faults, preferable to most others; which conscientious conviction winds up for the present our notice of 'The House.'

ASHORE IN CALCUTTA.

In the outset of my sailor-life, when alive to curious foreign scenes, I do not remember being so much amused with any place as Calcutta, with its blended European and Eastern character. During a stay of seven weeks in the Hoogley, we had several holidays, on which the hands on board were allowed to go ashore, and our visits to the town, old and new, were productive of much merriment. Our first trip is vividly impressed on my recollection.

At four bells of the forenoon watch, ten o'clock by harbour counting, the decks had all been washed down and breakfast got over; a luxurious breakfast it was, too, every morning in our Indian life—a bunch of exquisite bananas, fresh butter in a plantain leaf, and 'soft tack' instead of hard biscuit, with fresh buffalo beef cold, and the ship's tea. Very different from our fare at sea! And from the cook to the cabin boy, each might have all of this that was additional to allowance for little more than a penny—on credit too. The bread was in little cup-shaped rolls, newly baked, and brought off in Rahmomi's trading boat: the buffalo beef had only the drawback of being without fat, and white from the absence of the blood, which the Mussulman butchers, like the Jews, thoroughly abstract. After breakfast we washed ourselves carefully, those who required it shaved; and for the first time I took my best blue jacket, white duck trousers, and blue cloth cap with a gold band, and put them on before a little looking-glass fixed to the half-deck ladder. We eight apprentices dressed that day like midshipmen of a London ship. The fore-mastmen were already assembled at the windlass, in regular Jack-tar style, with tarpaulin hats made and painted by themselves in many a watch below during the voyage. The captain and mates were at the capstan, the former with a box of rupees, just got from the agent ashore. First the men went aft, and received five or eight rupees each, according to their wishes; then we advanced and got two or three, the latter sum amounting to about six-and-sixpence at the time. The men went off in a

Digitized by Google

native tow-boat; as for us, we were committed to the leadership of the eldest of our number, and by means of boats, hailed for the purpose, we got ashore without injury to our finery. Above the landing-place was a group of palanquin-bearers, coolies, and punkah-bedars with their leaf umbrellas, all anxious for our patronage, telling us their names, and apparently desirous of submitting to anything if they could only have an opportunity of preferring their claims. Under the guidance of the old stagers, however, we all marched up in a body past the Sailors' Home, and under the balconies of the nearest houses, shining in the whiteness of their 'chunam' plaster, that contrasted with their large green Venetians and with the trees at hand. We felt our feet firm on the solid earth again, albeit with a weather-roll in our own walk; we were free, with our own wages in our pockets to spend, while the far-famed luxuries of the East lay beyond those buildings, and a shilling here would go as far as five at home: some of us, too, for the first time touched the ground of India. Soon we sallied round the corner from the landing-place into a broad quiet street of large separate houses, where nobody seemed to be stirring; one double line of massive flat-topped mansions running into another, without visible doors, and the upper part full of tall windows carefully shaded; high walls leading from one to another, over which peeped luxuriant foliage, covered with rich flowers of the brightest colours, aromatically fragrant, and hanging still in the intense light. Light dazzled from side to side upon the white stucco; the balustrades of large buildings at a distance, the spire of a flat-roofed church, looked whiter in, as it were, increasing light beyond, that shot through all the openings. There was neither causeway nor pavement, the road being only divided from the foot-walk by a gutter; and at first one or two *bheesties*, or water-carriers, sprinkling the red dust as they went along, from a whole buffalo-skin full of water slung over their backs, appeared the sole passengers. At the next turning, however, we came upon a greater number of figures, all natives or sailors, for nobody else goes out in the daytime or on foot; *hackeries*, or Indian carriages, buggies, and shackling hackney-coaches, driven by parties of half-drunk seamen; palanquins, and coolies holding their parasols over their patrons—all began to be seen streaming along and across. Suddenly the long broad vista of Flag Street, the principal resort of liberty-gangs and strangers, burst upon us full of people. A snake-charmer with his basket was exhibiting to one group, and a black conjuror was lying on the ground making hideous groans of inspiration for piece. Orientals of all kinds—Jew, Malay, Parsee, grave pale-faced Armenian in white robes and high turban; Chinamen with slanting eyes, yellow skin, and gaudy dress; the common Bengalee in his dirty cotton, and the Hindoo clerk in his gauzy-looking fluent garments; the Mussulman with his large variegated caftan, the black Portuguese, and the Pariah with a cloth round his loins: they were swarming in our path, but made way for the boisterous English tars, who became more numerous as we advanced. In Flag Street—so named from the flag-staff at one end—were plenty of European shops, wine-houses, ginger-beer sheds, Portuguese taverns, and a hotel for the gentry. Here was the police-office, with its groups of *chokeedars*, or 'chokeys,' as the sailors call them, some of whom we saw trying to lug away a huge delinquent liberty-man to the 'black hole,' while his messmates made a rush which carried him safely off. Stands of palanquins to hire lined the corner of Frettee Bazaar, a row of goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops as fine as any in Bold Street or Lord Street, Liverpool. The palkee-bearers lounged beside their vehicles, or ran grunting and chanting along, four in a band; curious-looking fellows they were, their hair tied up in a knot like women's, their faces marked with red and yellow ochre in a way peculiar to the low-caste workmen, and their naked bodies odorous with cocoa-nut oil.

Everything was delightfully fascinating, bewildering, and different from anything we had seen before: it was like a vast magic-lantern with innumerable slide-pictures; for the variety of dresses, manners, and people in Calcutta is very great indeed. The preponderance in Flag Street was of westerns, from the Yankee to the Dutchman, skipper, tar, midshipman, and traveller. The natives in this part of the city were chiefly subordinates and hangers-on, with knots of Lascars, and a sepoy or two in their blue uniforms and stiff gray trousers. Here every one seemed ready to refuse to us, and get out of our course. None of those proud lords of Hindoostan, the Company's servants, were visible, except one sallow, bilious-looking face that glanced out of a carriage-window as it rolled past with its turbaned coachman, syces, and running footmen, who cleared the way authoritatively for the great sahib, and the yielding throng appeared to regard themselves as the dust before his wheels. In the first flush of the scene, I was reluctant to lose it for a moment even; but we entered a cool open tavern to drink some ginger-beer and Cape wine. As we sat, a host of little naked brown boys surrounded us with their blacking-brushes to clean our shoes, touching their heads, salaaming, and jabbering, whom it was impossible to get rid of; and I actually had my dusty feet polished three or four times over without vouchsafing a word, in imitation of the nonchalance of my companions, who satisfied them all with a couple of pice—little more than a halfpenny.

We issued forth again. Through Tank Square, a large open space occupied by a reservoir of water surrounded by a stone balustrade, close to St Andrew's Scotch church, we passed along other European thoroughfares, and got gradually into the native parts of the town. Here the throng and population thickened—not bustle, indeed, but confusion, variety, gesticulation, and talking inculculable: the streets suddenly became narrow lanes full of open shops, where the tailors, silk-merchants, and provision-sellers were sitting at work, and the goods were hung out like those in an old-clothes alley of Edinburgh, London, or Liverpool. A profusion of sweetmeats and other eatables there were, to us unpalatable; but all the fruits of India in their alluring novelty, silk handkerchiefs, shells, preserves, the delicious odour of sandal-wood, all attracted us in our progress. The various inhabitants paid us the utmost respect, although here the superior natives were more numerous, and preserved their own dignity, sometimes looking askance at the intrusive European with a jealous eye. In passing along these narrow thoroughfares we were beset by all sorts of dealers, each recommending his wares; bleeching, in broken English, that they were the best and cheapest, and that all the other tradesmen were cheats. Our buying any little article was the funniest scene imaginable; for we were assailed with torrents of jargon, and there was a world of squabbling before the shopkeeper could be prevailed on to take a sixth of what he asked; and after all, he was more than paid for his wares.

Here we had no purchases, on we pushed, as much lost in the network of lines, alleys, bazaars, and sheds of bamboo and *mud*, as a ship without her compass; merely finding our way back again by chance, with the conjectures of an occasional hail from friends. Now we passed through a quiet court into a square with a *tank* amidst it; then into some new crowd, swarming under the hot white light, between the projecting covers of the open shops, dim and shadowy enough within. At intervals a cooler glimpse of air shot through from a passage behind; and once or twice we had to turn back out of a private court, shaded by a cocoa-tree or two, where the green Venetianed windows peeped at each other, and perhaps a woman was seen sitting in an apartment. Now and then a white-robed Hindoo crossed with a servant holding the gaudy punkah over his head; and two or three times our susceptibilities were excited by the swift vision of a fantastic palanquin, with jalousies half-closed, in which reclined a young Hindoo girl, whose silver-bangled dusky arm was seen

Digitized by Google

holding her sandal-wood fan before her eyes. There were book bazaars, and handkerchief bazaars; the 'Old China Bazaar,' and the 'New China Bazaar,' where whole rows of Chinese shoemakers had their names in Chinese, Hindoostanee, and English above their doors. There was a bazaar for cheroots, and a large covered arcade called the 'Shell Bazaar,' devoted to every kind of shells and toys, from the gorgeous conch to an Indian bow and arrows. In one lane, full of courts and compounds, stood groups of dancing-girls ready to exhibit, with gong, tom-tom, and castanet. Through all this incomprehensible flood of Oriental life we at last hove in sight again of the stuccoed brick houses and Flag Street; towards which, in the afternoon, were converging from all directions the stray bands of sailors of every nautical nation. We went into a tavern to get dinner; and such a dinner it was to the youthful eaters of salt junk and hard biscuit! Each of us paid half a rupee (one-and-a-penny), for which we had a roast sucking pig, fowl, pork, beef, and yams; with Cape wine and French brandy at perhaps sixpence a piece. Cheroots and cigars of course were in plenty; and it was in a high-roofed, cool, upper room, earthen-floored, with grass matting; nothing else in it but chairs and table, besides a punkah frame hung from the ceiling, that swung over our heads at dinner, moved by unseen hands. The tall broad window had no glass in it, but was shaded by Venetians, through which the light came up green from the earth of a high terrace almost level to the room. Dinner over, we stepped out upon it amongst flowering shrubs. There was a veranda overhead. On one side the luxuriant branches of a tall tamarind-tree reached up from the ground, on the other a mango and a long-leaved plantain.

When we went out again, we found the court in front of our tavern crowded with English sailors, lounging, drinking, and joking, some of our own crew amongst them. The Calcutta taverns are kept by Portuguese and Jews; our host was of the former nation, and blacker than a Hindoo, his waiters the same. Exactly opposite was another tavern, whose landlord was a Jew; before it there was another throng of seamen, all 'foreigners' and Yankees, who betrayed a natural feeling of rivalry to us Englishmen. Jokes and retorts were exchanged in hailing key across the street, till some of the touchy Americans took offence, and a well-aimed shaddock knocked the pipe out of the mouth of an English foremast-man. This naturally led to an angry altercation and a row; but fortunately, before any mischief was done, a body of armed chokeedars came down from the police-office; and having no wish to pass the night in the black hole, I hastened away with my companions.

There is no twilight in India, and the day was brought to a close while we were still loitering about. The sun went down with tropical suddenness. I remember promenading to the end of Flag Street in the dusk, tacking from side to side now at the glowing red globe in an apothecary's window, now in the shadow of some palace-like building, where I recollect seeing a jackal slink along the dark gutter. We got to the ghaut at the river's edge, where it was rushing fast down with the tide, while the large ships turning at anchor stood up in the uncertain glimmer along the water, that sounded upon their bulky sides in the intense hush. The fire-flies danced like sparkles of greenish light under the trees, the river mosquitoes bit insufferably, and the dew was beginning to fall in the chill abundance of an Indian night. So still it was, indeed, that you could hear from the woods of the opposite shore a whole chorus of strange sounds—the chirp, mutter, screaming, humming, and whispering of innumerable creatures, that burst forth as soon as it grows dark: above all, the wild unearthly cry of jackals hunting in the jungle, smothered in the recesses, and distinctly yelling again across the openings. We hailed for a dingy, and got on board at last, after being carried down half a mile from our ship.

Next day we were all busily at work, along with our Lascars, in breaking cargo, hoisting it out with the winch, and transporting it alongside to the lighter-boats; while two or three native clerks, in their white cotton dresses, stood noting it down on their tablets. In a week afterwards we had cast from our moorings, and dropping down the river, the spires of Calcutta were speedily lost to our view.

LITTLE OLIVIER OF BOULOGNE.

MANY years have now passed since my sister Lucy and I were saved from what appeared inevitable destruction, while we were bathing at Boulogne, by a young fisherman belonging to that place named Jean Baptiste Gélé. He saw us, from the cliffs on which he was walking, carried away by the tide towards the open sea, and with the greatest courage and presence of mind he succeeded, at the risk of his own life, in bringing us back to the shore. What made the fact of his being near us at the time the more remarkable was, that he had been drawn by lot as a conscript, and had received orders to march to Havre the very evening before our accident; but by means of the interest of a relation at the 'Mairie,' he had obtained leave to pass four-and-twenty hours longer in his native place, and had taken a solitary walk along the downs to hide his grief from his family, who were waiting for him to begin the last breakfast they were to partake of together. It was not till the evening of that day that my dear parents discovered to whom they were indebted for the preservation of their children; for although he had accompanied us home with our own servants in the morning, and seen us safe with our mother, he had not waited to tell the story of his heroic conduct; he had hurried back to his own poor old mother, who heard the neighbours in the street cry '*Vive Gélé!*' before she knew what had happened. When some of our party went to the cottage, they found only Catharine weeping over the loss of her son, for he had marched already to join the depôt.

The next day, Lucy and myself, who had pretty well recovered from the effects of our drowning, and were very anxious to see what could be done for Gélé or his family, set out early for the cottage. It was a bright, lovely morning, like the preceding one, on which we had so nearly looked upon the sun for the last time; the sea, which had then closed over our heads, lay calm and blue before us, and the people were beginning their day's work upon the shore. There were whole families down upon the quay, where the fishing-vessels were drawn up in a long line, some with their sails already nearly set, others with their crews hard at work, and the women and children, who carried the nets and baskets, looked almost as hardy as the men and boys, for they were used to carry the luggage of the passengers who landed from the steamers, and to do a great deal of rough work. We heard such chattering, and screaming, and shouting as we passed, that we might have thought they were all quarrelling instead of taking an affectionate leave of each other; but we soon came to a quieter spot at the farther end of the quay, where a long flight of stone steps led up a narrow street, built in a fissure of the cliff which opened from the downs. The houses were high, and turned their gable-ends to the front; there were fishing-nets hanging over the iron bars that projected from the windows, nets hanging from the lamp-posts, and half-made nets dangling at the doors, so that the whole street seemed garnished with a grotesque imitation of tapestry; children were eating their bread soup out of earthenware pipkins on the steps, and mothers arranging their dwellings; but all stopped in their various employments to look at us as we passed, for they doubtless guessed who we were; and one little girl of about ten years old, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair neatly parted under the pink-checked handkerchief she wore round her head, stepped modestly up to us and offered to show us the house we were probably in search of. Her thick

Digitized by Google

petticoats were short enough to enable her to run up and down the stairs without the least trouble. She had on a tight-fitting little black jacket, and a very full apron—her whole costume being precisely like that of her mother and grandmother; but we wondered how she could trip along so nimbly in her little clattering wooden shoes, or sabots, as we followed her to the last house at the top of the street.

'Come down, Madame Lomier,' cried our young guide; 'here are the English ladies whom Gélé saved yesterday.'

'*Ma mère!*' exclaimed another voice close to us, but we could not imagine from whence it came.

The room was light, and very neat; a high comfortable bed, hung with red cotton curtains, occupied the recess farthest from the door; a round table stood in the middle of the brick floor, opposite the wood fire, and a bureau by the window; various gaily-coloured prints of the Holy Family and of the Saints were hung upon the whitewashed walls, with some Dutch pipes, an old sabre, and two or three other warlike weapons. We had not time to think again of the man's voice we had heard, for Catharine Lomier immediately appeared, and with the greatest earnestness and simplicity of manners she took our hands in both hers, and thanked God that He had restored us to our mother; and then throwing her apron over her head, she exclaimed, '*Mais moi! je n'ai plus mon fils*'—and burst into an uncontrolled flood of tears. We assured her that we were come on purpose to learn whether it was not possible to procure Gélé's discharge from the service, so as to enable him to complete the studies he had undertaken preparatory to passing his examination as mate in a merchant ship, after gaining which step, he would no longer be liable to being drawn by the conscription. This idea once suggested, Catharine brightened up directly, but expressed her fears that no interest would avail to procure so great a favour as the discharge of a conscript—the regulations of the government regarding such being at that time extremely rigorous. We promised most heartily to spare no pains in the attainment of this object, and then began asking her about the rest of her family. Her first husband had been a pilot, and was taken prisoner on board a French ship during the war, and after many long years of captivity, died in England, leaving her with two boys, Gélé and his brother Olivier, who was in the room.

'But where?' asked Lucy: 'I see no one.'

'Ah, poor fellow!' said his mother with a look of tenderness, 'he always keeps in the background; he dislikes being seen so much.'

At this moment the open door behind me was pushed back, and there, crouching down close to the wall, we beheld a figure that I can only describe to you with difficulty. If you can imagine a young and perfectly intelligent man, paralysed in every limb, trembling in every joint, and utterly unable to do more than drag himself on his hands and feet along the floor, yet evidently feeling acutely the painful effect produced by his appearance, you may have some idea of Olivier. I believe we were neither of us so foolish as to show the surprise and even shock we felt at this extraordinary apparition; but the poor cripple, by some unlooked-for effort, placed himself on a stool by the bureau, and then expressed his own fear lest he should have frightened us. 'When you entered the house,' he added, 'I was just going out, and I would not meet you on the threshold.'

We hastened to assure him that we could only feel pleasure in becoming acquainted with any of Gélé's relations; and by degrees his shyness was so far overcome, as to enable him to converse with us on his own situation. We found that Olivier had been a cripple from his birth, and dependent on the kindness of others for whatever comforts had alleviated his lot: his brother used to carry him out on his shoulders, while he was still a lad himself, to bask in the sun under the cliffs; and his mother and his stepfather Lomier watched over him with unremitting care, and procured for him all the little amusements they could afford, and he was able to enjoy. But he had to bear the burden of idleness as well as that of suffering. He could do no work, not even that of mending the fishing-nets, and he had never learnt to read, because, as Catharine said, his trembling hands would neither hold a book nor turn a page; besides, she could not read herself, and no one else would have patience to teach him, excepting perhaps his father and brother, who were almost always at sea. This did not appear to us by any means a satisfactory reason for Olivier's being all his lifetime deprived of what might be to him a source of continual pleasure and improvement. We were struck, as we talked with him, by his singular likeness to Gélé; there was the same good outline of features, and the same dark-gray eye; in the one, so full of the determination and the triumph of active life and of self-dependence; in the other, brimming over with sensitive feeling. He had passed the years in which he could be made happy by the sunshine, or in watching the children at play upon the steps; not because these were not still pleasant things, but because there was no sunshine in his heart, and the consciousness of his own separation from his fellows was growing upon him. Lucy and I hastily agreed that it would be quite possible to teach him to read; but what time had we in which to instruct him, even supposing that we were allowed to come daily to the cottage? After our eight o'clock breakfast, we were engaged the whole day with lessons and masters; there was but one hour we could look upon as our own, and half that time would be occupied with the walk, though Catharine assured us she could take us a shorter way home than we had come with our maid. We knew that it must be a long time before any application would be successful on Gélé's behalf, and we were very anxious, during the next two months, to be of some use to his brother, who heard with delight our hope of giving him lessons. The following morning, therefore, with our mother's permission, Catharine Lomier came, soon after six, to escort us to her house. Many years have passed since Lucy and I took those early walks, and many joys and sorrows have succeeded each other in my life; but the recollection of them now brings me a feeling of fresh and buoyant happiness, like that of my childhood; for I then first truly learnt the value of time, and something of what one half hour wisely spent can do for the welfare of a fellow-creature.

Nothing could exceed the zeal with which Olivier applied himself to his new labours; the book was placed on the bureau before him, and by degrees he learned to turn the page himself. We taught him his letters, and for him eight weeks afterwards spelling out the gospel of St John; with infinite patience, too, Lucy taught him to make horse-hair bracelets, which one would at first have thought quite out of the question; but the possibility of his employing himself having once been shown to him, he was fast entering into a new state of being; his countenance had already become bright with intelligence. Instead of sitting in the doorway watching his neighbours, and wishing Rose (for that was the name of the little girl who first took us up the steps) would leave her work and come and talk to him, he now sat there with his book before him, happily engaged himself, and ready to hear with pleasure of her trips to the town with her basket, and of her expeditions with her younger brothers and sisters to the distant parts of the cliffs to gather shell-fish among the rocks; and he now began to consider how he also might be of use in his own little world.

When the following spring came, and we had obtained the boon we sought for Gélé, he and his father-in-law, Jaques Lomier, came over to England for a fortnight, during which time we saw him receive the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society in London in reward for his noble conduct. Numbers of the bravest and the highest-born of our own land were present at the festival, and welcomed the young French sailor with such

Digitized by Google

hearty congratulations, and such a liberal meed of praise, as might have made many a man vain of what he had done; but when the hall was ringing with acclamations, he hid his face in his hands and burst into tears. Perhaps he thought at that moment how glad his mother and Olivier would have been could they have witnessed his greeting in the country where his father had died, a prisoner of war. We heard with great pleasure that our pupil had improved himself so much during the winter, that he had now begun to give lessons himself. All that long and beautiful summer he assembled his scholars upon the steps I have so often mentioned, they were the children of the neighbouring families, who passed the greater part of their lives at sea, or down upon the shore, and never thought of gaining any education at all, unless, like Gélé, they intended to prepare for taking the command of merchant vessels.

Perhaps during the present disastrous time in France, when all old laws and regulations are broken up, or falling into disgrace, those relating to the seafaring population of Boulogne are changing too; but in the time I have been describing it formed quite a distinct community, in which no intermarriages were permitted with any other class. Lomier himself was a soldier when he first saw the widow of the pilot Gélé, and to marry her he became a sailor, and bore all the hardships of a life to which, till then, he had been wholly a stranger. One of the most curious of their privileges was that of the pilots' wives, four of whom were permitted to dance in the first quadrille of any ball honoured by the presence of a member of the royal family. But besides such state occasions, they had many merry-meetings amongst themselves, in which their national good manners and peculiar costume appeared to great advantage. While Olivier was still only a child, his mother used to carry him to church at Boulogne, and more often to the chapel on the downs, where the sailors' wives were accustomed to pray for their safe return, and for God's blessing on their toil. She used now and then also to take him with her on a donkey to the 'guinguette,' or rustic ball held in the Valley du Denac, at which all their friends and relations assembled; but when he grew older, he became more and more afraid of being seen, and from one year's end to the other, he seldom went farther than the street in which he lived, or the downs just above it.

Rose le Blanc was one of the earliest and most promising of Olivier's pupils, and she soon undertook the duties of an assistant also, for she used to trace the letters upon a large slate with which he taught his scholars, and hold the book from which he read to them; and she saw that Olivier, whom she had pitied so much, was forgetting to think of his own misfortunes in his desire of instructing others. One bright autumn afternoon she came into the cottage leading her sister Thérèse by the hand, to see him before they set off for the long-talked-of 'guinguette.' They both wore their holiday dress, consisting of a black cloth jacket, a scarlet petticoat, and a muslin apron, under which were crossed the ends of the gay neckerchief; on this great occasion they wore stockings with embroidered clocks, and velvet shoes fastened with small steel buckles; Rose wore also her grandmother's long gold earrings and her massive chain, for her mother had these ornaments of her own, and she was the eldest daughter of the pilot Le Blanc; the neatest imaginable little round-eared cap, trimmed with delicate lace, completed her handsome costume. All fluttering with pleasure at the prospect of the fête, and yet almost doubting whether she would not now rather stay with Catharine and her son than leave them alone, she found to her surprise that they likewise were *dressed* in their Sunday attire. 'Ah,' said she, 'Olivier! I see that you are going again to the fisherman's chapel; how glad I am that you can earn money now to ride there!'

'I shall stop a few minutes *en passant* with my mother at the chapel,' replied Olivier cheerfully; 'but we are going further still: I have never seen a fête, Rose, since I was a child, and I want to see you and Thérèse, and many of my scholars, dancing on the grass to-day. I should like to see every one around me looking as happy as you do now!'

Rose clasped her hands in delight at this announcement, and her blue eyes glistened with tears. 'Now then, Olivier,' she said, 'the great change has come! though not quite such a one as I used to wish to see.'

'My dear child,' said Catharine quietly, 'what are you talking of? My poor boy is no better; that, you know, is quite impossible.'

'You will laugh at me, Madame Lomier,' answered Rose blushing; 'but it seems to me that Olivier ought now to be changed outwardly as well as inwardly. Oh I wish some kind fairy would touch him with her wand, and make him a handsome young prince at once! But instead of that'—— She stopped, and Olivier continued in a lower tone:

'The outward change, Rose, will yet come to me, when this mortal body shall put on immortality; but the work of preparation for that time is wrought by patience, and by love, and by exertion; if not that of active labour, yet that of the spirit; and this change began in me from the day I learnt to read, and tried to help others. You are the little fairy of my life,' he added with a smile of peculiar sweetness, 'and you must promise to dance near me this evening, where I can see you as I sit upon my donkey.'

How gladly Rose promised, and kept her word, and how merrily the long summer evening passed away in the valley, I leave you all to imagine.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT.

WE congratulate our readers on the passing of an act of parliament to enforce sanitary measures for England and Wales, the metropolis alone excepted. After years of agitation, through the press and otherwise, the public will now have the satisfaction of seeing a law put in practical operation to carry out principles which all, we believe, acknowledge to be correct. The 'Public Health Act of 1848,' as it is called, falls short in some respects of what is desirable; but on the whole it forms a comprehensive and important piece of legislation, and marks a distinct advance in social history. It is matter for regret that private and local interests have prevented the application of the act to the metropolis; but this exclusion cannot be long tolerated; nor can any long period of time elapse before a similar law is extended to Scotland.

We may run over a few heads of the act. The chief management is in the hands of a general board in London, and by this board superintending inspectors are appointed. Towns and districts get the act applied by petitioning the board. When applied, the local management is reposed in the town council, or in a body specially appointed by rate-payers. The local board is to appoint a surveyor, inspector of nuisances, clerk, treasurer, and such other officers as may be necessary, including a legally-qualified medical practitioner, to be the officer of health for the district. With this assistance, the local board is entitled to order the cleansing and making of drains and sewers, and the removal of all nuisances; to prevent houses being erected without drains and all suitable accommodations; to order that houses already built, and defective in drainage, shall be drained and otherwise improved; and to cause all houses to be supplied with water, if it can be done at a cost of twopence a week—which will generally be the case. The local boards have the power of regulating slaughter-houses, and of preventing the establishment of offensive trades. Streets are to be paved and cleaned by order of the boards, where this is not otherwise provided for; and new streets cannot be commenced without due notice being given. The local boards may establish and maintain public pleasure-grounds, erect water-works, and prevent interment in towns or under

Digitized by Google

churches and chapels. In them likewise is reposed the power of licensing and regulating common lodging-houses. Every such place must be registered; the number of its lodgers is to be specified, and it may be cleaned and ventilated by order of the board. Various minor regulations, all tending to preserve health, and prevent the spread of disease, are included in the act, which extends to 151 clauses, the whole seemingly so clear and intelligible, that we anticipate no difficulty in carrying their provisions into operation. What a splutter will the act make in those places which have hitherto nestled in filth, and resisted all reasonable remonstrance on the score of injury to health!

This useful act, however, cannot do everything. Certain social disorders which it cannot reach will still prevail, and for these some supplementary law will be requisite. We allude in particular to an evil which threatens to overpower all means of remedy, unless it meet with a speedy and efficient check. This is the overrunning of Great Britain by Irish pauper vagrants. Villages and small towns in the most remote localities are suffering under this infliction in a ratio equal to that of large cities. The burden of the irruption is raising the poor-rates to an intolerable degree, and all the ordinary methods of succouring the poor are becoming abortive. If we get up a House of Refuge or Nightly Shelter to afford temporary relief to houseless strangers, the charity is swamped by vast migratory hordes of Irish; if we establish a School of Industry for the purpose of receiving the half-beggar, half-criminal children who crowd our streets, we find we are only attracting ragged families from Roscommon, and educating and feeding youths who were born hundreds of miles distant. Attempts to repress mendicancy, crime, and disease, are little better than a burlesque, so long as such an inexhaustible fountain of misery is permitted to pour forth its polluting streams over the land. The active humanity of the last few years has greatly aggravated this social disorder. Nothing seemed more praiseworthy or Christian-like than to establish Shelters, to which mendicants seeking alms might be referred, and where they would at least be fed and lodged for one night. No doubt receptacles of this class prevented the scandal of paupers being seen to perish for want. But what is likely to be the consequence?—a circulating population, who beg and carry disease and demoralisation through the country, always assured that they will have board and lodging for nothing at each town they come to. Thus a family of beggars may now make an agreeable country excursion from Edinburgh to the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, taking in Peebles and Selkirk by the way, and then return to town; lodging each night in comfortable harbourages provided by public charity. A person living in town, and not making practical inquiries on the subject, can have no proper idea of the mischief which the schemes we allude to are producing. In the Night Shelter at Peebles, 1440 vagrant paupers, a large proportion being Irish, have been accommodated during the last six months. At this rate, a population greater than that of the town goes through it annually on a morning excursion; while, as is observed by a local report, the number of persons who apply for alms is as large as ever. But besides those who are admitted to Houses of Refuge, there is a numerous body of vagrants who, preferring a wild independence, take up their quarters at low lodging-houses, where a small payment is exacted. We are glad to observe that the provisions of the Public Health Act reach this class of dwellings, not only odious as a focus of demoralisation, but of contagious distempers: and the law will therefore speedily do what landlords, from a sense of what is due to society, should long ago have done. Yet the frightful evils arising from this source will not be thoroughly assuaged, unless the poor-law and police authorities, seeking, if necessary, new powers, shall put a stop to the influx of begging Irish, and send home those who are in the course of becoming chargeable on Scotch and English parishes. This is, in short, the monster grievance of the day, and demands earnest and immediate attention. With the question of their own poor England and Scotland can easily grapple; but complicated with a provision for, and supervision of, such hosts of intruders, it becomes altogether unmanageable, and the philanthropist resigns the subject in despair.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

William Allen, one of the most enlightened and untiring philanthropists of modern times, was the son of Job Allen, a silk manufacturer in Spitalfields, and in youth gave promise of that spirit of enterprise for which he was afterwards distinguished. At the age of fourteen he constructed a telescope to assist himself in the study of astronomy; and, as he mentions, not being 'strong in cash,' he contrived to make the instrument of pasteboard and lenses, which cost him a shilling. Homely as was the device, he adjusted the glasses so skilfully, that, to his delight, he could discover the satellites of Jupiter. Chemistry was, however, his favourite pursuit; and even when a child, he made frequent experiments in that science. He possessed good natural abilities, but they were not much cultivated by education, for he was employed in his father's business, to which he devoted himself with diligence and attention until his twenty-second year.

In 1792 he entered into partnership with Joseph Gurney Bevan, in a chemical establishment in London, and now his pursuits were congenial to his tastes. Success attended his professional labours; but his diligence did not by any means prevent his attention to general science, nor obstruct the operation of an earnest philanthropy. William Allen was a member of the Society of Friends, and that is almost saying that his views were practical, and directed to social improvement. Blessed with a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he seems from the beginning of his career to have invented and wrought out schemes of human melioration. To *do* good, not merely to talk about it, was the leading feature of his energetic character. Shortly after beginning business, he, in connection with Astley Cooper, Dr Babington, Joseph Fox, and others, formed a Philosophical Society; and he talks in his diary of 'sitting up all night preparing for lectures and making experiments.' He was introduced in 1794 to Clarkson; and the unity of feeling subsisting between them cemented a friendship which lasted for half a century. Mr Bevan retired from business three years subsequent to the period at which Mr Allen entered the firm, and the young man then became leading partner. He married, and we now see him happy and prosperous: his duties were his delight; and domestic love shed its hallowed influence on his path. Brief, however, was the duration of felicity; for, ten months after his marriage, death deprived him of his amiable partner, and left him with a motherless infant. This sad event for a time so completely unhinged him, that he was unable to continue his favourite pursuits. It did not, however, deaden his sympathies, for in 1797, in conjunction with a Mr William Phillips, he formed what was long known as 'The Spitalfields Soup Society,' to which he gave up all his energies. In March 1798, the name of William Allen appears also on a list of the committee of 'The Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor;' and these societies proved highly beneficial at a time when bread was seventeen-pence-halfpenny a loaf. But his benevolence was not confined to public charities, for he was daily seen entering the abodes of misery, and devoting himself to other

Digitized by Google

labours of love. It was, however, for a time only that his ardour in the pursuit of scientific investigation was checked; for, two years after, he resumed his labours in that branch of knowledge with renewed vigour. It is not generally desirable for a young man, who is anxious to succeed in one particular department of science, to divide his attention among others; but we can scarcely quarrel with William Allen, though we find him one day with Astley Cooper and Dr Bradley trying experiments in respiration; another with Humphry Davy making discoveries in electricity; on a third, freezing quicksilver with muriate of lime, &c. with his friend Pepys; and on the following, with Dr Jenner and others making observations on the cow-pox. About this time, too, he entered rather deeply into the study of botany, gained some knowledge of drawing, engaged a tutor to assist him in mathematics, improved himself in French and German, and made further observations in astronomy, besides aiding in the formation of geological and mineralogical societies, and becoming a member of the Board of Agriculture, where he gave frequent lectures. From this time his public engagements were so numerous, that we can here only glance at them. We are astonished, as we proceed, to find that a comparatively humble individual, in the course of a brief life, was enabled to accomplish such a vast amount of good as he effected.

In 1801, Mr Allen became a lecturer at the Askesian Society (the name now given to the Philosophical Society before-mentioned). The next year he joined the Linnæan Society, and lectured on chemistry at Guy's Hospital. The year following he was elected one of the presidents at Guy's, and by the advice of friends, accepted an invitation from the Royal Institution, of which he was a member, to become one of their lecturers. In 1804 he gave (in the whole) as many as 108 lectures. He had now all but reached the pinnacle of fame, and wealth and honours lay temptingly before him. It is obvious, however, that his object was not self-aggrandisement or worldly applause, but that his motives were purely disinterested; for we find him devoting his property, talents, and health wholly to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. In 1805 he joined the committee formed by Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others for the abolition of the slave-trade. This iniquitous traffic had long drawn forth his warmest sympathies; and when quite young, he made a resolution never to use sugar (which was procured principally by the labour of negroes) until the freedom of the slaves was secured. This enthusiasm continued for forty-three years. Nor was his heart less feelingly alive to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen. He recognised the claims of 'a man and a brother,' however low he had sunk in wretchedness and vice, and bent his energies to the reformation of the criminal code, especially to the subject of punishment by death. For this object a party of seven gentlemen dined together at his house in Plough Court in July 1808, and formed themselves into a society. The punishment of death was at that time inflicted for very slight offences. In 1813 we find him interesting himself for a young man who, being convicted of jumping in at a window, and stealing certain articles of very little value, was condemned to death. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote to Lord Sidmouth on the subject:—'Shall a person—to whom, be it remembered, society has failed in its duty, by suffering him to grow up in ignorance—for the crime of stealing to the amount of a few shillings, and without any aggravating circumstances, suffer the very same punishment which you inflict upon him who has been guilty of the most barbarous murder, and, in short, endure the greatest punishment which one human being can inflict upon another? To reform the guilty, and to restore them as useful members of the community, is a glorious triumph of humanity, and marks a state rising in the scale of civilisation; but to have no other resource than the punishment of death, reminds me of the miserable subterfuge of a barbarous age, barren in expedients to save, strong only to destroy.' It is gratifying to state that the application was successful. In the same year Mr Allen became treasurer to the British and Foreign School Society; and the affairs of Joseph Lancaster were now in such a state of embarrassment, that a vigorous effort was necessary to prevent this excellent institution from falling to the ground, notwithstanding the indefatigable labours of its worthy founder. His heart was set on this new undertaking, for in his diary he says: 'Of all the concerns that I have anything to do with, the Lancasterian lies the most heavily on my mind.' This school business brought him into frequent communication with different members of the royal family, who had become its patrons. Among these was the Duke of Kent; and his royal highness conceived such a strong regard for him, that he ever treated him as a confidential and attached friend.

In 1813 we find our philanthropist forming fresh plans of benevolence in the erection of savings' banks. To a friend at Bristol he writes: 'Hast thou turned thy attention to the subject of a bank for the poor, in which their little savings of threepence or sixpence a week might accumulate for their benefit? I have consulted Morgan, the great calculator, and he is to sketch me a plan.'

These plans were carried into effect three years after. The same year, from a pure desire to improve the condition of the poor, he united with the schemes which Robert Owen was then carrying out at Lanark. He was urged to this step by the solicitations of his friends; but it subsequently caused him much distress of mind, owing to the very opposite views which he and Mr Owen held on the subject of religion. In the February of 1814, Wilberforce interested Allen and Clarkson for the Lascars and Chinese; and with them sought and obtained permission to visit the barracks at Ratcliff, where two hundred of those unhappy creatures were living in a most deplorable condition. The Lascars' Society was in consequence formed for their relief. Mr Allen also associated himself with the Peace Society; and when the allied sovereigns visited London, a deputation from the Society of Friends presented addresses to them. The address for the emperor of Russia was sent to Count Lieven, and on the day following Mr Allen waited on that nobleman, to make arrangements for its presentation. Greatly to his astonishment, instead of a ceremonious reception, the count was awaiting his arrival in his carriage. Having invited him to enter, he said that the emperor had expressed a desire to attend a Friends' meeting, and proposed that they should therefore embrace the present opportunity. They accordingly drove off to Count Nesselrode's, where the emperor, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Duke of Wurtemburg joined them, and they rode together to the nearest meeting-house then open for devotion. The good people were no doubt surprised at this unexpected arrival; but there was no commotion. The strangers took their seats along with the rest of the congregation; and when the meeting broke up, expressed themselves pleased with their visit.

The year 1815 is marked by fresh labours in the cause of benevolence. Allen's ever-active mind now projected an institution for the reformation of juvenile criminals; and in the ensuing year, in the midst of these numerous engagements, he brought out a journal, entitled 'The Philanthropist,' the object of which was to show that each individual may in some measure alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and add to the amount of human happiness. In 1816 he entered upon another new and important sphere of usefulness, which was visits to the different European countries, for the purpose of ascertaining, from personal inquiry, the state of prison discipline, and examining into the subjects of national education, the condition of the poor, and liberty of conscience. After such investigations, he proceeded to the various courts, and made known his obser-

Digitized by Google

vations, at the same time suggesting such improvements as were deemed necessary to the case. He was in most instances well received, though he sometimes had to contend with strong opposition from those who thought knowledge too powerful an instrument to be placed in the hands of the mass. He brought forth arguments showing the fallacy of this idea, and proving that ignorance is an insurmountable barrier to the progress of morality and civilisation. He also strongly maintained the rights of conscience, asserting that 'the business of civil governors is the protection of the people in their rights and privileges; but that they have nothing to do in matters of religion, provided that the good order of the community is not disturbed.' The first of these journeys was taken in company with several friends. After crossing to Calais, they passed through Belgium and Holland into Germany and Switzerland. At Geneva Mr Allen experienced a severe shock in the death of his second wife. He deeply felt her loss, and soon after returned to his native land. His second tour was commenced in August 1818. He was then accompanied by Mr Stephen Grellet. Their first mission was to Norway, and from thence they passed into Sweden. At Stockholm they had a private interview with the king, to whom they had previously sent an address on the important subjects before-mentioned. As their salutation on parting was rather uncommon, we will give the account from his diary. 'The king was most kind and cordial. While I was holding his hand to take leave, in the love which I felt for him, I expressed my desire that the Lord would bless and preserve him. It seemed to go to his heart, and he presented his cheeks for me to kiss, first one, then the other. He took the same leave of Stephen and Enoch [friends who were with him], and commended himself to our prayers.' The party then embarked for Finland, and journeyed on to St Petersburg. The emperor was absent when they arrived at the Russian capital; but they were kindly received by the royal family and their court. Alexander returned shortly after, and he showed that his professions of regard when in England were sincere, by receiving them without ceremony, and by treating them with the warmth and confidence of friendship. The following spring they left St Petersburg for Moscow, and after passing through Tartary and Greece, returned home through Italy and France.

A third journey in 1822 was undertaken principally from a desire to interest the Emperor Alexander in the abolition of slavery, and to plead the cause of the poor Greeks. They had several interviews at Vienna, and the emperor entered warmly into Allen's benevolent projects. Alexander was himself going to Verona, and he urged our philanthropist to visit that place. Here again they met—met for the last time on earth. Their parting was touching, for difference of station and the formalities of a court were overlooked in the warm gushing feelings of affection. They continued in conversation for some hours, being, to use his own words, 'both loath to part. It was,' he goes on to say, 'between nine and ten o'clock when I rose. He (the emperor) embraced and kissed me three times, saying, "Remember me to your family; I should like to know them. Ah! when and where shall we meet again!"' Mr Canning had desired the British minister at Turin to make inquiries into the real state of the Waldenses, who were suffering severe persecution. Mr Allen, who had proceeded thither on leaving Verona, agreed to accompany that gentleman into the valleys, and in consequence of the report they gave, some important privileges were granted.

In 1825 he established a School of Industry at Lindfield near Brighton; and about the same time (in conjunction with the late John Smith, M. P.) made trial of a plan he had long had in contemplation—a Cottage Society, now entitled 'The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes.' He was desirous of introducing this plan into Ireland, and we cannot forbear giving the following amusing letter from Miss Edgeworth on the subject. After expressing her fears that the scheme would be found impracticable in the present state of the Irish peasantry, she says: 'Your *dairy plans*, for instance, which have succeeded so well in Switzerland, would not do in this country, at least not without a century's experiments. Paddy would fall to disputing with the dairyman, would go to law with him for his share of the *common* cow's milk, or for her *trespassing*, or he would pledge his eighth or sixteenth part of her for his rent, or a bottle of whisky, and the cow would be pounded, and repledged, and repounded, and bailed, and canted, and things impossible for you to foresee—perhaps impossible for your English imagination to conceive—would happen to the cow and the dairyman. In all your attempts to serve my poor dear countrymen, you would find that, whilst you were *demonstrating* to them what would be their greatest advantage, they would be always making out a short cut—not a royal road, but a bog road—to their own by-objects. Paddy would be most grateful, most sincerely grateful to you, and would bless your honour, and your honour's honour, with all his heart; but he would nevertheless not scruple, on every practicable occasion, to—to—to cheat, I will not say, that is a coarse word—but to circumvent you. At every turn you would find Paddy trying to walk round you, begging your honour's pardon—hat off, bowing to the ground to you—all the while laughing in your face, if you found him out; and if he outwitted you, loving you all the better for being such an innocent. Seriously, there is no doubt that the Irish people would learn honesty, punctuality, order, and ecouomy, with proper motives, and proper training, in due time; but do not leave *time* out of your account. Very sorry should I be, either in jest or earnest, to discourage any of that enthusiasm of benevolence which animates you in their favour; but as Paddy himself would say, "Sure it is better to be disappointed in the beginning than the end." Each failure in attempts to do good in this country discourages the friends of humanity, and encourages the railers, scoffers, and croakers, and puts us back in hope perhaps half a century. Therefore think before you begin, and begin upon a small scale, which you may extend as you please afterwards.'

In 1826 Mr Allen discontinued his lectures at Guy's Hospital, and his farewell address to the students was printed. It was so beautiful and appropriate, that it would be well if it had a wider circulation. The following year he was married a third time to a widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. His choice was again a happy one, and tended to gild his declining days. This lady died before him, eight years after their union. He now spent a great part of his time at a small house near Lindfield, in the midst of the cottages for the poor he had been instrumental in erecting. It was his favourite retreat from the fatigue and bustle of public life. He had not, however, finished his career of usefulness. In 1832 he took another journey, which embraced Holland, Hanover, Prussia, and Hungary; and in 1833 he crossed the Pyrenees, and visited Spain for the same objects as before.

We cannot pass over a passage in his history which, though trifling, shows his character as truly as his public acts of benevolence. When upwards of seventy, he was obliged, from weakness, to discontinue those labours which had so long been his delight. To avoid the temptations to impatience often felt after a life of activity, and also with the idea of being useful, he endeavoured to make acquaintance with all the young people in his neighbourhood, and devoted much time to their instruction and amusement; thus, like the setting sun, he shed light and beauty to the last. His health gradually declined, and his death, which was peaceful, took place on the 30th of December 1843.

Few rise to the honours, and fewer still to the usefulness, which William Allen attained. Talent and fortuitous circumstances aided his progress; but the secret of his success was steadiness of purpose and unwearied

Digitized by Google

industry. His labours were systematic, which prevented either loss of time or confusion; and the strong sense of duty, which was the spring of all his actions, kept him from turning giddy with applause. His life teaches a useful lesson, and his example is not the least benefit he has conferred on the world. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

THIRD ARTICLE—BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

It was a curious 1st of November to northerns like us—no fires till the evening, leaves on all the trees, the country in high beauty, and the sun still requiring to be shaded from our eyes by an umbrella, without which protection many of the British inhabitants never stir out during the whole year. Pau now filled fast, fresh families arriving daily. Towards the end of the last month all the French officials had returned to their employments, and now the visitors were all pouring in from the watering-places, and the strangers from a greater distance. The streets soon looked busier, and the English chapel was quite crowded on Sundays. It is the custom for the new arrivals to call on all those they find already established. We had fulfilled our duty in this respect to the few we had found before us; and after we had called at the Mairie and at the Préfecture, we were repaid in kind by a shower of cards falling on our table daily, till the society had exhausted itself. We had a universal acquaintance, owing to a family connexion between us and a Bearnais noble. Rather an odd circumstance prevented my getting immediately into the regular business of visiting, for a business it is, and one very full of ceremonious punctilios.

The very agreeable society of this beautifully-situated town is composed of a great variety of people. There are the members of the local government, a few Parisians in search of health, some Spanish refugees, a Pole or two, a stray Italian, a very superior description of British to those who frequent the small French towns along the northern coast, and a selection from the officers of the regiments in garrison. Much has British money done for this pretty place. Houses for us to live in, shops to provide us with the many necessaries we fancy requisite, carriages, doctors, have all sprung up within a very few years by the help of British gold. It would be a melancholy day for this part of France were the many foreign residents ever to take it into their heads to leave it. But this is not likely.

We were attracted to the window one very cold day early in the month by the buzz and tread of a multitude, and looking out, saw the whole street filled by a crowd that put the whole town into a commotion. It was St Martin's day, the great fair of the year. On going out, we found our way lay between rows of closely-set stalls, not only in our own neighbourhood, but in every street and lane almost in the town. The market-place, the space before the Préfecture, before the churches, all other spaces, indeed, were completely occupied by the stalls of the sellers and a mob of purchasers. The Haute Plante, where the barracks are, was really choked up with horses, ponies, mules, and the necessary attendants upon their sale, many of whom were Spaniards, who came from a distance, even from the plains beyond the mountains, with their spirited merchandise. They added considerably to the interest of this amusing scene, from their picturesque appearance, their commanding air and figure, their dignified manner, and very graceful costume—all, however, best admired at a distance, and behind the wind. They wore breeches open at the knee, and long stockings to meet them, both generally black; a brown or blue jacket, with open sleeves, in some cases ornamented with hanging buttons; a broad red sash round the waist; a turned-over shirt collar, when they had one to show; and the beautiful sombrero, the brown felt hat with its broad flexible leaf, covering the black hair which fell in glossy lengths upon their shoulders. They walked like stage heroes, with an easy swing of the body when moving, not unlike the spring of our Highlanders; but they are a very much taller race of men. The other commodities to be disposed of in this general mart for all descriptions of goods were for the most part the produce of the country, and such foreign wares in exchange as were likely to be of service to a simple people. The dealers, male and female, sat out in the open air the whole day, though the cold was very severe—a black gloomy frost, and the mountains white to their base. The people never seemed to feel the cold: all winter they sat out, or in their shops with open doors, or in their rooms with open windows; very warmly clad, to be sure, and the women always with chaufferettes to set their feet on, but no fires, except at intervals, in their kitchens; and there they remained, laughing, talking, singing, working, to all appearance quite as comfortable as I was beside my hearth heaped with glowing logs, with my screen, and my rugs, and my carefully-closed windows.

The horses brought to this fair of St Martin's were some of them very handsome, though small; they were generally unbroken, and a few looked as if it would not be an easy task to train them. The manufactured goods of the district were remarkable for their excellence. The linen and the knitting I have mentioned; they were quite equalled by the woollens. The blankets were beautiful; very soft, and very thick, and very white; and such handsome bright-red borders, that one of them would have bought the results of a whole hunting season from a North American Indian. The finer stuffs were very superior; the Barèges, made at Luz, the mousselines de laine and de chèvre, the tartans, were all superior to our own fabrics of the same sort. The fine wool of the Pyrenees, dyed in that clear atmosphere, admits of no competition. They were not cheap. Nothing from the loom is cheap in France except broadcloth for gentlemen's coats. A lady finds the materials of her dress much more costly here than at home, except in the one article of millinery; and yet a woman dresses at less expense here than at home, although a single article the least out of the reigning fashion is never seen upon her. A French wardrobe is small, it is not good taste to exhibit a daily variety of costume; and every thing is of the best, wearing well to the end; no imitation lace, or imitation cambric, or slight satin ever made use of. A degree of attention is paid to the care of all these valuables, which is the only true economy. I would not wish my young countrywomen to devote quite so much earnest thought to the business of the toilette as is the habit of most of their French neighbours, but it would not be unwise to take a lesson from them in their management of small funds for this purpose, or in the propriety with which ages, and seasons, and the sort of entertainments frequented, are attended to in the selection of suitable equipments, and in the refinement of despising all the frippery too successfully recommended to the British fair 'as cheaper than it ever could have been made for the money.' Not that a cultivated taste can altogether approve of French taste in dress. They are too fond of striking contrasts in colours; not always judicious in choosing what is best adapted to face, or figure, or complexion. They too servilely follow the exact pattern of the fashion. I never could reconcile my eyes to yellow bonnets with red ribbons inside of them; but the putting on is so inimitable, the fitting so perfect, the freshness so remarkable, that they all seem to be new out of the dressmaker's hands whenever they show themselves in public. The carelessness of their home *négligé* there is no danger of our ever copying.

Our landlord called upon us about this very cold time, and taught us how to keep very much better fires. We had, with English neatness, made the servants remove the ashes every morning from the fireplace, white-

Digitized by Google

wash the hearth, sweep all up clean and trim, and lay the wood on between the dogs, with a very tidy absence of all reliques of yesterday. As they sold the ashes to the washerwoman, they made no objection to this troublesome piece of neatness: but how much our English ignorance amused our landlord! He put an immediate stop to the traffic in ashes. He made them bring back all that were in the house, and he heaped them up behind the fire in a perfect bank, there to remain till the size of it should become inconvenient: a thick layer was spread over the hearth in which the logs were bedded; and certainly the degree of warmth thus produced was delightful. It was never cold long together, seldom for more than four or five days at a time, and this not very frequently repeated: the average is about thirty wintry days during the season; and the mornings were very rarely harsh enough to interfere with the early walk my brother and I were fond of taking.

One cold afternoon we walked out to call on some friends who were living in a very prettily-situated country-house. On our way we found all the public-houses very full of company, very loud singing proceeding from most of them. It must have been a holiday, for these merry-makings were not usual. The wine shops are all distinguished by a 'bush,' a real live green bough, hung out over the open door, truly verifying the old saying; for the wine within being the country produce, was very far, indeed, from deserving praise. In a sort of barn belonging to one of these a dance was going on very merrily. The place was nearly filled by decently-dressed peasantry, footing gaily away in the regular figures of a set of quadrilles to a sort of a jig tune played on a fiddle by a man who was perched upon the top of a barrel in a corner. A quantity of straw had been swept up round him, for the double purpose of clearing the floor and keeping the barrel in its place; and the company, perfectly satisfied both with their ball-room and their band, paced away in the very height of good-humour. They were quite unaware for some time of any addition to their own class of spectators, and when they did discover us, they made way at the door to give us a better view of their proceedings. The fiddler at anyrate fared none the worse for this civility. There is something particularly agreeable in the native good-breeding of this whole nation, a charm in mere manner worthy of the study of philanthropists. Our friends were at home, fortunately; for the heat was great toiling up the steep hill under that bright, though wintry sun, even while the air was chilly. We rested a while, and then returned leisurely, intending to have another peep of the happy group we had left dancing. But all were gone. It was like a dream, or the change in a fairy tale. We were hardly sure we had hit the place. Not a soul but ourselves stood beside the doorway, and inside was the straw spread equally over the floor, and four quiet cows lying down to chew the cud upon it.

The next market-day was St Cecilia's, when we attended high mass in the church of St Martin's, for the sake of the music we expected to hear. The altars were all splendidly decorated with flowers and sundry elegant objects, in a manner pleasing to the feelings. I was, however, still more pleased with the blending of all classes of worshippers on the great open floor of the church, instead of putting them into pews according to rank. The orchestra for this occasion was arranged on benches in a semicircle behind the high altar: it was principally composed of the tradesmen of the town, each of whom was a tolerable proficient upon some one instrument, assisted by the military band and a very well-toned organ, remarkably well played by the Spanish organist of the church. A young Spanish priest chanted part of the service in a way that quite surprised us; his voice was fine, his manner equal to it; altogether the music was very creditable. The Spaniards are, it seems, an essentially musical people, possessing native airs of great beauty in several styles. Almost all the population of all ranks throughout Spain play and sing agreeably, and where they devote themselves at all to the art, they excel in it. The organist was an admirable teacher, as was also a young Spanish lady of good birth, who had in better days followed her musical studies for her pleasure, and now, expatriated during the troubles, she supported her family by attending pupils. We are not in the habit of thinking the French fond of music, but I believe we are mistaken. They do not like the same style of composition we do, but they enjoy their own thoroughly, and they execute it perfectly well. The tradesmen class are capable of playing well in concert; many of their wives excel on the pianoforte; and the lady and gentlemen amateurs are often very superior performers, and so obliging in making their agreeable talent of use, that there was never any difficulty in so-was in arranging a band to dance to, all present offering their services in turn, to promote the amusements of the evening, with an engaging readiness which the more adorned their good-nature. There was no attempt at display, no timidity, no trifling; it seemed to be a simple duty to do one's best, and in general it would have been difficult to do better. At the smaller parties there was never any other music than what the company thus produced for themselves. When it went beyond this sociable sort of gathering, the tradesmen of the town were regularly engaged for the balls, and they played with a spirit which proved that they really enjoyed this employment of their leisure. French quadrille music is peculiarly exhilarating, well-selected, and admirably arranged: the dancing is more quietly graceful than we were even prepared for.

The tribute to St Cecilia paid, the church was cleared for a funeral, a side altar only remaining lighted. The coffin was brought in, surrounded by priests chanting a low monotonous sort of dirge, followed by a crowd of mourners, and placed upon tressels while the remaining ceremonies were performing. On quitting the church, the rain began to fall; and while hurrying along, a girl of a humble class, whom I had never seen in my life before, came up to me with such a pretty smile, and in the most graceful manner offered me her red cotton umbrella; as a thing of course, her gown was cotton, mine was silk. There appeared to be no question about my accepting it. I would not, for both our gowns, have pained her by a refusal. Whether it were this sudden shower after the heat of the crowded church, or the many changes of weather which I had neglected properly to guard against, I know not, but the *grippe*, our dreaded influenza, seized me. I thought myself very ill, but the maids laughed at me. They promised a complete cure if I would follow their prescription; and as my own let-alone plan was not answered, I tried theirs. It was very simple: a foot-bath of hot water poured on wood ashes, the softest emulsion ever compounded, and a tisane of thin gruel and brandy—it was quite effectual. I was perfectly well in the morning. These tisanes, with or without brandy, according to the nature of the ailment, were the principal medicines used here for all complaints, and as they supersede for the time any other nourishment, they probably answer the purpose in ordinary cases.

My happy recovery on the brandy and ashes was an auspicious moment for our two maids to announce to us, which they did very prettily, that they were going on a party of pleasure. They never asked leave, but appeared before me ready dressed within a short period of the time they expected a carriage to call for them, to take them and others to the country-house of a French gentleman, who had given his servants leave to invite a party of friends to spend the afternoon there. They were sure Madame, who was so kind, would never refuse them this little pleasure. Monsieur gave the *fête*, and provided the conveyances, and had certainly made a number of people very happy, and merry too, judging from that section of the company which left our courtyard. Our ladies were in full dress. Made moiselle Louise wore a pretty cap with pink ribbons,

Digitized by Google

and a black silk apron; Mademoiselle Joséphine had a silk handkerchief round her head, and a silk shawl upon her shoulders, and a new striped apron with very large frilled pockets in it. Luckily for us we had friends glad to give us our dinner, so we had none of us cause to regret the holiday. These parties are not very common in the French houses, but amongst the servants of the British residents they are far too frequent. An eternal round of dissipation is going on among them, which made me rejoice I had brought no maid with me to be spoiled for my quiet English home. In the upper ranks the society was too small to allow of an incessant course of parties, and the rooms were too small to admit of large numbers in them. With a few exceptions, twenty or thirty people quite filled an ordinary drawing-room; the evening reunions were therefore more sociable than brilliant, the refreshments very inexpensive, the amusements a little carpet-dancing and cards. Whist and ecartez were the games generally played; but a good deal of gambling went on even among the ladies, who played much, and high, some of the younger ones preferring cards to dancing. They were married of course: very few unmarried girls are taken out into company, though this is more frequently done now than in former days, and I heard the innovation was approved of.

Some of the English gave dinners in the English style; very heavy affairs I thought them; but they were much approved of by the French, especially when fine capons from the north, or a salted round of beef, were produced at them. The cooks at Pau are good; the best have been taught at Bordeaux, and they manage all the meat part of the dinner very well. The little bits they buy for their dishes, and the singular delicacies they seek after, are odd to us. Calf's brains was a favourite *entremêt;* tripe, admirably dressed, another. They bring home two slices of ham, a quarter of a pig's cheek, three ribs of a neck of mutton, never preparing for any to remain over, cold meat not being liked by the French. The fish was very good; brought from Bayonne most of it, and well dressed, except the red salmon, which was spoiled to my taste by the quantity of olive oil poured over it. The pastry and other confectionary rather disappointed us: there was no great variety in it, and it had always to be bought in from the shops, few of the cooks understanding that department, their skill extending no further than custard creams in cups—a sort of hot cake—and a plumpudding! made from an English receipt, and without which no dinner is ever given. Coffee, without milk, is always handed round after dinner.

The préfet having an allowance for the purpose of entertaining the town, had a receptinn every Monday evening, and two great balls during the season. One or two other balls took place in commodious apartments; and the commanding officer gave one to the garrison, to which every officer, with his wife, was invited, and a few of his private acquaintance besides. There were more pretty women at this gay and very pleasant assembly than we had noticed any other where. French men are in general very handsome, and their manner adds very much to their attractions: they are so quiet, so self-possessed, they can always command words to pay their little compliment, or to make their pertinent answer; and their attentions to our sex, of whatever age, are so respectfully obliging. The manner which in our own country belongs only to the very highest rank, is here characteristic of the nation. The charm it throws over daily intercourse is indescribable. The women possess less personal beauty—they want height and shape in figure, and outline in features—neither is their manner so agreeable as one less studied; but their powers of conversation are surpassing; they are animated without pertness, clever without pedantry, lively without being frivolous, and they have a particularly graceful way of saying what is pleasing. The Monday evenings at the Préfecture were very amusing—seldom more than forty people, who were all set down to several small tables to tea on their arrival. The occupations of the company proceeded afterwards in a matter-of-course fashion, the consequence of pre-arrangement, which prevented the least appearance of fuss—an indecorum that would have been insupportable to these well-bred people. When there was dancing, the ladies and gentlemen played in turn, the quadrilles having been numbered beforehand, with the performers' names attached, and laid on the pianoforte, where all could see their parts. Simple refreshments, cakes, and syrups, were handed about; and before separating, chocolate and rum punch were offered. A ceremonious habit of assigning to a lady for the evening the seat she has been first conducted to, produced a degree of stiffness unsuited to our more erratic habits; yet it has its advantages, as we were thus always sure of a resting-place after any short excursion, by merely leaving a deposit on the vacant chair. I was much diverted on the first evening of our attendance by the manners of a very fine little girl, a child about seven years of age, or maybe more—they are so little, so slight, compared with our children. She belonged to a relation of the family on a visit to them. I noticed her a good deal, she was so intelligent, so perfectly at her ease, replying to my observations with a tact many British young women beyond their teens would give the world to possess in equal apparent simplicity. All this interested me. What amused me was a different thing. She became so familiar, that at last, taking a gentle pinch of my gown, and looking up in my face with a most engaging smile, 'Ah,' said she, raising the tiny eyebrow with a little knowing nod, 'velours de soie!' When would a little English girl have begun to make her observations on such a subject?

At the balls, when the town band was engaged, a considerable degree of trouble was taken to make the evening pass off well. I will describe a ball at a French house, which, all things considered, was the best-managed of all we attended. On ascending the stairs, I was shown by a maid into a small room, containing every requisite for rearranging any accident to a dress which might be slightly discomposed. After throwing off my shawl, I was handed over to Monsieur, who received me at the door of the anteroom, and with his arm took me to Madame, by whom I was placed in an arm-chair, among other lady friends, in the middle room of three all open to company. Dancing went on in the outer room; the one I sat in was used for lounging in between the dances; the inner one was devoted to cards; it was Madame's bedroom, but in all respects furnished as a drawing-room, with the single exception of the bed: this was in the style now common with ourselves—a sofa with a canopy over it. The curtains and coverlet were of silk, and there were inner curtains of muslin, trimmed with lace. Several handsome cabinets were in this room, some old china, and two valuable paintings. Refreshments were handed round during the whole evening in much profusion on large silver waiters. There were dried fruits, ices in small glass saucers, and rum punch immediately afterwards, in addition to the ordinary list. The rum punch was in great request. Rum seems to be in high favour with the French. We never went anywhere without meeting it in some shape or other. At the dinners it was put into the jellies, and half the *bonbons* were indebted to it for their flavour. The company ate and drank incessantly; few of the various services were 'nodded away.' Just before breaking up, cups of chocolate, of rice and milk, and gravy soup, were presented, and very freely partaken of. The rooms were crowded, yet little confusion occurred, owing to the custom of numbering the *contre-danses*, and calling out the number on a new one being formed, when the partners, who have their engagements regularly entered on the tablets hanging from their wrists, find each other out with little difficulty—the ladies, whether married or single, always resuming their seats between the dances. There was very little parading for change of

Digitized by Google

air, no march for refreshments, these being perpetually handed about, and no introductions, the host and hostess being considered responsible for the respectability of those they invited, and of course incapable of bringing together guests who would be unsuitable. Any gentleman may therefore ask any lady to get up and dance with him; but if she be unmarried, he must bring her faithfully back, at the conclusion of their engagement, to the side of her chaperone. The host and hostess are incessant in their attentions to all assembled: half an hour never passed without a visitor finding himself addressed either by Monsieur or Madame in the way most calculated to leave an agreeable impression; for this unvarying politeness is quite an art. The French women were all prettily dressed—the younger ones, whether married or single, very simply, in light materials, with flowers. The Spanish ladies were more magnificent: the jewels worn by some of them were very costly.

There were no public amusements in Pau. There was a club for the gentlemen, which met in a large room over the market-house; but there was no established theatre—no concerts, except a very few given by a private society formed of the musical tradespeople, and such ladies and gentlemen as felt themselves capable of affording pleasure by joining the orchestra. A committee of management took the direction of these concerts, and generally contrived to engage the assistance of some professional star, to give a brilliancy to the performances. The tickets were presented to the audience by the members, who made up a small subscription among themselves to defray the expense of the lighting. The music was not first-rate, but the instrumental part was quite creditable. The stars were the least agreeable part of the entertainment to me—they were generally pianoforte players, educated at the Academy in Paris, and for the sole purpose, apparently, of astonishing, by the rapidity of their execution. This fashion of overloading a fine air with a variety of brilliant passages, equally applicable to any melody, partakes too largely of the wonderful to please an ear formed on the purer style of the old and severer masters. It is too much a mere display of the agility of the fingers: there is nothing satisfactory in the effect produced. It may be well to possess the power of commanding the instrument so perfectly; and in private, performers are right to study passages of difficulty; but the extraordinary combinations of noise and dexterity so characteristic of the new school, give little pleasure to lovers of true harmony.

POPULAR ERROR RESPECTING EATING FRUIT.

In the last quarterly return on the state of public health, some notice is taken of the common notion that dysentery, and other diseases of the sort, are occasioned at this season by eating fruit. That it is an error, is established by the fatality of these diseases to infants at the breast, to the aged, to persons in prison and public institutions, who procure no fruit, and by many such facts as the following, reported about the middle of the last century by Sir John Pringle in his classical account of the diseases of the campaign in Germany:—Nearly half the men were ill or had recovered from dysentery a few weeks after the battle of Dettingen, which was fought on the 27th of June 1743. The dysentery, the constant and fatal epidemic of camps, began sooner this season than it did in any succeeding campaign. Now, as the usual time of its appearance is not before the latter end of the summer or the beginning of autumn, the cause has been unjustly imputed to eating fruit in excess. But the circumstances here contradict that opinion; for this sickness began and raged before any fruit was in season except strawberries (which, from their high price, the men never tasted), and ended about the time the grapes were ripe; which, growing in open vineyards, were freely eaten by everybody. To this add the following incident:—Three companies of Howard's regiment, which had not joined us, marched with the king's baggage from Ostend to Hanau, where, arriving a night or two before the battle, and having orders to stop, encamped for the first time at a small distance from the ground that was afterwards occupied by the army. These men had never been exposed to rain or lain wet; by this separation from the line they were also removed from the contagion of the privies; and having pitched close upon the river, they had the benefit of a constant stream of fresh air. By means of such favourable circumstances, it was remarkable that, while the main body suffered greatly, this little camp almost entirely escaped, though the men breathed the same air, the contagious part excepted, ate of the same victuals, and drank of the same water. This immunity continued for six weeks, until the army removed from Hanau, when these companies joined the rest, and encamping in the line, were at last infected, but suffered little, as the flux was then so much on the decline. Fruit, potatoes, and green vegetables are essential parts of the food of man; and it is only when taken to excess that, like other articles of diet, they disorder the stomach.

AN INDEFATIGABLE TEACHER.

In the commencement of this century, in the parish of Alsace, which contains 600 or 700 inhabitants, there was a teacher who, of his own accord, had organised his school very much in the manner I have been describing. I received my own first instruction from him, and what I have now to say—inspired by gratitude as much as by the desire of being useful—is only the faithful expression of my remembrances. The grave has long covered the mortal remains of James Toussaint, but his memory lives in the hearts of his pupils, who never pass his tomb without experiencing the greatest emotion, and bowing with respect. His school consisted of 120 pupils; the teacher, a descendant of one of the numerous Protestant families who had taken refuge in Alsace, had not received any other education than was then given in ordinary schools. He had learned the trade of joiner, and wrought at the Ban de la Roche, where a worthy rival of the pastor Oberlin, struck with his capacity and vocation for teaching, gave him lessons and excellent advice, and placed him at the head of a school, where, under his direction, he was initiated in the profession of teacher. From that position he was called to the one whose organisation I am now about to describe. Early in the morning—from five to seven in summer, and from six to eight in winter—he instructed the pupils in the first division: those from twelve to fourteen years of age. After them came the others in assembled classes, who received four hours' teaching each day. At five o'clock in the evening he held what he called the French school, which was a sort of innovation—French not being generally taught in Alsace at that period. After the school for French, at which a considerable number of adults attended, there was in winter, from seven to nine, an arithmetical class for young persons; and thus did this indefatigable man teach ten hours a day in winter, and eight hours a day at least throughout the year. Nor was this all; there were, besides, about ten children from ten to fourteen years of age, who, in order to be more thoroughly instructed, spent the whole day in the schoolhouse, under the superintendence of the teacher and his wife, who assisted him greatly in his undertakings. By degrees he formed a sort of boarding-school at his own house, and something like a normal school, from which came many distinguished teachers, some of whom still live. Toussaint was also organist and notary of the mayoralty, and fulfilled all his duties with the greatest fidelity. When I add that this energetic man was a prey to a painful malady, arising from no fault of his, but from a defective organisation, which every day at the same hour caused him great suffering, it will be seen what can be effected by means of few materials, and even little science, provided that zeal is joined with some ability, and, above all, with love of one's vocation. The career of Toussaint was short: he died in 1811, scarcely forty years of age; but his work survives in his pupils, in the generation he has formed. —*Within on Education.*

WORK OR LEARN.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant-Governor Phillips of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he quitted the university and went home. His father was a grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the matter, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, 'My dear, have you any tow-cloth in the house

Digitized by Google

suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?' She replied 'Yes.' 'Well,' replied the old gentleman, 'follow me, my son.' Samuel kept pace with his father as he walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, 'What are you going to do with me, father?' 'I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith,' replied his father: 'take your choice: return to college, or you must work.' 'I had rather return,' said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.—*Louisville (U.S.) Presbyterian Herald.*

VOICE OF THE TENCH.

In the spring of 1823 I received from a friend a brace of very fine tench just taken from the water. They were deposited by the cook in a dish, and placed upon a very high shelf in the larder, a room situated between the dining parlour and cooking kitchen. On the following midnight, whilst writing in the dining-room, to which I had removed in consequence of the extinction of the fire in the library, my attention was suddenly excited by a deep, hollow, protracted groan, such as might be supposed to proceed from a large animal in extreme distress. It was twice or thrice repeated; and all my efforts to discover the source of the alarming sound were ineffectual. At length my ear was startled by a loud splash, succeeded by a groan more deep and long-continued than those which I had previously heard, and evidently proceeding from the larder. Inspection of that room at once explained the mystery. One of the fishes had sprung down from the shelf on the stone floor, and there lay with mouth open, and pectoral and ventral fins extended, and uttering the sounds by which my midnight labours had been so unexpectedly interrupted. Next day both fishes were cooked for dinner; and such is the tenacity of life in the tench, that although thirty hours had then elapsed since their removal from their native element, both fishes, after having undergone the process of scaling and evisceration, sprang vigorously from the pot of hot water when consigned to it by the cook.—*Communicated by Dr Shirley Palmer.*

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

I cannot help taking notice of an opinion which many persons entertain, as if the taste were a separate faculty of the mind, and distinct from the judgment and imagination; a species of instinct by which we are struck naturally, and at the first glance, without any previous reasoning, with the excellencies or the defects of a composition. So far as the imagination and the passions are concerned, I believe it true that the reason is little consulted; but where disposition, where decorum, where congruity are concerned—in short, wherever the best taste differs from the worst, I am convinced that the understanding operates, and nothing else; and its operations are in reality far from being always sudden, or when they are sudden, they are often far from being right. Men of the best taste, by consideration, come frequently to change their early precipitate judgment, which the mind, from its aversion to neutrality and doubt, loves to form on the spot. It is known that the taste (whatever it is) is improved exactly as we improve our judgments, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly; and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any sudden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds. But they who have cultivated that species of knowledge which makes the object of taste, by degrees and habitually, attain not only a soundness, but a readiness of judgment, as men do by the same methods on all other occasions. At first they are obliged to spell, but at last they read with ease and with celerity; but this celerity of its operation is no proof that the taste is a distinct faculty. Nobody, I believe, has attended the course of a discussion which turned upon matters within the sphere of mere naked reason, but must have observed the extreme readiness with which the whole process of the argument is carried on, the grounds discovered, the objections raised and answered, and the conclusions drawn from premises, with a quickness altogether as great as the taste can be supposed to work with; and yet where nothing but plain reason either is or can be suspected to operate. To multiply principles for every different appearance is useless, and unphilosophical too in a high degree.—*Burke.*

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

[From 'Glimpses of the Beautiful, and other Poems, by James Henderson;' a volume exhibiting a good deal of elegance both of language and sentiment.]

Even at the dawn uprears its silver chalice,
When day-spring ushers in the dewy morn—
Gems that make bright the sweet sequestered valleys,
Day-stars that mead and mountain glen adorn!
God said 'Let there be light!' and lo, creation
Shone forth with smiles emparadised and fair,
Then man had Eden for a habitation,
And ye, bright children of the spring, were there!

Ye came to bless the eye when sin had clouded
The glorious earth with ruin pale and wan;
Ye came to cheer the heart when sin had shrouded
With peril dark and dread the fate of man!
Ye came to whisper with your living beauty
A lesson to the hearts that doubting stray;
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your accents, gentle, sweet, and lowly,
Unto the silent ear no sound impart?
Ye whisper words all eloquent and holy,
To wake the finer feelings of the heart!
Meekly ye tell your emblematic story
Of the Creator's love with pathos true,
For Solomon, with all his pomp and glory,
Was ne'er arrayed like any one of you!

Ay, ye have lessons for the wise, revealing
Truths that proclaim Jehovah's bounteous love;
And wisdom then grows wiser, nobler, feeling
How all that's good descendeth from above!
Ye touch the thoughtful soul with pure emotion,
When contemplation doth your beauties scan;
Ye fill the heart with calm, serene devotion,
And breathe a moral unto erring man!

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.

Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Politics for the People.*

THE KINDLY GERMANS.

'Gellert's Fables,' says a memoir of that writer, 'appeared between the years 1740–1750—a time of literary drought in Germany. They were received everywhere with enthusiasm, and soon became the book of the nation. By their means Herr Gellert made his way into every heart in every family of all classes and conditions. They gained for him not cold admiration merely, but glowing cordial love. The substantial proofs which he received of this affection were not few; and the nature of the gifts frequently bespoke the *address* of the givers. For instance, one severe winter day a countryman stopped before his house with a huge wagon, drawn by four stout horses. It was loaded with well-seasoned firewood, ready split for use. On being asked its destination, he replied that it was for Gellert—"For I shall feel more comfortable," he said, "when I am certain that the poor poet, who amuses us well while we sit in the warm chimney of an evening, has the means of warming himself well also."'

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by R. Chambers, 99 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 250. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848. Price 1½d.

BLOWING PAST.

It might almost be supposed from the conduct of mankind, that experience of the evanescence of worldly things had been lost on them. They do not keep in mind sufficiently how things blow past. There is at all times felt among large sections of the race the impression of some great event, or series of events, happening, or about to happen, by which they believe their destinies are to be eternally affected, or from which they apprehend the most serious and immediate dangers, but which, at the end of six months, are no more heard of, the simple fact being, that the whole thing has blown past. I do not know how many wars we have been about to have with one state or another, chiefly with America and France, within the last ten years, not one of which has taken place. There was the Macleod war (probably the very name is already forgotten), and the Boundary war, and the Prince de Joinville war, and the war about the Spanish marriages, all of which made a most alarming appearance in the newspapers, particularly those which occurred during the prorogations of parliament, and were, for their time, things that affected the spirits of men and the prices of stocks, but yet passed away into the region of forgetfulness without one particle of gunpowder being exploded on either side. People appear to be under a similar delusion regarding the importance of the time at the moment passing over their head. Almost every year that I can recollect has been regarded as constituting the most important era that ever was known, no one ever remembering that what is thought of the present was thought of the last, or reflecting that the same thing will be thought of the next, whatever may be the comparative character of its events. One might acquire some general sense of these absurdities by a retrospective glance over the leading articles of any leading newspaper. He would there see how often we have been under the most intense pressure from events, and crises, and conjunctures of policy in matters foreign and domestic, for a fortnight or three weeks at a time, but no more. At one time an alarm about the want of defences for our island; at another the Irish rebellion; at another the Chartists. Nothing ever comes of it. It blows past.

It seems a pity that the public should be continually under an agitation of anxiety, or something worse, on account of such things. We are anxious to do what in us lies to place them above such temporary impressions. We shall take, for instance, the present European crisis, which every one says has been totally unprecedented. Well, it is a strange year for revolutions. But what of that? Thousands of events similar to those which are calling forth our wonder have happened before, though not so many about the same time; and what is the result? They have all blown past. Each, in its week, or its month, or its six months, has gone into oblivion (the 'Annual Register'), leaving scarcely any indication of its having ever passed at all. That which has been will be again. All of these troubles will float away like so many bubbles down the stream of time, succeeded by similar bubbles, but passing into nothing themselves. Will it not, then, have been a distressing consideration that so much uneasiness has been felt, and so many losses incurred in stocks, without any just occasion? Think of this, my friends, and read of mutinal revolutions in the 'Times' with patient and simply contemplative minds. Besides, I have some doubts about the very events about which all this pother is made. It is not sufficiently kept in mind that history is a muse which wears pockets, and must eat and drink. She scatters her priests over the earth, on the pretence that they may be present at the very making of the events, and send them hot and hot to her various temples in Fleet Street and the Strand. But, these gentlemen having so obvious an interest in the intensity of events, can anything be more likely than that they give them a certain depth of colouring which does not belong to them; perhaps here and there help out halting effects, or possibly (God forgive them!) make the whole story out of next to nothing? To be quite candid, I am sceptical respecting most of the alleged events of this wonderful year, for having lately passed through Europe almost from one side to the other, I found nothing changed or deranged, not one dish less at the table-d'hôtes, the same civility everywhere, no troubles or vexations beyond those usually arising from passports and custom-houses; and on conversing with a lady from Dublin about the state of things in that capital, I was assured there had not been so gay a season for a long time. I am not very sure that I was not in one Rhenish town at the very time when a revolution, or demonstration, or something of that kind, took place, and I knew nothing of it till a fortnight after, when I chanced to catch it up in a stray copy of 'Galignani.' Against the journals on such points I pitch the hotels. They never admit that anything extraordinary has happened in their neighbourhood, but laugh at all those newspaper stories as, at the best, frightful exaggerations. Not a landlord did I meet with over the continent who did not deplore the absurd terror of the English for the so-called events, by which they had been deprived of the enjoyment of one of the finest summers for travelling and for continental residence which had been known for a long time. Now the hotels are surely as likely to know what is passing before their eyes as the correspondents of the various newspapers; and when I find one of these establishments conducting itself with unaffected serenity during the whole time that the city in which it is placed is said to be in a paroxysm of poli-

Digitized by Google

tical agitation, or in the hands of a mob or a national guard, I must confess that I feel inclined to believe the hotel, and to doubt the historian. But let any one go to the continent and judge for himself, and I feel assured that he will see this five-thousandth *annus mirabilis* in a very different light from that of Fleet Street. Everywhere the common affairs of life appear to be going on as usual—people in their shops, people lounging in the streets and other public places, nursery-maids walking out with their infant charges, the cafés and theatres very brilliant and attractive as usual in the evenings, mass going on in the morning in the old cathedrals, ladies and gentlemen travelling in all the various ways, and all the ordinary husbandry of the season going on in the country. It is impossible, in such circumstances, to believe that any great change has taken place. There may be a few new colours in the national flag, or a few foolish men sitting somewhere under a belief that they are regenerating their country; but that is all, and even that must soon, if the laws of nature remain as they have been, blow past.

It is of course only too true that circumstances occur occasionally of no such transitory nature. There are things which we cannot and should not suffer to blow past; but what I allude to is the state of chronic exaggeration in which we habitually remain, and which at this moment, notwithstanding the late deplorable events, contrast almost in a ludicrous manner with the social repose of the people. This affords a lesson.

But is not this a lesson which might well be extended even to the simplest matters? We often feel ourselves in circumstances which appear as if they would overwhelm us. After all, they blow past. They have done so; they do so every day: when they next recur, let us remember that still they must blow past. And not only this, but we may see how useful a thing it is to learn to let them blow past. Let us take all worldly things easily; let us give them an easy passage into the nothingness towards which they all hasten. There—fret your little hour—appealing from the present to the next moment, I care not, for then you must have blown past!

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE vast region forming the northerly part of North America, having Canada and the United States on the south, the south and the Arctic Ocean on the north, and extending laterally from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has long been in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, an English association, having its headquarters in London. The history of a society of traders which exercises jurisdiction over a territory 2600 miles in length by 1460 in breadth cannot be uninteresting, and we propose to say a few words respecting its origin and character.

The capabilities of the shores of Hudson's Bay, a great sea comprised within the territory, for carrying on a trade in furs having been represented to Prince Rupert and others, shortly after the restoration of Charles II., they procured a royal charter of association in 1669, which conferred on them 'all the lands and territories in Hudson's Bay, together with all the trade thereof, and all others which they should acquire.' The first capital of the Company was only L.10,500; but in 1690 they trebled this amount, having already formed establishments on Rupert's River, Moose River, the Albany, and the Severn. From this period till 1713 the new Company was engaged in almost constant war, the settlements changing hands again and again between them and the French; but when the peace of Utrecht left the English masters of this northern field, they set to work with great vigour to increase their capital and extend their trade. In 1721 they caused several exploratory voyages to be performed; but these resulted only in the exploration of the western side of the Bay, and the discovery of the termination of the Coppermine and Mackenzie Rivers in the Arctic Ocean. The severity of the climate in this northern region may be judged of from the fact, that a glass containing brandy was frequently frozen to the tongue or lips of the drinker, and that the stream of cold vapour rushing into a room when the door was opened was converted into snow.

In the meantime the Company, in the pursuit of their trade, suffered some annoyance from private interlopers, known as the *coureurs du bois*, who followed their hunting adventures in all directions from the Canadian frontier. After the conquest of Canada from the French in 1759, the coureurs du bois were succeeded by a more formidable, because united body, composed chiefly of Scotch Highlanders, who, delighted with the sport-like business, at length threw their stocks together, and in 1783–4 formed the North-West Fur Company. Their central establishment was at Montreal; and their capital, amounting in a few years to L.40,000, was increased threefold before the end of the century.

It may easily be supposed that the rivalry of the two companies was not of an ordinary kind, when their servants, the most daring and desperate adventurers in the world, met hand to hand in the primeval woods of America. There is but a step between such hunting as theirs and war, and the encounter of the rival fur-traders was frequently attended by bloodshed. Hunting and fighting by turns, drinking to madness among themselves, and joining anon in the dances of the yelling savages, our countrymen were looked up to by the wild men of the woods both with terror and admiration. Sometimes, when they were on the grounds of a tribe who had not yet been taught the abuse of spirits, the sober Indians gathered round in astonishment and perplexity to see the Canadians get drunk; but when the exhibition had acquired a character of frenzy, they fled in terror from the blazing eyes and gleaming knives of the rioters, who must have seemed to them to have lost all the characteristics of human beings. Still more lamentable is the picture of Indian intoxication. First friendship, then endearment, then misunderstanding, then strife, then murder; squaws stabbing their husbands, and husbands their squaws, in drunken madness; with the miserable children of both running from parent to parent, and rending the air with their screams. Such were the fruits of the first lessons in European civilisation.

The furious rivalry of the two companies demanded a corresponding outlay of money, and the North-West, being the weaker in this point, was at length obliged to yield. Though defeated, however, they could hardly be said to be subdued; for the principal partners obtained shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, the inferior officers were received into the united service, and the two warring factions became one great association. Montreal, the capital of the forest lords, sunk into comparative insignificance; but the territory at large was improved both in peace and business.

Since the union of the rival associations, the Hudson's Bay Company has enjoyed a complete monopoly; but although mere money-making is the prime object of the concern, it cannot be said that the Company has been unmindful of other matters. Latterly, it has stopped the trade in spirits within its territories, much to the benefit of the poor Indians; and this humane act never would or could have taken place if free settlements had been permitted. Giving the Company credit for this and some other proceedings, it could be wished that the association adopted a more liberal policy as respects general trade and colonisation. Their territory consists of three separate regions: the prairie country, inhabited by hitherto untameable savages; the forest country, producing the only export, fur; and the west

Digitized by Google

country, lying between the Rocky Mountain range and the Pacific. Of these, the vast forest country may continue to be their game preserve, as it is good for little else; but the fertile valleys of the Pacific are fitted to become the residence of a great and civilised population, while their temperate climate renders the fur they produce of comparatively little value, and the intervention of the Rocky Mountains protects the forest region from the encroachments of their inhabitants.

The supreme management of the Company is vested in nine individuals: a governor, deputy-governor, and seven directors, whose seat is in London. A resident governor is appointed by this board, who, with the assistance of local councils, superintends the settlements in America. Under him are chief factors, each having charge of several posts, then principal and secondary traders, and then clerks. Promotion takes place according to merit; for in so stirring and adventurous a life, arbitrary patronage must be out of the question. The Company's servants are almost all Scotchmen, chiefly from the northern counties, and in general they are well-educated men. There must be a strange fascination in the life they lead, to induce such persons to submit to its dangers and privations. 'The chief officers, including the governor himself,' says the compiler of 'British America,' 'often endure hardships which, to those accustomed to the comforts of civilised life, must appear almost incredible. They frequently spend months without seeing the inside of a house, going to sleep at night in the most sheltered spot they can find, wrapped in their cloaks, and a blanket which has served during the day as a saddle. Unless fortunate in the chase, they have no means of obtaining food, and are sometimes obliged to kill their dogs and horses to relieve hunger. Yet these hardy Scotsmen will find a livelihood in districts so desolate, that even the natives sometimes perish for want. Parties of them have spent whole winters on the banks of rivers or lakes, where their only sustenance was the fish drawn from the waters, without bread, vegetables, or any other article for the roasting or boiling of the fish forming their only variety. Yet amid all these hardships, such is their zeal in the occupation, that a complaint scarcely ever escapes their lips.'

The servants of the Company who undergo such fatigues, and on whom a heavy responsibility is laid, as respects personal behaviour and the treatment of natives, are a respectable and intelligent body of individuals. They are generally animated by a strong love of adventure; but pursue the chase only for their own amusement, or for the supply of their tables. The Indians, more especially of the wooded country, are the actual hunters, and diligently employ themselves in hunting the furred animals, and selling their skins to the Company. When engaged in the traffic at the various forts, the natives live at free quarters, sometimes for three months at a time. Without assistance, in fact, they would starve, for they never think of laying up a store of food for themselves. A party have been known, after spearing a great number of deer, merely to cut out their tongues, and throw the carcasses into the river, although they were absolutely sure that in a very short time they would have to endure all the extremities of hunger. The Company's forts serve them likewise as hospitals; and in winter the diseased and infirm of a tribe are frequently left there while the others are engaged in hunting. Since the use of spirits has been abandoned, their numbers are increasing; and under the constant efforts of teachers and missionaries, they have made some progress in civilisation. The number is at present estimated at 150,000.

The prairie country is traversed by Indians of quite a different character. They are fierce and independent; and the agents of the Company are obliged to act as if they were in an enemy's territory; being always well armed, and choosing in general the night for their journeys, in order to have a better chance of avoiding a rencounter. In the narrow country on the west of the Rocky Mountains they are likewise of a fierce character, and carry on furious war with each other; but they have latterly begun to find it their interest to keep well with the Company, who have been able to reduce greatly their defensive forces. Sir George Simpson gives the following anecdote of prairie war:—'About twenty years ago, a large encampment of Gros Ventres and Blackfeet had been formed in this neighbourhood for the purpose of hunting during the summer. Growing tired, however, of so peaceful and ignoble an occupation, the younger warriors of the allied tribes determined to make an incursion into the territories of the Assiniboines. Having gone through all the requisite enchantments, they left behind them only the old men, with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homeward in triumph, loaded with scalps and other spoils; and on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked the camp of the infirm and defenceless of their band, they notified their approach in the proudly-swelling tones of their song of victory. Every lodge, however, was as still and silent as the grave; and at length, singing more loudly as they advanced, in order to conceal their emotions, they found the full tale of the mangled corpses of their parents and sisters, of their wives and children. In a word, the Assiniboines had been there to take their revenge. Such is a true picture of savage warfare, and perhaps too often of civilised warfare also—calamity to both sides, and advantage to neither. On beholding the dismal scene, the bereaved conquerors cast away their spoils, arms, and clothes; and then putting on robes of leather, and smearing their heads with mud, they betook themselves to the hills for three days and nights, to howl, and mourn, and cut their flesh. This mode of expressing grief bears a very close resemblance to the corresponding custom among the Jews in almost every particular.' Let us add the following more satisfactory exploit:—'One of the Crees, whom we saw at Gull Lake, had been tracked into the valley, along with his wife and family, by five youths of a hostile tribe. On perceiving the odds that were against him, the man gave himself up for lost, observing to the woman that, as they could die but once, they had better make up their minds to submit to their present fate without resistance. The wife, however, replied, that as they had but one life to lose, they were the more decidedly bound to defend it to the last, even under the most desperate circumstances; adding that, as they were young, and by no means pitiful, they had an additional motive for preventing their hearts from becoming small. Then suiting the action to the word, the heroine brought the foremost warrior to the earth with a bullet, while the husband, animated by a mixture of shame and hope, disposed of two more of the enemy with his arrows. The fourth, who had by this time come to pretty close quarters, was ready to take vengeance on the courageous woman, with uplifted tomahawk, when he stumbled and fell; and in the twinkling of an eye the dagger of his intended victim was buried in his heart. Dismayed at the death of his four companions, the sole survivor of the assailing party saved himself by flight, after wounding his male opponent by a ball in the arm.'

The main staple of the fur-trade is the beaver, owing more to its abundance and to the steady demand for it in the hat manufacture, than to the value of the skin, which is inferior to that of the martin and sea-otter. The habits of the beaver are well known, and its almost human wisdom in the construction of its dwellings, and the government of the republics in which it lives; but one curious fact, not so well known as the rest, is mentioned by Dr Richardson, that although the animals do not begin building till the latter end of August, they fell the wood, like knowing carpenters, early in summer. Some are taken in traps by single adventurers; but trenching, which admits of the young animals being allowed to escape, is the only mode permitted by the Company. The canals leading to the beaver-house are stopped; the dwelling broken open by means of an ice-

Digitized by Google

chisel, and the parents speared; while the children are allowed to grow old enough to continue the line, and get up the fur.

The martin stands next in trade, and its fur is usually sold in Europe as sable, the real sable being but little imported. The minx, fisher, fox, and musk-rat (the last a kind of beaver) yield furs of less value. The black bear is very plentiful. It is killed by means of the fowling-piece, but is so fierce an animal, that the service is considered dangerous. The Indians treat him with great respect, even when they have slain him, calling him their relation and grandmother, and offering the pipe. The hide of the wolf is much used in Germany for knapsacks. This animal is killed chiefly by the spring-gun, although it not unfrequently cuts the cord and carries off the bait without troubling the piece to discharge itself. The sea-otter is confined to the coast of the Pacific, where it is caught on the rocks, or chased out to sea, and taken when exhausted. The lynx is a species of cat, but is timid, and easily killed.

The principal stations of the Company are York Fort, Moose Fort, Montreal, and Fort Vancouver. The first of these is the most important, and commands the whole region westward between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains, and northwards to the Arctic Sea. The inferior stations depending upon it are on the coast of the Bay, and on the principal lakes or rivers. Moose Fort is at the southern extremity of the Bay, and presides over the expanse of country as far as the Canadian lakes. Montreal is the centre of the Canadian business, although there, as we have remarked, the spread of population has greatly injured the game. Fort Vancouver is on the Columbia River, on the American side of the forty-ninth parallel which forms the line of the British territory; and in the vicinity is an agricultural settlement, composed chiefly of retired officers of the Company.

These, and their dependencies, are the trading stations; but on Red River, at the southern side of the territory, is the only settlement which is entitled to the name of a colony. This was formed by the late Lord Selkirk in 1813, with the view of carrying into practice his plans of colonisation. He purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company an extensive district, watered by the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, and with a soil well calculated for the purposes of agriculture. 'With respect to the Red River settlement,' says Sir George Simpson, 'it may be mentioned that the Hudson's Bay Company, after making the grant of land alluded to, appointed, by virtue of the powers given to them by their royal charter, a governor of the district in which the colony was to be planted; and Lord Selkirk nominated the same gentleman to take the principal and personal charge of his settlers. The first body of emigrants was composed chiefly of a small number of hardy mountaineers from Scotland, a party well adapted to act as pioneers, to encounter and overcome the difficulties they might meet with in their route. When the new governor of the district, thus attended, first arrived at the spot fixed upon for the settlement, he immediately began to prepare for the arrival of the first detachment of the regular colonists and their families, building houses for them, and making every practicable arrangement for their reception. In the beginning of the year 1813 the settlers amounted to about a hundred persons; early in 1814 there arrived about fifty more; and in the autumn of the same year their numbers amounted to two hundred. An additional hundred soon afterwards arrived at Hudson's Bay from the Highlands of Scotland to join the settlement; having been encouraged to migrate thither by letters they had received from their friends settled at Red River.

'During the first years of the establishment—owing to occurrences of a peculiarly unfortunate nature, over which the colonists had no control—the settlement advanced but slowly. From about the year 1821, however, it seemed fixed and secure. A considerable number of the Scotch, indeed, were at various times tempted to remove to the United States; but the general body, consisting chiefly of Highlanders, Orkney-men, together with a number of half-breeds, remained fixed at the settlement. The latter class (half-breeds), of every stock, derive their aboriginal blood generally from the Swampy Crees, the similarity of whose language to that of the Chippeways would make one suppose they were branches of the same original trunk. Exclusive of the settlers above-mentioned, many of the old and retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company are in the habit of establishing themselves, with their families, at the settlement. Lord Selkirk died in 1820, since which event no efforts have been made to bring colonists to the Red River from Europe; but the census, which is taken at regular intervals, numbers at present above five thousand souls; and in spite of the occasional emigrations from the Red River towards the Mississippi and the Columbia, it appears that the population is found to double every twenty years.'

This colony has pushed itself forward along the banks of the Red River almost to Lake Winipeg, at forty or fifty miles' distance. It has Catholic and Protestant churches, and a large and flourishing school. 'The soil of Red River Settlement is a black mould of considerable depth, which, when first tilled, produces extraordinary crops—as much on some occasions as forty returns of wheat; and even after twenty successive years of cultivation, without the relief of manure, or of fallow, or of green crop, it still yields from fifteen to twenty-five bushels an acre. The wheat produced is plump and heavy; there are also large quantities of grain of all kinds, besides beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, and wool in abundance. In addition to agriculture, or sometimes in place of it, the settlers, more particularly those of mixed origin, devote first the summer, and then the autumn, and sometimes the winter also, to the hunting of the buffalo, bringing home vast quantities of pemmican, dried meat, grease, tongues, &c. for which the Company's voyaging business affords the best market; and even many of the stationary agriculturists send oxen and carts, on shares, to help the poorer hunters to convey their booty to the settlement.'

On the west coast of the continent of America, intersected by the fiftieth degree of north latitude, and at some distance north of the Columbia River, lies Vancouver's Island, a British possession which, till the present time, has remained in a state of nature. With a view to the plantation of one or more settlements on this insular spot, the Hudson's Bay Company, as is well known, has acquired from government certain privileges. The ministers of the crown have been much blamed for turning over the task of colonising Vancouver's Island to a Company which has hitherto shown itself greatly averse to the spread of population upon its territory. We are not sure, however, that the experiments of government itself in that way have been so successful as to make emigrants desire very much to place themselves in its hands; and it should likewise be observed that the anti-colonising policy of the Company does not apply with nearly such force to the Pacific side as to the main portions of the territory. Properly worked, the privilege of colonising Vancouver's Island may prove of great public benefit. It is not to be forgotten that the original North American colonies were settled by trading associations; and how successful these settlements were, needs not to be particularised.

With respect to the capabilities of Vancouver's Island, it is thus spoken of by Simpson:—'The southern end is well adapted for cultivation; for, in addition to a tolerable soil and a moderate climate, it possesses excellent harbours and abundance of timber. It will doubtless become, in time, the most valuable section of the whole coast above California.' The natives appear to be interesting. 'Behind Point Roberts there was a large camp of about a thousand savages, inhabitants of Vancouver's Island, who periodically cross the

Digitized by Google

gulf to Frazer's River, for the purpose of fishing. A great number of canoes assisted us in bringing our wood and water from the shore, some of them paddled entirely by young girls of remarkably interesting and comely appearance. These people offered us salmon, potatoes, berries, and shell-fish for sale.' The channel between this island and the mainland does not in any place exceed six miles in breadth, and the shores on both sides are mountainous, that the peaks are covered with perpetual snow. Along the whole coast the savages live well, having abundance of excellent fish and venison. Both men and women are well grown, with regular and pleasing features, and the girls decidedly pretty. 'The northern end of Vancouver's Island would be an excellent position for the collecting and curing of salmon, which, being incredibly numerous in these waters, might easily be rendered one of the most important articles of trade in this country. The neighbouring Newettees, a brave and friendly tribe, would be valuable auxiliaries not only in aiding the essential operations of the establishment, but also in furnishing supplies of venison.'

A contemporary periodical speaks thus of the island:—'Returning to the geographical situation of Vancouver's Island, we see that it not only possesses the most important harbours on the north-west coast of the American continent, but that it commands for eighty miles the straits which lead to those in the territory of the United States. It follows, then, of necessity, that this island must become the focus of all the trade which shall at any future period flow in the north of Western America. Men will not always circumnavigate the globe to convey merchandise from one point to another. They will not take goods round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, on the way from Canton to New York. The Oriental trade of America will *infallibly*, some day, find its way across the American continent. The time may be nearer than we like to predict, who shrink from the charge of extravagant enthusiasm; but whenever it does arrive, the Straits of Juan de Fuca will become the funnel through which it will be poured into the New World. For the same reason that Tyre or Venice rose to be great on the earth, will the people who dwell around those straits become mighty in their generation.'*

We have only to add, that the American government has already contracted for the conveyance of mails by steam between Panama and the Oregon territory; and this brings Vancouver's Island within the reach of regular correspondence.

FEMALE SELF-DEVOTEDNESS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Not very far from a cathedral town in one of the midland counties, and on the banks of a broad and rapid river, there stood a low-built white stone-cottage, surrounded by colonnades and trellised work, whose tasteful garden, gay with brilliant and variegated flowers, and emerald lawn, sloped down to the water's edge.

This cottage was inhabited by three sisters, the two eldest still retaining traces of having been dowered in their youth with an extreme beauty, which had left only a faint and shadowy lustre behind; while the perfect repose of expression, which characterised the ordinary features of the youngest lady, was as far removed from apathetic indifference or lassitude of mind as sulkiness and discontent from heavenly resignation. The seclusion in which these ladies passed their lives had no mystery attached to it, while at the same time it was marked by somewhat of romantic interest; indeed many of the townsfolk had learnt to regard them much in the same light as nuns were looked upon in days of yore, their religious bias and charitable influence shedding a reflected lustre on the domain and adjacent lands.

The Misses Dynevor were the daughters of a deceased cathedral dignitary. Miss Rosabel, the second, had been betrothed five-and-thirty years before to a gallant officer, who fell in the Peninsular war: this shock completely prostrated and shattered her mind, and brought on a tedious illness. During many years, the eldest sister, Miss Floribel, had devoted herself to the sufferer with that devotion and patience which belong to the affections and heroism of private life; the minds of both were sobered down from youth's giddiness by that which had been a mutual grief; and even when time, the restorer and healer, progressed towards a cure, they looked on the world with different eyes and different wishes from those of their early days.

On their father's decease, determined to seek a retirement congenial to their habits and wishes, and finding Fawns Home put up for sale, they became the purchasers; and here they had dwelt for a length of time in monastic privacy. Their existence passed in a monotonous unvaried routine; and but for the fact of their domicile speaking for itself, and their old domestic and factotum Mr Matthew speaking for them, they might have been forgotten by the world around: for although their alms-deeds were judicious and abundant, yet it was literally true as regarded them, that 'the right hand knew not what the left did.' And as the almoner and dispenser of their bounties, the venerable Mr Matthew was as close and strict in observing secrecy as retainers imbued with no inordinate share of gossipping propensities usually are, so the details which transpired only aroused and tampered with curiosity without gratifying it.

The Misses Dynevor's nearest living relative was a paternal uncle, whose age did not much exceed that of his eldest niece, and who, having made a fortune in the East, was now expected home, unmarried and childless. The gossips of the cathedral town had already decided that the ladies of Fawns Home would be their uncle's acknowledged co-heiresses; and though no reason had ever been assigned for Miss Geneviève's sharing her sisters' seclusion, there were two or three grayheaded individuals who slightly remembered having heard rumours of a disappointment in love, which had soured her temper—for she had never been like her elder sisters: they were gay and beautiful young women, while Geneviève, as a plain and moping girl, had evinced few traits likely to gain her popularity or distinction.

But the peace and concord of the retired inmates of Fawns Home was undisturbed by conjecture or gossip: there affection and unanimity ever walked hand in hand. Each Sabbath morning a comfortably-awned boat might be seen waiting beside their garden steps, to convey the ladies, with their domestics, to the point of landing nearest the cathedral, to which a short walk conducted them; and where, ensconced in a deeply-curtained pew, they were entirely screened from observation. The occupants of the pleasure-boats, passing and repassing this river-road, often saw the figures of the three sisters gliding amid the colonnades or emerging from the shrubberies. Sometimes they appeared to be busily employed in gardening; sometimes sauntering, book in hand, or arm in arm, engaged in converse; sounds of music floated across the water at intervals; and in the summer evenings, the sweet scent wafted on the balmy breeze from the gardens of Fawns Home, and the delicious quietude pervading the place, tempted

* Simmonds's Colonial Magazine, No. 53.

Digitized by Google

many idlers to rest on their oars, while they spoke in whispers, as if unwilling to disturb the serenity. Colonies of song-birds seemed to seek refuge here, and the concert of the groves was unique and perfect; while beneath the overhanging boughs some graceful fawns might be seen standing on the river's brink, playfully darting away, or slaking their thirst with watchful glance. Intrusive visitors, in times gone by, had often endeavoured to penetrate within the pleasant precincts; but a firm and consistent rejection of all overtures which might tend to social intercourse overruled the difficulties of their position, and the Misses Dynevor, 'the nuns of Fawns Home,' at length found themselves and their strange ways uninterfered with.

A few months preceding the period at which I have introduced them to the reader, a new inmate had been admitted as a resident member of the well-arranged household: this was a girl of about fifteen years of age, who appeared to be under the peculiar care and patronage of Miss Geneviève. The young stranger, indeed, read to the elder ladies, whose sight was not so good as it had been; she also assisted them in tending the favourite flower-baskets; she helped them to feed the birds, and many other dumb pets; and her ringing laugh and bounding steps attended on them all by turns: they all loved and caressed her, and the fair girl was in some danger of being spoiled. When she first came, a good deal of sadness was perceptible; her mourning habit, indeed, might account for this; yet by degrees the soothing assiduities and tender caresses of Miss Geneviève completed the restoration to her natural happy cheerfulness, for youthful spirits are wonderfully elastic; and though by the hour together Mary Trevor would pour into her friend's ear oft-repeated tales of home and home's doings, that patient friend was never weary of listening to the details; while she sympathised with her charge, counselled and smiled, and finally won as much sweet and pure affection as one guileless human being can bestow on another.

One day during the summer following Mary Trevor's domestication, an unusual bustle and excitement pervading the orderly household signified that some event not in the usual routine had occurred: this was no less than the arrival of the Misses Dynevor's rich uncle, who may be introduced sitting in an easy-chair, placed by the open window of the pleasant library looking forth on garden sweets, and the sparkling river beyond, and saying, 'Well, niece Flory, if *my* looks had worn as well as *yours*, I should have much reason for content'—he was a withered, yellow-looking gentleman, with inquisitive eyes, and a nose poking everywhere (like a thin Paul Pry without an umbrella)—'but Indian suns and Indian life don't tend to improve the complexion. And so you have mewed yourself up here all these years, and never thought of marrying (you are only a few years my junior, you know), and all for the sake of keeping poor Rosy company?'

'My dear uncle,' interrupted Miss Dynevor in a deprecatory tone, 'it is not every one who has a vocation for wedded life; I always had a desire to live as we are now doing!'

'Hmmph! you are a good girl, Flory, and a kind one,' answered her uncle; 'but there are three of you. Has Geneviève had "no vocation" for matrimony either?'

A silence which ensued was broken by the entrance of Mary Trevor; and on her being named to Mr Dynevor, he seemed rather puzzled, and musingly repeated, 'Trevor, Trevor! the name is familiar to me. When I was last in England, and you were quite a girl *then*, Jenny, had not your father an assistant chaplain of that name? Cecil Trevor—to be sure—now I am clear! He was a handsome lad, but a *leetle* too volatile for his vocation: I remember he had run through a mint of money at college, and his father threatened to disinherit him if he didn't retrieve and amend, by marrying a lady of fortune. Why, I thought he had a kindness for you, Jenny: I am sure you had for him.'

'Mary, my dear, will you go into the greenhouse and gather me a bouquet?' said Miss Dynevor, at the same time casting an appealing glance towards her uncle, who, however, was usually unobservant of such hints, and on whom the agitation visible in Geneviève's demeanour was lost, as well as the silent tear trickling down her cheek.

His attention, however, was diverted by this movement towards Mary, who left the room, followed by Geneviève. 'That is a very lovely girl,' quoth Uncle Dynevor. 'Her name is Trevor, you say? Any relation to the Cecil Trevor we have been speaking of? By the by, how *did* that affair end between him and Jenny: I thought she was destined for his wife?'

'And so she was, uncle,' answered Miss Dynevor: 'some other time you shall hear the history, and then you will reverence our sweet Geneviève's noble nature: all I have time to tell you at present is, that Mr Trevor has been dead many years, and the young girl whom you have just seen is now an orphan, Cecil's only daughter, and our sister's adopted child.'

Uncle Dynevor looked very uncomfortable and fidgetty: he did not perfectly comprehend what he had been told, and curiosity was a kind of disease with him; the desire to gain information, as the feeling is mildly denominated, rendering him, when thwarted, taciturn and subdued: however, there was a dignity and decision in Miss Dynevor's manner which operated as a check upon further questioning at present. Mr Dynevor was of a suspicious as well as inquisitive nature; his suspicions were continually aroused as to the motives of any persons who might show him kindness or attention: he never forgot his wealth, and he imagined that no one else did. But with his three nieces he felt at ease on this point: for he knew they enjoyed an ample sufficiency, and beheld their contentment and independence of the world. He knew they desired no more riches, and began to feel at a loss as to how he should dispose of his own. These thoughts continually haunted him; and after he had sojourned for a space at Fawns Home, they took the form of words, as he walked one evening with Geneviève, evidently his favourite niece, on a pathway parallel with the river, and overhanging the stream. Her soft voice, speaking the thoughts of piety and love, emanations of a pure and tranquil mind, had a beneficial effect on the world-worn man; he felt soothed and peaceful, with a strong desire to indulge in confidential discourse; nor longer could he refrain from saying, 'I wish you had married, my dear Jenny, and had a numerous tribe of little ones around you; *then* I should have known what to do with my money; but now I've nobody in the world I care to give it to while I am alive, or when I am dead, for you and your sisters don't want it.'

The colour mounted to Geneviève's pale face as she answered in a low voice, 'Although I am unmarried, dear Uncle Dynevor, yet I have adopted children, who are inexpressibly dear to me: if you will assist me with a portion of your wealth for their benefit I shall heartily thank you.'

This was plain-speaking indeed; and Uncle Dynevor stopped in his walk up and down the terrace, and gazed with amazement on his niece; but the self-possession and calm truthfulness with which she met his glance disarmed all resentment, if resentment he had momentarily felt, on hearing such a proposition. Curiosity, however, was fairly aroused, and he begged for an explanation of her singular request.

'Uncle Dynevor,' said Geneviève, 'I know that you have desired to hear my simple story; and I will not allow any selfish shrinking from painful remembrances to withhold me from imparting the knowledge which may perhaps arouse your interest in behalf of the orphans under my care. I heard you say that you recollected Cecil Trevor: we were betrothed—and *his* father desired our union, as *mine* had powerful ecclesiastical influence, and I had the promise of a fair dower. You must make great allowances for poor Cecil in what I

Digitized by Google

am about to relate. Alas! I scarcely know how to do so! You know, uncle, I was always a decidedly plain girl, and he was a passionate admirer of beauty: he forgot his engagement to me, and they pronounced him dishonoured when he married an obscure individual, whose virtuous conduct and fascinations of person formed the only excuse for so rash and imprudent an act. Disinherited by his own father, who died soon after, and utterly discarded by mine, who never forgave the slight, Cecil Trevor disappeared from the world altogether; and I heard that he had accepted a distant curacy, obtained through the kindness of a college friend, which barely afforded support for his family. Thither former clamorous creditors followed; debts and difficulties unceasingly harassed and oppressed him; and in six years from the date of his marriage, this high-spirited and gifted being sunk broken-hearted into the grave. On his deathbed he wrote to my father, who was then insensible, and on the eve of dissolution, imploring his interest on behalf of the widow and four children, who were left utterly destitute and unprotected. A few weeks afterwards, I made my way to poor Cecil's grave, and clasped his orphans to my heart. Mrs Trevor never recovered the shock of her husband's loss, to whom she had been tenderly attached, and continued ill health prevented her from making any personal exertions. It was impossible to separate Mary from her afflicted mother, so that her education has been much neglected; but she is an apt scholar, and a docile, affectionate child; and when she lost her surviving parent a few months ago, and came to reside with us, through the kind permission of my sisters, I felt as if some long-lost happiness had arisen within me, for now she is all my own. Cecil, my eldest son (you smile, dear uncle), is at college; he has shown a decided predilection for the church, and as I wish to give his brothers the same advantages, I am rather straitened for means sometimes. Now, can you understand my impertinent speech, dear uncle, and why I desire your assistance some day? Ah! could you but see my three boys, how good and beautiful they are, you too would love these fatherless ones!'

'And is it possible, Jenny,' said Mr Dynevor, 'that you have done all this for the children of him who slighted and rejected you? Either your Christian charity must be perfect, or you must have loved Cecil Trevor to an extraordinary degree.'

'Ah! dear uncle, I am but an imperfect Christian,' and Geneviève's voice was tremulous, and the light of other days shone in her gentle eyes; 'but you are right in your other supposition.'

'This is indeed true love, Jenny!' exclaimed Mr Dynevor; 'and you are a noble creature. You must introduce me to your adopted sons; little Mary is my pet already, you know. Ha, ha! and so the old uncle has found a family ready made for him, with plenty of calls on his purse it would seem!'

Mr Dynevor embraced the earliest opportunity of informing his elder nieces that he was acquainted with the facts of Geneviève's story from her own lips: those worthy ladies added still further information, for they expatiated on their sister's generous conduct, how she had entirely devoted her time and fortune to comfort and support Cecil Trevor's widow and children; they dwelt on her self-denial, utter self-forgetfulness, her serenity, and uncomplaining cheerfulness of disposition. These were themes which the Misses Dynevor never wearied of; and although they did not speak of the conduct of the 'disinherited' in the same extenuating terms as Geneviève did, yet they allowed that he had died a humbled and a penitent man.

'He never was worthy of our sister,' softly ejaculated Miss Rosabel.

'It would be difficult to meet with any one who *was*,' peremptorily added Miss Dynevor; to which assertion her uncle cordially assented.

Mr Dynevor never again was at a loss how to dispose of his riches; and when surrounded, as he frequently was, by the orphan family, with 'Mamma Geneviève' at their head, his blessed and newly-born feelings often made him say to himself, 'After all, what is the good of wealth except to contribute to the happiness and well-being of others?'

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

Many emigrants who arrive in Australia entertain exaggerated notions respecting the dangers arising from snakes. It is true all are of a venomous nature; but comparatively few persons suffer from them. The most common species are of various shades of brown, black, or slate colour; and in size they range from 12 or 14 inches to as many feet in length. It is believed generally that the smaller varieties are the most venomous; but there are scarcely grounds for this supposition, for I have known death to have repeatedly resulted from bites inflicted by the larger kinds. They differ in many points from the serpents of other countries, nor is there any representative of the rattlesnake family in Australia. They in general frequent certain localities in preference to others, and it is dangerous to walk in the bush in some places without particular caution; and no one should sit down upon any fallen half-decayed tree without a previous inspection of the spot. Twice in one forenoon, during a shooting excursion, did a gentleman, in stepping over fallen timber, very nearly place his foot each time upon a large brown snake, although he walked very circumspectly; and on the borders of a swamp near George's River I have known a dozen to be killed in the same space of time.

The largest kind is, I believe, a species of *boa*, called by the colonists in general the 'diamond-snake,' from the shape of the spots marking its skin: the names given to the different varieties are, however, conflicting, and vary in different localities. It sometimes attains to the length of 12 or 14 feet, but in general is much smaller. Respecting one of these, the following incident lately occurred:—A youth of ten years one day took a stroll in the neighbouring bush. He was walking along the margin of a swamp, when he espied a large diamond-snake lying coiled up in a pretty deep hollow, formed by the uprooting of a tree, and a little watching assured him of its being asleep. Not at all afraid, he cut a large stick with his pocket-knife, and sharpened one end, for he had noticed that the reptile lay with its head flat to the ground, and he did not wish to bruise its skin, for he had a brother who was studying medicine in Scotland, who had expressed a wish for specimens of natural history, and he considered this a good opportunity of securing a very fine one. He thought he could manage to pin it down by the neck, and then cut its throat with his pocket-knife, keeping it all the time in the hole it was then lying in, where he had it at advantage. He crept up, and succeeded cleverly enough in doing the first; but the last was no easy task: he had never before seen so large a snake, and had no conception of its strength. It was fortunate that the stick was strong and sharp, for he thus kept its head down, though, owing to the softness of the soil, he did so with difficulty; but he speedily found that instead of cutting its throat, he would be lucky if he could cut his new acquaintance in any way; for in spite of his precautions, the snake got its tail partly hooked round one of its assailant's legs, and the danger was imminent if more of the body should coil round. After many minutes' hard fighting, he managed, by a dexterous jerk, to cast off the portion entangled, and then threw the end of the pole from him, and the snake shaking himself free, would have made off; but his antagonist was determined not to lose him, and being now not so particular about the skin, a few blows from the heavy stick soon settled the business. He hung him over a low bough, and went for aid to carry him home; but on his return, it was discovered twined amongst the topmost boughs. The visitor, however,

Digitized by Google

mounted, and uncoiling the folds, jerked him down, as it was now powerless for mischief. It measured more than 10 feet in length, and was of considerable thickness. It was thought a bold act for so young a lad to attack alone so formidable a reptile.

In large towns there is seldom any chance of danger arising, although I have sometimes known carts, sent into the bush to collect firewood, to be the means of bringing snakes into Sydney; the wood selected being decayed, and often hollow, affording the opportunity of the reptiles' conveyance. A gentleman in that town once lost a valuable dog from the bite of one thus introduced into the yard where the animal was kept. Upon one occasion a man who was collecting fuel had a very narrow escape; he displayed great presence of mind; had it been otherwise, he in all probability would have been bitten. He had raised a large log upon his shoulder, and was about to carry it to the cart, when suddenly a snake glided over the wood close to his face and slipped off at the instant he flung the log from him. With the same movement he looked down, but no reptile was there; the ground at that spot was quite bare, and could not have concealed it; nor was it hidden in anyway by the wood. In short, he instantly became aware of the unpleasant fact, that the snake was *in his pocket!* He had on, besides his shirt, a pair of loose trousers, fastened round his waist by a leathern belt, the right pocket of which was large, and its flap hanging wide open; and into its open mouth had the reptile slipped on falling. For some time he stood, expecting every moment to see the head thrust out; but it kept still. With a quiet and gentle hand, therefore, he unbuckled the belt of his trousers, and slowly drew his feet together; and then gradually lowering the garment to his ankles, he cleverly freed his feet from the folds, the latter process being the more dangerous, as his bare legs might have suffered had the reptile then protruded its head. He then drew the trousers along by one leg, and shook out and killed it.

One variety is called the 'carpet-snake,' from the peculiar pattern formed by the colouring of its skin. These are fatally venomous. A party in an orchard were once much alarmed: one of their number having ascended a peach-tree to procure some of the fruit, had nearly grasped the folds of a carpet-snake, which was coiled up amongst the leaves. The fright of the discovery caused him to fall to the ground, though luckily without much injury in consequence. This snake was killed, as was also another by the same party, as it swam across the Nepean river; indeed I believe that most snakes can swim well, and that many errors have arisen by persons describing water serpents, which were in reality common land snakes. The banks of rivers, and particularly the margins of small creeks, are favourite places of resort for them in very hot weather.

Some of the smaller varieties are beautiful. One day, at a villa a few miles from Sydney, a lady stepping out from the window of the drawing-room on to the lawn, observed lying on the gravel walk a small crooked stick, finely covered with different-coloured mosses, as she thought. She stooped to pick it up, and examine it narrowly. It was a small snake!—one of the most deadly kind. Luckily she held it so slightly, that its first struggle caused it to slide from her grasp. She wished to have it preserved, on account of its beauty; but the gardener severed it with his spade.

Although perhaps there are scarcely any entirely harmless snakes in Australia, similar to those which sometimes inhabit the houses in the West Indies, it is probable that many are venomous, without being necessarily fatally so. Some gentlemen were once shooting in the woods in company with a black native, when one of them was bitten by a snake, which the black fellow fortunately saw before it escaped. The sufferer almost immediately became very ill, sick, and faint; and naturally concluding he was doomed, he hastily pulled out his pocket-book, in order to leave some dying directions in writing. The black fellow, however, comforted him by the assurance of 'Baal you die yet; only murry yalla, by and by directly'—('You will not die yet; but only turn very yellow soon.') Nor did he die; and he did turn very yellow, although I could not ascertain whether this was owing to any action upon the liver causing retention of the bile, or to some other effect of the virus.

The inhabitants of Windsor once had an opportunity of witnessing the operation of sucking the wound caused by a snake-bite, as performed by a black fellow. The man bitten was employed in making the three-railed fences which in the colony are the substitutes for the more picturesque hedgerows used at home. He had stooped to lift a fence from a heap on the ground, and was bitten in the act; he was alone at the time, and had endeavoured to reach the town, which was at no great distance; but his strength had failed, and he was found lying in the middle of the road, vainly endeavouring to drink at a puddle collected there. He was carried into town, and a black fellow immediately summoned. Upon his arrival, making a great parade of the occasion and his office, he called for some salt; and placing a quantity in his mouth, began to suck. He pulled away for a long time, often causing great pain to the patient; and then, indicating that no one was to follow and watch him, he ran off for some distance in the bush. Curiosity induced one or two to creep after; and they approached near enough to observe that he spat with great vehemence, and with wild gestures; and, as they thought, with strange words in his own language. In about a quarter of an hour he came running back at full speed, saying he had not got it all yet; and recommenced sucking with renewed vigour; which he continued doing for many minutes more, and then repeated his former manœuvres. In half an hour he sauntered back quite composed, and told the man he would not die. He did recover.

The lady above-mentioned who mistook a snake for a moss-covered stick, was once witness to a remarkable instance of fascination by terror, caused by the unexpected and sudden sight of a large serpent. She was strolling with a female companion in a spot where, owing to the frequent occurrence of little patches of low scrub, they were often slightly separated. Finding herself alone, after walking a little time, Miss B—— turned to look for her companion, and saw her standing at some distance, apparently looking fixedly at some object a little way before her. After waiting a few moments, she spoke, but received no answer; and observing that her friend still kept the same posture, which was rather a strange one, she walked towards her, and when near enough to distinguish her features, was quite frightened at her appearance. One hand was placed, as for support, against a young sapling which grew by her side; the other was extended before her, at arms-length, in the manner of repelling; the body was slightly drawn back, the head thrown forward. Her eyes were fixed, distended, and glaring; the lips apart; there was no heaving of the chest; the whole frame was rigid and motionless. Miss B—— was terrified beyond measure: she again spoke, but, as before, received no reply: she looked in the direction of her companion's gaze, but saw nothing, the ground for many yards being scattered over with a thin scrub. She moved closer up to her side, and again looked, and for a few moments was almost as much terrified. On the ground, at a few yards' distance, partly coiled, as though ready to spring, with its hideous head erect, and its fiery blasting eyes gleaming with malignity, its fangs exposed, and its forked tongue playing with a quick and tremulous motion—which, in the afternoon's sun, assumed the appearance and coruscations of a minute stream of lightning—was a huge snake. Mrs A—— made a movement forwards, as though impelled irresistibly; and this recalled her companion from her

Digitized by Google

momentary trance of terror, who seized her by the arm with a loud scream, which startled away the reptile, and Mrs A—— sunk down, completely overcome by the revulsion of feeling. The house was close by, and assistance soon procured. Mrs A—— is a remarkably beautiful woman, and Miss B—— often afterwards remarked what a magnificent study she would at that moment have presented to a painter of genius.

It must not be supposed for an instant, however, that any danger arising from these reptiles is of a nature or amount calculated to create any serious obstacle or drawback to the intending emigrant to the Australian colonies, any more than the same thing in respect to America or Canada, the West Indies or India. The above notes, scanty as they are, were all the personal observations and facts collected during many years' residence; and although perhaps they look formidable enough when collected, nevertheless many a resident in the colony of long standing, and who has perhaps never once seen a snake (and there are many such), will read this article with as much interest, and probably as great a sensation of novelty, as the intending emigrant who has not yet left these shores.

JOHN FOSTER THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN FOSTER, whose essays are justly ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day, was born in 1770, in the Vale of Todmorden, whose serene beauties, and the quiet associations of humble life, may be said to have moulded his retiring habits and vigorous cast of thought. Like Hall, Mr Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation; and after running his useful course, he died in 1843, at Stapleton, near Bristol, where he had resided for the last thirty years of his life.

Further than these few particulars, it is unnecessary to say anything biographically of Foster. The remarkable thing about him was his ardent and pure *thinking*. If ever there was a man who may be said, in the language of the old paradox, to have been 'never less alone than when alone, and never more occupied than when at leisure,' that man was John Foster. The exercises of the Christian ministry, in which a considerable portion of his life was engaged, were conducted for the most part in a noiseless manner, and in the shadiest nooks of the field of labour; so that when his now celebrated essays came forth to the public, they were to all, but a few, virtually anonymous publications. No one who has deeply acquainted himself with these admirable productions, will need to have repeated to him that profound laborious thought was the business of Foster's life; and the absence of this mental habitude in others, especially in those who occupied the more conspicuous positions in society, was often lamented by him with a bitterness which might almost have been mistaken for misanthropy.

This habit of mind showed itself in a remarkable manner both in his ministerial exercises and in his ordinary conversation. The character of both was such, as to impress upon the hearer the notion that he was merely thinking aloud. There was no physical animation or gesture, none of that varied intonation which commonly graduates the intensity of excitement. He threw out all the originality of his views, and the boundless variety of his illustrations, in a deep monotonous tone, which seemed the only natural vehicle for such weighty, comprehensive conceptions. This was only varied by an earnest emphasis, so frequent in every sentence, as to show how many modifying expressions there were which it was necessary to keep in distinct view, in order fully to realise the idea of the speaker. It may be added here, though it would be impossible, in a brief sketch like the present, to touch upon such a subject otherwise than in passing, that the same peculiarity is obvious in all his published productions. To a superficial reader their style might seem loaded and redundant, but on closer examination, it will be found that this unusual copiousness of modifying epithets and clauses arose from that fulness of thought, and consequent necessity for compression, which compelled him, if he must prescribe limits to his composition, to group in every sentence, and around every main idea, a multitude of attendant ones, which a more diffuse writer would have expanded into paragraphs. Hence his writings are not really *obscure*, but only *difficult*, demanding the same vigorous exertion of thought in the reader which is exercised in the writer. The observation, therefore, of the late Robert Hall, in his well-known review of Foster's Essays, appears to be more ingenious and beautiful than critically correct. The error, however, if it be such, might almost have been expected from so perfect a master of the euphonous style as Mr Hall—a writer who, in the words of Dugald Stewart, combined all the literary excellencies of Burke, Addison, and Johnson. 'The author,' says Mr Hall, 'has paid too little attention to the construction of his sentences. They are for the most part too long, sometimes involved in perplexity, and often loaded with redundancies. They have too much of the looseness of a harangue, and too little of the compact elegance of regular composition. An occasional obscurity pervades some parts of the work. The mind of the writer seems at times to struggle with conceptions too mighty for his grasp, and to present confused masses rather than distinct delineations of thought. This is, however, to be imputed to the originality, not the weakness, of his powers. The scale on which he thinks is so vast, and the excursions of his imagination are so extended, that they frequently carry him into the most unbeaten track, and among objects where a ray of light glances in an angle only, without diffusing itself over the whole.'

Reference has been made to the solitary habits of Mr Foster's life. It must not be supposed, however, that he was, to use his own expression, the 'grim solitaire.' He chose as the partner of his retirement a lady whose talents and force of character he ever held in high and deserved respect. It is generally believed that when Mr Foster proposed to the lady which subsequently took place, she declared that she would marry no one that had not distinguished himself in the literature of his day, and Foster's Essays in 'Letters to a Friend' were the *billets-doux* of this extraordinary courtship. It is amusing to recollect that after the first evening which Foster spent in company with his future wife, he described her as a 'marble statue surrounded with iron palisades.'

The high walls with which his residence at Stapleton was surrounded, and which permitted not a glimpse of the house or garden, seemed to proclaim inaccessibility, and to say to the visitor, as plainly as walls can speak, 'No admittance.' No sooner, however, were these difficulties surmounted by the good offices of an old servant, who seemed a sort of natural appendage to her master, than a charming contrast was felt between the prohibitory character of the residence and the impressive but delightful affability of the occupant. His only hobby was revealed by the first glance at his apartments. The choicest engravings met the eye in every direction, which, together with a profusion of costly illustrated works, showed that if our hermit had in other respects left the world behind him, he had made a most self-indulgent reservation of the arts.

But the great curiosity of the house was a certain mysterious apartment, which was not entered by any but the recluse himself perhaps once in twenty years; and if the recollection of the writer serves him, the prohibition must have extended in all its force to domestics of every class. This was the library. Many intreaties to be favoured with the view of this seat of privacy had been silenced by allusions to the cave of Trophonius, and in one instance to Erebus itself, and by mock-solemn remonstrances, founded on the danger of such enterprises to persons of weak nerves and fine sensibilities. At length Mr Foster's consent was obtained, and he led the way to his previously uninvaded

Digitized by Google

fastness—an event so unusual, as to have been mentioned in a letter which is published in the second volume of his 'Life and Correspondence.' The floor was occupied by scattered garments, rusty firearms, and a hillock of ashes from the grate which might well be supposed to have been the accumulation of a winter, while that which ought to have been the writing-desk of the tenant was furnished with the blackened remains of three dead pens and a dry inkstand by way of cenotaph.

Around this grotesque miscellany was ranged one of the selectest private libraries in which it was ever the good luck of a bibliomaniac to revel. The choicest editions of the best works adorned the shelves, while stowed in large chests were a collection of valuable illustrated works in which the book-worm, without a metaphor, was busy in his researches. A present of Coleridge's 'Friend' from the book-shelves is retained by the writer as a trophy of this sacrilegious invasion.

It will readily be supposed, from what has been said of the secluded habits of Mr Foster, that the intercourse of friendship must have been greatly sustained by means of correspondence. From the frequency of personal and private references in letters, a large proportion of such compositions must in all cases be withheld from the public eye, from ordinary motives of delicacy. Happily, however, without any violation of this decorum, a large body of Mr Foster's correspondence has been given to the world, the perusal of which by those who were not privileged with his friendship, must have mingled a more tender feeling with the admiration excited by his genius. The unrepressed exudation of his nature in these compositions invests them with the same charm which has been noticed as attaching to his conversation which we have designated as 'thinking aloud.' His accessibility by the young was one of the most beautiful features in his character, and will remind those of Mr Burke, who are acquainted with the more private habits of his life. The exquisite and redundant kindness of his letters to young friends is perfectly affecting, and show how necessarily simplicity and condescension are the attributes of true intellectual and moral greatness.

It would be next to impossible to convey to any one who was not acquainted with Mr Foster a correct impression of his personal appearance. His dress was uncouth, and neglected to the last degree. A long gray coat, almost of the fashion of a dressing gown; trousers which seemed to have been cherished relics of his boyhood, and to have quarrelled with a pair of gaiters, an intervening inch or two of stocking indicating the disputed territory; shoes whose solidity occasionally elicited from the wearer a reference to the equipments of the ancient Israelites; a coloured silk handkerchief, loosely tied about his neck, and an antique waistcoat of most uncanonical hue—these, with an indescribable hat, completed the philosopher's outward man. In his walks to and from the city of Bristol (the latter frequently by night) he availed himself at once of the support and protection of a formidable club, which, owing to the difficulty with which a short dagger in the handle was released by a spring, he used jocosely to designate as a 'member of the Peace Society.' So utterly careless was he of his appearance, that he was not unfrequently seen in Bristol during the hot weather walking with his coat and waistcoat over his arm.

This eccentricity gave rise to some curious mistakes. On one occasion, while carrying some articles of dress, in the dusk of the evening, to the cottage of a poor man, he was accosted by a constable, who, from his appearance, suspected they were stolen, some depredations of the kind having been recently committed in the neighbourhood. Mr Foster conducted the man to the seat of an opulent gentleman, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening; and the confusion of the constable may be easily imagined when he was informed of the name of his prisoner, who dismissed him with hearty praise for his diligence and fidelity.

His was one of those countenances which it is impossible to forget, and yet of which no portrait very vividly reminds us. His forehead was a triumph to the phrenologist, and surrounded as it was by a most uncultivated wig, might suggest the idea of a perpendicular rock crowned with straggling verdure; while his calm but luminous eye, deeply planted beneath his massive brow, might be compared to a lamp suspended in one of its caverns. In early life, his countenance, one would suppose, must have been strikingly beautiful; his features being both regular and commanding, and his complexion retaining to the last that fine but treacherous hue which probably indicated the malady that terminated his life. His natural tendency to solitary meditation never showed herself more strikingly than in his last hours. Aware of the near approach of death, he requested to be left entirely alone, and was found shortly after he had expired in a composed and contemplative attitude, as if he had thought his way to the mysteries of another world.

SHOPS.

When Charles Lamb was asked his opinion of the Vale of Keswick, and the Hills of Ambleside, he frankly acknowledged that there was more pleasure for him in the London shop-windows, when lighted up and full in the frosty evenings before Christmas. This answer, though odd and unexpected, is not surprising. Where, in the wide world, is there such an exposition of artistic wealth and magnificence as is seen daily in the London shop-windows? No doubt some of the shops of Paris and New York rival anything of the kind in the British metropolis; but, taken as a whole, the stock and the array of the London shops are unmatchable. All Orientals and Africans on visiting Europe for the first time are most struck with the splendour of the shops. There was nothing unreasonable in the request of an African king's son, whose tribe had been serviceable to the French settlements on the Senegal, in return for which the young prince was taken under the protection of Louis XIV., and sent to receive an education in France. After having seen and been astonished at the French capital, Louis inquired of him what would be the most desirable present for his father, promising that whatever he selected should be sent, when the youth exclaimed, with a look of the most imploring earnestness, 'Mighty monarch, let me send him a shop!'

There is a curious instance of mistaken politeness recorded of the first Chinese ambassador at the court of Versailles. For the first few days of his residence he never passed the shop-window of an eminent hairdresser without performing the great *kowto*, or ceremony of nineteen prostrations, before the waxwork fashionables it contained, supposing them, as it was at length discovered, to represent the gods of the western barbarians, placed there for public adoration in a richly-decorated temple. Such a mistake was natural for a Chinese. In his country, as well as throughout the whole East, the ornaments and magnitude of European shops are unknown. What may be called the grandeur of commerce is confined to the bazaar, a species of covered market-place, or rather temporary arcade, the greater part of which is composed of mere booths or sheds; and even there the display consists merely of quantities of merchandise, with little arrangement, less accommodation, and scarcely any of that ornamental ingenuity and minute attention to business which renders the shopkeeping of Europe so complicated and remarkable. The 'money-snaring machinery,' as a late divine called it, with which most of our readers, especially in large towns, are acquainted, is not yet dreamed of by the Orientals. The ample room, the front of plate-glass, the costly fittings-up, and the splendid effects of Bude lights and mirrors; the various functionaries employed, from the card distributor to the recorder of unpersuaded customers; and the innumerable modes of

Digitized by Google

printed advertisement, more or less practised by all our commercial world, merge in Asia into a small dingy room or tent, with a wide door, before which sits the merchant of silks or diamonds, as the case may be—the former article lying in piles around him, and the latter spread so as to display their size and quality to the best advantage on a table before him; while a slave at the door loudly enumerates all, and generally much more than could be found within; and another stands by to assist the merchant in the display of his goods, and show them occasionally, by way of confirmation to the statements of his companion at the door.

Such are the establishment and assistants employed by the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants among the primitive Asiatics, with the exception of some camels and their drivers, required for the carriage of goods in the celebrated caravans. These humble accommodations are considered perfectly sufficient; but commerce in Asia, though it occupies a somewhat limited and subordinate position compared with that of Europe, has a species of peculiar etiquette, which, however grotesque it would appear to a London merchant, is regarded by its disciples as indispensable to business. The Armenians, who divide with the Greeks and Jews the entire mercantile department of Western Asia, are accustomed to sit down and weep bitterly when they have sold any article of value, declaring that the purchaser has ruined them. The Jews, on similar occasions, rend their garments, which are said to be worn purposely for the sacrifice, with still louder protestations of ruin. In later years, owing to the influx of European travellers and manners, these demonstrations have become less violent, and are evidently but an Eastern version of the 'enormous sacrifices and unprecedented bargains' set forth in our British advertisements. The Greek shopkeepers, in most of the Turkish towns, send a crier through the city to proclaim the arrival of new goods and their prices, every announcement being regularly concluded with a declaration that his employer is ruining himself, but must sell. At the great winter fairs of Asiatic Russia, merchants are to be found from the most remote cities of Hindoostan and Eastern Tartary; and travellers who have visited those scenes bring back curious accounts of their commercial fashions. The Mingrelians, who generally deal in the meerschaum pipes so highly prized and frequently imitated in Europe, consider it incumbent on them to absolutely refuse selling their goods to any customer, and the latter is expected to employ himself at least an hour in persuading the merchant to deal with him. Eastern time is not yet estimated according to railway reckoning. But a still more extraordinary custom prevails among the merchants of Thibet, famous for bringing the celebrated Cashmere shawls, the best quality of which is known to be manufactured in their country, a regular stand-up fight being required to take place between the seller and the purchaser on the disposal of any considerable quantity, the former obstinately rejecting the price to which he has already agreed, and the latter as resolutely forcing it upon him. Nor is it considered business-like to settle matters till a few blows have been exchanged on both sides, after which they peaceably shake hands, and the bargain is concluded. The Chinese carry on commerce more regularly than any other nation of the East; but those who come with tea to the Siberian fairs never transact business with their Russian customers till after what they designate a polite silence of half an hour, during which the parties sit looking at each other, chewing green ginger and tobacco; and their shopkeepers, whether at home or abroad, have a habit by no means unknown in Britain—namely, that of asking twice the amount they expect to receive.

Such are the courtesies and attractions of Oriental business; nor does it greatly differ in either appearance or practice from that of ancient Europe. From the scattered and scanty observations left us by old authors, it appears that the shopkeepers of the classic world were in the habit of standing in their doors, extolling the quality and cheapness of their goods to the passer-by, swearing by Jupiter they had no profit on every article they sold, and placing their entire stock and premises under the protection of Mercury, the reputed god of thieves. Their mercantile accommodations in some respects corresponded to their habits. Even in Rome, when it was called the metropolis of the world, the richest shops were front apartments of small houses, the back-rooms of which the owner and his family inhabited; and the greater part of them were subdivisions of the ground-flats of houses belonging to the wealthier classes, from whom they were rented at no small valuation, as shops were reckoned among the sources of income by the nobility of Rome, and Cicero states in one of his letters that his had become so ruinous, as neither to be occupied by mice nor men. The earliest and best-preserved specimens of ancient shops were discovered by excavations made at Pompeii. The description of one of them, supposed to have been a cook's, is thus given by a writer on the subject:—'The whole front was entirely open, excepting in so far as it was occupied by a broad counter of masonry, into which were built four large jars of baked earth, their tops even with the surface of the counter; behind were two small rooms containing nothing of importance. The traces of a staircase indicate that there was an upper floor. At night the whole front was closed by shutters, sliding in grooves cut in the lintel and basement-wall before the counter and by the door. There was an oven at the end of the counter furthest from the street, and three steps on the left, which were presumed to support different sorts of vessels or measures for liquids.' Another of better description was of the same form; but the interior was gaily painted in blue panels, with red borders, and its counter was faced and covered with marble. The dimensions of the Pompeiian shops may be guessed from an inscription found among their ruins, which states that Julia Felix, probably a lady of rank, owned no less than nine hundred of them; and the excavators remarked that no entire house appeared occupied with business. In those times commerce was in every sense conducted on a low and limited scale, and the pursuit of it seems to have been regarded, as it is still in the East, a somewhat inferior calling. Neither Greece nor Rome could boast those merchants, princely in character and fortune, by whose enterprise and liberality the maritime kingdoms of Christendom have so largely benefited.

During the ninth and tenth centuries, when Europe was in a state of complete anarchy and barbarism, owing to the dissolution of Charlemagne's empire, the Mohammedan invasions from the East, and the continual incursions of the northern Sea-kings, the only remnants of commerce that existed were in the hands of the Lombards, a Gothic people, who, having settled in Northern Italy, hence called Lombardy, on the ruin of the Roman power, were, after centuries of possession, driven out by Charlemagne for making war against the Pope; and being of the Arian faith, none of the Catholic princes would allow them to settle on their lands. The Lombards therefore betook themselves to traffic; and their style of conducting it was highly characteristic of the period. Their shops, or rather warehouses, were situated in the most solitary parts of Flanders and Lower Germany, built in the fortress fashion, with donjon keep and battlements, surrounded by a moat, which could be filled or emptied at pleasure by means of sluices; but there was no drawbridge allowed, all goods and customers being drawn up by a basket and pulley to the main entrance, a narrow stone-cased door about half way up in the building. Here the merchants lived in a kind of monastic society, bound by the strictest vows of celibacy and secrecy regarding the mysteries of their trade, and venturing forth only in well-armed companies—the military exercises being part of their daily avocations—for the purchase and transfer of goods from distant cities; on which occasions

Digitized by Google

they were attended by troops of archers, kept in constant pay for that purpose, but never allowed to enter the fortress. When customers arrived, they were obliged to sound a trumpet, which was answered by the warder, who kept watch on the battlements night and day; when, if it was thought advisable, the basket was lowered, and they were drawn up, man by man, except in times of more than ordinary danger, when samples of the goods were let down to them, and the merchants arranged matters with them from one of the loopholes. It is doubtful if shopkeeping on this principle would pay in our generation; but we live in better times. A fine contrast to it was presented by the Alpine shops of Switzerland about a century ago: they consisted of lonely huts, built at the entrance of the principal mountain-passes, the door secured by a latch from the depredations of the wolf, and the low-latticed window revealing to the passing traveller cheese, bread, coarse cloths, and almost every article his necessity could require, each with the price marked upon it, which he was expected to deposit in the money-box standing hard by, there being neither salesman nor book-keeper; in fact, not an individual within leagues of the solitary shop, the shepherd who had thus risked his little all coming once a month from the heights where his flock remained for the summer, to count and carry off his profits. The ideas from which such arrangements grew were worthy of the Golden Age; but the mountain-shops have long disappeared since steamers began to go up the Rhone and across Lake Leman; it is even said that fashionable hotels in many instances occupy their places.

There is perhaps no foil to the pomp of London shops so complete as the Kassina of Morocco. It is a part of the town where stuffs and other articles are exposed for sale, and is composed of a number of small shops formed in the walls of the houses, about a yard from the ground, and of such a height within, as just to admit of a man's sitting cross-legged. The goods and drawers are so arranged, that he reaches every article without, and serves his customers as they stand in the street. These shops, which are found in all the towns of the empire, afford a striking example of the indolence of the Moors. Here people resort as to an Exchange in Europe—to transact business and hear news; and independent gentlemen often hire one of these shops, and pass the mornings in it for their amusement.

Still simpler are the accommodations for business in more distant African cities: the capital of Abyssinia does not contain a single shop, the place of traffic being a great plain in the vicinity, to which the merchants proceed, each accompanied by a slave laden with goods, while the master carries an umbrella and a mat; on reaching a convenient spot the mat is spread, the goods arranged upon it, the slave holds the umbrella over his master, and the shop is opened for the day, to be as quickly closed in the evening.

To return nearer home: the mountainous districts on the north-west of Ireland have yet shops whose primitive simplicity rivals the scenes of African commerce: a cabin, situated on some wild hill-side, or where a by-way leads across a lonely bog, built of the native peat-moss, thatched with rushes, and having a large turf or piece of dry sod suspended over the entrance by way of sign, which indicates that milk, coarse provisions of all sorts, and occasionally malt spirits of illicit distillation, may be bought within. Of course the stock in trade of such warehouses is rather limited; but they have one convenience unknown to more splendid fabrics—that of being removed, premises and all, in the course of a forenoon, which is sometimes effected on account of the wind blowing too keenly in the ever-open door.

History affords no evidence that English shops were ever constructed on this free-and-easy principle; but from the allusions and illustrations of the period, it would appear that the majority of London shops in the reign of Edward IV. were crowded, dingy, and in many instances temporary concerns, closely resembling the old Luckenbooths described in 'The Traditions of Edinburgh:' their signs were in general one of the most conspicuous articles in which they dealt, suspended over the door or window, a custom also referred to in the above-mentioned work; yet some of the wealthier classes had painted signs even then, generally referring to some subject of Catholic legend, according to the spirit of the times; and their owners were accustomed to stand in their doors, dressed in velvet hats, long gowns of Kendal cloth, leathern girdles with a pouch at the left side, which was expected to answer the purpose of our modern till; and the shopkeeper's chief employment was to invite in all passengers, and advertise them of the quantity and quality of his goods.

Even so late as the reign of James I., we find that this task devolved on the apprentices; and Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' has chronicled their accustomed cry, 'What do you lack? What do you lack, gracious sir, beauteous madam?' which, addressed indiscriminately to the passers on a London street, would have a curious effect in our times; but changes have come over shopkeeping as well as other matters since then. May we not add, that our shopkeeping fashions, in other words, our trading operations, are the basis of our country's prosperity? There was a larger meaning than seems at first obvious in Sidney Smith's proposal to alter 'Britain rules the waves,' to 'Britain rules the shops;' and when Bonaparte stigmatised us as a nation of shopkeepers, he uttered a true though unintentional eulogium on our national skill and success in commerce, which, from the signs of the times, would seem appointed by Providence as one of the most efficient instruments in forwarding the progress and improvement of society.

LIBRARY STATISTICS.

An article in the August part of the 'Journal of the Statistical Society of London' gives a view of the principal public libraries in Europe and the United States. The information conveyed by its figures is curious and important; but not so, we think, as even a 'subsidiary element' (according to the compiler's notion) of the educational condition of the states referred to. The people have rarely anything to do, at least in a direct manner, with the national libraries: that of the British Museum, for instance, existing solely for the benefit of the few scores of literary persons in London who resort to it. In like manner, the collections of pictures in the houses of our nobility and gentry give no indication of the state of art among the people; although the degree of liberality with which these galleries are exhibited may influence to some little extent the progress of popular taste.

England is not famous for liberality either in literature or art. We debate eagerly about education, and vie with each other in the unreserve of our confession of its importance: but after all there is more cry than wool. Knowledge is admitted to be a great and universal good; but we guard its avenues with the most jealous restrictions. Even the common highway of the alphabet must be approached only on certain onerous conditions; and the libraries said to belong to the nation are carefully locked up from their owners. This inconsistence prevails less upon the continent, where, generally speaking, the people are permitted to look at the monuments they have reared, and the collections of art they have made, and to read the books they have purchased. All the national libraries of Paris, for instance, with the exception of that of the Arsenal, are lending libraries, and so likewise are those of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Dresden, Wolfenbuttel, Milan, Naples, Brussels, the Hague, and Parma. Besides the great public libraries of the capital, there are public libraries of considerable extent in most of the large provincial towns in France, and to these valuable works are occasionally sent at the expense of the nation. In our

Digitized by Google

own country there is nothing of this sort, if we exclude a few favoured libraries; and what is even the favour in this latter case but the liberty of robbing publishers of their property? Fortunately, the public as individuals does that which the public in its corporate capacity makes a point of neglecting. Throughout the British islands there are hundreds of large libraries supported by subscription, and from these, as well as from libraries of lesser size, there issue more copious streams of knowledge than are poured from perhaps all the great national libraries of Europe put together.

Proceeding to the statement before us, it appears that the number of libraries in Europe, either open to the public or deriving their support from the public, is 383, of which '107 are in France, 41 in the Austrian states and in the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice, 30 in the Prussian states, 28 in Great Britain and Ireland (including Malta), 17 in Spain, 15 in the Papal states, 14 in Belgium, 13 in Switzerland, 12 in the Russian empire, 11 in Bavaria, 9 in Tuscany, 9 in Sardinia, 8 in Sweden, 7 in Naples, 7 in Portugal, 5 in Holland, 5 in Denmark, 5 in Saxony, 4 in Baden, 4 in Hesse, 3 in Wirtemberg, and 3 in Hanover.'

The magnitude of these libraries is by no means in proportion to the size of the towns that contain them, or the wealth or importance of the countries to which they belong. In Great Britain and Ireland, for instance, there are 43 volumes to every 100 inhabitants of the towns that contain the books, while in Russia there are 80 to every 100. In Spain, to every 100 there are 106; 'in France, 125; in the Austrian empire, 159; in the Prussian states, 196; in Parma, 204; in Mecklenburg, 238; in Hesse, 256; in the Papal states, 266; in Nassau, 267; in Tuscany, 268; in Modena, 333; in Switzerland, 340; in Bavaria, 347; in Saxony, 377; in Saxe-Meiningen, 400; in Denmark, 412; in Baden, 480; in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 551; in Hesse-Darmstadt, 660; in Wirtemberg, 716; in Saxe-Weimar, 881; in Hanover, 972; in Oldenburg, 1078; and in Brunswick, 2353 volumes.' These are curious proportions; and if the magnitude of a public library were really any indication of the educational condition of the country, we should have to conclude that Russia was twice, and Brunswick fifty-five times, better educated than England.

If we restrict our view to the libraries in the *capitals*, we find our own place still lower in the scale. London has only 20 volumes to every 100 inhabitants, while Brussels has 100, Petersburg 108, Paris 143, Madrid 153, Berlin 162, Rome 306, Copenhagen 465, Munich 750, and Weimar 803. Thus the little city of Weimar is forty times better provided with books than the great Babylon of the modern world.

The number of public libraries in Europe exceeding 10,000 volumes in amount, is 383, and the aggregate number of volumes in all these libraries is 20,012,735. The following are the libraries, with the number of their volumes, in the capital cities:—

1.	Paris (1), National Library,	800,000 vols.
2.	Munich, Royal Library,	600,000 ...
3.	Berlin, Royal Library,	470,000 ...
4.	Petersburg, Imperial Library,	446,000 ...
5.	Copenhagen, Royal Library,	410,000 ...
6.	London, British Museum Library,	350,000 ...
7.	Vienna, Imperial Library,	313,000 ...
8.	Dresden, Royal Library,	300,000 ...
9.	Madrid, National Library,	200,000 ...
10.	Wolfenbuttel, Ducal Library,	200,000 ...
11.	Paris (2), Arsenal Library,	180,000 ...
12.	Stuttgard, Royal Library,	174,000 ...
13.	Milan, Brera Library,	170,000 ...
14.	Paris (3), St Genevieve Library,	150,000 ...
15.	Darmstadt, Grand-Ducal Library,	150,000 ...
16.	Florence, Magliabecchian,	150,000 ...
17.	Naples, Royal Library,	150,000 ...
18.	Brussels, Royal Library,	133,500 ...
19.	Rome (1), Casanate Library,	120,000 ...
20.	Hague, Royal Library,	100,000 ...
21.	Paris (4), Mazarine Library,	100,000 ...
22.	Rome (2), Vatican Library,	100,000 ...
23.	Parma, Ducal Library,	100,000 ...

From the general list of 383 libraries, we may extract the following notice of libraries in the United Kingdom:—The British Museum, as above, 350,000; Sion College, 27,000; King's College, Aberdeen, 20,000; Marischal College, Aberdeen, 12,000; Public Library, and New Public Library, Birmingham, 31,500; libraries in Cambridge, 230,000; libraries in Dublin, 139,000; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, 160,000; University Library, Edinburgh, 96,000; Library of Writers to the Signet, 50,000; University Library, Glasgow, 50,000; Hunterian Museum Library, 12,000; Cheetham Library, Manchester, 19,000; Bodleian Library, Oxford, 218,000; other libraries in Oxford, 153,000; St Andrew's University Library (now one of the best conducted libraries in Great Britain), 53,000.

In the United States of America there are eighty-one public libraries, having an aggregate of 955,000 volumes, a third of which are in the states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York.

No European public library is older than about the middle of the fifteenth century: that of Vienna has now been open to the public since the year 1575. The National Library of Paris was founded in 1595, but was not made public till 1737. A century before the latter date, it contained about 17,000 volumes; and in 1775, this had increased to 150,000. Then came the Revolution, which made it a general receptacle for the confiscated libraries of the convents and private individuals. Some of these, it is true, were summarily disposed of 'for the service of the arsenals;' but even in this case the librarians had usually a right of selection; and the result appears in the fact, that this magnificent collection numbers to-day at least 800,000 volumes. The library of the British Museum was opened to the public in 1757, with 40,000 volumes, after having been founded four years. In 1800, it contained about 65,000 volumes; in 1836, 240,000; and at present it contains, as is stated, 350,000 volumes. The increase of this collection is mainly attributable to donations; one half of its entire contents having been presented or bequeathed. The Copenhagen library, on the contrary, which has increased in the space of a century from 65,000 to 410,000 volumes, has done so by means of *purchases* equally liberal and judicious. 410,000—374,000; purchase—donation; Denmark—England. What a curious parallel!

The average annual sums allotted to the support of the four chief libraries of Paris is L.23,555: a greatly smaller sum having sufficed, till two years ago, for the library of the British Museum. But since 1846, an increase of L.10,000 for the purchase of books has been made to our parliamentary grant, and the whole annual sum allotted to the service of the library is now L.26,552. We may thus hope to see our national library rise into a consequence more nearly corresponding than hitherto with the greatness of the country; since under the operation of the special grant, there are 30,000 volumes added every year to the collection. At the same time, in the name of the people generally, we cannot but object to the practice of confining grants of this nature to London. What is paid for by all should, in justice, as nearly as possible, be enjoyed by all.

THE MASONS OF PARIS.

Should you, when in Paris, desire to see the method of building one of those beautiful edifices with which the French capital is adorned, the best thing we can recommend is, that you should rise early in the morning and proceed to the spot where an edifice is in the course of erection. If early enough, you will see arriving from all quarters a band of workmen clad in a characteristic costume, of which the following is not an inaccurate description:—A loose-fitting blouse of blue or white for some, for others a jacket of coarse cloth; a pocket stuffed with tobacco, and a short pipe, generally of clay, knowingly carved about the bowl, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief with red squares; pantaloons of coarse

Digitized by Google

cloth or blue cotton; enormously heavy and solid shoes, but no stockings or socks: the costume is completed by a cap or bonnet of cloth stuff, the material of which you suspect rather than recognise under the dabs of diluted plaster and yellow clay produced by stone-sawing, with which it is liberally adorned.

The wearers of this uniform are the artisans employed upon the building, who come to commence the labours of the day. Previous to beginning work, according to an ancient custom, they adjourn to the nearest wine-shop, where a sip of some trifle prepares them, as they think, for encountering their dusty occupation. This ceremony over, they adjourn to the boarded enclosure, where the work is carried on. Apropos of these rough-boarded fences: if encroaching on the public thoroughfares, they are allowed to be put up only on paying at the rate of five francs a metre each month they stand. When, therefore, we feel disposed to revile these ugly timber barriers that interrupt the circulation for months together, we have at least the consolation of remembering that they contribute to the enormous budget of the city of Paris, which enables the municipality from time to time to accelerate the march of improvement. Thus the public are compensated for the inconvenience they endure.

As the clock strikes six, every man hastens to resume his work on the spot where he left off the night before. Some climb up the ladders, and continue the careful laying of the stone blocks; others prepare the mortar or the plaster on the spot. If there be sufficient space to saw and hew the stones at the foot of the building, you will hear the grinding of the saw and the sound of the mallet and chisel on all sides; if not, you will see the barrowmen arrive from the stone-cutters' yard, bringing the stone-blocks already prepared for laying. Each companion-mason has a labourer assigned to him, who is bound to execute his orders; these carry the mortar which they have prepared to the upper storeys, and also stones of moderate dimensions, and perform every possible service, necessary or not, which is required of them, in the hope of being one day, sooner or later, served in their turn.

This labourer or garçon mason has been, from time immemorial, the faithful servant of a master or companion, as the mood may prompt. Thus a mason, perched on the upper storey, will call his garçon; the garçon, quick as thought, clambers up five or six ladders, leaps from scaffold to scaffold, from beam to beam. 'Now, my lad,' says the mason, 'go and look for my pipe!' and the victim descends with the prospect of another journey on equally important business. But when the term of his apprenticeship is expired, and he is a mason himself, he will have his garçon, who shall dance up and down in search of *his* pipe, or for a less sufficient reason, if he choose to make him.

If it were necessary in our day, when monarchs are confined by charters, constitutions, and representative chambers, to personify despotism, we could not choose a better example than the companion-mason, and we would add his garçon to the picture, as a living symbol of devotion and self-denial: we make use of the word mason, as the generic term under which all workmen in buildings are ordinarily classed; but the stone-cutter, the stone-setter, the plasterer, &c. have also their garçon or labourer.

The following is the value of the various workmen rated in current coin:—Stone-cutter, per day, four francs, four and a-half, and five francs; masons, stone-setters, &c. per day, three francs, three and a-half, and rarely four francs; garçons, barrowmen, and other labourers, per day, two francs, to two and a-half.

At taskwork, as labour is always rated at a higher value than time, a good workman can wonderfully augment his salary, earning from seven to eight francs a day. The stone-cutters generally work task-work. To counteract the too indulgent dispositions, the contractor keeps upon the premises a superintendent, with the title of master-companion mason, charged with entire authority over the workmen. It is he who rebukes the idle, fines the late-comers, and registers the absent; he runs from room to room, sees that every hand is properly employed, and, in case of need, gives his counsel and personal assistance; and his services and advice are so much the more necessary, as every workman, upon meeting with a difficulty that seems to him insoluble, folds his arms peaceably, and waits till Providence or the master-companion comes to his assistance. The importance of this personage and his function it is easy to comprehend, as well as the care and caution the contractor should exercise in his appointment. It is necessary that he should not only be active and intelligent, but, what is more, incorruptible, and courageously proof against the too often irresistible arguments of the wine-seller. All these precious qualities are usually estimated at the price of from 180 to 200 francs a month by the contractor, who retains his services throughout the entire year, notwithstanding any lengthened cessation of labour through the occurrence of frost and wintry weather.

While we have been wandering through the building, and stumbling here and there among the poles and scaffolding, the time has flown—it is nine o'clock: at the first stroke of the bell everything stands still; and all rush away to breakfast. Let us see what kind of a thing is a French workman's breakfast. It is neither the meal porridge of the Scotch nor the tea and toast of the English. While the labourers eat modestly, in the open air, the morsel of pork, or the lump of sour cheese, together with huge wedges from the enormous loaf, which you cannot have failed to remark tucked under their arms upon their arrival at the scene of their operations, the companion-masons resort to the nearest wine-seller, who has prepared them an ample breakfast of their favourite soup, a kind of vegetable pottage, flanked with fried potatoes and other roots, among which the carrot ranks as a conspicuous delicacy—the bread, brought by the workmen themselves, forming the solid portion of the meal. The whole is qualified with a quantity of cheap light wine; and, last of all, a pipe. At ten o'clock all resume their work until two, when the soup and ceremony of the morning are repeated, and the day terminates at six in the evening.

The companion-masons, as well as the labourers, inhabit all quarters of the town, but appear to give a decided preference to the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville, and the small dirty and narrow streets and lanes which abut upon the municipal palace, where the cheapest lodgings are to be met with. They sometimes unite to form a chamber, assembling at the house of a letter of lodgings, who follows, besides, the profession of tavern-keeper, or restaurateur. This worthy provides daily, or rather nightly, suppers for the workmen, and even gives credit to those out of employment whose characters are good.

The general rendezvous of the companion-masons is at the Place de Grève. From five o'clock in the morning they arrive there in crowds, some in search of work, others on the look-out for comrades; the *voleur* is also always there at that early hour; this functionary, so named from his keeping a list or enrolment of the parties wanting work, is engaged and paid by the body for the purpose of procuring employment for those in want of it; there also come the contractors to engage any number of workmen they may need. The carpenters and joiners frequent the Place de Grève as well as the masons; the locksmiths have chosen a domicile near the Pont-au-Change, where the wine-shop is an equally necessary appendage, an asylum, indeed, rarely deserted.

We have dwelt at some length upon the occupations of the masons, because it is only at the scene of their labours that their veritable physiognomy is perceptible. We ought now to say something of their pleasures: as we said before, these are of the calm and quiet sort, and on high days, consist chiefly in an extraordinary consumption of cold viands; giblet pies, more or less authentic; and salads furiously seasoned; and especially wine at six or eight sous a pint. The whole is varied by walks, of pure observation, to see the balls and dancing parties, the waltzes and polkas, which in every possible season are in full swing in the suburbs, and at the barriers of

Digitized by Google

the city. These scenes are not unfrequently attended with quarrels, in which the masons take a more active part; but the disposition to intermeddle and foment strife is unfortunately not peculiar to them, but shared alike by all the laborious classes of the French capital, so proud of its refinement in luxury and civilisation.

It is on fête days only that the mason makes any attempt at personal display; then he puts on his new blue coat with broad lappets, and bright metal buttons shining proudly in the sun; then he changes his heavy mud-coated shoes for boots, equally solid, but brilliant with blacking of the choicest polish: on these days of solemnity he brings forth his broad silver watch, the possession of which he more than intimates by a wide silk ribbon floating gallantly upon his waistcoat, and trinkets of glittering steel. The masons greatly enjoy their fêtes or holidays, the frolics on such occasions being to a certain extent tempered by religious observances. Besides these stated cessations from work, the masons enjoy certain occasional recreations connected with their professional labours. Two of these special festivities may be noticed—the 'crowning with flowers,' and the 'conduct of comrades.'

The last thing done to a house is to polish and ornament it with carvings outside, and these operations are performed by the more skilled craftsmen, who are suspended by ropes on purpose. When this nice work is completed, the building is finished. Now comes the ceremony of crowning. All the artisans employed club together, and buy an enormous branch of a tree bushy with leafage, which they bedeck with ornaments of flowers and ribbons; then one of their number, chosen by lot, ascends to the top of the house they have just built, and erects the resplendent bouquet. As soon as the body of workmen see the joyous signal waving proudly in the air, the favours streaming in the light breeze, and the foliage gently undulating over the summit of the house, the foundations of which they dug but a few months before, they raise their united voices in a shout of applause and gratulation. This ceremony accomplished, they take two other bouquets, more remarkable for their dimensions than the beauty of the flowers with which they are loaded, and repair to the residences of the proprietor and the contractor. These parties, in exchange for the verdant and odorous offering of the workmen, surrender a few five-franc pieces, in the expenditure of which the day is merrily concluded, without any regard for the fatigues of yesterday, or anxiety respecting the uncertainties of the morrow. The crowning with flowers, a modest and charming solemnity, typifying the exaltation of nature over the triumphs of art, is one of those happy traditions which are but too rarely met with among the various bodies of artisans.

The 'conduct of comrades' is a ceremony much more in vogue in the provinces than at Paris. It is a mark of esteem conferred upon a workman who is leaving them by his companions, who take this mode of testifying their friendly regard and respect. This benevolent demonstration is principally in usage among the workmen affiliated to some one or other of the societies of companionship. On the day of departure they assemble in great numbers, every one clad in his festal garb, and accompany their departing friend to a certain distance from the town he is leaving. One carries his staff, another his knapsack, and bottles and glasses are distributed among the rest; they proceed on their journey, gossipping, singing, and drinking until the moment of separation; then they drink a general bumper to the health and prosperity of the traveller, and separate. Quarrels are rare at these festivities; for independently of the natural good-humour of the French, they indulge for the most part only in very light wines, which raise the spirits, but do not intoxicate to an injurious degree. What a step towards temperance would be the general use of these wines, instead of beer or gin, among our working-classes in England!

As might be expected in the case of a profession which embraces a greater number of operatives than any other, its members are not supplied by any one particular district exclusively. It is not with them as with the water-carriers, who are mostly Auvergnats, or as with the charcoal-burners, who all originate in the calcined gorges of the Cantal. From the north as from the south of the kingdom, from the mountainous region of the Puy de Dôme, from Dauphiny or the level plains of Champagne, from Bourdeaux and from Lille, from the Pyrenees and from the Moselle, from La Creuse and the Upper Rhine, crowds of building operatives swarm regularly to the capital; and in the patois of the various races, as they gossip during the intervals of labour, you may recognise the sharp accent of Provence, the drawling pronuneiation of Lorraine, and the unintelligible idiom of Alsace. These various parties are not all easily satisfied: thus during the recent erection of the fortifications of Paris, a whole gang of masons, from Flanders, abandoned the works because the flavour of the Parisian beer was not to their liking; and a party of English labourers on the Rouen railway, sick of soup, soddened salads, and sour wine, recrossed the Channel in the avowed search of British beef and ale.

An immense number of German builders also find occupation in France; and sometimes their importation is so recent, that the least ignorant, or, if you will, the most learned among them, is obliged to act as interpreter for his fellow-countrymen. The workmen from La Creuse are also very numerous, and their peaceable and honest conduct has acquired for them an honourable reputation for morality. Picardy, Normandy, Dauphiny, and the department of Herault, supply excellent stone-cutters.

That class of workmen who spend their days in the laborious occupation of building the rough walls, are all exclusively natives of the neighbourhood of Limoges. They are bound inseparably together by a strong spirit of clanship, and practise a rigorous economy, which their enemies revile as avarice. During the times of the recess, which commences about the 20th of November, and lasts till the middle of March, they manage to regain, either singly or in small bodies, the country which gave them birth; there they carry the savings of the year, until at length, having accumulated enough to buy a small plot of ground, they return to their cherished country, to quit it no more, content with the humblest independence, because it is the welcome reward of their own industry.

In a country like France, where the police keep incessant watch, with such touching solicitude, over all the citizens, we may well suppose that they have neglected nothing that could tend to maintain order and submission among the vast body of building operatives, or even to enable them at any time to verify the conduct of each individual. Accordingly, we find that the administration has multiplied the regulations and ordinances affecting them from time to time, until at length it controls the operations of the companionships, fixes their itineraries, appoints their salaries, and allots the hours of labour throughout the year; lastly, it compels each man to keep a book, which is in some sort the account-current of his conduct and position as a workman; this book is an abridged memoir of the owner's existence, as well as his cash-book and ledger; in it he must inscribe the date of his engagements, the names of his employers, the sums which he receives, and, upon the first page, his own name, surname, profession, &c. according to the eternal formula. Though this *livret* is, for bad characters, a register of faults, and an act of perpetual accusation, for the honest, sober, peaceable, and industrious labourer it becomes a veritable book of gold, in which are inscribed his titles of nobility; honourable and just titles, inasmuch as they spring from the practice of intelligence, industry, and integrity.

We could mention more than one illustrious individual who, by active perseverance, have ascended from the inferior ranks to a high position, and who look not without pride upon the humble book which was the confidant of their former deprivation and fatigue; and we may well pardon that pride which glances with complacency from the calculation of a princely revenue to the soiled and tattered pages of the operative's work-book.

Digitized by Google

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

There are at present in England, Ireland, and Scotland, eight hundred and fifty temperance societies, with one million six hundred and forty thousand members. In the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, there are nine hundred and fifty temperance societies, with three hundred and seventy thousand members. In South America there are seventeen thousand persons who have signed the temperance pledge. In Germany there are fifteen hundred temperance societies, with one million three hundred thousand members. In Sweden and Norway there are five hundred and ten temperance societies, with one hundred and twenty thousand members. In the Sandwich Islands there are five thousand persons who have signed the pledge of total abstinence. At the Cape of Good Hope there are nine hundred pledged members. It is ascertained that upwards of seven thousand persons annually perish in Great Britain through accidents while drunk; and the loss to the working-classes alone, through drinking, appears to be annually five hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The enormous sum of four hundred and ninety millions of dollars was expended in Great Britain last year for intoxicating beverages, and five hundred and twenty millions of gallons of malt liquors were brewed last year in Great Britain. In the United States there are three thousand seven hundred and ten temperance societies, with two million six hundred and fifteen thousand members, which includes the Sons of Temperance. In Russia all temperance societies are strictly forbidden by the emperor. In Prussia, Austria, and Italy, there are no temperance societies. In France the temperance cause, although yet in its infancy, is greatly on the increase. The first temperance society in the world, so far as discovery is known, was formed in Germany on Christmas day in the year 1600.—*C. K. Dehaven of New York.*

IMPORTANCE OF FLANNEL NEXT THE SKIN.

It would be easy to adduce strong evidence in behalf of the value and importance of wearing flannel next the skin. 'Sir John Pringle,' says Dr Hodgkin, 'who accompanied our army into the north at the time of the Rebellion, relates that the health of the soldiers was greatly promoted by their wearing flannel waistcoats, with which they had been supplied on their march by some Society of Friends;' and Sir George Ballingall, in his lectures on military surgery, adduces the testimony of Sir James Macgrigor to the statement that, in the Peninsula, the best-clothed regiments were generally the most healthy; adding that, when in India, he witnessed a remarkable proof of the usefulness of flannel in checking the progress of the most aggravated form of dysentery, in the second battalion of the Royals. Captain Murray told Dr Combe that 'he was so strongly impressed, from former experience, with a sense of the efficacy of the protection afforded by the constant use of flannel, next the skin, that, when, on his arrival in England, in December 1823, after two years' service amid the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, the ship was ordered to sail immediately for the West Indies, he ordered the purser to draw two extra flannel shirts and pairs of drawers for each man, and instituted a regular daily inspection to see that they were worn. These precautions were followed by the happiest results. He proceeded to his station with a crew of 150 men; visited almost every island in the West Indies, and many of the ports of the Gulf of Mexico; and notwithstanding the sudden transition from extreme climates, returned to England without the loss of a single man, or having any sick on board on his arrival. It would be going too far to ascribe this excellent state of health solely to the use of flannel; but there can be little doubt that the latter was an important element in Captain Murray's success.'—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

TRUE BLUE.

Everybody has heard and made use of the phrase 'true blue;' but everybody does not know that its first assumption was by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken by the troops of Lesley and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the colour was one of those religious pedantries in which the Covenanters affected a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubabel, and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer, they decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses:—'Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a *ribband of blue*.'—Num. xv., 38.

GIVE PLACE, YE LADIES.

[A ballad copied in Collier's Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company: Date, 1566-7.]

Give place, you ladyes all,
Unto my mistresse faire,
For none of you, or great or small,
Can with my love compare.

If you would knowe her well,
You shall her nowe beholde,
If any tonge at all may tell
Her beautie[s] manyfolde.

She is not high ne lowe,
But just the perfect height,
Below my head, above my hart,
And then a wand more straight.

She is not full ne spare,
But just as she sholde bee,
An armfull for a god, I sweare;
And more—she loveth mee.

Her shape hath noe defect,
Or none that I can finde,
Such as in deede you might expect
From so well formde a minde.

Her skin not blacke, ne white,
But of a lovelie hew,
As if created for delight;
Yet she is moritall too.

Her haire is not to[o] darke,
No, nor I weene to[o] light:
It is what it sholde be; and marke—
It pleaseth me outright.

Her eies nor greene, nor gray,
Nor like the heavens above;
And more of them what needes I say,
But that they looke and love?

Her foote not short ne longe,
And what may more surprise,
Though some, perchance, may thinke me wrong,
'Tis just the fitting size.

Her hande, yea, then, her hande,
With fingers large or fine,
It is enough, you understand,
I like it—and 'tis mine.

In briefe, I am content
To take her as she is,
And holde that she by Heaven was sent
To make compleate my blisse.

Then ladyes, all give place
Unto my mistresse faire,
For nowe you knowe so well her grace,
You needes must all dispaire.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combination of burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found of the same materials.—*Scientific American.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 30 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 251. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848. Price 1½d.

GREAT MEN.

It is universally remarked that now-a-days there are no great men—no great statesmen, authors, artists, dramatic writers, orators, theologians, or philosophers. Everywhere we see but a lifeless mediocrity—cleverness, and sometimes brilliancy of acquirements—but no great depth, scarcely any towering genius, little courage or ability to soar to commanding heights. Where is there now any great scholar; where a Shakspeare, Milton, Scott; where a John Kemble; where a Newton; where anybody in the superlative? The days even of Bonapartes are gone! Ample scope is there for usurpation; but we look in vain for a Usurper! The Hour is come; but where is the Man?

This is exactly one of those subjects which admits of being treated *pro* and *con*. Much may be said on both sides, without any decided preponderance one way or another. In the first place, it will not escape observation that the alleged scarcity of great men is very much caused by a general advance throughout society. For one great writer in a period of literary darkness, we have now a hundred writers of ordinary, though no mean capacity, all actively exercising their pens. For one artist of inapproachable excellence, we have thousands who can at least please us with their productions. We have, to be sure, no Newton; but look at the multiplicity of minds turned to philosophic pursuits, each poring on the face of Nature, and occasionally disclosing new and interesting features. If no man towers over his fellows, it may be because all have to climb higher than the great men of former times did, in order to be conspicuous. Where discovery has been pushed to its limits, we cannot reasonably expect to have any more discoverers. There are mariners of as ardent temperament as Columbus, and as willing to encounter dangers, but in what direction can these longing geniuses go in quest of a new continent? In maritime discovery, as in many other fields, the work is pretty nearly done. America, the solar system, the principle of gravitation, the laws of chemical affinity, the balloon, the steam-engine, and a thousand other things, can be discovered only *once*. If physical science has not actually got to the end of its tether, all within the circuit of the tether has been gleaned so marvellously bare, that in these latter days we are left comparatively little to pick up. Lucky fellows those Newtons, Keplers, Columbuses, and Watts!

True in one sense; but let us not be led away by a prevalent tendency to exaggerate the glories of past times and despise the present. After making certain allowances as to the absence of such commanding intellects as that of Shakspeare—a man not for a day, 'but all time'—it may be fairly questioned if there ever was any period of the world's history which so abounded in men eminent for their talents, respectable for their aims and acquirements. For anything we can tell, the discoveries to be made by these men and their successors may be as grand as those of Newton, as useful as those of Watt. Great as has been our advance, we are to all appearance only on the threshold of knowledge. All things seem to prognosticate that in a century hence we shall be looked back to as pigmies in the arts—'gatherers of pebbles on the shore.' The discoveries, the inventions, the researches of the passing hour are all calculated to convince us that there yet remains a field of inquiry, which appears the more boundless as we advance. But, setting aside any such hypothesis, and taking matters only as they are, we would be inclined to speak of the present age as relatively anything but contemptible either in arts or learning. That the individuals who excel do not rise into a distinguished pre-eminence, is accounted for by the fact—a fact become proverbial—'that the world does not know its great men,' at least not till it has lost them. As no man is great to his valet-de-chambre, so no man is thought much of who may be seen any day walking in the public thoroughfares. It is only when he is dead and buried, and no longer takes a part in commonplace concerns, that his merits are understood and appreciated. Washington, in the midst of his mighty struggles, was aggrieved by a thousand detractions. Priestley, whom we are now in the habit of looking back to as a great man, was very far from being considered great while he lived. Chased from his home by a fanatical mob, and coldly sympathised with by men of learning, he died an exile from the country which was unworthy of him. It would be telling a twenty-times told tale to go over the histories of 'great authors' from Homer downwards, who were treated not in the handsomest manner while they were living and pouring forth their deathless effusions. Unfortunately for men who in some way distinguish themselves in literature, arts, philosophy, or statesmanship, they are usually judged of while in life not exclusively in reference to their services or labours, but to a large extent in subordination to professional and other jealousies, or in connection with sectarian and party views. In Great Britain, a native has much less chance of gaining celebrity for his discoveries in science, or his excellence in art, than a foreigner. Had Liebig been a professor in a London instead of a German university, he would scarcely have been listened to with the patience and respect he has been. We should not only have been too familiar with his name and person, but have been jealous of his reputation. It is a totally different thing when we have to investigate the pretensions of a man who lives a thousand miles off. He is then, as respects our own affairs, as good as dead, and is not likely to trouble us. One can make nothing

Digitized by Google

by condemning him, while it is quite safe to praise him: we can in his case afford to be magnanimously impartial. No man receives such numerous and cordial testimonials of his high claims to consideration, as he who is going to quit the scene of his labours. Enemies hasten to swear to him an everlasting friendship. Rivals weep bitter tears that they are to lose so great a luminary from their system. The wailings on such occasions are ever put to good interest. We all know how to be generous when the generosity places any object of desire the more surely within our reach.

But more than this: all have small prejudices to cherish, and it is not usual to speak with respect of a person who in anyway deranges the complacency of foregone conclusions. The outer world, in a state of happy innocence, imagines that the learned, so called, are worshippers at the shrine of Truth. Alas! how few are there who are not followers of idols. Each has his cherished fancy, which he feels bound to combat for in all circumstances; and wo to the man who audaciously brings distrust on his opinions! While motives so ungracious, independently of considerations of a sterner and less creditable nature, are permitted to influence the judgment, can we be surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which we ordinarily call 'great?'

If in the present age there be any peculiar impediment to the rise of great men, it may be said to consist in a widely-diffused taste for and habit of criticism, the occasional unjudging severity of which has unfortunately the effect of repressing talent unsupported by ambition. If there be no great statesmen, have the public generally laboured to raise men into power in whom they can place unqualified confidence? Perhaps the critics are more faulty than the criticised. In the United States, as we are informed, the more enlightened portion of the community, from a regard for their own feelings, take no part in politics, and studiously keep out of place. And in our own country, it is pretty obvious that on similar grounds the 'best men' systematically refuse to come forward as candidates of office. An upright man, with no selfish purpose in view, does not choose to expose himself to obloquy, or to have his services paid in public ingratitude. Thus a people may lose something by being too quick-sighted in detecting errors. A charitable consideration of human infirmities has more than Christian duty to recommend it: it is the soundest policy.

So much for the general influences which tend to repress the growth of 'great men.' Let it, however, again be remembered, that in very many instances the check on greatness is independent of external circumstances. No individual can expect to travel on the path to fame without getting rubs by the way. The more prominent a man becomes, the more is he exposed to challenge; and it would be well for him not to mistake the cavilings of the cunvulsa, or the morbid grumblings of the habitually discontented, for the expression of a healthful and general opinion. The satisfied say nothing: it is only the brawler and busy-body who make themselves heard. Besides—and here, perhaps, is the pith of the whole matter—do the great in skill and intellect always conduct themselves in a way to disarm jealousy and secure approbation? How frequently men of talent, yielding themselves up to the petty impulses of a restless temperament, are observed to destroy the reputation which admirers are willing to accord, and to which even enemies could not properly, for any length of time, present a feasible opposition. In such cases the would-be-great man is less judged of by his talents than his failings. Great in science, literature, or art, he is perhaps infirm in temper, sensual in indulgence, weak in resolution, imperfect in his moral sense. The world may be captious, neglectful; much grievous wrong may sometimes be a consequence of unworthy jealousies; but, on the whole, a man's chief enemy is himself. When Horace Vernet suffered the indignity of having his pictures refused admittance to an exhibition in the Louvre, did he fly into a passion, and go and kill himself as an ill-used man? No. Without muttering a word of complaint, he exhibited his productions elsewhere, and lived to be at the head of the French school of painting—a lesson worth taking by others besides artists. We repeat an advice formerly offered —NEVER COMPLAIN: the world flies from ill-used men. Go on, true soul! faint not in doing the work before thee; but do it *quietly*, and leave the rest to Him who overshadows us with the wings of his Providence! Remember that the small oppressions of coteries are but transient, and act with slight effect on the truly great—great in sentiment as well as intellect. We are each of us on trial, and if conscious of rectitude, need not fear the verdict of the tribunal. W. C.

THE SILVER MINE.

A YOUNG cavalier was riding down a street in the city of Mexico leading towards the Alameda, when his own name, pronounced in piteous accents, arrested his attention, and caused him to rein in his steed.

'Oh, Don Vicente, noble caballero, have pity on me, *por el amor de Dios*; for charity, good senor, save a poor Indian, who is innocent as a child unbaptised.'

The person who uttered this appeal was evidently, from his looks, his garb, and his speech, one of that unfortunate race who, originally lords of the Mexican soil, have been for centuries in reality, if not in name, the serfs of their Spanish conquerors. The cavalier could even distinguish by his pronunciation that he was an Indian of the Tarascan tribe, who differ in language, as well as in some traits of character, from the Aztecs, or proper Mexicans. His situation sufficiently accounted for the vehemence of his intreaty, since he was then in the clutches of two sturdy *alguazils*, or constables, who grasped him by the shoulders, and hurried him forward with the least possible regard to his personal comfort. They stopped, however, when Don Vicente turned his horse and rode towards them, saying, 'What is the matter, alguazils? Who is this man, and what has he done?'

To this question, put by a cavalier whose rich dress and high bearing bespoke his claims to attention, one of the alguazils replied with gruff civility that the sanguinary ruffian had just stabbed a white man, a water-carrier, in an adjoining street, and they were conveying him to the *acordada*, or city jail, to await his trial. The 'sanguinary ruffian,' who, by the way, was a small, simple-looking man, the very personification of pacific meekness, earnestly protested his innocence of the crime. He declared that he had merely stopped from curiosity to witness the progress of a game of *monte*, which was going on in the street; there were many other bystanders, some of whom were betting on the fortunes of the principal gamesters. At length, he said, a quarrel had arisen, though about what he did not exactly know. Then knives were drawn, and presently a man fell dead, stabbed to the heart. Some of the people ran away, and among them a *carbonero*, or coal-porter, a large, strong, black-bearded man, who, he believed, was the real culprit. As for himself, he waited to see what would be done with the dead man; and when the police came up, to his amazement two or three of those present, and whom he had seen talking with the carbonero, had pointed him out as the guilty person; and that was all he knew about it.

'But, *hombres*,' said the cavalier to the officers, 'this Indian carries no knife. How could he have stabbed the man?'

'Oh sir,' replied the oldest alguazil, 'that is the very proof of his guilt. The murdered man was stabbed with his own knife, drawn out of his belt before he had any warning of the intention. It is a piece of true Indian craft and villany.'

'Do not believe it, noble Don Vicente,' exclaimed the Indian. 'Why should I murder a man whom I

Digitized by Google

never saw before? I, a poor labourer from Zitacuaro, who came to the city yesterday for the first time in my life.'

'Zitacuaro, did you say?' asked the young man, looking earnestly at the Indian. 'It seems to me that I have seen your face before? How does it happen that you know my name?'

'Oh, Don Vicente,' replied the Indian, 'I have seen you many times, when you have ridden by the village where I live to the *hacienda* of Loyzaga.'

The young cavalier blushed at this reply, and then answered with a smile—'It is very possible; and for the sake of that recollection, I will not quit you until I have made further inquiry into this strange matter. My worthy friends,' he said to the alguazils, 'as your time is valuable, and the proverb says that justice must have the wherewithal to subsist, you will not refuse me the favour of dividing this doubloon between you. And now, oblige me by returning with your prisoner to the spot where the murder took place.'

The officers did not hesitate to obey a command so agreeably enforced, and immediately led the way back to the place in question. A number of men of the lower classes were still collected about it, pursuing their various occupations and amusements of gambling, gossipping, or chaffering, as calmly as though nothing of importance had taken place among them. Some sensation, however, was created by the return of the alguazils with the Indian, followed by Don Vicente, especially when the latter rode into the midst of the group, and inquired for the witnesses to the fight and the homicide. It soon appeared that though almost all had been spectators of the quarrel, very few had actually seen the man killed. Of those who had before been loudest in asserting the guilt of the Indian, the greater number now held their tongues, or disavowed any positive knowledge of the fact. Two only, both of whom were carboneros, stood out stoutly for the truth of their former testimony; and although Vicente had little doubt that the accusation was a villanous plot, concocted to screen the real criminal by the sacrifice of a despised and friendless Indian, yet as he had no means of proving the innocence of the latter, he was obliged to allow the alguazils to convey him to the prison. He promised the poor fellow, however, that he should not be forgotten; and with this assurance Paquo Tornes—for such, it appeared, was his name—suffered himself to be led quietly away without another word of remonstrance.

Don Vicente was much annoyed to find that, while he was engaged in this act of benevolence, the time had slipped by during which he should have been upon the Alameda. Any one, indeed, could have seen at a glance that the handsome young cavalier was equipped for an appearance on that rendezvous of the Mexican *beau monde*. His wide-brimmed gold-laced hat, his embroidered jacket, trimmed with costly fur, his Guadalagara boots of stamped leather, his enormous silver spurs, of more than a pound weight each, his superb *manga*, or riding-mantle, thrown over the front of his silver-plated saddle, the *anquera*, or housings, of stamped leather, fringed with silver, which nearly covered his horse, were all in the highest style of the native fashion. It was now with some mortification that he beheld several of his acquaintances returning from their accustomed ride, and was greeted by them with inquiries as to the cause of his non-appearance. It is but fair to say, however, that his vexation had little or nothing to do with disappointed vanity, but originated in a feeling of a gentler nature. A particular carriage was expected to be seen that day on the Alameda, containing at least one pair of the brightest eyes in Mexico; and it was before this vehicle that Don Vicente Aldama had intended to make his handsome *brazeador*, or prancing steed, display its most graceful caracoles, in the hope, or, sooth to say, the assurance, of attracting an approving glance from the said sparkling orbs. His friends, indeed, did not fail to inform him that the carriage of the Conde de Loyzaga had passed three or four times up and down the Alameda; that the eyes of Donna Catalina had been seen lit as bright as ever, but roving about very uneasily; while the pretty face to which they belonged wore a very unusual expression of gravity and displeasure; all of which facts they related for his especial gratification. Don Vicente, however, did not consider the information in the least satisfactory, until it suddenly occurred to him that the incident which had detained him would form an excellent reason for a visit on the following morning, in order to request Donna Catalina's advice on the subject, and to solicit her interest with her father on behalf of the Indian; for the Count of Loyzaga was known to have great influence with the viceroy, the Marquis of Mendoza, who then governed Mexico. Congratulating himself on this bright idea, Don Vicente felt able to retort the raillery of his friends in a corresponding tone, and took his way homeward in joyous spirits.

Vicente Aldama was the descendant of a fortunate companion of Cortes, who had transmitted to his posterity large possessions in various parts of the new land which he had helped to conquer. The father of Vicente had been reckoned among the wealthiest proprietors of New Spain, at a time when the gentry of that country comprised the richest individuals in the world. But in one fatal night he lost, at the gambling festival of San Augustin, six of his seven great estates; and the next morning he was found dead in his room, with a pistol in his hand, and a bullet through his brain—a self-immolated victim to the evil divinity that has tempted so many to their ruin. This dreadful catastrophe had at least one good effect, as it gave to his son, then a youth of fifteen, a salutary horror of the gaming table, which he never afterwards approached. The income of his remaining hacienda was sufficient to enable him to live in handsome style both in the capital and at his country-house, between which, like most Mexican proprietors, he divided his time pretty equally. Now it happened that the estate of Don Vicente was situated at the easy visiting distance—as it is there considered—of about six leagues from the seat of the wealthy Conde de Loyzaga; and as the count had been a friend of his father, the young man was accustomed occasionally to ride over for the purpose of paying his respects to his noble neighbour. As he grew older, and better able to appreciate the lessons of wisdom and experience which flowed from the lips of the count, it was very natural, in the opinion of the latter, that the visits of the youth should become more and more frequent. The rest of the family, however, including Donna Catalina, the nobleman's bright-eyed daughter, ascribed these continual reappearances of Don Vicente to a very different cause of attraction. And even the count himself—conceited old fool as he was—began to have his suspicions.

This state of affairs will account for the anxiety and trepidation with which Don Vicente, on the day after the occurrence of the incident just related, presented himself at the stately town mansion of the count. The young lady, who was alone, received him with a cloud on her brow; but the shade of displeasure instantly passed away when her lover related the accident which had detained him from the Alameda on the previous day. Donna Catalina's interest in poor Paquo proved to be greater that he had anticipated. She thought she recollected the name, as belonging to one of the numerous labourers who were occasionally employed on her father's estate in the season of harvest; and with her sex's natural sensibility in the cause of the injured, she offered instantly to employ all her resources in his behalf.

'I do not think that we should apply to my father at once,' she said, 'until we have tried other means. He has an aversion to asking favours of the viceroy: they cost too much, you know,' she added with a smile. 'But an idea has just struck me respecting the evidence which, you say, is wanting. You men, Don Vicente,

Digitized by Google

always imagine that you have a monopoly of sense and ingenuity in such matters; but we will try for once what woman's wit can do. Go, my friend, to your lawyer, and ask his advice, while I make some inquiries in my own way. Do not be mortified if I succeed where you are both at fault.'

Although Vicente was somewhat puzzled by this speech, he felt that he could do no better than trust to Donna Catalina's quick intelligence, of which he had had many previous proofs, and he took his leave, very well contented with the position of his own affairs, as well as those of poor Paquo. Donna Catalina immediately ordered her carriage, and drove at once to the spot where the murder had taken place. Her 'woman's wit' had suggested to her that, in the case of a disturbance in the streets, the female inhabitants of the neighbouring houses would be very likely drawn to the upper windows or balconies, from whence they would have a good view of whatever took place below. A very few inquiries sufficed to prove the correctness of her supposition. In the third house which she entered, she found that the mistress—the wife of a respectable tradesman—with her two grown-up daughters and their maid-servant, had all witnessed the quarrel from its commencement to the end. They were certain that the murderer was not an Indian, but a tall, strong man, with a thick black beard, and dressed like a carbonero. A messenger, despatched without delay to Don Vicente, informed him of this satisfactory discovery; and the strength of his affection may be judged from the fact, that he was more pleased than mortified by this proof of his mistress's superior acuteness. With the aid of his lawyer, he at once took the necessary steps for procuring the liberation of the prisoner. The regular forms of Spanish law required a few days' delay before this could be effected; but at length the Indian was released, and, as Vicente soon learned, immediately left the city, without stopping to thank either of the benefactors to whose exertions he owed his escape. Vicente, however, was too well accustomed to the peculiar character and manners of the Indians to be much surprised at this omission. He felt assured that Paquo would almost as soon have faced a loaded cannon as have entered the mansion of a wealthy proprietor, or a great noble, for the purpose of making a formal speech to the master or mistress of it.

Of a very similar kind were the sensations of Vicente himself, a few days afterwards, when he approached the residence of the Count of Loyzaga, with the intention of making a solemn proposal—not to Donna Catalina, of whose sentiments he had before pretty well assured himself, but to her father, who, he had reason to fear, might not be found so propitious. The result proved that his presentiment was only too well founded. The old noble drew himself up with a degree of hauteur and pomposity unusual even in him, and expressed his wonder that a young man, whom he had always treated as a friend, should have imposed upon him so unpleasant a duty as that of declining his alliance. He had a great regard for Don Vicente, both for his father's sake and his own merits, but really—not to speak of the difference of rank, which yet ought to be considered—the disparity of fortune put such an alliance quite out of the question. Besides, he added with great stateliness, he had already nearly concluded a treaty for the marriage of his daughter with the son of the Marquis of San Gregorio, which connection he considered most eligible in every point of view. It would always give him pleasure to see Don Vicente Aldama, either in town or at his country seat, on the footing of a valued acquaintance; but really his young friend must himself see that his present proposals were very ill-considered and altogether inadmissible.

What reply could Vicente make to such a speech? Could he deny his own comparative poverty, or the immense wealth of the Marquis of San Gregorio, whose son, by the way, he knew to be a pleasant compound of sot, gambler, and fool? Could he remind the count that his own nobility was not of very ancient date, his grandfather having been a poor woodcutter, who had had the good luck to discover a silver mine, with the produce of which he bought his title and estates? Neither of these courses seemed to be exactly feasible; and poor Vicente could only make his bow (which he did with excessive stiffness) to the proud and selfish old noble, and take his way homeward in a state of mind approaching to desperation.

On reaching his house, he was surprised to find Paquo waiting in the entrance-hall, accompanied by another Indian, whose white hair and wrinkled face gave evidence of extreme age. Even in his present dejection, Vicente experienced a momentary pleasure at the sight of one whom he had befriended, and in whom Donna Catalina had taken an interest. This feeling of pleasure was all the reward which he either expected or desired for his charitable exertions.

'Well, Paquo,' he said, 'I am glad to see you here once more, and your father with you, to testify your gratitude. But you must not forget that the Lady Catalina is the person to whom you are most indebted.'

'This is not my father,' said the Indian, scratching his head, as though in some perplexity. 'He is—he is—my itzchingambaramaxtegui.'*

'What is all that?' asked Vicente laughing. 'You forget, Paquo, that I do not understand Tarascan.'

'It means,' replied the Indian, rubbing his brow in deep meditation; 'oh yes! it means that he is the brother-in-law of my wife's grandfather. He lives at Trinandu, near Esparza, in the mountains of the Sierra Madre.'

'Vaya, Paquo,' said Don Vicente gaily; 'you must be a very worthy man, if your relatives come from so great a distance to show their interest in you.'

'Yes,' replied Paquo with great simplicity; 'and my uncle is a very good man too, but he does not speak Castilian. He has brought something to show you, senor.'

Paquo then addressed a few words in Tarascan to the old Indian, who advanced and laid at Vicente's feet a bundle carefully tied up in a blue cotton cloth. When opened, it was found to be filled with lumps of a gray mineral substance. Vicente took up one of them, and after closely examining it, exclaimed in some surprise —'Why, hombre, this is silver ore of the very richest quality! From whence do you bring it? Is your uncle a miner?'

'No, senor,' replied the Indian; 'but this is the case: Many years before I was born, when my uncle here was a young man, he was travelling over the Sierra Madre. The night came on very cold, so he made a great fire, and lay down to sleep beside it; and in the morning, when he awoke, he saw in the ashes something shining. He looked and found that it was silver; and he knew that he had discovered a very rich mine. So he covered it up with earth and stones, and he came away and told his own family, and no one else; and since then, we have kept it secret till this day. Now we have brought the ore to you, senor, to show that the story is true; and if you will go with my uncle and me, we will point out the spot.' And here Paquo stopped short.

'You wish me to work the mine, I suppose,' said Vicente, 'and share the proceeds with you?'

Paquo did not at first precisely understand this question; but when he was made to comprehend it, he shook his head, and said gravely, 'What could we poor Indians do with a silver mine? But perhaps you will give us something to buy tobacco with, and some new clothes?'

'What will I not do for you, my good Paquo,' said Vicente with emotion, 'if your story proves true?'

The young man's voice trembled with excitement;

* The relater does not vouch for the literal correctness of this word; it is possible that a few syllables may have been omitted.

Digitized by Google

for the visions which now unfolded themselves before his mental sight almost dizzied and confused him by their brightness. He wrote a hasty note to Catalina, imploring her to defer her consent to any marriage which her father might propose for only a single month, by which time he had the strongest hopes of a most favourable change in his position. Then taking with him two or three armed attendants (for the roads of Mexico in those days were no safer than at present), and an experienced miner, he set out on horseback for the Sierra Madre, distant about forty leagues from the capital. A Mexican Indian can rarely be induced to mount a horse; and in this instance Paquo and his venerable relative preceded the party on foot, at the usual regular trot in which the natives make their journeys. Notwithstanding the great age of the elder Indian, he kept ahead of the horses all the way, without appearing in the least fatigued on their arrival at the mountains. The silver vein was found exactly as he had represented it, 'cropping out' at the surface of the ground; and the miner declared that there could hardly be a doubt of the abundance of the mineral wealth which it contained. Vicente took instant measures for claiming, or, as it is called in Mexico, 'denouncing' the newly-discovered mine, by laying an information before the proper tribunal, and commencing the necessary works for the extraction of the metal; this being all that is requisite in that country to give a complete property in any mine, without reference to the previous ownership of the land in which it is found.

In less than a month the miner's predictions were amply verified. By that time it was known all over Mexico that Vicente Aldama was working a 'clavo,' or deposit of ore, which had already produced him fifty thousand dollars. The Conde de Loyzaga, therefore, with a promptitude which did honour to his paternal sensibility, complied with his daughter's request, first to defer, and then to break off entirely, the treaty with the Marquis of San Gregorio. He still declared, however, that he could not think of giving his daughter's hand to any one under his own rank; and possibly this declaration was the remote cause of an announcement which, before the close of the year, created some interest, though not much surprise in the city—namely, that Vicente Aldama had just been created Count of Esparza: a title for which, it was said, he had given half a million of dollars; but probably to him, with a seemingly inexhaustible mine at his command, both the money and the title appeared of equally trifling value, compared with the greater treasure which they were the means of procuring him.

The traditional account from which the foregoing narrative has been derived does not enlighten us with respect to the subsequent history of the personages to whom it relates. All that is certainly known is, that the fortune of the Aldama family, or at least a large portion of it, has survived the revolution which has swept away their costly title, along with much other rubbish equally expensive and worthless.

THE IRISH INUNDATION.

Some notice was recently taken in this Journal of the influx of Irish into England;* but the Prison Inspector's Report on the Northern Districts, which has made its appearance since then, forces the subject upon us anew. In a country like England, already overstocked with labour, a large addition every year to the supply, beyond the natural movement of population, would be in itself a prodigious evil; but the addition in question is attended by circumstances that render it absolutely intolerable, and we feel that we should be neglecting our duty if we failed to make use of the peculiar opportunities we enjoy of access to the public, in calling attention to the subject.

* No. 249. Public Health Act.

At the time of the union between England and Scotland, the former was not an over-populated country; but still her supply of indigenous labour appeared to be quite great enough in proportion to her working capital. The intrusion of our countrymen, therefore, who naturally flocked to the richer field, was reckoned an insufferable hardship, and every means was adopted for compelling them to stay at home. This, as it turned out, was exceedingly fortunate for the 'beggarly Scots;' for a strong monarchical government controlling, and finally annihilating the feudal influences, left them, for the first time since their existence as a nation, sufficiently at peace to enable them to develop the resources of their own neglected wastes; and the result was, that in process of time the jealousies and animosities of the northerns and southerns died away, and the two countries became one in mutual interest and mutual respect.

Ireland is now, so far as natural means are concerned, far better adapted than Scotland was then for the support of a large population. Setting aside the superior capabilities of the soil for agricultural purposes, it possesses a dormant capital in mines and other resources, such as, if brought into activity, ought to raise the people to a high pitch of prosperity. The Arigna iron mines are supposed to be equal in value to any in England; they are surrounded by coal-fields of almost unlimited extent; and are close to the water-highways of Lough Allen and the Shannon. Elsewhere throughout the country are found, as well as iron, the ores of copper, gold, silver, lead, manganese, antimony, cobalt, zinc, nickel, chrome, and bismuth; together with immense beds of coal, and what has been found of as great importance for like purposes, bogs of turf, convertible into charcoal for smelting, and already used extensively in generating steam. The lakes and rivers of Ireland facilitate in a very remarkable manner the means of inland transport; and their *available* water-force is estimated at half a million horse-power.* Such is the country in which the mill-power actually in use amounts, including steam and water, only to 3650 horse-power; 'while all the rest,' as Mr Vereker observes, 'to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds, flows, like Pactolus, carrying its wealth into the sea.' Such is the country whose inhabitants flock over to England by thousands, to fling their labour into an already overloaded market, to inundate our workhouses, harbour in our jails, and spread the gangrene of crime and mendicancy in the bosom of our population.

We have no design at present to inquire into the nature of the fatality which drives the unhappy Irish to our reluctant shores. The position of the country, however, apart from its causes, has never been more clearly stated than by Mr Nicholls, the poor-law commissioner. 'Ireland,' says he, 'is now suffering under a circle of evils, producing and reproducing one another. Want of capital produces want of employment—want of employment, turbulence, want, and misery—turbulence and misery, insecurity—insecurity prevents the introduction and accumulation of capital, and so on; and until this circle is broken, the evils must continue, and probably augment.' In the meantime, the great majority of the natural capitalists—the landlords—sneak quietly out of the way, carrying with them the keys of the treasures we have enumerated,

* See Sir Robert Kane's 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' and 'Absenteeism Considered in its Economical and Social Effects;' the latter being a shilling's worth of striking facts and sound reasoning, by the Hon. John P. Vereker.

Digitized by Google

draining the soil, year by year, of its year's product, and spending in England, and other favoured lands, the money which, if laid out at home, would elevate their country to a par with the best of them. But our present business is not with the absentees, but with the inundation of pauper labourers, which the want of nerve, patriotism, and capacity of the landowners, throws upon our charity and our contempt.

In order to understand the conduct of the Irish of the pauper class abroad, we must remember their condition at home. They have never in their lives been their own masters: they have never fairly possessed even their miserable holdings; for their payments have, generally speaking, been merely instalments on a debt which hangs like a millstone round their necks: they have never acquired even the independence frequently given in England, by the voluntary acquittance of the landlord; for in Ireland the forgiveness of rent amounts only to the transference of the sum to the next year's account: they have never passed a year without starving and begging during a portion of it. Thus vagrancy with them is so regular, so absolute a necessity in the nature of things, as to be hardly considered a misfortune; and thus have they grown up from infancy, without pride, without self-respect, and, above all, without hope. When such persons find themselves in the comparatively wealthy towns of another country, they are indeed strangers—strangers in feelings and habits. They are drawn together by a natural attraction, and seek, as if by instinct, the darkest and dirtiest nooks in the place, where they remain, acting and reacting upon each other in mutual contamination. In such circumstances, even high wages can have no power to change their character. They spend the surplus in the lowest animal gratifications, and continue to burrow in filth and darkness as before. Such is the picture of the Irish in England, drawn by Mr Lewis, the poor-law commissioner, in his Report; but even in Australia they remain unchanged, crowding together in the back lanes of the towns, instead of pushing out, like other men, into the independence of the wilderness.

The effect of recent inundations of such visitors in Liverpool, as described in the thirteenth Report of Mr Frederick Hill, inspector of prisons, is appalling. The following is the evidence of the governor of the Borough Jail:—'The present number of prisoners is much greater than at any former period, during the seven years that I have been governor of this prison. The number began first to increase materially at the beginning of this year, but has increased most rapidly during the last three months. In the three months ending November 30, 1846, the whole number of committals was 2304, and the daily average number of prisoners was 583; but in the three months ending November 30, 1847, the number of committals was 2680, and the daily average number of prisoners 701; and the number of prisoners has now risen to nearly 800. The increase has been chiefly among prisoners committed for petty offences—particularly for vagrancy and pilfering—and has been almost entirely among the Irish. In the three months ending November 30, 1846, the number of Irish committed to the prison was 818, or about thirty-five per cent. of the whole number of prisoners; but in the three months just ended, the number of Irish was 1129, or forty-two per cent. of the whole number. Thus it appears that of 376 committals, the increase in the whole number of committals in the last three months, as compared with the three months ending November 30, 1846, 311 were of Irish prisoners. The increase in the number of men has been somewhat greater in proportion than among the women. It is well known that in some instances the Irish have committed offences with the express object of getting into prison. If to the number of prisoners coming direct from Ireland, those of Irish parentage (though born in England) be added, three-quarters [Mr Hill says one-half] of our prisoners are generally Irish. The proportion of Irish prisoners has been rapidly increasing for the last three years, and particularly during the year now closing. Three years ago, the number of prisoners in the year who were born in Ireland was 1439 out of 4932, or less than thirty per cent. of the whole number of prisoners; but last year it was 2680 out of 6769, or forty per cent. of the whole number. Thus out of a total increase in three years of 1837 prisoners, 1241 were Irish. The portion which the Irish form of the whole population of Liverpool is less than half their share of the criminality of the town; and this is not only the case with petty offences, but with serious offences also. The number of felonies last year committed in Liverpool by persons born in Ireland was 222; while the whole number committed by persons born in Lancashire was only 269, though there are more than three times as many people in Liverpool who were born in Lancashire as were born in Ireland. During the last three years, the number of felonies committed in Liverpool by Lancashire people was actually diminished, notwithstanding the increase in the population; but the felonies committed by the Irish have more than doubled, having increased from 108 in the year 1843-4, to 222 in the year 1846-7. The very names of the prisoners and their brogue show how many of them are Irish.'

To talk of the moral effect of a pestilence like this among the dense population of Liverpool would be a waste of words; but it may be worth while showing, on the same authority, the cost we are at in finding lodgings in prison for our visitors. 'The cost of the prison last year, exclusive of the interest of the capital expended in the building, was nearly L.10,000, of which forty per cent., or L.4000, must be considered as the expense falling on the borough of Liverpool for prisoners strictly Irish, not to speak of the great cost of the prosecution of these offenders, and of the expense of police in watching them. Owing to the insufficiency and bad construction of the present prison, a new prison is about to be erected, the cost of which is estimated at more than L.120,000. Of this great expense, forty per cent., or L.48,000, is caused by this same class of prisoners; or, including all prisoners of Irish parentage, three-quarters of the sum, or L.90,000, must be put down as the estimated expense to the borough of Liverpool of providing prison accommodation for Irish prisoners.' To have the pauperism of Ireland thrust upon us is bad enough, viewed economically; but this costly mass of crime *must*, we venture to say, be rejected, or else, as Mr Vereker suggests, the absentee landlords taxed to cover the amount. The late alteration in the law of settlement does not affect the evil in the new shape in which it appears. Perhaps the most disheartening feature of the whole case is the fact, that an English prison is considered by many of the Irish an agreeable alternative, as compared with a return to their own country. In the county prison at Salford, where more than a third of the prisoners were Irish, or of Irish parentage, an example of this occurred, according to the following evidence of the chaplain:—'There were five Irish in the prison, three men and two women, for refusing to give information respecting their places of settlement in Ireland, so as to enable the interrogating magistrates, if they thought fit, to order their removal to their own country. Two of them had been in the prison more than four months, two more than six months, and one seven months. I saw them all, and found that they were quite aware that they could at any time obtain their liberation from prison if they were willing to give the information required of them.'

We have no desire to enter into the question of races, now so commonly discussed; holding, as we do, that the Celt is as fully entitled as the Saxon to the good offices of his fellow-men in the attempt to change what is

Digitized by Google

objectionable in his character. It will be more to our present purpose to show, from the results of actual experiment, that the change as regards the Irish *at home* is not impossible nor even difficult; and to suggest as a corollary from what we are about to state, that the failures hitherto experienced may have been owing to the imprudent manner in which assistance has been rendered. The noble achievement of Lord George Hill,* in reclaiming not only the seemingly impracticable waste of Gweedore from a state of nature, but its miserable inhabitants from ignorance, poverty, idleness, and crime, proves our position of itself. The truth ought no longer to be minced. The long course of mismanagement of lands in Ireland is substantially the foundation of Ireland's misery and wrongs. The intolerable evil is not political; it is social. According to the original compact on which lands are held from the crown, the understanding surely is, that the party holding them shall do good service to the state. It never could be meant that private proprietorship should impart the privilege of covering the land with weeds, and rearing up hordes of human creatures in semi-starvation. And yet this has actually ensued over a large portion of Ireland. As things stand, the compact may be said to be broken; and it may very fairly be a question in what manner the state should interfere either to enforce allegiance to the tenure, or to recall a gift which has been so grossly abused. English capital waits but for an opportunity to pour itself into the lap of Ireland, and how disgraceful that this cure for so many evils should be indefinitely postponed, all through the existence of a pauperism for which common sense, not to say legal obligation, points out a remedy.

Above, we have alluded to Gweedore, and are happy to be able now to give publicity to another experiment of quite a different nature, but with a termination as favourable. This experiment, it is true, has been on a small scale, and in a mountain parish containing only between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants; but it affords much encouragement, as well as much instruction, to the philanthropist.

The Ring district, as it is called, is situated on the western side of the Bay of Dungarvan, and is inhabited by persons who derive their chief support from fishing. During the dreadful season of 1846-7, these poor creatures were in a far worse state of starvation than usual, having been compelled to part with their nets for food, and even to burn their oars for fuel. Their case was brought by the vicar of Ring before the Waterford Auxiliary Relief Committee of the Society of Friends; and that body determined to attempt something in their favour, not by means of charity, but in a way that was likely to educe and cultivate any dormant feelings of self-respect that might lurk in their nature. This plan was to give trifling *loans* on certain terms, and to distribute these loans according to character, not mere destitution. 'The loans, varying from 10s. to L.3, were to be expended solely for the repair of boats and providing fishing apparatus; and whilst provisions were high-priced, a small weekly allowance of meal, as sea store, was given gratis to each boat's crew for a short period. One month after the loan was made, repayment was to commence in weekly instalments of not less than sixpence in the pound. The sums thus received, it was announced, would be immediately re-lent to other parties, and the persons assisted were therefore encouraged to do their part in benefiting their neighbours, by paying in a greater sum than the stipulated amount whenever the week's fishing proved successful; and the expectant applicants exercised a salutary vigilance that there should be no undue remissness in the payments. In order still further to induce punctuality, and likewise to aid these miserably poor people, without compromising the feelings of independence and self-reliance, which the committee were most anxious to cherish, it was also stipulated that if the instalments of sixpence in the pound were regularly paid up for thirty weeks—that is, 15s. in the pound—the remaining 5s., or twenty-five per cent., would be remitted as a bonus; but any person getting four weeks into arrear would be disentitled to this allowance; and this arrangement has had a very beneficial effect.

'The sum originally lent was L.20; this was subsequently increased to L.50, which, with L.7 from the London Ladies' Association for Promoting Employment, L.6, 2s. 6d. the produce of clothing sold, and twenty barrels of meal, constituted the whole amount advanced. With this, and the repayments, 178 loans have been made; and the parties thus assisted have, it appears, besides (with little exception) regularly paying up their instalments, been able to maintain themselves and those dependent upon them—at a time, too, when, in the surrounding parishes, the poor-law guardians were overwhelmed with wretched objects imploring relief.'

Towards the close of last year, a deputation from the committee visited the district, and were much gratified by the 'happy countenances, *independent bearing, and consciousness of self-respect* apparent among the fishermen.' Being desirous of conferring some tokens of approbation, they distributed as prizes to the most punctual in their repayments a number of the warm, comfortable woollen shirts worn by sailors, called Guernsey frocks; and when the news was spread, it 'effected more than a score of processes emanating from a court of law.' In the Second Quarterly Report a very remarkable change of another kind is noted. The hamlets of the district were formerly so filthy, and contagious diseases so prevalent in them, that the Board of Health interfered with the most stringent measures. Its efforts, however, were unavailing. Nothing short of stopping their rations could induce the wretched inhabitants to use the lime and bricks that were supplied to them gratuitously. But all this is now at an end. A wish to please their benevolent visitors operates more strongly than legal constraint or the fear of death; 'their houses have been all newly thatched, and the whitened walls and neatly-sanded floors give an appearance of cleanliness and comfort to their humble dwellings.' Our readers, we are sure, will bear with us while we give one more quotation, taken from the Fourth Quarterly Report, dated in July last:—'I have much pleasure in stating, with reference to our Loan fund, that the people here are every day appreciating the value of it more and more, and, by their general good conduct and punctual payments, have convinced me that were such a course more generally adopted among this class of persons along the Irish coast, the benefits conferred would be inculculably great, for the small sums that we give are only intended to assist industry, not to foster or support idleness. And here I may mention a curious fact, for the accuracy of which I can vouch with confidence, that the parties on whom such loans have been conferred have prospered to such a degree in their different speculations, that they are all impressed with the idea that there is *some charm* in the "Friends' money;" and several persons whose circumstances disentitled them to any relief from our funds, have come to me soliciting a loan, saying that their boat required a sail or a new cable, and if I advanced them the price of it, they would repay me *immediately the full amount* advanced, without expecting to be allowed the usual abatement of twenty-five per cent. for regular payments; adding, that unless I complied with their request, *their crew would abandon them.* And how are we to account for this extraordinary success? How explain whence originated this strange impression among them, unless by attributing to industry, perseverance, and sobriety, what they ascribe to talismanic influence? for they know perfectly well, that to meet the weekly payments, they must labour constantly with diligence and assiduity, so as not to fall into arrear. They must also be temperate and correct in their general conduct, otherwise they forfeit all claim to further assistance; and hence the great mystery may be solved.'

* See Journal, No. 127.

Digitized by Google

It will be seen that in this case the good Quakers placed themselves in the natural position of the landlord, and by means of a very trifling outlay of money, operated an almost magical change on the character of the people—keeping the little settlement together, instead of permitting its inhabitants to drift away to Liverpool and other towns, and there sink from beggars into thieves. This latter process, be it observed, is the *consequence* of their wanderings; for in their own country, although offences against the person are numerous, those against property are comparatively rare. But we must likewise observe that the experiment in question applies only to individuals having some occupation independently of their land. We are not prepared to say that the loan system would be of any use to mere cultivators; for the abuses connected with land are so enormous, and of such long standing, that it seems hopeless to attempt any reform, unless of a more decided kind. In a separate publication the writer has given an anecdote bearing upon this point, which may be worth repeating here. It refers to the western coast, and to individuals who were able, in ordinary seasons, to extract a wretched living from their small holdings of land. 'A gentleman, as my informer told me, commiserating the condition of the people, who patiently endured the pangs of hunger, when the sea before them teemed with wholesome and delicious food, purchased a boat for the purpose of making an experiment. He invited some of the most destitute among them to accompany him to the fishing, promising, in return for their share of the labour, to give them a due share of what they caught. They refused to labour without wages; and after in vain endeavouring to make them comprehend that his offer was much better than the ordinary rate of payment, he added to the chance of the fishing a day's wages. On this they consented. The fishing was completely successful; and, in addition to supplying their families with abundance of excellent food, they made some money by selling what remained. This was all their benefactor wanted. His experiment had succeeded; for it had convinced the people that they were able, by their own industry, to make a comfortable and independent subsistence. "I lend you my boat," said he, "till you are able to purchase one for yourselves. Go, and make a good use of it. Be industrious, and be happy." "*But the day's wages?*" cried they. The day's wages! Argument was vain. They demanded a day's wages as before, and would not stir without. Their benefactor gave up his attempt in shame and sorrow, and the unhappy savages returned to their hunger and their despair.'

It will be remarked that even in this extreme case some little *management*, such as would have been practised by the Quakers, might have accomplished the object; and for ourselves, we believe, that if the gentleman, instead of employing them to *work*, had said, 'Hollo, boys, come and have a bit of sport!' he would have been followed eagerly by the whole community without fee or reward. But however this may be, the question still recurs as to the obligation of England to receive into her bosom the crime and beggary of a country whose fixed capital is hardly touched, and whose working capital is expended in stimulating the industry of other nations. We have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion that this is altogether wide of our duty, and that immediate steps should be taken to compel the Irish capitalists, great and small, to do theirs, either by imitating the Friends in person, and on the spot, or by forming a national fund for people of more courage, humanity, and patriotism to work with. We say that the absentees should be compelled; for the fact of their being absentees shows that they will do nothing without compulsion. The imposition of a special tax, in a case of this kind, would be hailed with delight by every man, woman, and child in Ireland; and by confining the Irish Inundation to their own shores, it would have a beneficial effect upon the character even of the absentees themselves, by relieving them from the withering and deadening sense of shame they must feel in walking our streets, and reading our daily records of beggary and crime.

A STEERAGE EMIGRANT'S JOURNAL FROM BRISTOL TO NEW YORK.

April 26.—Left Cumberland Basin at seven o'clock, and passing by the Hotwells, gave three cheers to the multitude on the shore, which was returned by the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. Reached Kingroad, and came to anchor at ten. Printed articles read by the captain. Rules nailed up to the mainmast: no swearing allowed on board; no smoking below deck; no lights after ten o'clock; and no steerage passenger to go aft of the mainmast.

27.—Got under weigh. Most of us busy unpacking: pots, kettles, frying-pans, and the like, begin to show out; and a certain disorder, called sea-sickness, begins to show its nose. Fine pickle below. Very poor appetite myself. Pipe my only solace.

29.—Little boiling, toasting, or frying this morning. All down except four of us. Cooks' galley free of access: the busy scene of cooking deferred till hungry appetites awake anew. A little doing in the gruel way. *Afternoon.*—More gruel in requisition.

30.—A poor little swallow picked up on the deck quite tired; by intreaties suffered to live. For dinner, partook of fried eggs and bacon; the first meal with a good appetite since on board. My provision-chest, lashed on deck, I scarcely dare open. I have apples, some good cheese, and butter; that is pretty generally known. 'Pray, sir, when are you going to open your chest? I hear you have some nice cheese; should like to beg a bit.' Another—'Have you any apples to spare? I hear yours is fine fruit.' A third—'How I should like to taste your bacon! I am told it is the best on board.' Many wet jackets to-day: much fun and pastime on board. I was soaked; but salt water, it is said, produces no cold. My pipe a cure for all. Now we go on gloriously, and are in the great and much-talked-of Atlantic. Most of the passengers alive again. A prayer-meeting held below, at which many engaged.

May 1.—In the course of this sail much tossing about; plates, dishes, and the like suffered wreck. Some alarm below: boxes and packages out of place; one tea-kettle, with hot water, showing off to the terror of some females; children crying; men busy replacing things. What a crowd! No place to call my own. Here is my corner, dark as one's pocket: four berths, with five inmates, close to my heels: in an angle sleeps the under-steward; then over me are two in a berth; then inside the partition, arm's-length from me, is the forecastle, where the sailors sleep. Two holes, cut for air, often admit water upon us, through the ship's heaving: and that is not all; here is the sailors' loud bawl changing watch, that dins in the ear, and jars and mars the little peace in shape of rest. Say nothing of being often heaved from side to side; and should the ship in the night take a fresh tack, then, to our discomfiture, heads are down and heels up. Then, after her bows, and next to us, is a farmer and his family. The old man is a Universalist and a preacher. His creed I hold not with, though his counsels often are savoury. His daughter is agreeable; she is my pudding-maker. Next to these folks is an angle with four berths, filled with two young men, a married couple, a married and single woman, and a married man. Then follows one side of the ship in double rows like a street and storehouses—that is, from the fore to the main hatch—glutted with boxes and other packages; the boundaries marked out by some cumbersome article placed there. Overhead, as if for safety, are suspended beef, hams, and the like, with caps, bonnets, and twenty other articles. The walking way is reduced to a narrow zig-

Digitized by Google

zag, ten inches at most. There lies somebody's bag to be trod on. 'Who has had my map?' 'Why, I just borrowed it; but my little boy has let it fall overboard.' Water-jars and pitchers, with a tea-kettle or two, often form a group, lashed together for safety; but the annoyance of the ship sometimes disturbs their repose in the night, and makes them cry out; and the sufferer has a nose, a lip, or a body broken, to the no small teaze of its owner.

2.—Passengers now pretty well; pots, kettles, and the like in requisition: two large fires and the cooks' galley all full and crowded. To prevent accidents, a chain runs across and over the grate; but sometimes this wont do: there's a see-saw, then a capsize, and a scald perhaps follows. Much fun and pastime on deck; three fiddles, and some dancing. A stiff breeze; ship began to roll, and we soon danced to another tune.

4.—Orders for a general cleaning below. All hands mustered on deck. Much bustle and clatter. Great scrubbing and fumigation; lost some beer and cider on the occasion. Opened my chest: oranges spoiled; bread ditto; and plumcake spoiling. Pipes, and a dance to wind up.

5.—Hard squalls. Few ventured up. With difficulty reached the cooks' galley to light my pipe. Crawling back, saw a female sitting near the capstan. A wave was coming, nearly mast-high; I saw it before me, but could not evade it: held fast: like a deluge it poured in upon us. I turned round to see what became of the poor woman. She was washed to the other side, much frightened, and quickly removed below. Several came up to view the scene; paid for peeping; another mountain-wave laid them as flat as flounders. Little cooking to-day. Much grumbling among the women. One poor man I *did* pity. His wife complained that she and the children were hungry, and they must have dinner. 'Here is the pan; come, go and cut some bacon, and I'll break some eggs in a basin.' 'Why, how unreasonable you are to suppose that I or any man can cook in this weather: I can't, nor wont. Give the children some bread and butter.' 'No I shan't; I will have some bacon fried; and I am sure you can do it if you like.' Obedient-like, loaded with ham, eggs, and bacon, he proceeded to do his best; but on his way to the fire he was arrested, washed down, and returned to his wife (who had prepared and laid out the little table) with the frying-pan only. 'There, I told you how it would be; but you would have your own way.' She looked mighty sulky, but said nothing. Did not escape myself: the cook had got me some lobscouse in a tin pot, and I went below, thinking to have a good supper: placed it on a box for a table, and had not left it a minute, to get my spoon, when the ship rolled, and turned my junket upside down. I was hungrily disappointed, and got laughed at into the bargain.

6.—Still squally. Busy scene in the cooks' galley. 'I say, who has taken my kettle?' 'I was here before you.' 'My pot shall go on; yours is hot.' 'I helped to light the fire, and will have my chance before you.' 'There's my wife out of patience; I can't make it boil if it wont.' In the middle of this squabbling in comes the water in hogsheads, and drowns out the whole. The old saying, 'There's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip,' often verified. You have your food within an inch of your mouth—comes a roll of the ship, and you are both off—the food one way, and you another. Sometimes, by way of security, I jammed myself between two boxes; but even this would not always do. Neighbours' tea-things suffered much; more borrowers than lenders; children crying; women scolding; men enjoying the joke.

10.—A shark passed us: bait thrown out, but no catch. Wedding on board: three bottles of brandy given away on the occasion. Began my second ham; very good, but no bread. Upset some soup that was given me. Job verily would have complained had he been here. A sheep killed; mutton ninepence per pound.

12.—On deck to light my pipe. Hard work to reach a fire. Coming therefrom, met a good ducking. Wished I could not smoke: should save many a wet jacket. Much providing. Some broth overdone; some not done enough; and some not likely to be done at all. Glad I am out of the cooking at all events. General promenade among the women. Invited out to tea.

17.—Potatoes short on board; spared two pecks; was paid 1s. 6d. Here comes a little fellow who has been well all the voyage, and can run the deck while all else are glad of a friendly rope. They tell me it is often so with children. Twelve o'clock—the sailors' happy hour. At the cry of 'Grog, ho!' from the steward, each man bottles a gill of rum; this, unless when there is extra allowance, is a day's quantum. For their food they have plenty of good boiled beef and pork every day; boiled peas and soup twice a-week; pudding once, and potatoes twice. Red herrings they call old soldiers, and chiefly eat them for breakfast.

20.—Bad news to-day: tobacco very scarce on board; my last morsel nearly in the pipe. This morning pastrook of some coffee-royal; which is brandy mixed in the boiling coffee, well sweetened. Butter sold on board at 1s. a pound; beer and cider 1s. a bottle; brandy 3s.; rum 2s.

22.—Spoke the 'Sisters' from Sunderland to St Johns. We were so near as to converse without the speaking-trumpet. To be an eye-witness, and close alongside of a ship in full sail, with every stitch of canvas out, was a real picture. In the afternoon the mate and four men in a boat sailed to an American fisherman about a mile off. Two bottles of rum and some pork were put on board, to exchange for cod fish. In about an hour they returned loaded. There was quite a rage on board for fresh fish, and the captain was willing enough to sell it. Frying-pans, pots, and the like in active requisition; all hands busy washing, cleaning, cutting up, dressing, or eating their fish: it was truly a bustling time. When they were satisfied, they began to recollect that it cost threepence a pound, and to complain that it was dear. Asked by several, 'Did not you buy any?' 'Thank you, no—I am not partial to fish, particularly when it costs threepence a pound.'

23.—Smoking out of fashion: good reason, no tobacco on board; a famine quite; a few pounds would be worth something just now.

24.—Fine weather; enjoyed my meals; but no tobacco.

26.—Very stormy; little doing; a solitary individual was seen holding on his kettle for boiling, at the risk of being swilled; got a complete turn upside down; much laughter as he crawled below. Found some tobacco unexpectedly; considerable pleasure therein.

June 2.—Good water scarce; much complaining; plenty in the hold, but not to be got at. Few pots boiling; long faces and short dinners. *Mem.*—Potatoes boiled in salt water with the rinds on; ate good; but had it pared—a secret worth knowing. Fresh meat and pudding good, boiled in half-salt water. *Half-past four.*—Land seen from the mast-head: much joy and rejoicing; drank my last bottle of beer; most of us had a peep through a glass. At ten, made out a beacon, and the sailors had an extra allowance of grog. At eleven, went below for a little rest; made up my bed for the last time, and wished for the morrow. Pleasant to find you have crossed the Atlantic without accident.

3.—Glorious morning! To the right is Long Island; to the left is Jersey State. What a fine country! Here at last is America. Yonder is Sandy Hook, with a lighthouse. What neat wooden cots by the water's edge! Observe those forests of trees, with a house here and there peeping through the foliage. The sight now before us compensates for all our toil and trouble; it is worth coming to see, if to return immediately back again. *Three o'clock.*—Reporter came on board for papers and clean bill of health; many questions asked

Digitized by Google

him; but the principal one was—'Had he or his man any tobacco?' 'No luck about the house,' and the disappointment great. He left us at four, hoisting up signals to telegraph our arrival. Thirty miles from New York, and reckoned the news would reach in nine minutes. *Six o'clock.*—Pilot stepped on board; numerous questions asked; tobacco not forgotten; and the negative proved a laugh against some of us. Shortly after the newsman came for letters, papers, &c.; but no tobacco. Names called over, and one dollar twenty cents each had to pay the captain for hospital money and custom dues: children same price.

4.—Up on deck by four in the morning. Arrived opposite Staten Island. What a number of windows the houses have! No tax, as in England. At seven, reached what is called the quarantine ground; can proceed no farther without being examined by the doctor. Two sail near us under quarantine: afraid we shall add to the proscribed list, for one of our cabin passengers is ill. Just saw the doctor, who says he will be well enough to pass. All right. *Eight o'clock.*—All hands ordered on deck: signal hoisted for the hospital doctor. Two men came on board; these were custom-house officers. Then the doctor. Each passenger's name was called over, and every one had to pass in review before him. Then all below was examined; and the ship being pronounced healthy, was permitted to pass. The passing and repassing of steamboats enliven the scene. Almost all are on deck: the women and children much diverted with seeing the fishes play.

5.—Most on board providing their last meal. Biscuits by wholesale trod under foot. My kit sold to the captain for two shillings and fourpence. Near upon half-past eleven our ship took her station at what is called Elephant Wharf. Carmen, visitors, and inquirers stepped on board; and at the end of forty days, once more I trod on *terra firma*, quite well, grown much stouter, and in full health during all the voyage. Repaired to an eating-house; dined off various dishes, including green peas, and paid a shilling. Considered this not a bad specimen of America, and looked forward to days of comfort.

FLUCTUATION OF MARRIAGES.

In the Eighth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, recently published, which contains a summary of the particulars relating to the births, marriages, and deaths in England that have been registered in 1845, we find an interesting paper upon the fluctuation which marriages have undergone during a period of ninety years—that is, from 1756, shortly after the Marriage Bill prohibiting clandestine marriages in England was passed, and since which time marriages have been registered.

During this period they have proceeded at fluctuating rates of increase or decrease, curiously and exactly in accordance with the apparent or real condition of prosperity or adversity of the country. As a general rule, the diminution or augmentation of the price of corn has been rapidly followed by an increase or lessening of their number, although occasionally other circumstances have intervened, exciting temporarily a greater effect upon the prospects of the country than that of the more abiding one produced by the price of provisions.

Notwithstanding the occasional fluctuations, the number of marriages, upon the whole, has gone on steadily increasing; so that while there were but 96,600 persons married in 1757, there were 287,486 in 1845—being as from 1 to 3. So, too, the average number married annually during the ten years 1756–65 was 112,549, and during the ten years 1837–46 it was 248,050; the latter—the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the former—being more than double the number of their ancestors.

After presenting the table of the annual number of marriages for the period alluded to, the Registrar enters into a detailed account of its various fluctuations, confronting these with a summary of the political, commercial, and fiscal conditions of the kingdom at the various periods in question. We may present a very abridged notice of a few of these fluctuations:—

1757–64.—Between 1757–61 the marriages rose twenty per cent.—being nearly as great an increase as in 1842–5. The price of food continued low, and the enthusiasm of the nation was roused by the spirit and success with which Chatham conducted the French war. The increase was especially large in the towns; and thus while in London 5823 were married in 1757, there were 9376 in 1763.

1782–7.—The rise at this time was rapid—from 126,142 to 152,896—being coincident with a fall in the price of wheat. Pitt became prime minister in 1783, and excited the hopes of the nation to the highest point by his delusive scheme of a sinking fund and his new treaty with France. Manufactures, too, flourished.

1788–92.—The number of married persons which had fallen again in 1788 to 140,064, rose, coincidently with a fall in corn, to 149,838 in 1792. Capital, which had been accumulating, was now directed into the rashest speculations in *canals*, to be followed by a terrible reaction in 1793, when the bankrupt list rose from its average of between 500 and 600 to 1300, and the number of persons married fell to 145,760, and to 143,594 in 1794. In the local histories of towns the differences might often be found explicable. Thus in Birmingham, in 1788–9, the numbers were 782 and 903; but in 1790–2 they fell to 649, 705, and 606, the town having sustained an immense reduction of its trade by the discontinuance of the use of shoe-buckles. The Registrar suggests that the depressed state of the population, which the marriage returns exhibit, may afford some explanation of the celebrated riots in 1792. Manchester, which was flourishing in 1790–2, returned 1122, 1301, and 1657 as the numbers married; but after the revulsion of 1793, these sunk to 1235.

1795–1803.—The marriages continued to diminish from 1793; and under the influence of the severe winter and dear bread of 1795, the numbers married were only 137,678, being almost exactly the same number as that registered twelve years back; but with the return of cheaper times they rose again higher than they had ever yet been in 1798 (158,954). This increase took place in spite of the immense war-burdens the country was charged with, and the extension of the poor-law to domiciliary relief; and was in part fostered by the great manufacturing improvements, and by Mr Pitt's extraordinary declaration in 1796—that a man had a claim to relief just in proportion to the numbers of his family, on the ground of having enriched his country with the greatest number of children. The numbers swallowed up by the war must, however, not be forgotten. The minister's hint was taken, and the baptisms rose from 247,218 to 262,837. The marriages, however, again fell off in 1799–1801 to 155,114, 139,702, and 134,576 persons; but again rose in 1803 to 188,788 persons, being a fluctuation of forty per cent., and the greatest on record. The years 1799–1800 were years of scarcity and high prices, wheat falling from 114s. the quarter in 1800, to 58s. in 1803.

1812–1815.—Remarkably little variation took place from 1804 (171,476) to 1811 (172,778); but the four years 1812–15 were years of great fluctuation—namely, 164,132, 167,720, 185,608, and 199,888: the price of wheat being in each respectively 129s., 112s., 76s., and 66s. In 1812, too, war with America had been declared, while in 1814–15 the Allies were in Paris.

1815–22.—Immediately after the war the numbers sank from 199,888 in 1815, to 183,892 in 1816, and 176,468 in 1817—the latter being years of deficient harvest, and gloom having taken possession of the public mind. But from that time the prospects of the country slowly and gradually improved; and the num-

Digitized by Google

ber of persons married also slowly augmented to 1821, when they amounted to 201,736—exceeding those of 1815 only by 1848. The price of corn was 66s. in 1815, 78s. in 1816, 98s. in 1817, and fell to 87s. in 1818; and to 76s., 68s., and 56s., in 1819–21.

1822–8.—Within this epoch falls the terrible year of speculation mania (1825), when, however, the number of marriages was not so great as might have been expected to be the case during the reign of the delusion. The mania was, in fact, chiefly confined to gambling in shares and loans, and was restricted to a comparatively small class of the community in towns, as contrasted with the recent railway mania, which gave employment and high wages to thousands upon thousands throughout the country. From 209,446, in 1824, the numbers rose to 220,856—wheat being at 69s. as compared with 64s. in 1824; and although in 1826 corn fell to 59s., the collapse of the excited hopes of the country was followed by a decrease of the persons married to 209,882; but by 1828 the numbers had more than recovered themselves (222,348).

1828–37.—In 1829 wheat rose from 60s. to 66s., and the numbers sank to 208,632. Trade had become depressed; riots occurred in the manufacturing districts; and during the next four years fluctuations occurred according to the progress of important political events then in action. In 1833 and 1834, cheapening of provisions and a great commercial development took place with a corresponding increase of the numbers.

In 1843 the numbers were 247,636, and increased in 1844 to 264,498, and in 1845 to 287,486.

The Registrar-General remarks, that the marriage returns indicate the periods of present or anticipated prosperity almost as distinctly as do the funds the hopes and fears of the money market. It appears, 1*st*, That marriages always increase at the termination of a period of war, when a great number of persons are discharged from active service with small pensions, and still more from the stimulus given to employment by the greater activity of trade and extension of commerce. Such increase took place at the Peace of Paris, the Peace of Amiens, and at the close of the last war. 2*d*, While wages have a limited range, the price of corn undergoes great variations; and, with few exceptions, marriages increase when corn is cheap, and decrease when dearth prevails. 3*d*, The establishment of new or extension of old employments, giving an increase of income to greater numbers, is always followed by a notable increase of marriages, as is seen in respect to the cotton manufacture, the canals of the last century, and the railways of the present. 4*th*, Increase of marriages accompanies the periodical epidemics of speculation which are witnessed in this country. 5*th*, 'The nation is sometimes extraordinarily sanguine. A statesman of genius, like Lord Chatham, at the head of affairs, produces the same confidence in a country as the presence of a Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington on an army. Great victories, the joy of peace, large financial or political measures, new discoveries in science, new applications of the powers of nature, the opening of kingdoms and continents to commerce, raise public feeling to a state of exaltation, long before the slightest improvement in the material condition of the population is realised by those measures that are likely to have ultimately that effect; and such periods are almost invariably accompanied by an increase of the number of marriages.'

The various causes influencing the increase or diminution of marriages differ in energy, and may be combined, or even opposed to each other. But after any extraordinary increase of their number, or any unusual consumption of the comforts, stimulants, or necessaries of life, a corresponding diminution is always found, testifying to the very uncertain description of that prosperity, immediately on the occurrence of which so many hasten to incur the additional responsibilities of the married state. 'Wealth may be suddenly destroyed, but a sudden creation of wealth is impossible, for it is the produce of skill and labour; and though skill moves *per saltum* in inventions, human labour advances slowly, as generation follows generation.' In the invariable decline of marriages following an increase of their numbers, they have never fallen back to the original numbers — population increasing faster than they. While the marriages increase in times of prosperity, it is a general rule that the proportion of marriages to the population decreases as the mortality decreases, and that marriage takes place later as life becomes longer.

A few interesting facts relating to the 143,743 marriages performed in England in 1845 may be added. Of these, 129,515 were performed according to the rites of the established church, and 14,228 not according to these rites—a proportion of nearly 9 to 1. About 18,000 licenses are granted by Doctors' Commons and country surrogates annually — yielding a revenue of at least L.36,000 per annum. There were 9997 marriages in registered places of worship other than churches; 3977 in superintendent-registrars' offices; 180 according to Jewish rites; and 74 between Quakers; 6287 men and 19,376 women were married under 21 years of age: of the men, 4·37 per cent. were minors, and 13·48 per cent. of the women; 18,176 (or 12·64 per cent.) of the men were widowers; 12,369 (or 8·60 per cent.) of the women widows; 47,665 (33·2 per cent.) of the men and 71,229 (or 49·6 per cent.) of the women signed the register with marks! 2 in 3 of the men, and only 1 in 2 of the women, wrote their names—and this in the middle of the nineteenth century!

How much is it to be regretted that, for want of proper marriage registers in Scotland, there can be no analysis of the above nature presented respecting that part of the United Kingdom!

THAT WHICH MONEY CANNOT BUY.

Mr Wakefield was the proprietor of the fine farm of Stoke in the county of Somerset, and passed for the richest yeoman in the neighbourhood. He began life as a small farmer, and everything succeeded with him: the wind which blighted the harvest of his neighbours seemed to pass harmless over *his* fields; the distemper which decimated *their* flocks spared *his;* whenever he wanted to buy, the prices were sure to lower in the market; and if he wished to sell, they generally rose as opportunely. In fact he was one of those spoiled children of fortune whose numbers in the lottery of life always draw a prize, and who can afford to begin an undertaking, just as we plant a slip of osier, leaving to the rain and sunshine the care of bringing it to maturity. Deceived by this continued career of good fortune, he had ended by glorying in his success, as if it had been but the due reward of his own industry. He himself attributed this easy conquest over every difficulty to the skilful employment of his money, to which he assigned all the wonderful powers with which the magic wand of fairies was in former days supposed to be endowed. In other respects, Mr Wakefield, jovial, friendly, and kind-hearted, had not contracted any of those vices which are too often the attendants of prosperity, but his self-importance made him now and then appear a little ridiculous. One morning, as he was busily employed superintending the masons and carpenters, who were employed in making some additions to his house, he was saluted, in passing, by one of his neighbours, an old retired schoolmaster, who had laboured hard in his vocation for forty years. Old Allan, as this personage was called, lived in a small house of rather mean appearance, in which he had dwelt for many years, happy in the respect which was felt for him by all his neighbours, on account of his excellent character, and thankful for the small share of this world's goods which had fallen to his lot.

The proprietor of Stoke warmly returned his salute, and exclaimed gaily, 'Well, neighbour, I suppose you are come to see my improvements: come in, friend, come in; one is always in want of a little advice from

Digitized by Google

such a philosopher as you.' This epithet of philosopher had been bestowed upon the old schoolmaster in the village partly from esteem, partly in *badinage*; it was, at the same time, a harmless criticism on his taste for 'wise saws and modern instances,' and a homage which was rendered by all to his cheerful temper and the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

The old man smiled good-humouredly at the summons thus addressed to him by the wealthy farmer, and pushing open the gate, entered his enclosure. Mr Wakefield then showed him, with the satisfied air of a proprietor, the new additions he was making to his already extensive buildings; by means of which he would now have an excellent lock-up coach-house, several spare rooms for his friends, and a small conservatory wherein his wife might indulge her taste for exotics.

'All this will cost a great deal,' said Mr Wakefield; 'but one must never regret the expenditure of money when it really adds to one's comfort.'

'You are in the right,' replied Allan: 'a man who has nothing to annoy him, is worth two discontented men any day.'

'Without reckoning, besides, that we shall gain in health by the change! And this reminds me, friend Allan—do you know that when I was passing your house yesterday an idea struck me all of a sudden?'

'That must happen to you more than once in a day, neighbour, I should suppose,' replied the schoolmaster with a smile.

'No, but, without joking,' resumed Wakefield, 'I have found out the reason of your suffering as you do from rheumatism: it is the fault of that row of poplars which masks your windows, and shuts out the air and light.'

'Yes,' replied the old man, 'at first they formed only a little leafy wall, which was refreshing to the sight, attracted the birds as a nesting place, and allowed a free course to the sun's cheering rays. I used mentally to bless my neighbours the Rengtons who had planted such a border to their garden; but since then, the wall has risen in height, and that which at first lent a charm and gaiety to the scene, is now transformed into a source of gloom and of discomfort. Thus is it too often in life—that which seems graceful and amusing in the child, is hateful and repelling in the man; but now the thing cannot be helped, so it is as well to make the best of it.'

'Cannot be helped!' exclaimed the farmer; 'and why not? Why should not the poplars be cut down?'

'To have a right to do that, one must buy them first,' objected the schoolmaster.

'Well, then, I will buy them,' said Mr Wakefield: 'I shall not regret the price, if your rheumatism will only leave you in peace.'

Old Allan expressed the warmest gratitude to the proprietor of Stoke; but the latter laughingly exclaimed, 'Do not thank me: I only do it to prove that money *is* good for something.'

'Say for a great deal,' replied Allan.

'*I* should say for everything!' rejoined Wakefield. The schoolmaster shook his head. 'Oh, I know your opinions, old philosopher,' continued the farmer; 'you look upon money with a sort of prejudice.'

'No,' replied Allan, 'I look upon it as an instrument, which may be powerful in our hands either for good or evil, according to the spirit in which we use it; but there are things in the world which do not bow before its rule.'

'And *I* say that it is the king of the world!' interrupted Wakefield; 'I say that it is the source of all our enjoyments in life, and that to escape from its influence, one must become an angel in Paradise.'

At this moment a letter was placed in his hand; he opened it, and had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he uttered an exclamation of joy, and exclaimed triumphantly, 'Here is another proof of what I have been saying: do you know what this letter contains?'

'Good news, I hope,' replied Allan.

'My nomination as justice of the peace.'

The schoolmaster offered his sincere congratulations to the proprietor of Stoke on his attainment of this little distinction, which he knew to have been long the object of his ambition, and which he felt that his friend justly merited.

'Merited!' repeated Wakefield; 'and can you venture to say in what respect I have merited it, my good neighbour? Is it because I am the cleverest man in the neighbourhood? My next neighbour, Mr Hodson, knows ten times more of the law than I do. Is it because I have rendered greater services to my neighbourhood than anybody else? Here is old Lawrence, who, by his courage and presence of mind, saved ever so many people from being burnt in the late conflagration, and who last year found out a means of curing the rot amongst the sheep. Is it because there is no other honest, right-minded man in the parish of Moreton? Are not you here, Father Allan—you who are old Honesty himself, dressed up in a coat and pantaloons? It must therefore be quite clear to you that I have received the appointment simply as the most influential man in the parish, and that I am the most influential, because I am the richest. Money, my friend, always money! A few minutes ago, I was proving to you that it could purchase health and comfortable ease: now you see how it procures me an honourable appointment which I wished for: to-morrow it will satisfy some new desire. You see, therefore, that the world is a great shop, whence everything is to be had for ready money.'

'Has Peter sold you his dog?' inquired the schoolmaster, waiting a decided answer.

Wakefield looked at him with a smile, and then slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah! you want to prove that my theory was at fault! You defied me to persuade Peter to give me up Growler for his weight in gold.'

'His weight in gold!' said the schoolmaster; 'that would be a great deal; but I know that the shepherd loves and values his dog as if he were his bosom friend.'

'Well, this bosom friend is now in my possession!' triumphantly rejoined the farmer. Allan started with surprise. 'Yes,' replied Wakefield, 'he has been mine since yesterday. Peter had signed a security for his sister: yesterday the bill fell due, and the money was not forthcoming: he came himself to offer to sell me Growler.'

'And the dog is here?'

'Yes, chained up in the inner yard, where he has been supplied with everything which constitutes the happiness of a dog—namely, a well-filled trencher, and a kennel comfortably lined with straw; but come and see for yourself.'

The farmer led the way into the yard, followed by the schoolmaster. They had no sooner entered it, however, than they descried the trencher upset, the chain broken, and the kennel empty. The dog had taken advantage of the night to break his chain, and to escape over the wall.

'Is it possible,' exclaimed the astonished farmer, 'he has actually made his escape?'

'To return to his old master,' observed Allan.

'And what on earth has he gone in quest of down there? What can he have wanted?'

'That which you could not purchase with him,' gently replied the old schoolmaster; 'even the sight of the man who nourished and cherished him until now! Your kennel was warmer, your provision more abundant, and your chain lighter than that of Peter; but in Peter were centered all his recollections, as well as his habits of attachment; and for the beast, as well as for the man, there are some things which can neither be bought nor sold. Money can purchase indeed almost every earthly good, except the one which lends its value to them all—*affection*. You are a wise man, my friend; do not forget the lesson which chance has thus taught you: remember, henceforth, that though one may in-

Digitized by Google

deed purchase the *dog* for money, one can only acquire his faithful attachment by tenderness and care.'

'Yes,' replied the farmer thoughtfully, 'I now see that there *is* something which money cannot buy.'

NATURAL LAW OF CLEANLINESS.

In these days of universal wash-house, bath, and scouring propensities, it may be amusing as well as interesting to learn what has been long since taught in the kingdom of nature by the silent but impressive method of example.

In endeavouring to illustrate our subject, we shall not enter into its minute details, but seek to glean the general truth from a variety of facts cursorily mentioned. Beginning even with inanimate nature, we find the lesson of cleanliness on her first page. Who that surveys the most ordinary landscape, unfitted perhaps to inspire the poet or awaken the imagination of the romancist, can point to any stain upon its smiling face, if the defiling contact of man be not manifest? The fresh raiment of the fields, the hard features of the rocks, the stream descending in clear, sparkling, laughing, tumbling waters, or stealing in slower measure through the plain; the spotless aspect of the driven snow, the smooth-laid surface of the sandy shore, the deep pellucid waters of the great ocean—these are all *clean*. There is no spot of filth to be seen in them, except when the purificatory process is actually going on. Then the heavens assume what we might perhaps consider a filthy aspect—the sky becomes clothed with sackcloth, the hills disappear in murky fogs, the mountain stream comes down in floods of mud, hurling along heaps of degraded materials; the sea casts up its mire and dirt, and at these times the law appears suspended; but, on the contrary, this is the very process itself by which the general result is obtained. In a little while all this seeming disorder ends, and the landscape only looks cleaner than ever when it is over. A vast practical benefit results from a chain of circumstances apparently so trifling as the gathering and discharging of a rain-cloud. All the impurities which a state of change necessarily entails are thus removed; not only is the face of the earth renewed, and the crowding vegetation which luxuriates upon its fertile bosom re-invigorated, but it is also washed *clean*, exposed afresh to atmospheric influences, while the gatherings of previous weeks are all swept down and deposited out of sight beneath the surface of the blue wave. Water thus appears the principal restorative of beauty to nature's countenance; but it is no doubt aided materially by winds, which scatter into the air the dust and other extraneous particles, which might and do collect upon the face of all natural objects.

We have a series of beautiful illustrations of the same attention to cleanliness of appearance in the vegetable kingdom, which, though in accordance with received usage we class them under inanimate nature, we conceive to have a just claim to a different position.* The provisions for cleanliness, however, are principally of the passive order. At first sight, one would be inclined to believe it almost impossible that a blade of grass, in immediate proximity as it is to a filthy soil, could be kept clean; the dirty splashings of a shower, or the down-pressing influence of a breeze, would suffice to take all the beauty out of an artificial grass-blade. How different the result! Pick a handful of the tender herb from the worst field, the very slushiest meadow, and it is found clean, fresh, shining, without a spot of dirt or any such thing, so that it looks as though it had but just left the hands of the Great Artificer. This result is principally due to the lustrous coat of silex with which the blade is provided, and the polished, glittering surface of which denies attachment to a spot of dirt. Grass, however, is by no means the only class of plants furnished with a similar provision, a glazed surface, evidently intended principally for this end. While meditating upon this subject, we have been much struck with a thought probably new in its application. Before our study stands a beautiful evergreen; here are leaves which were now just a year ago; clouds of dust have enveloped every artificial object exposed during the same period; but the leaves of this holly are as glossy and clean as though the creation of last week. Let the reader extend this remark, and remember how large a number of evergreen plants are apparently specially provided with highly-varnished surfaces for this very purpose, that the leaves, being peculiarly liable to become dirty, by reason of their long duration, may effectually resist the polluting influence of time. It is not forgotten that other ends may be in view also; but it is a well-known fact to the naturalist, that in the works of creation many effects are produced by a very limited number of causes. That this cleanliness of aspect is, however, due to something more than a nice disposition of surface, will appear when we reflect upon the utter impossibility of keeping any artificial substance, however highly polished, in a similar condition of cleanliness when exposed to similar dirt-disposing causes. Look at our window-panes, for instance: here is a surface which should resist filth, if that were all that is necessary; but a little time elapses, and while the evergreen leaves are ever fresh and shining, the reflected pane has become clouded with dirt. This effect is doubtless attributable to the cutaneous transpiration which is constantly taking place, and which loosens the attachment of dirt, so that the next shower washes all away, and the leaf is as glistening as ever. The velvety clothing of other plants contributes likewise to the same end; for dust will not, and water cannot, adhere to such a surface. Our beautiful and delicate companions the flowers are also furnished with a wax-like structure, by which means they are able to cast off the accidental pollutions of the ambient air. This effect is materially assisted by the position of the parts of the vegetable creature, such as the generally dependent curve of the leaf, the drooping of flowers; and at the period of their death, the dead portions drop, by a natural process, from the stem, fall to the earth, and are speedily hidden from view in the soil, from which, in a little while, they come not to be distinguished. Doubtless, also, the sober brown colour of the mould, as well as the generally subdued tone of every natural landscape, adds much to the clean and unsoiled aspect of the whole, by, as it is commonly called, hiding the unavoidable dirt. The opposite effect would have resulted had the ordinary colours of earth been similar to its extraordinary ones: what, for example, would have been the uncomfortable-looking condition of things if the earth had been bright-red, or yellow, or blue, in its ordinary tones? Things, however, have been differently ordered; and while we survey all nature, we may fully join in the expressions of Dr Macculloch, and say that it presents that 'universal book of cleanliness and neatness, which is as striking as if there was a hand perpetually employed in no other office, preserving an order which we cannot maintain in our possessions without constant labour.'

Few minds will be found, we believe, which will resist the evidence here adduced to the existence of a law of cleanliness in creation; but if we turn to the animal kingdom, the testimony becomes quite conclusive. Many precautions against dirt in this, as in the other division of nature, are *passive*. No one that looks upon the glittering corslet of a cockroach, inhabiting, as it does, the dusty cracks and crannies of our kitchen floors all night, and spotless as it is, can deny the conclusion, that there is an admirable proviso against filth in this insect. And the same may be said of the metallic-coated family of beetles, whose burnished backs repel alike the minutest speck of dirt or the heaviest pelterings of a summer shower; and the wing-covers of these beautiful insects are without doubt, while they

* *Vide* Indications of Vegetable Instinct, Journal, No. 136.

Digitized by Google

are the shields, also the dirt-repellers of the delicate gauze-like wings so artfully folded up beneath them. Again, in the same division of zoology, consider the down and hair-clothed insects; or those that are cased in the loveliest array of scales, as the butterflies; nothing defiling will stick here, and the unsoiled aspect of every such insect sufficiently testifies the perfection of the arrangement. The glossy surface of the hair of animals is a similar provision for a similar end; and the facility with which it repels water, man often recognises, and applies to his own purposes for coats, aprons, hats, or caps.

We probably judge rightly in supposing that the *active* demonstrations of cleanliness are the most interesting, and are likely to be the most impressive. The several means by which this is accomplished, supply us with the order in which we shall mention them. These are *combing*, *brushing*, *licking*, and *washing*, four divisions to which nearly all may, we think, be reduced. One of the commonest and most curious examples of combing, for the purposes of cleanliness, may be observed by closely watching a common garden spider. These insects are particularly exposed to dirt; the dust of the air, particles of their webs, or defilement from their prey, become entangled in the hairs of their legs, and would probably both materially add to the discomfort and to the disability of the insect for its active life, were they not removed. The wants of the creature have not been forgotten, and its mouth is furnished with serratures like the teeth of a comb. The insect puts its leg into its mouth, and gradually draws it through these teeth, so as entirely to comb off every particle of dust and dirt, which it then collects into a pellet, and carefully tosses away! In order that this operation may be thoroughly done, and no part of the leg escape, a little curved hook is added, which bends down over the edge of the comb, rendering the escape of any part of the leg impossible. When this self-cleaning operation is perfect, the insect with fresh strength betakes itself to its occupation. This curious fact appears long to have been unnoticed, and was first discovered by Mr Jesse, who mentions it in an interesting paper published at the Royal Institution. The bird well known as the fern-owl, or night-jar, has an instrument on purpose to effect this object, a real comb. One of its claws differs from all the rest in length, and in the remarkable fact of its being serrated or toothed like a comb; and such is the intention of the contrivance. It was long mistaken for an instrument with which to wound its prey. Other naturalists perceiving its resemblance to a comb, and considering the whiskers of the bird, conceived that it was intended to comb the bird's whiskers. But against this ingenious hypothesis it must unfortunately be mentioned, that some of the species possess the comb without the whiskers, in which case its function must be, on that supposition, unnecessary. The celebrated Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist of America, decided the question by finding in the 'whip-poor-will,' a bird belonging to the same group, and the inner edge of one of the claws of which is also pectinated, portions of down adhering to the teeth. He therefore very rationally concludes that this instrument is most 'probably employed as a comb to rid the plumage of the head of vermin, this being the principal, and almost the only part so infested in all birds.' In another portion of that splendid work, he mentions that the night-heron, or 'qua-bird,' possesses also a pectinated or comb-like claw, which has from thirty-five to forty teeth, and is used for a similar purpose to that in the last case mentioned.

Under the head of *combing* we are doubtless to include what is called the 'preening,' or, more correctly perhaps, the pruning of birds. Probably no creatures are more attentive to personal neatness than the generality of birds, and this they principally effect by embracing their feathers with the beak, then drawing the beak to the extremity, by which means all dirt and soil are speedily removed. In this healthy exercise it has been well said they have been 'commanded to delight,' for while it is a sanitary act, it is also one which seems to afford them great gratification. Were it not that this beautiful part of creation is always thus employed, what filthy objects would many become who have to seek their food in mud or in the earth! But, as Drayton has said, they are always

> 'Pruning their painted breasts:'

and thus, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, the lustre of the bird of paradise, or the snowy purity of the swan, is never to be seen dimmed by dust or defiled by mud. Still, under the division 'combing,' we may mention the most familiar example of all, the common blow-fly. Who that has watched the ludicrous care with which this insect attends to its personal appearance, has not been reminded of human actions. When we remember our own manœuvres with the clothes brush, and compare them with those of the fly dusting *his* jacket, the action has all the oddity of a caricature. How carefully he sweeps down the wings, and then his eyes and head, as if he were on the very point of presenting himself at court, or to the considerations of some fair friend! The microscope reveals his instrument. It consists of two rounded combs placed at the bottom of the foot, and consisting of two or three rows of teeth, somewhat like a curry-comb; and this contrivance perfectly removes all extraneous matters, so that the cleanly insect flies off a complete beau, if lustre and absence of dirt would constitute one.

Brushing is the next division. The bee gives us a good example in point. This unwearied insect, in her perpetual search for honey, has to penetrate many flowers, which abound in pollen or farina—the light delicate powder produced by the anthers of flowers. When she comes home, she looks quite an altered character, all dusty as she is with yellow pollen, so that she could scarcely be recognised as the modest brown insect which the morning saw depart from the hive. The principal cause of this is the hairyness of her body, the pollen particles sticking fast in the pile. The insect stops, and raising her hind-legs, which are set with thick hairs, she brushes every particle clean off; but as the pollen is valuable, she does not throw it away; on the contrary, she kneads it into little masses called bee-bread, and then enters the hive, having stowed it away in certain little pockets behind. Many spiders are provided with brushes of close-set hairs, which effect the same purpose; and the foot-cushions of the cat must be considered as instruments of similar intention. We are often presented with examples of *licking* as an operation of this kind. The cat takes incessant pleasure in it, and is very particular about her children too, whom she licks continually when they are young. Other animals have similar propensities, and hence arose the popular myth about the bear licking her cubs into shape, when she was, in fact, only giving them a maternal purification. Insects are equally fond of it, and repeatedly lick one another. By the same means they free their eggs or pupæ from dirt. Every one must also have witnessed again and again the scrupulous care with which many animals *wash* themselves. Birds are very fond of this practice, and perform the operation with a skill which evidently manifests that the instinct is heaven-taught. To get a mind-drawn picture of this feat, let the reader think of the manœuvres of a duck at a pond, or the more stately performance of a swan in a stream.

One of the most curious illustrations our subject admits of was discovered by the talented entomologist before-mentioned. It is a special apparatus for cleaning a very peculiar insect. At the bottom of a hole near an old tree Mr Rennie found a curious grub, which he had never seen before. Taking it home, with a few small snails found in the same place, and watching the creature, he found it employed in a very anomalous manner. Its tail was turned up, and bent over its back, and every now and then removed again. For some

Digitized by Google

time the object of the creature in this occupation was a complete mystery. At length the tail was examined, and the most singular apparatus was there found. In shape it was somewhat like a shaving brush: under the microscope it was found to consist of a double row of white cartilaginous rays, which were retractile at the will of the creature, like the horns of a snail. In the interspace was a funnel-shaped pocket, which turned out to be a sort of little dust-hole. Now this was its manner of operation: the tail was bent up over the back, and applied to any part of the insect's body; the creature then caused the rays to retract, so as to make the whole act somewhat like a boy's sucker, thus drawing off every particle of dust and dirt from its glossy skin. This done, they were stored up in the little pocket until it was quite full, and then the insect, by a vermicular motion of the same instrument, caused the collected matters to be expelled in the form of a little pellet, which it was careful to deposit out of the way.

Not only are animals commanded by the Author of their being to pay this regard to their personal cleanliness, but the homes of many among them are patterns of neatness and order. How often may we be amused at the diligence of the spider in keeping her net clear of the smallest particle of dirt! what lines will she not cut away and lay down again to secure this end! What a miracle of skill and neatness is a bird's nest, and how assiduously the parent birds remove every impurity from it! Even the proverbial filth-lovers, swine, are uncommonly particular in their homes; for it is well known that no creature is so anxious to have a clean and comfortable bed. And very probably the dirt-encasing gambols of these animals are to be excused on the score of an irritating cutaneous affliction, or are intended to resist the stings of insects. Let us hope, as we close this short article, that the lessons it is calculated to convey will not be forgotten. Let our poorer classes take just shame to themselves to be alone in their filth. While every domestic animal teaches wisdom, and while all creation exhibits the same pervading principle, will they be content to run the risk of opposing a plain precept of nature? Theirs is not all the blame, when we remember that even statesmen are only just alive to this oldest of all truths, coeval with the very institution of the present scheme. When it has been our lot to visit dirty habitations, and when we remembered the wide-spread lesson taught us in creation, often have Heber's words risen to recollection with a sigh, reminding us that

'Only man is vile.'

YOUR BUSINESS IS UNDER CONSIDERATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PETIT SENN OF GENEVA.

EVERY administration in the world—whether it be the executive of the state, or a corporation board, or a committee, or an individual 'dressed in a little brief authority'—has a greater or less store of dilatory phrases to which recourse is had for the purpose of answering urgent applications, putting off the impatient, satisfying the clamorous, and giving to all petitioners the impression of unceasing labour in their cause. At the head of these phrases for answering everything and everybody, the sentence surely deserves to be placed, 'Your business is under consideration.' Admirable phrase! admirable for the very vagueness of its definiteness and the very definiteness of its vagueness. Laconic too! as brief as could possibly be desired. It is eminently an administrative phrase. Unparalleled in its applicability, it adapts itself to everything—furnishes a full reply in itself, or an admirable backing to an objection or excuse—accounts for the most protracted delay in any kind of business under the sun—is an answer to every question, and the only answer to some questions. All committee-rooms echo with it—all council chambers resound with it. It is a sentence, in short, which should be engraved upon the threshold of all government offices and the seats of all government officials, in order that, should the latter be absent, and the former closed, the anxious applicant need not call again for the answer he will most assuredly receive.

But the more closely we examine the full bearing and import of this combination of words, the more admirable it must appear to us. An individual inquires, 'How is my business going on?' and I, an official somewhere or other, reply, 'It is under consideration.' 'Under consideration?' Observe the satisfactory ambiguousness of the words. Had I said 'under my consideration,' or 'under any one's consideration,' I should have reduced it at once to the value of the unit; but now not only am I included, but everybody else who works with me: the entire body of which I am a member are clearly designated. There is nothing whatever to prevent your imagining the heads of government engaged in the matter; the applicant, if a novice, of course concludes it at once to be so, and pictures to himself the whole administration engrossed by his memorial, employed upon the means of redressing his grievance or granting his petition. What can satisfy him if he be not content with every wheel of government turning for him, and for him alone?

'Under consideration.' You are not left a word to say: objection you can make none. Had you been told 'It has been considered,' you might naturally have asked, 'What was the decision?' Or had it been said 'It will be considered,' you might request, with all due humility, to be informed at what period it was thought possible it might come to your turn to engage the attention of the body to whom your business has been submitted. But it is quite another matter now. The words are, 'It is under consideration;' that is to say, at this very moment every effort is being made to do you full justice, every energy is put forth, every nerve strung in your behalf: the attention of every one is riveted upon you, and you alone. What more would you have? You stand, with open mouth, completely arrested, fixed to the spot by this answer, unable to articulate more at the very utmost than an 'Ah!'—a little prolonged it may be—and you can but bow politely and retire, as fully satisfied as your temperament or knowledge of the intrinsic value of words permits you to be.

'Under consideration.' You may have these words repeated to you for twenty years successively; but with what show of reason can you complain of the cool, cautious, deliberate inquiry into every circumstance of your case, or of the length of time employed in the investigation of your business? What is it you want? That it should 'be considered.' Well, and have you not been told that this is precisely what is doing? You have absolutely nothing left to say. If not completed sooner, it is because it is impossible to proceed more rapidly in doing the thing well. Surely you would not have it slurred over? And you cannot, in conscience, require that your case should be considered oftener than *always*.

Most valuable phrase! What tiresome circumlocutions, what troublesome explanations, what framing of excuses, are spared by it to authorities in general! Officials may slumber as sweetly on these few words as in an easy-chair. The phrase is the very ottoman of power, the downy pillow of bureaucracy, whence it may meet every proposal of amelioration, every expectation of improvement, every desire for a new order of things by a few words—the true talisman of *statu quo*—'It is under consideration.'

And now that it has been itself 'under consideration,' who will not thank me for having made this feeble effort to hold up a phrase playing so important a part in parliamentary proceedings to the enthusiastic admiration and gratitude of those who make use of it? I write not for the ingrates who are unreasonable enough to feel indignation at its being addressed to themselves.

Digitized by Google

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

In the 'Times' of September 13, appears a long paper communicated to the Board of Health by an officer of rank long resident in India, descriptive of an alleged remedy for cholera. The prescription, which is said to be of Arabian origin, is stated to have been found unfailing in its efficacy, and to be well worth the attention of the faculty. We extract the following passages referring to the method of treatment:—

The ingredients employed are, asafœtida, opium, and black pepper pulverised. The dose for an adult is from a grain and a-half to two grains of each; if pure, one and a-half grains will be sufficient. These ingredients are to be made into a pill.

The pills so made up, one dose in each, are to be kept ready for use in a phial well closed, as it is of great importance to check the disease the instant of its attack.

The best mode of administering the pill is not by swallowing it whole, lest it be rejected in that state, but by chewing it and swallowing it with the moisture of the mouth, and a very little brandy and water to wash it down. The next best way of administering the medicine is by bruising the pill in a spoonful of brandy and water, and then swallowing it.

Much liquid must not be given; but to relieve the thirst, which is great, brandy and water by spoonfuls occasionally is the best mode.

The dose should be repeated every half or three-quarters of an hour, according to the urgency of the symptoms, until they have been subdued. From three to five doses have generally been sufficient for this, although as many as eight have been given before health has been restored in bad cases.

Should great prostration of strength prevail, with spasm or without spasm, after the other symptoms (vomiting, purging, &c.) have been subdued, the medicine must not be wholly left off, but given in half or quarter doses, so as to keep up the strength and restore the pulse.

Friction, with stimulating liniment of some kind, ought to be applied carefully to the stomach, abdomen, and legs and arms; and when pain in the stomach has been severe, and there was reason to fear congestion of the liver, eight or ten grains of calomel have been given with good effect.

In cases of collapse and great prostration of strength, the application of the tourniquet to the arms and legs has been recommended, in order, as it were, to husband the vital power by limiting the extent of the circulation. This may be tried, using a ligature of tape or other substance, if the tourniquet be not available.

The favourable symptoms of recovery are, restoration of the pulse, returning warmth of the body, and sleep; and after being refreshed by sleep, the recovery being complete, a dose of castor oil may be given.

[A subsequent correspondent of the 'Times' remarks, that as the swallowing of the medicine, as above, may create nausea and vomiting, the pill should be swallowed whole in a small quantity of diluted brandy. This is a matter of detail, which we suppose cannot be difficult to arrange.]

PEDESTRIANISM IN THE BRICKYARD.

A Gloucester paper says:—'There is a lad in a brickyard who walks, or rather runs, over a space of ground equal to sixty miles daily. Nor is the space travelled by any means the most arduous portion of his task; for he has to carry, during thirty miles of his journey, a mould or hod, containing wet clay, weighing together more than 12 lbs., and for the other thirty miles he has to carry back the empty mould weighing 4 lbs., and he has to stoop and pick up the mould no less than six thousand times! What is the gathering of a hundred stones in a single hour compared to the unintermitting exertion of this poor overworked boy, whose labour is running, stooping, and lifting, is continued for eighteen hours in succession, during which time he removes upwards of twenty-four tons of wet clay? Prodigious as all this appears, we have the authority of the boy's employer that the fact is literally as above stated, and further, that it is not a solitary performance, but has been done for five successive days during the present week. The daily earnings by this amount of labour are stated to be *half-a-crown*.'

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer-time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

—*Newspaper.*

HYDRAULIC POWER.

An engine, moved entirely by the pressure of water, has been exhibiting in operation in the premises of the Water Company for the last few days. The engine is constructed upon the horizontal principle, the cylinder being two inches diameter, and length of the stroke twelve inches. It can be worked at a speed of from sixty to eighty strokes a minute, but it is calculated to work at thirty-nine, at which speed it is equal to three men's power. We particularly observed the motion of the slide valve, which was opened and shut almost instantaneously with a very pretty mechanism, leaving the passages open for a considerable period during the stroke—thus allowing the water to discharge itself freely from the cylinder, a difficulty hitherto experienced in the working of hydraulic engines. The engine, we understand, was made by Messrs Steele and Sons, Lilybank Foundry, at the request of the manager of the Water Company, and is entirely an experimental engine. It proves the efficiency of water as a motive power when applied in this manner, and will be found of great benefit to those requiring a small supply of power, as it can be erected in any position or situation, and requires no preparation to put it in a working state, nor any particular knowledge in the management, as it is set agoing, and put of, by the simple turning of a stopcock. One great advantage connected with a hydraulic engine is, that it may be placed in any part of the premises, wherever it is found most desirable, without any risk of fire—a drawback at all times to the utility of ordinary steam-engines. It is on that account particularly valuable for wrights, &c. where a danger of fire exists. The engine has attracted considerable attention, no doubt from the consideration of the many useful purposes it can be applied to. Messrs Paxton and Sinclair, tea and coffee merchants, Reform Street, had a quantity of coffee ground by the application of the power, in presence of a number of spectators, who testified their admiration of the neat and efficient manner in which the machinery was propelled. We understand it is the intention of these gentlemen immediately to avail themselves of the invention throughout their operations.—*Dundee Warder.*

[At Peebles, we lately saw a wheel of small size and diameter, which is turned by no more water than what is conveyed in a leaden pipe of about an inch in the bore. The power, which is employed to work a pump in connection with the public gas-works, is equal to that of two or three men. How easy would it be to fit up machinery of this simple kind in cities—how inexpensive the power! A pipe of water introduced into a dwelling for domestic or other purposes, might in the first instance be led to the top of the house, and made to turn a wheel in making its descent to the lower floors. The world has not yet awakened to hydraulics.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 30 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London: and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 252. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1848. Price 1½d.

GLANCES AT PARIS IN SEPTEMBER 1848.

It was with strange feelings and expectations that I arrived, at six o'clock of a September morning, at the station of the Northern Railway at Paris. I had seen the city eighteen months before for the first time, and been delighted with its singular brilliancy and cheerfulness. Then all was apparent peace and prosperity. It had since been the scene of a singular revolution, and the seat of a civil war, recalling by its character early and ferocious times, and forming a strange intrusion into the moral life of our age. We had heard much of the sad change which had consequently taken place in the domestic circumstances of the great mass of the citizens, and of this I expected to see many prominent symptoms even as I walked the streets. It was therefore with an almost nervous apprehension that—having at length got my baggage passed in the waiting-room, and my lady companions put along with it into a voiture—I set forth on foot, in order to while away a little of the morning by a quiet promenade to our destined hotel.

The first observations were disappointing—that is, agreeably so; for nothing met my eyes but the usual accompaniments of morning in a large city—shops opening, streets cleaning, people going to their employments, market vehicles and peasant women coming in with articles of consumption, and so forth. Nothing like depression or distress was observable. 'Yes,' I thought, attempting to explain it, 'after all, people must work, and people must eat. The common routine of human life will proceed, with little variation, even in the most historical circumstances. I might have thought of all this before, if I had reflected.' Remembering that some of the fiercest struggles of the affair of June took place in the Faubourg St Denis, I went a little out of my way in order to pass through that district. Even there, however, men were calmly sweeping out or brushing up their shops. There were the usual appearances of low life, but all was quiet and inoffensive. At the Boulevard, where there had been some of the strongest barricades, I looked in vain, round and round, for marks of the strife. It was not for some time that I discovered a few white marks on the triumphal arch—here and there small defacements of the sculptures—also an adjacent *Commerce des Vins* (which I afterwards learned had been the seat of an insurgent committee) spotted here and there over its painted surface with bullet marks. But the tide of humble city life flowed under that arch, and past the battered wine-shop, as if there had been not a musket fired in Paris since the Fronde.

I subsequently spent nine days in this city of revolutions, and at no time could discover any great change in external and obvious things. The usual crowded streets, the usual affluence of goods in shops and shop-windows, the usual cheerful cafés overflowing with customers. As nice dinners as ever at *Very's* and the *Trois Frères Provençaux* in the Palais Royal [for the meantime, and until further orders, Palais *National*]. Ladies sitting and chatting at work, as before, under the trees in the Tuileries Gardens, while the children played around them with skipping-rope and ball, and their white-capped *bonnes* bore along their infant charges, as yet insensible to the bane of political strife. There are, indeed, some obvious enough changes—for example, every palace and public building labelled with the words '*Propriété Nationale*,' and all these and the churches too inscribed with '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.' Still, the general outward appearance is much as it used to be. So are many of the common experiences of a stranger. For instance, although we are told that so many lodgings are vacant, our party found it not very easy to obtain suitable accommodation at a reasonable rate. In shopping, the ladies discovered that all things, jewellery included, are at their ancient prices. 'Yes,' the people said, 'things are *beginning* to be as they were;' but I question if the change in these respects ever actually was as represented. We went to one of the St Cloud *fêtes*, and found that beautiful park crowded in the usual manner with well-dressed and happy-looking people, bent on amusement, and largely indulging in it. Mountebanks were tumbling and dancing in front of show-booths: *cafés chantants* were in full flow of custom: merry-go-rounds, horizontal and vertical, went round as merrily as ever. The only difference in the multitude of little shooting-galleries was the prevalence of poor Louis Philippe's bust among the little stucco marks set up for the sportsmen. There evidently was money to spend, and the same ingenuity in inducing its expenditure, as of old. Then we went to the principal theatres—all well filled. That pattern audience at the Théâtre de la République (formerly Théâtre Français) sitting with such drawing-room-like propriety and quietness to behold Rachel as Andromache, as in days past. Seventy muslined nymphs drawing the usual applause in the ballet at the French Opera—and so on. So it was in the main everywhere, as far as positive things and things which we may call objects were concerned.

After a little time, such differences as really exist began to be observable. It was seen that, amidst the rows of shops, there were a few, yet, after all, only a few, closed, and to let. Amidst the carriages in the streets, a private one of any kind was a rarity, and I only saw *one* presenting aristocratical luxury and elegance. The multitude, even in the Tuileries Gardens, and in the first-class theatres, was almost wholly of a plebeian or middle-class character—scarcely any fashionables. Some remarked that it was the season of the year when cities are usually emptied of their richest inhabitants; and

Digitized by Google

this no doubt accounts in part for the phenomenon, but only in part, for, as others observed, Paris was in a great degree an exception to the common rule—the French being, as a nation, little addicted to country life, and the fact being, accordingly, that the *beau monde* used never altogether to desert their city residences. One new feature, of great significance, soon came under observation. Walking into the palace of the Luxembourg one day, we found its great galleries used by soldiers as a barrack. In the magnificent Panthéon, where a marbled solitude once reigned, there are now two thousand five hundred troops bivouacking. You see their straw-beds along the diced floor, and the men engaged in various occupations—some burnishing their accoutrements, some taking meals, a few reading newspapers; while out of doors, women selling food and liquor at stalls give the place much the appearance of a fair. Peeping one day into the beautiful new court of the Hôtel de Ville, we saw a range of cannon, and a number of horses in an extempore stable reared against the walls—the latter ready of course to draw out the former into action at a moment's notice. In many spaces of free ground throughout the city there are little camps for the soldiery. One comes much under attention amidst the shows of the Champs Elysées. I often sauntered about it to observe, which I did for the first time, the arrangements of a camp, and the forms of camp life. The tents are in regular rows, with crossing lanes, of various breadths, between; beds of straw within; shingle kitchens on the outskirts of the square. Sentinels, continually walking along on the outside, forbid all intrusion. Vivandieres—that is, female dealers in articles of consumption required by soldiers—hover about with kegs painted tricolor, or take up a permanent stand with little stalls. To see all the paraphernalia of active warfare in the midst of a fine city, while streams of omnibuses and cabs, and all the usual objects of a crowded thoroughfare, present themselves on the other side of a thin screen of trees, has a curious thrilling effect; although one cannot all the time but feel that this military force is the best assurance of peace and quiet which the circumstances admit of. Such are perhaps the most important of the tangible novelties in the condition of Paris at the time when I saw it; but these are, after all, as nothing in comparison with the changes that have taken place in the domestic conditions and prospects of individual men and families.

Confidential conversation soon brings out the general expression of suffering which the revolution has given rise to. Almost every person has a special tale of wo to tell: business lessened in amount and in security, property reduced in value, the future troubled and clouded. It appears as if the new state of things were one which nobody wished, and which all would already willingly see exchanged for another, if that were possible without producing worse evils. Each man speaks as if he were obliged to submit in this matter to some power beyond himself, and which he cannot control. 'We have got the republic, and we must make the best of it.' Such is the general remark, implying anything but that favour for the existing institutions which Burke would have recognised as their cheap defence. I could not doubt, from what I heard, that numberless persons have been brought to know privations which they never formerly dreamt of, and that there was much downright misery among the labouring poor. And yet, with reference to the very lowest class of the population, I could not but remark it as a strange thing at the conclusion of my nine days in Paris, that I had not once been accosted by a mendicant, whereas I do not know any British town where a well-dressed person could walk through a single street without more or less of that kind of molestation.

Having felt much interest in regarding the events of February and June in their romantic aspect, I took an early opportunity of seeing the localities in the company of a friend who had been an eye-witness of some of the chief proceedings. Right opposite to the front of the Palais Royal, we see what might be termed the *stump* of a nearly isolated house—that is, merely its lower storey, the rest having evidently been destroyed by fire and otherwise. A screen of boards, separating it from the street, bears the usual array of placards which covers every spare foot of wall space in a large city. This is all that remains of the municipal guard-house, where a party made so obstinate a stand against the February insurgents. They were compelled to do so by their commander; and the consequence was, that, except a few who broke through into an adjacent house, and escaped, the whole were destroyed along with the building. My friend had seen the beautiful glass-covered gallery in the Palais Royal filled with the wounded insurgents on this occasion. When I remarked how curious it was to see the place now, with all its gay cafés and shops as brilliant as ever, he added, 'Oh yes; and in the very afternoon of Louis Philippe's departure from the palace, the Tuileries Gardens had their usual crowds of ladies walking about. Nay,' said he, 'I can assure you of it as a fact, that in the evening of the day of the revolution two Parisian gentlemen went into a café, sat down to play at dominoes, and never once during the evening made a remark on the public events of the preceding few hours.' I thought of Sicilian swains dancing beside the chinks of the cooling lava. It will be remembered that the Panthéon was the scene of some of the fiercest struggles in the June affair. It formed the post of the extremity of the left wing of the insurgents' chain of operations. Accordingly, as I expected, the face of this superb building was thickly interspersed with bullet marks, by which much of the architectural ornament had been defaced. The door was getting wholly renewed, for this had been broken by a cannon-shot, which it was found necessary to discharge before the people would surrender the post. We saw with thrilling sensations the trunk of a colossal statue at the head of the room, and a hole in the wall immediately behind it, the memorials of the progress of this shot in its fearful mission. The respectable-looking old man whom we remember showing the place with such pride in its days of perfect beauty, pointed to these things and to the military intruders on his domain with a sort of broken-hearted air. All along the Rue St Jaques, a narrow street descending from the Panthéon to the river bank, the bullet marks on the faces of the houses were many and frequent. Painted plaster fronts were indented, or we saw the fresh plaster filling up what had lately been holes. Bits of the mouldings of windows were broken off, and there were significant renewals of spokes in the outer shutters so universal in Paris. At the junction of this street with the quays, several buildings, or walls of buildings, appeared to have been renewed, or at least newly plastered over, since the insurrection.

In a progress which I next made through the Rue St Antoine to the Place de la Bastille—the seat of central action, and the part most obstinately defended by the insurgents—I observed even more signal traces of recent warfare. The bullet marks are there very numerous, particularly upon the corner houses. A respectable café in an exposed angle still showed its broken mirrors within, along with many patches of new plaster without. One could not but be a little amused at seeing some of those whimsical pictures of *sages-femmes* with fresh babies in their arms, which abound in this, as in other districts of Paris, standing up in all their usual composure of aspect, with two or three bullet holes drilled in them. The greatest show of destruction was presented at the eastern outlets of the Place de la Bastille, where the barricades, it seems, had been of unusual strength. From the Place, the troops and artillery had poured all their force on these posts, with slow effect on the desperate men who defended them, but to the ruin of several of the adjacent houses. We saw the cleared *stance* of one which had been wholly destroyed. Others had been patched up. It was just within the opening of one of these streets that the poor Archbishop

Digitized by Google

of Paris, having cleared the barricade, and entered into conference with its defenders, telling them that God had willed all men to be brothers, and to love one another, fell under a random shot. As we stood on the spot, one of our party pointed out, on the front of a public-house—for even trifles in such a case have an interest—the word LIQUEURS, which appears in the common print representing this piteous tragedy. I made a pilgrimage also to the Barrière d'Italie on the other side of the river, where General Brea was assassinated. Some geological ramblings in the preceding year had made me familiar with the place, so that I had a perfect conception of it from the newspaper reports. A tall rail crosses the street, with a wide gate where entering merchandise is taxed, and a narrow gate beside it, usually shut. Here the insurgents had had a strong post, with a sort of guard-room in a neighbouring house. The unfortunate general, having gone amongst them with another officer to endeavour to effect a peace, was conducted to the guard-room. There an alarm of treachery took possession of the combatants, and both officers were mercilessly slaughtered. I inquired about the affair of an octroi man attending at the rail. 'I saw General Brea,' said he, 'come through that gate (pointing to the narrow gate) to speak to the men.' Never to return!

I was curious to see some of those groups of the June insurgents which still filled the jails of Paris; but this I failed to accomplish. It was even with a difficulty, and only by the energetic kindness of a deputy of the Thiers party, whom I had once conducted to some public places in Edinburgh, that I obtained access to a sitting of the National Assembly. It meets, as is well known, in a wooden building of very plain character, just fitted to hold nine hundred members in pews around its floor, while a few spectators are accommodated in certain narrow galleries around the upper part of the room. The day being one of routine business, there was little excitement on the occasion; yet I could not behold the place, and the members as they successively came in and took their seats, without intense interest. After all, the whole scene had more of a common-world air than one expects from a popular council forming, as it were, the legitimate successor of the Constituent Assembly and Convention of former days. The members—though here and there an abbé with his black cap, or some other extraordinary figure, meets the eye—are generally very practical-looking persons, such as one sees at ordinary public meetings in England. The huissiers, walking about in formal dress of antique cut, with swords by their sides, gave a slight tinge of dignity to what otherwise must have been pronounced as unmixed simplicity. Marrast, the president, did not take the chair at first, but came in about the middle of the proceedings. He is a mean-looking little man, of unpromisingly short forehead. 'There is Lamartine!' and I saw a tall slender man of thin visage and mild aspect enter and place himself in a front seat. 'That is Thiers,' and beheld a neat little man, with a round sallow face and gray short hair, seated a little behind Lamartine. The Abbé Lamennais was pointed out to me, and I afterwards had some conversation with him; a thin old man, with eyes which seek the ground, but a face of great mind-life and sensitive never-resting lips. Pierre Bonaparte sits among the Mountain men, with the thick square head and Italian complexion of his uncle. At the end of a seat next the tribune is a soldier-like person in a closely-buttoned blue coat and a moustache. There is a portrait in every print-shop window, which leaves no room to doubt who he is. It is General Cavaignac: a Wellington-like man, with much iron evidently in his composition, but probably a sterling character at bottom. The business of the house proceeds amidst disregarded cries of *En places* and *Silence*, for groups cumber the floor and the entrances, and an incessant chatter goes on. At length an unexpected event produces universal stillness—Cavaignac is called on by a member to state how his government stands at present, and what are its prospects. All is silence as he ascends the tribune. He speaks, in short pithy clauses, like cracking musketry, and with the easy dash of a soldier. There have been little clouds between him and some parties in the Assembly, but they are of no moment, and are passing away. For the future, he can only adhere to his resolution to preserve order by all the means in his power. A more violent assailant succeeds, but the house listens with impatience, and he descends grumbling. Then Marrast asks those who have confidence in the government to stand up, when the whole house instantly seems to spring to its feet. 'Le tout!' I hear a neighbour exclaim with delighted surprise. It is not, however, quite the whole house, for when the malcontent are requested to rise, a handful at a far corner stands up, though only to receive the derision of the majority. And so ends the sitting.

During my week in Paris, the elections for the Seine were going on, and producing considerable excitement, which, however, seemed chiefly to expend itself in placards on the walls. The political state of the ruling power in France was shown by the uneasiness felt with regard to the expected arrival of Louis Bonaparte—a person in himself of no sort of importance. Fresh outbursts of the wild party were generally expected, though not without a confidence that they would be put down. As an illustration of the strange appositions of things likely to occur at such a time, M. Marrast was giving his splendid weekly reception to probably three thousand worshippers of power on the Saturday night, when between six and seven hundred of the June men were passing amidst wind and rain through the first step of their march into a hopeless exile. In the same evening I went with two English friends to mingle in the shrunken attendance at the usual reception of M. Lamartine, for whose character as a man of letters I of course felt undiminished respect. Two rooms, hung round with a number of very pleasing pictures by Madame Lamartine, among which is included an admirable full-length portrait of her husband, sufficed to receive easily all who came, amongst whom I saw no remarkable persons besides Pierre Bonaparte and the Sardinian ambassador. It was impossible to look in the face of Lamartine, and hear a little of his conversation, without becoming impressed with the full force of that amiableness of character which seems to have partly been at the bottom of his failure. Men of fine feelings are not for great political crises, though their thoughts may have helped to bring them on.

I here found myself somewhat awkwardly placed, as the only person with the British conservative feelings of the present crisis, in the midst of a set of gentlemen whose sentiments went to very opposite results. A Parisian expressed to me a wish that we should soon have a republic in England, to which—not thinking it worth while to give a serious reply—I only answered very quietly, 'Not, I hope, till the English are republicans.' I could see that the words told. They do, indeed, badinage as they were, touch the whole case of France at the present moment. It has the misfortune to be a republic, while not one-fourth of the people have any positive affection for that form of government. Any government, as we well know, with a small amount of cordial support from the people, must, in order to live, be a tyranny. France, therefore, being under a rule which rests on so narrow a basis, necessarily exhibits practical restraint, while nominally conducted on the broadest democratic principles. It is but the simplest converse to this fact, that a despotism which all were well affected to, might be practically more liberal than the reddest republic that ever breathed. And it necessarily follows that, for those who desire to be under a liberal and gentle rule, the object ought to be, not to set up some new form of ideal excellence, but either to maintain that which already possesses a decided preponderance of popular affections, or to set up that which may be most likely to obtain such a degree

Digitized by Google

of support. France has been surprised into a republic; but as this form, though certainly it has not a third of the sincere suffrages, has more than any other would now be likely to obtain, her only wise course will be to maintain the existing system with all possible energy, as the best that can be had, though in such circumstances true freedom must be long in abeyance, and an oligarchy, like those of the Swiss cantons, may, after all, be the best result to be hoped for. The peculiar misfortune, however, of France—a misfortune perhaps inseparable from those to whom free institutions are a novelty—is, that no ten persons with peculiar opinions have the least idea of its being their duty to abstain from imposing these at the sword's point upon the remaining thirty-five millions. Hence continual insurrections, and, as a necessary consequence, continual fresh encroachments on liberty. Hence the ludicrous contrast between the omnipresent inscription, '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*,' and the actual state of things; while in England, under a well-supported constitutional monarchy, no man can recollect having ever in his life experienced anything like personal control, much less annoyance, from the government. It is highly instructive to read in recent events the utter failure of theoretical plans to answer the purposes expected of them, while a mere accident of time, like the British constitution, maintains political peace, and enables the people to follow out their economical pursuits in perfect freedom and security. In the streets of Paris and of Frankfort, bodies elected on ultra-democratical principles, and which theoretically ought to be, accordingly, a perfect representation of the popular will, have been attacked with military force by dissatisfied minorities, as if they were no better than the ancient despotisms. If such be their character, the principle of election has failed. If from any cause these representative bodies are not true representations, the principle of election has failed. Give the minority the upper hand, the principle of election has even more signally failed. Or say that the minority is to be kept down by the strong hand, equally has the whole idea failed to produce a mild and tolerant government. In short, it is palpable that all political dreams are pregnant with great disappointments; the extreme advocates of such kinds of regeneration being ever, as by an irreversible doom, the most direct agents in their frustration. R. C.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

Some excitement has been created within the past few weeks by the discussions in the French Academy of Sciences on the subject of the planet Neptune, from which it would appear that the newly-discovered divinity does not possess all the potency with which he has been theoretically invested. On some hands, it is asserted that the discovery is no discovery at all, and that M. Leverrier, whose reputation has become famous throughout the civilised world, and who has been honoured with medals and diplomas, is entirely mistaken in his calculations. The true state of the question, however, is, that M. Babinet, an old and eminent member of the Academy, affirms that Neptune, in so far as observations have been practicable, does not satisfy all the necessities of that case; leaves the perturbations of Uranus to a great extent unaccounted for, and that its actual orbit does not coincide with that laid down by theory. Without disputing M. Leverrier's claim to the discovery of Neptune, M. Babinet contends that the discrepancies can only be reconciled by supposing another planet, for which he proposes the name Hyperion, to exist beyond Neptune—the combined action of the two being then sufficient to explain away the difficulties that have been started. M. Leverrier replies, that time and further calculation will prove the influence of Neptune to be such as was ascribed to its mass: and thus the matter rests for the present. There is little doubt, however, that the discussion will set astronomers on the *qui vive* wherever an observatory is to be found.

In connection with astronomy, another interesting subject—that of *Bolides*, meteors and shooting-stars—is attracting notice. Most readers are aware that the most generally-received explanation respecting these phenomena, some of which are of periodical recurrence, is, that they are fragmentary remains of a planet revolving in an orbit round the sun, which orbit being crossed, or nearly approached, twice a year by the earth in its revolution, we are thus brought into such proximity as to see the swiftly-moving objects, which, with rare exceptions, are invisible at other times. The theory now advanced (Sir J. Lubbock, in Taylor's 'Philosophical Magazine') assembles these bodies into a group of planets, revolving round the earth with incredible velocity, some of them performing the circuit in less than two hours. We see them because they reflect the sun's light shining on their surfaces, and their almost instantaneous disappearance is accounted for by their sudden immersion within the shadow of the earth. It is supposed that the meteors seen from time to time in different parts of the world are nothing more than these petty planets pursuing their ordinary course. The theory is ingenious; but evidently a large number of observations must be made before any accurate data can be established. If the measures contemplated for this object can be carried into successful operation, we may hope to hear something definite on what has so long been a subject of mere wonder—shooting-stars. Meantime the inquiry may be regarded as another evidence of the systematising spirit of the present day.

The stars, as every one knows, have in all ages been made use of as time-measurers; but it was reserved for the nineteenth century to discover a perpetual clock in the north polar sky. Pontécoulant, somewhere in his writings, speaks of 'immense pendulums of eternity beating the ages;' but here we have that which will mark the hours. We refer to the Polar Clock, invented by Mr Wheatstone, and exhibited at the late meeting of the British Association at Swansea; and from the report, as published in the 'Athenæum,' we abridge an account of the instrument and the principle of its construction:—'A short time after the discovery by Malus of the polarisation of light by reflection, it was ascertained by Arago that the light reflected from different parts of the sky was polarised. The observation was made in clear weather, with the aid of a thin film of mica and a prism of Iceland spar. He saw that the two images projected on the sky were, in general, of dissimilar colours, which appeared to vary in intensity with the hour of the day, and with the position, in relation to the sun, of the part of the sky from which the rays fell upon the film.' The law assigned for this phenomenon may be thus familiarly explained: suppose a spectator standing at such a height, with the sun overhead, as to overlook the whole circumference of the earth down to its central line, he would see that at the equator the polarisation was most intense, and diminished gradually upwards to the pole, where it would become *nil*. This law, however, is not universal in its action, as certain neutral points have been discovered since it was enunciated; and as regards the instrument in question, it is more a consideration of the plane of polarisation than of the intensity. In the words of M. Babinet—'For a given point of the atmosphere, the plane of polarisation of the portion of polarised light which it sends to the eye, coincides with the plane which passes through this point, the eye of the observer, and the sun.' This statement is fully verified by the facts.

'Let us now,' continues Mr Wheatstone, 'turn our attention to the north pole of the sky. As the sun, in its apparent daily course, moves equably in a circle round this pole, it is obvious that the planes of polarisation at the point in question change exactly as the position of the hour circles do. The position of the plane of polarisation of the north pole of the sky will, at any period of the day, therefore indicate the apparent or true solar

Digitized by Google

time. . . . These points being premised, I proceed to describe the new instrument, which I have called the Polar Clock or Dial:—At the extremity of a vertical pillar is fixed, within a brass ring, a glass disk, so inclined that its plane is perpendicular to the polar axis of the earth. On the lower half of this disk is a graduated semicircle, divided into twelve parts (each of which is again subdivided into five or ten parts), and against the divisions the hours of the day are marked, commencing and terminating with six. Within the fixed brass ring containing the glass dial-plate, the broad end of a conical tube is so fitted that it freely moves round its own axis; this broad end is closed by another glass disk, in the centre of which is a small star or other figure, formed of thin films of selenite, exhibiting, when examined with polarised light, strongly contrasting colours; and a hand is painted in such a position as to be a prolongation of one of the principal sections of the crystalline films. At the smaller end of the conical tube a Nichol's prism is fixed, so that either of its diagonals shall be forty-five degrees from the principal section of the selenite films. The instrument being so fixed that the axis of the conical tube shall coincide with the polar axis of the earth, and the eye of the observer being placed to the Nichol's prism, it will be remarked that the selenite star will in general be richly coloured; but as the tube is turned on its axis, the colours will vary in intensity, and in two positions will entirely disappear. . . . The rule to ascertain the time by this instrument is as follows:—The tube must be turned round by the hand of the observer until the coloured star entirely disappears, while the disk in the centre remains red; the hand will then point accurately to the hour. The accuracy with which the solar time may be indicated by this means will depend on the exactness with which the plane of polarisation can be determined. One degree of change in the plane corresponds with four minutes of solar time.' It may be necessary to observe that the Polar Clock is to be fixed as a sun-dial, out of doors; the proper azimuth may be obtained by the sun's shadow at noon. It must be set by placing the hands to correspond with the true solar time. 'Turn the vertical pillar on its axis until the colours of the selenite star entirely disappear; the instrument will then be properly adjusted. The advantages a Polar Clock possesses over a sun-dial are—1. The Polar Clock being constantly directed to the same point of the sky, there is no locality in which it cannot be employed; whereas, in order that the indications of a sun-dial should be observed during the whole day, no obstacle must exist at any time between the dial and the places of the sun, and it cannot therefore be applied in any confined situation. The Polar Clock is consequently applicable in places where a sun-dial would be of no avail—on the north side of a mountain, or a lofty building, for instance. 2. It will continue to indicate the time after sunset and before sunrise; in fact, so long as the rays of the sun are reflected from the atmosphere. 3. It will also indicate the time, but with less accuracy, when the sky is overcast, if the clouds do not exceed a certain density.'

An instrument graduated for Europe, or any place north of the equator, would be useless when carried to the south of the line, as the planes of polarisation move in opposite directions in the two hemispheres. In the northern, the motion is backwards, or contrary to that of the hands of a watch; in the southern, it is forwards, or with the hands. And, as a curious analogy, it may be mentioned that the movements of storms in either hemisphere precisely correspond with those of the planes of polarised light, as here described.

As yet, much cannot be predicated of the practical value of this truly ingenious instrument; but in scientific hands many interesting or useful applications of it will doubtless be discovered. Owing to the cloudy state of the atmosphere, it was not found possible to test it more than once during the Swansea meeting. A French writer puts in a claim for some of the honour accruing from the invention, and recommends that as Malus made his discoveries on polarisation in the garden of the Luxembourg, a Polar Clock should be fixed in some conspicuous part of the grounds as a monument of his genius.

QUAKER LOVE.

BY LETITIA RITCHIE.

Many years ago I spent a day in the town of Elm's Cross, and although no adventure befell me there to fix the place in my memory, I see it before me at this moment as distinctly as that picture on the wall. I had an impression all that day, however erroneous, that it was Sunday. There was a Sunday silence in the streets, a Sunday gravity in the passers-by, a Sunday order and cleanliness in their habiliments. The lines of houses were ranged with the most sober decorum, and the little lawns which many of them possessed were laid out with the square and compass. The trees were not beautiful, but neat, for nature was not indulged in any of her freaks at Elm's Cross; and indeed it seemed to me that the very leaves had a peculiarly quiet green, and the flowers a reserved smell. The majority of the better class of the inhabitants of this town were Friends; and it appeared—if my imagination did not run away with me—that, through the influence of wealth and numbers, they had been able to impress the external characteristics of their society upon the whole place.

But no; my imagination could not have run away with me; for the moment imagination enters Elm's Cross, it is taken into custody as a vagrant, and kept in durance during its sojourn. There one loses the faculty of day-dreaming; and although I was a young fellow at the time, half-crazy with sentiment and love of adventure, even the fair Quakers, some of whom were beautiful, in spite of their bonnets, had no more effect upon me than so many marble statues. But perhaps it will give a better idea of the spirit of the place, if I say that the only one of them on whom I bestowed a second look had arrived at that time of life when the controversy begins as to whether a woman should be reckoned a young or an old maid.

This middle-aged person (not to use the offensive expression offensively) was, like all Quakers when they *are* beautiful, beautiful to excess. Retaining an exquisite complexion, even when her hair was beginning to change, she seemed a personification of the autumnal loveliness which makes one forget that of the spring and summer. Her voice, mellowed by time, was better calculated to linger in the ear than the lighter tones of youth; and it harmonised well with her soft, dove-like eyes,

> 'That seemed to love what'er they looked upon.'

Yet there was no feeling in this love, such as we of the world demand in the love of her sex; the richness of her cheek was as cold as the bloom of a flower; and as, with noiseless step, and demure nun-like air, she glided past, I felt as if I had seen a portrait walk out of its frame, a masterly imitation of woman, but only an imitation.

This was why I turned round and looked at her again; and as I looked, a kind of pity rose in my inexperienced heart that one so fair should pass through life unstirred by its excitements, untouched by its raptures, even untroubled with its sorrows. As the novelty wore off, I hated the cold formal air of everything around; the atmosphere chilled me; the silence disturbed me; and the next morning I was glad to launch again upon the stormy world, and leave this lonely oasis to its enchanted repose.

Some time after, when giving the history of this day to a friend, who proved to be personally acquainted with the place and people, he told me that the lady on whom I had looked twice had been for many years not only the reigning beauty of Elm's Cross, but the benevolent

Digitized by Google

genius of the town and neighbourhood; and he related a passage in her early life which made me qualify a little my opinion as to the passionless tranquillity of her feelings, and the uneventful blank of her history. Not that the thing can be called an adventure, that the incident has any intermixture of romance—that would be absurd. It passed over her heart like a summer cloud, which leaves the heavens as bright and serene as before; but somehow or other it infused a suspicion into my mind, that however staid the demeanour and decorous the conduct, human nature is everywhere alike—that the difference is not in the feelings, but their control.

Her father was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town, and Martha Hargrave was an only child, the expectant heiress of his fortune, and likewise possessed, in her own right, of £5000, safely invested. In such circumstances, it may be supposed that when she grew up from the child into the girl she attracted not a little the attention of blushing striplings and speculative mammas. These were, with the exception of one family, of her own Society—for Mr and Mrs Hargrave were Quakers of the old school, and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of Friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her son; the former an early intimate of Mrs Hargrave, now living on a small annuity, from which, by means of close economy, she contrived to save a little every year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world. Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a mother's doting affection; he was a fine, spirited, generous, handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, of whom he was the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and something more after that. How it came that a penniless boy thought as he did of the Quaker heiress, may seem a mystery; but it must be recollected that the conventional distinctions of society make little impression upon children brought up together upon terms of equality. Richard looked upon Martha as his sister, till he began to feel as a personal injury the admiring looks that were thrown upon her from under the broad brims of the young Quakers; and even when the fact at length forced itself upon him that she was rich, and he poor, that she rolled in a carriage, and he walked on foot, that her parents were among the first people in the place, and his only one a solitary and almost indigent widow, the encouragement of his fond and unreflecting mother, and of his own gallant heart, triumphed over the misgivings of prudence; and the affection of the boy was suffered to ripen, unchecked, into the love of the young man.

While this process was going on with Richard, in Martha the wildness of childhood sobered gradually down into the demure circumspection of the Quaker girl. Her step became less buoyant, her glance less free, her speech less frank, her air more reserved; and as time wore on, Richard occasionally paused in the midst of one of his sallies, and looked at her in surprise, in a kind of awe, as if he already felt a foreshadowing of the approach of majestic womanhood. But nevertheless, when he came one day to bid her farewell before his exodus into the world, her heart was too full of the memories of her childish years to remember its new conventionalism, and she stood before him with her hands crossed upon her bosom, gazing in his face with a look of girlish fondness, that was made still softer by the tears that stood trembling in her beautiful eyes. He was to proceed to London, to be completed in his initiation into mercantile business, and might be absent for years—perhaps for ever—for his mother was to accompany him; and Martha felt the separation as her first serious distress. Richard was old enough to be aware of the nature of his own feelings; and perhaps if Martha had been in one of her grand moments, he might have dared to appeal to the growing woman in her heart. But she appeared to him on this occasion so young, so gentle, so delicate, that he would have thought it a profanation to talk to her of love. As the moment of parting arrived, he drew her towards him with both hands; his arms encircled her waist; and—how it happened I know not, for the thing was wholly out of rule—his lips were pressed to hers. The next moment he started from his bewilderment; his eyes dazzled; Martha had disappeared. He did not know, when in the morning the stage-coach was carrying him from Elm's Cross, that a young girl was sitting behind a blind in the highest room of that house watching the vehicle as it rolled away, till it was prematurely lost in her blinding tears.

I am unable to trace the adventures of Richard Temple in London; but they appear to have been comparatively fortunate, since, at the end of only three years, he was a junior partner in a young but respectable firm. He had seen Miss Hargrave several times during the interval; but I need not say that their intercourse had entirely changed its character. Richard was not only interested, but likewise in some degree amused, by the transmutation of the young girl into the demure and circumspect Quaker. In essentials, however, she was not altered, but improved and exalted; and even her physical beauty acquired a new character of loveliness as the development of her moral feelings went on. But over all, there was what seemed to the young man, now that he was accustomed to the common world, an iciness of manner, which repelled his advances; and he continued to love on without daring to disclose the secret of his bosom. What matter? It was no secret to her whom it concerned; for friend Martha, with all her demureness, had a woman's heart and a woman's eyes. At the end of the three years I have mentioned Mrs Temple died, and Richard, now alone in the world, and with tolerable prospects in business, began in due time to ask himself, with a quaking heart and a flushing brow, whether it were possible for him to obtain the Quaker girl for his bride. After much cogitation on this subject, and a thousand misgivings, his characteristic daring prevailed; and addressing to Martha an eloquent history of his love, accompanied by a frank statement of his affairs and prospects, and a solicitation for permission to woo her for his wife, he enclosed the letter, open, in a briefer one to her father, and despatched the fateful missive.

The reply came from Mr Hargrave. It was cold, calm, decisive. He was obliged by the good opinion entertained by his young friend of his daughter, but Martha had altogether different views. Setting aside the oppositeness of their circumstances and position in this world, which would in itself be an insurmountable objection, their religious views were not so much alike as was necessary in the case of two persons pressing forward, side by side, to the world which is to come. He hoped friend Richard would speedily forget what, to a rational-minded person, ought to be hardly a disappointment, and, when his fortune permitted it, select from his own denomination a wife of his own degree. This insolent letter, as the young man termed it, had no effect but that of rousing the fierce and headlong energy of his nature. He knew Martha too well to believe that she had any share in such a production; and he wrote at once to Mr Hargrave to say that his daughter was now old enough to decide for herself, and that he could not think of receiving at second hand a reply involving the happiness or misery of his whole life. On the following day he would present himself at his house in Elm's Cross, in the hope of hearing his fate from Martha's own lips, even if in the presence of her father and mother.

When Richard Temple passed across the Dutch-like lawn of the house, with its drilled shrubs and flowers describing mathematical figures on its level green, and ascended the steps, as white as driven snow, his hand trembled as he raised the knocker, and he felt his heart die within him. The sound he made startled him by its incongruous want of measure, and he looked round timidly, as if he had committed an indecorum. When the respectable middle-aged servant marshalled him up stairs to the drawing-room, he followed the man with

Digitized by Google

deference, as if he had something to say in the decision. The room was empty, and he stood for some time alone, looking round upon the walls, the furniture, the books, the flowers, and reading in them all the ruin of his hopes. There was an unostentatious richness in that room, a method in its arrangement, a calm assumption of superiority, which made him quail. The answer he had come to demand was before him. It spoke to him even in the whispered cadence of the trees beyond the open window, and the unhurried entrance of the air into the apartment, loaded with faint sweets from the garden. The loneliness in which he stood seemed strange to his excited imagination, and the silence oppressed him; and when at length the door slowly opened, unaccompanied by the sound of a footfall, he started in nervous tremor, as if he expected to behold the entrance of a spirit.

Martha entered the room alone, and shutting the door, glided composedly up to Richard, and offered him her hand as usual. The clasp, though gentle, was palpable; and as he saw, in the first place, that she was paler than formerly, and, in the second, that a slight colour rose into her face under his searching gaze, he was sufficiently reassured to address her.

'Martha,' he said, 'did my letter surprise you? Tell me only that it was too abrupt—that it startled and hurried you. Was it not so?'

'Nay, Richard.'

'Then you knew, even before I dared to speak, that I loved you with all the guilelessness of my infancy, all the fire of my youth, and all the deep, earnest concentrated passion of my manhood. Do you know of the reply my letter received?'

'Yea, Richard.'

'And you sanctioned it?'

'In meaning,' but here her voice slightly faltered; 'if the words were unkind, he thou assured that they came neither from my pen nor my heart.'

'Then I was deceived in supposing—for I did indulge the dream—that my devotion had awakened an interest in your bosom? That interest belongs to another!'

'I never had a dearer friendship than thine,' said Martha; and raising her eyes to his, she added after a pause, in the clear, distinct, silvery tone which was the character of her voice, 'and never shall!'

'Yet you reject and spurn me! This is torture! It cannot be that the difference in our worldly circumstances weighs with you: I know you better, Martha. Neither can you suppose that on my part there is the slightest tinge of mercenary feeling, for you know me better. Will you not give me at least hope? There are fortunes to make in the world that would satisfy even your father: we are both young; and to win you, my precious love, I would grudge neither time, nor sweat, nor blood!'

'Richard,' said the Quaker girl, growing still more pale, 'no more of this, in mercy to thyself—and me. Thou mayst agitate and unnerve, but never change my purpose.'

'What is your purpose?'

'To honour my father and my mother.'

'That you may enjoy long life in the land!' said Richard with a bitter smile.

'That I may honour through them my Heavenly Father, who is above all. Farewell, my early friend; return into the world, where thou wilt forget Martha, and may the All-wise direct thy course!' She extended her hand to him as she spoke, and he grasped it like a man in a dream. The reply he had demanded was distinct enough in her words, but a thousand times more so in her look, manner, tone. He felt that expostulation was vain, and would be unmanly; and as she walked away, with her noiseless and measured step, and her hands folded before her, he felt indignation struggling with admiring and despairing love. The figure paused for an instant at the door; but the next moment Martha disappeared without turning her head.

Richard never knew, neither can I tell, whether any one watched the stage-coach that day from the upper window. Not even a prying servant could whisper anything of Martha, or guess at the nature of the interview that had taken place. She was pale, it is true, but so had she been for some time. Her health, it appeared, was not good; her appetite was gone; her limbs feeble. But this would go off, for her manner was as usual. She was assiduous in the discharge of her duties, kind to every one, loving and reverential to her parents. Still she was not well, and her father at length grew alarmed. They took her from watering-place to watering-place; they amused her with strange sights; they tried every day to give some new direction to her thoughts. Martha was grateful. She repaid their cares with smiles, talked to them cheerfully, and did all she could to seem and to be happy. But still she was not well; and when many months had passed away, the now terrified parents, after trying everything that science and affection could suggest for the restoration of their only child, consulted once more. The nature of the step they ultimately determined upon may be gathered from the following communication received in reply to a letter from Mr Hargrave:—

'Respected Friend—The inquiry thou directedst has been easy. I am connected in business with one (not of our Society) to whom the young man is well known, and by whom he is much esteemed. Richard Temple is wise beyond his years. He is of quiet and retired habits in his private life, and is an energetic and persevering man of business, and will, I have no doubt, get on in the world. That this is the opinion of my friend is clear, for I know that he would willingly give him his daughter to wife, who will bring her husband a good dowry as well as a comely person. But Richard, when I saw him last, was not forward in the matter. His thoughts, even in the company of the maid, seemed preoccupied—doubtless by business. Since writing these lines, I have been informed that he visits Elm's Cross in a few days, to arrange some matters connected with his late mother's affairs, the last remaining link of his connection with the place.—I am, respected friend, &c. Ezekiel Brown.'

This letter determined Mr Hargrave to recall his rejection of Richard Temple; and the effect of a conversation he had upon the subject with his daughter proved, to the unbounded joy of the parents, that as yet she had no organic disease.

For some days Martha, though happy, was restless. It seemed as if joy had more effect than grief in unsettling the demure Quaker, for at the slightest sound from the lawn or the street the colour mounted into her face. At length an acquaintance, when calling in the evening, informed her that she had just seen Richard.

'Thou rememberest Richard, Martha?' Martha nodded.

'He is grown so comely and so manly, thou wouldst hardly know him.'

'He will call here, peradventure?' said the mother.

'Nay. He has already taken his place in the coach for to-morrow.' Martha grew pale; and the mother hurried out of the room to seek her husband. That night Richard received a friendly note from Mr Hargrave, begging him to call in the morning on business of importance.

When Richard found himself once more in the silent drawing-room, his manner was very different from what it had been on the last occasion. He was now calm, but gloomy, and almost stern; and he waited for the appearance of his inviter with neither hope nor fear, but with a haughty impatience. Instead of Mr Hargrave, however, it was Martha who entered the room, and he started back at the unexpected apparition in surprise and agitation. The colour that rose into her face, and made her more beautiful than ever, prevented him from seeing that she had been ill; and when she held out her hand, the slight grasp he gave it was so momentary, that he did not discover its attenuation.

Digitized by Google

A painful embarrassment prevailed for some time, hardly interrupted by common questions and monosyllabic replies; till at length Richard remarked that, his place being taken, he could wait no longer, but should hope to be favoured with Mr Hargrave's commands in writing. He was about to withdraw with a ceremonious bow, when Martha stepped forward.

'Richard,' said she, 'I have no fear that my early friend will think me immodest, and therefore I will speak without concealment. Tarry yet a while, for I have that to say which, peradventure, may make thee consider thy place in the coach a light sacrifice.'

'How!'

'Richard,' she continued, 'thou didst once woo me for thy wife, and wert rejected by my father's commands. Circumstances have brought about a change in his feelings. Must I speak it?' and a slight smile, passing away in an instant, illumined the bright flush that rose into her face. 'Wert thou to ask again, dear friend, the answer might be different!'

So long a silence ensued after this speech, that Martha at length raised her eyes suddenly, and fixed them in alarm upon Richard's face. In that face there was no joy, no thankfulness, no love. It was but a blank and ghastly stare. He was as white as a corpse, and large beads of sweat stood upon his brow.

'Man! what meaneth this?' cried Martha, rushing towards him; but he threw out his hands to prevent her approach, while the answer came hoarse and broken from his haggard lips.

'Ruin—misery—horror! But not for you,' added Richard, 'cold and beautiful statue! Not for you, beneath whose lovely bosom there beats not a woman's heart! Pass on your way, calm, stately, and alone; softened by no grief, touched by no love, and leave me to my despair. Martha, I am married!' And so saying, he rushed out of the room. Mr Hargrave had just entered it unobserved, and now stood beside her daughter. Martha remained in the same attitude, leaning forward, gazing intently at the door, till the noise of the street door shutting smote upon her ear and her heart, and before her mother could interpose, she fell senseless on her face.

It is said, and said truly, that men recover more speedily than women from love disappointments. The reason is, not that they feel them less deeply, for the converse is the case—the strength of the male character running through all its emotions—but that the cares and struggles of life, and even the ordinary contact with society into which they are forced, serve gradually to detach their thoughts from the sorrow over which they would otherwise continue to brood. Women, at least in the class affected most by such disappointments, have more leisure than men. The world has fewer demands upon them; and they can only exhibit their mental power and loftiness of resolve by *making* wholesome occupation for their fevered minds. Of these women was Martha Hargrave. Although stunned at first by the blow, its very suddenness and severity compelled her to reflect upon her position, and summon up her energies. She did not permit her sympathies to be buried in one absorbing subject, but cast them abroad upon the face of society; and wherever, within the reach of her influence, there was ignorance to be instructed, vice reclaimed, or misery relieved, there was Martha ready, a ministering angel at the moment of need. Under this moral discipline she recovered her bodily health. The fresh roses of youth continued to bloom in her lovely cheeks long after her hair had begun to change its hue; and so the gentle Quaker commenced her descent—gradually, gracefully, gladsingly, but still demurely—into the vale of years.

The process was different with Richard Temple; but still of a kindred character. To say that he did not repent his marriage would be untrue; but still he had honour and integrity enough to cherish the wife he had married in return for her love. He devoted himself to business, and to his rapidly-increasing family: prospered in both; and in due time arrived at the enjoyment of at least ordinary happiness. But at length a period of commercial calamity came, and Richard suffered with the rest. His fixed capital was still moderately good; but he was embarrassed, almost ruined, for want of money. One day during this crisis he was in his private room in the counting-house, brooding over his difficulties, and in the least promising mood that could be imagined for sentimental recollections, when a letter was placed before him, the first two lines of which informed him, in a brief, business-like manner, that Martha was dead. The paper dropped upon the floor; and covering his face with his hands, he abandoned himself for a long time to the deep and painful memories of his early years.

On emerging from this parenthesis in the commoner cares of life, he took up the letter to place it on the table; when, on glancing over its remaining contents, he found that poor Martha had bequeathed to him her watch, and the whole of her original fortune of L.3000. This completely unmanned the man of business; and throwing himself back in his chair, he sobbed like a child. Although the money was of infinite importance to him at the time, freeing him from his present embarrassments, and paving the way for the splendid fortune he afterwards acquired, he attached a far higher value to the personal keepsake. When he had become quite an old man, it was observed that, as often as he opened the drawer in which the relic was kept, he remained plunged in a deep reverie, while gazing long and earnestly upon this first—last—only token of Quaker Love.

A LOOK INTO A DIRECTORY.

LITTLE either to interest or to instruct, one would suppose, could by any process of literary ingenuity be extracted from the pages of that proverbially dry book—a Directory. If a tale-writer wants to put his hero into the most forlorn of all mental conditions, the customary process is to put him into a wayside inn on a pouring day, with the Directory for all his landlord's stock of books. Perhaps we may succeed in showing that the Directory is not such dry diet as it has been considered, and that, rightly taken in hand, it may afford a tolerable supply of curious and interesting, as well as, what no one denies, useful information. It is right to state at the outset that the 'Post-Office London Directory' is that which has been employed by us. We have confined our dippings exclusively to that section of it which is called the Trades' Directory, being, in fact, a sort of classification of different trades, with the tradesmen's names and addresses beneath each head. Our amusement has been to collect from this part a few odd facts and figures about the numerous varieties and ramifications of trade which it displays. Putting these under appropriate divisions, we are presented with a series of singularities well deserving attention, and repaying the trouble—which is saying a great deal, seeing that this analytic process is both toilsome and time-consuming.

Our attention was first directed to the list of those who gain their livelihood by remedying the defects of the human frame, of course excluding from this place the mention of all branches of the medical profession. And the first on our list we find to be artificial eye-makers! Although injuries of these valuable organs are not uncommon, yet in very few instances is the attempt made by the sufferer to supply the detriment to his countenance occasioned by the loss of one eye by adopting an artificial or glass eye. Doubtless, then, the artificial eye-makers not only supply living human beings with eyes, but also prepare the brilliant eyes with which stuffed birds and beasts glare upon us. With this addition to their business, we yet learn from the Directory that there are but three pursuers of the trade in the metropolis. The next class of defects relates to missing arms, or legs, or hands, left possibly on

Digitized by Google

the field of battle or in the hands of an operating surgeon. This presents a wider field for enterprise; and of those who devote themselves to such mechanical ingenuities as these, we find our authority gives us the number of at least twelve. That, as the barbers say, indispensable ornament, 'a fine head of hair,' leads us in a progressive ratio to those who undertake, with varying degrees of pretension and success, to furnish this ornament to persons to whom nature has denied it. Thus we learn that upwards of two dozen persons in London devote themselves to the making of perruques, including those who manufacture the strange-looking things called bar-wigs for the gentlemen of the long robe. As it is necessary, however, to have a contrivance by which a sort of adhesion may be effected between the wig and the head it adorns, a peculiar branch of art is the manufacture of wig-springs—so peculiar, in fact, that we find but one wig-spring-maker in all London. Defects connected with the mouth and teeth furnish employment to a still greater number of persons, who would fain dignify their pursuits with the honours of a profession. Of these practitioners of dentistry the metropolis contains the large number of between two and three hundred. This art, however, has its subdivisions; and thus there are two or three who manufacture the teeth, others the plates, and others the general mechanical part of the business. The great metropolis has its corns, and supports in considerable affluence 9 corn-cutters, or, to speak *a la mode*, chiropedists. It has also its defects of vision and hearing, and for their alleviation keeps employed 5 or 6 professional aurists, and the same number, or rather more, oculists. Its commoner ailments are committed to the care of the large staff of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners, together with chemists and druggists innumerable.

London, the mother of two million children, must be fed. Looking, then, to the list of those on whom the task devolves, we find, in the first place, a corps of 2500 bakers. It has been calculated that this corps consumes and disposes of in all about 1,000,000 quarters of wheat each year. Four-fifths of this is made into bread, and distributed among the inhabitants of the metropolis in the shape of quartern loaves, to the number annually of 15,000,000. The bread thus provided cannot—so at least say they who can afford to say it—be consumed without butter, and we find 990 buttermen coming in to the rescue, with 11,000 tons of butter every year, and 13,000 tons of cheese! Bread and butter are suggestive of tea and sugar; and we find the large number of 3000 grocers and tea-dealers helping to spread our tables with the luxuries and comforts of the East. We are thus also naturally conducted to the dairy, which employs 900 established dairy-keepers, with a whole army of Welsh and Irish milkmen and women, and *professes* to afford an annual supply of 8,000,000 gallons of milk, but, as will be readily conjectured by those who are familiar with the anomalous aspect of this fluid in London, great uncertainty attaches to all statistics about it. Her dinner-table is supplied with meat by upwards of 1700 master butchers, with their men; and the annual number of beasts slaughtered for use, including oxen, sheep, calves, and pigs, amounts, as is calculated, to 1,701,000. Her more luxurious children spend L.80,000 a year on poultry, and employ therefore a proportionate number of poulterers. Her supply of fish is the duty of more than 400 chief fishmongers; and although it is impossible to give a correct estimate, her annual consumption of this article cannot fall short of 15,000,000 pounds, and is probably above that quantity. Her vegetables and dessert are the occupation of nearly 1300 green-grocers and fruiterers, and, it is supposed, cost annually about L.1,000,000 sterling. Her table is supplied with wine by 1000 merchants; and, alas! her poor are poisoned with intoxicating beverages by *eleven thousand* public-houses!

On account of the great distance from place to place, and the manner in which a 'connection' is scattered, it is customary for butchers, bakers, fishmongers, green-grocers, and some other tradesmen, to send out their respective wares in spring-gigs, or, as they are usually termed, 'Whitechapel Carts,' in London and its environs the number of these vehicles is very great. Milk is usually served from pans suspended by a yoke from the shoulder. The supplying of milk (from the pump as well as the cow) is considered a good trade; and we can at all events certify that a cur milkman and his wife on a late occasion went to the Opera, so gaily attired as 'the best of 'em.' If this instance of 'the way the money goes' be thought surprising to strangers, it will give them a notion of the extent of trade carried on in apparently insignificant situations, when we mention that 'our fishmonger,' who occupies a little shop scarcely larger than a sentry-box, is rated at L.500 a year by the income-tax commissioners. The greater number of these small tradesmen, as they are ordinarily termed, are far from economical in their habits, though it must be owned they earn their money by a course of industry beyond anything exemplary. To return from this digression.

The clothing trades of London are numerous, and in many instances on an extensive scale. It is commonly alleged that the fair sex are exclusively addicted to the extravagance of dress. Whether what we are about to state will roll away this disgrace or not from them, we dare not affirm; let gentlemen, however, be made acquainted with this truth, that our parent city keeps for us alone 2880 master tailors, while, for the other sex, her establishment of milliners of the same position only amounts to 1080. We are bound, however, to add, that she also sustains upwards of 1400 chief linendrapers and haberdashers. Her boot and shoemakers number about 2160, and her hosiers between 300 and 400. We have taken a Directory of the year 1821, and on contrasting the numbers there to be counted of persons belonging to these different occupations, find that at that period—a quarter of a century or so ago—there were, so the Directory gives it, but 320 master bakers, 880 master grocers, 160 master fishmongers, 810 wine-merchants, 880 linendrapers and haberdashers, the same number of boot and shoemakers, and 1040 tailors. Could reliance be placed on these books, how valuable an amount of information would they present! But in the case in question, although there cannot be a doubt that an enormous increase has taken place in this period in the number of tradesmen, yet the figures last quoted, which we have obtained by carefully counting them in the pages of the Directory of that period, are by no means to be taken as accurate representations of the state of the metropolitan trade at the time.

The number of persons employed, in consequence of the subdivision of labour, upon a single article of general requisition, has often attracted observation. The pages of a Directory are rich in information upon such subjects. Take, for example, a watch, and let us notice how many *master* mechanics are employed in its construction. There are 9 cap-makers, 42 case-makers, 15 dial-plate-makers, 1 silverer of watch and clock countenances, a number of enamellers, engine-turners, and chasers, 9 engravers, 15 escapement-makers, 8 finishers, 4 fusee-makers, 23 case gilders, 12 watch-glass-makers, 10 *hand*-makers, 2 index-makers, 24 jewellers of holes, 5 joint-finishers, 3 makers of watch-keys, 4 dealers in watch-materials, 25 watch-motion-makers, 1 pallet-jeweller, 2 pallet-makers, 3 pendant-makers, 3 pinion-makers, 36 secret-spring-makers, 10 watch-spring-makers, 11 tool-makers, 5 wheel-makers, and 686 so-called watch-makers! Thus there are 25 distinct and well-marked branches of this trade, or, in all, about 968 master tradesmen, of course employing a large number of operatives, engaged in the construction and sale of the watches of our metropolis. The construction of a carriage, though not quite so largely divided among a number of hands as the last, yet supplies us with a goodly list of different artisans occupied therein. Thus our authority indicates to us the names

Digitized by Google

and abodes of numerous carriage-lamp-makers, grease-makers, body-makers and body-benders, axletree-makers, headers, blind-makers, carvers, founders, painters, ironmongers, japanners, joiners, lace-makers, platers, spring-makers, and wheel-makers—in all, 17! In the formation of a four-post bed there are 8 or 9 different trades called into operation—the bedstead-makers, the bed-screw-makers, the turners and carvers of the pillars, the fabricators of the sacking, of the mattresses, of the feather-bed, the French polishers, and the upholsterers.

We have been interested also in noticing to how large an extent the manufacture of apparently unimportant articles employs the industrious citizens of our community. Thus there are 30 tradesmen whose sole occupation it is to rend laths for building. There are 19 large manufacturers of Lucifer matches! each employing perhaps his 10, 20, or 30 men; and the manufacture of match-boxes alone exclusively employs 5 masters. There are 17 master manufacturers of *beads*; and there are 56 tobacco-pipe-makers! There are upwards of 40 manufactories for the preparation of ink and other writing fluids; and for blacking there are 55 of greater or less eminence. There are 18 makers of printers' ink, 3 makers of printers' blankets, 14 makers of printing presses, 11 printers' smiths, 16 typefounders, and 12 stereotype founders. There are as many as 9 makers of different sorts of bellows; there are also 16 masters who earn their livelihood by dealing in bones. The merchandise of ice will probably soon assume a far greater importance than it claims at present; but even now, exclusive of the confectioners and fishmongers, who have long dealt in this article, there are 5 or 6 ice-merchants—we were going to write, living by ice alone, at anyrate drawing a large and profitable income from its sale. The formation of our fair metropolitan fane, where they are of home manufacture, is the livelihood of 5 fan-makers; and the construction of our doctors' pill-boxes employs about nine wholesale manufacturers, a demonstration to some extent of our famous character as pill swallowers among the nations of Europe. Of umbrella-makers there are nearly 200, which is also suggestive in its way as to our equally famous instability of climate. There are 8 manufacturers of mourning and wedding rings. There are 23 restorers of smoke-begrimed pictures; and, incongruous union! there are 20 dealers in the article yeast alone.

There are some peculiar trades mentioned in the Directory, the very name of which will probably excite a smile. Thus there are 2 professional exterminators of bugs, the 'sign' of one announcing that he is favoured with royal patronage. Then there is another extraordinary trade, teapot handle-making. Visiting one of the places enumerated in the Directory, we found that here was the owner of a shop dependent for his living on making handles and knobs to teapots. Besides him, the great metropolis supports 3 others. There are also 12 manufactories for—dolls! for the delight and solace of the London little girls. China-menders are 3 or 4 according to our authority; but without doubt this is far below the mark. There are 2 purveyors of asses' milk, which is retailed, as we are informed, at four shillings the quart; we hope unsophisticated, though that is extremely questionable. London also boasts of 3 manufacturers of silver thimbles; and possesses 5 professed makers of widows' caps. If the Directory is correct, there is but 1 manufacturer of coal shovels in all London. Every one must have noticed the beautifully-natural flowers which are occasionally used for garnishing cold-dressed meats at breakfasts or suppers, some of them of so much elegance, as fairly to compete with the productions of the flower garden. Ornaments of a similar character are often seen in the windows of our butter salesmen, cut in the resemblance of pine-apples, &c. These are very commonly cut out of turnips, and tinted with water-colours; sometimes, however, a pre-eminent canary-bird can be cut out of a carrot when its hue is not too deep. Would any one believe that the making of these trifles was the serious business of life to several individuals? So it is. How many more there may be we know not, but the Directory points us to one at least whose sole occupation is vegetable ornament cutting.

We beg, in conclusion, to offer one word of caution in accepting facts as they are here stated. Although we have great reason to believe that the Post-Office Directory is a most carefully-prepared book, neither it nor any work of its class can be strictly depended on for an exact statement of the truth as to the number and variety of metropolitan trades. This may, however, be safely affirmed, that the errors in number in the statements here detailed are always on the hither, not the farther side; they are short of, rather than exceed the truth. And as all trades are equally understated, it is fair to suppose that the proportional relation of different trades is exhibited with tolerable accuracy in this paper. We believe we are also justified in supposing that the interesting nature of our results has satisfactorily confirmed our prefatory remarks, and will compel novelists in future to select as a receipt for the megrims some other book than a good Directory.

AN INCIDENT ON THE PACIFIC.

Some years ago I was rambling amidst the various groups of islands scattered over the great Southern Pacific Ocean. I had reached Roratonga, from Sydney, in a vessel called the 'Samuel and Mary,' which was driven on shore and knocked to pieces by a hurricane about three weeks after I had left her at that island.

From the fragments of this wreck, Makea, the king, or rather head chief of Roratonga, had built and rigged a small vessel for himself, and which was navigated for him by an American, who had resided for nearly twenty years on that and the adjacent islands. And as this vessel was about to proceed on a kind of exploring voyage, intending to visit a great number of islands in quest of cocoa-nut oil and arrowroot, to be purchased from the natives, I resolved, as she intended to call finally at Tahiti, whither it was my wish to proceed, to embark on board of her for the voyage, as I was in no particular hurry to get to the place of my destination, and was glad, moreover, of the opportunity of seeing many rarely-visited islands, which the occasion presented.

At the last of the Navigator group which we touched at, however, we found several natives who had been waiting some months in the hopes of a vessel calling which could take them back to their own island, called Aitutaki. They had been cast away, and in the following manner:—They had on their own island built a vessel for themselves in the white man's fashion; the only resemblance to which fashion was, that it certainly was not a *canoe*. We were told that it was a most miserable thing when finished, but the natives themselves were very proud of their handiwork. Well, they put to sea, intending to go to an island called Wateoo, about 150 miles off; and so conceited were they as to their ability to *navigate* their craft, that they actually refused the offer of a sailor living on the island to steer their vessel for them. The consequence was, that during a storm or head wind which occurred in the night, they missed their course; and when day broke, no land was to be seen! For many weeks did they toss about that immense ocean, which must be sailed over ere its vastness can at all be comprehended, ignorant of their position, and whither they were driving, suffering, as may be imagined, very great hardships from hunger and thirst. The sea in that latitude has a strong westerly current, which carried them all the way to the Navigators, near which group they were picked up by a whaler, who burnt their vessel, in order to prevent its becoming a coffin for them, and then landed them on this island, where they had ever since resided, having been treated with the utmost kindness and humanity by its inhabitants.

They were of course very anxious to embark on board of us. The American, our captain, if I may give him

Digitized by Google

the title, was in all respects a thorough-bred Yankee, his long stay in these islands having robbed him of none of his original 'down-east' acuteness. He listened quietly to all that the candidates for a passage had to say for themselves, and then drawled out to me in a most villanous nasal twang, 'Wa'l, I 'spose I'll take 'em; my wife's a native of their islands, and she tells me it will 'blige her. Besides, they'll give me a pig a piece for passage money, and I guess they finds their own fixins (Anglice, provisions); and I've a notion I'll get all the 'ile and arrer-root on their island, and tother tradin', for a'most nothin', if they have any gratitoode. And, as you say, it's a Christian dooty to help 'em.' I thought that he might have omitted the last motive with a good grace, considering that he was to be so well paid for the job.

As there was very little trading at this particular island, we had only to wait until we got our new passengers with their 'traps' on board. I was much amused by a little incident which took place before starting. The canoes were alongside with the provisions for the natives, consisting of bananas, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, &c.; all of which, as well as the pigs for passage money, had been supplied by the generosity of the people they had been so long staying with. The passage money was being counted and examined by the skipper with a critical eye, before being consigned to the enclosure which had been got ready for them, when all at once I heard him loudly protesting against the currency of one of the coins. In other words, one of the pigs was so decidedly small and lean, that he positively rejected it. 'Do you call that 'ere crittur a pig?' said he: 'I call it the *ghost of an oncommon tall rat* in a gallopin' consumption: I declare it ain't got strength to grunt, let alone squeal!' And in spite of protestations that it was the only one he could get, the poor fellow was obliged to paddle ashore to seek out another. I saw him stand on the beach for some minutes gazing at the pig, the cause of his perplexity. But apparently he soon decided upon a course of action. Bundling the animal once more into the canoe, he quietly paddled round a small sandy point, where he was hidden from the ship's deck, where no one but myself was watching his movements. I had the curiosity to ascend the rigging to see what he could be after, as there were neither huts nor pigs in that direction. I got to the mast-head just in time to see him run his canoe on the beach, and drag out his pig. To my astonishment, he then plunged the luckless animal entirely under water, and held it there for some time. Again and again did he repeat the operation, until the poor grunter could have had but little breath left. In about twenty minutes he boldly returned to the ship, and offered the pig to the captain. He looked at it. 'Wa'l,' said he, 'I guess that *has* more belly on it, it has;' and certainly it did look fatter, for it had been forced to swallow about half its own volume of water. 'Put it along with the rest.' I did not like to betray the poor fellow, for I thought the Yankee had been well paid already for his task. He partly discovered the trick, however, before we had been long under weigh. Acting as his own butcher, he selected the hydropathic patient as the first subject for the knife; and his astonishment at the huge gush of water which followed his incision was great. I suppose he must have considered the pig diseased from dropsy, for he handed it over to the natives, who, being let into the secret by the culprit, had no scruple in eating it.

In order to replenish their stock of cocoa-nuts, we stood in for a small group of islands called Palmerston's Island, circled by one large reef; in fact one of those remarkable coral formations which are termed 'atolls,' in contradistinction to what are called 'fringing or barrier reefs.'

No one who has not sailed over the Pacific can form any distinct conception of the remarkable appearance presented by these varieties of the coral formations, more particularly by that variety called in the Indian Archipelago 'atolls' or 'lagoons,' with islands rising within them. Fancy, in the middle of the ocean, across whose bosom you have been swiftly moving for weeks, a snow-white circle, of greater or less diameter, formed by the breakers lashed into foam by the waves of the ocean coming into contact for the first time with the rampart of coral. Outside this circle are the dark-blue heaving waters of the profound sea; within is a smooth expanse of brilliant light-green, calm, and comparatively shallow water; this circular reef, covered by its foaming breakers, and enclosing these quiet waters, is, strictly speaking, a true atoll. But sometimes the still waters within contain low islets, formed of sand, and the soil created from the decomposed corals, which branch in delicate beauty of form and colour in every portion of the lagoon. The encircling reef also may in some parts raise itself above the reach of the furious breakers, and on the soil there formed, as well as on that of the low islets within, the most luxuriant vegetation of the tropics quickly springs up. Sometimes, indeed, the barrier reef is wholly raised above the breakers, and thus within the snow-white line of surf, which forms a superb fringe to it and to the blue ocean, a beautiful belt of foliage, composed chiefly of the graceful and towering cocoa-nut, embraces the calm waters within. Altogether, it is a striking and very lovely scene, and the colours are intense.

Palmerston Island, the name given to the little group of islets which we were now approaching, and which were densely covered with cocoa-nut trees, we supposed to be uninhabited, as they were but sand-heaps, though supporting so plentiful a vegetation. But as if to make good a saying of our captain, 'that you will everywhere find a Scotchman, a crow, and a Newcastle grindstone,' here, in this lonely spot of ocean, we did fall in with a native of the 'Land of Cakes.' As we approached the island late in the afternoon, we were surprised to see a canoe emerging through an opening in the reef, and, what astonished us yet more, it hoisted a white sail (the sign of white men being there), as the natives use sails made of matting. When she came alongside, two white men jumped on board. One was evidently an American. His companion also betrayed his country by his speech. Ere he had uttered a few words, I hailed him as a countryman. No one who is not a Scotchman, and has never wandered in strange and far-away lands, can tell the delight which filled both our minds when we discovered that we were natives of the same fair city—Perth. Our subjects of conversation for the next hour they remained on board may be easily imagined. Pleasant to me was the accent of his tongue; pleasant the reminiscences of his youth, for they recalled those of my own, and the scenes by the bonny Tay where they were laid.

This young gentleman was of a respectable family. His father was British consul for many years at the capital of one of the northern powers. He himself was an engineer, but had gone to Australia, where his brothers were stock-keepers, or squatters, as they were termed, at Moreton Bay. Not finding his employment in Sydney to this liking, he took it into his head to unite a little speculation with a little wandering over the Pacific Ocean. Cocoa-nut oil at that time was selling in Sydney at L.40 a tun; and as it cost but L.15 to make it at the islands and bring it there, he determined to try his hand at the job. He invented a machine, in the first place, for the purpose of preparing the nuts—a process which is performed by the natives with great labour by hand, with a piece of flint or shell. His apparatus he took to Tahiti, and from thence he sailed for this place, in company with the American and three or four natives to assist him. But they had used up all the cocoa-nuts fit for their purpose, and were, moreover, tired of the game: the more so, that all their stores were exhausted, and they had been living for three months on fish and sea-fowls' eggs, both of which could be procured in great quantities. Their first cry out was for tobacco; they said they did not

Digitized by Google

care about their beef and biscuit having run out: so long as their tobacco lasted they were contented. We supplied them liberally with the weed, as well as a part of our flour and biscuit; and having obtained a stock of green nuts for the natives, we left them, as they declined coming with us, being certain that, although he was so far behind his time, the captain of the vessel which had left them there would still call and take them off. Nor were they disappointed, as I saw my friend three months afterwards at Eimeo, an island near Tahiti. He told me that the cause of the delay consisted in the vessel having made a direct trip to Sydney, instead of calling for them on her way. They were picked up, with all their stock of oil, a few days after we left them, and taken to Tahiti.

We called at numerous islands before we reached that which was the residence of our native passengers. Perhaps no people in the whole world are fonder of their own particular homes than are the South Sea islanders. The impatience and longing of those with us to get once more a glimpse of their own dear island home was extreme. Every morning at daylight, with eager eyes would they be on deck scanning the various islands we passed, and never did the watch cease, until one morning, as I was going on deck, I heard a tremendous yell, and 'Aitutaki, Aitutaki!' shouted out with a perfect transport of passionate delight and eagerness. As we neared the shore, they became more and more excited. There is no proper anchorage; but ships lay off and on in a particular bay; and as we coasted round the island to reach it, and as they recognised each well-known object on shore, which was a mile distant then, I thought they would all go 'daft' together. At last one could stand the slow movement of the vessel no longer; he was pointing with trembling earnestness to some spot on the beach, when all at once he uttered a yell and sprang clean overboard. One or two followed his example, so eager were they to tread once more the soil of their dear island. They had been absent six months, and of course had long ago been given up as lost. Such a scene as ensued when the meeting took place! All the population had assembled, and at the unexpected sight of their long-lost friends, such a yell arose! Such rubbing of noses together; such howlings of joyful recognition! As our Yankee skipper said, 'I guess it 'ud require forty donkeys to describe the *echo of it*.'

All belonging to the vessel were treated with the utmost kindness; indeed I do not remember anywhere spending a happier week than that of our sojourn amongst these simple and hospitable islanders; and it was with regret that we left them to steer our course to Tahiti.

INFORMATION FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

We are in the daily habit of receiving letters soliciting information and advice on emigration; and to all these we have but one reply—that we have no special knowledge on the subject beyond what we communicate from time to time in this Journal, and that we shrink from the responsibility of influencing the decision of strangers in a question affecting the whole of their future fortunes. Even when drawing the attention of our correspondents, as we now desire to do, to the 'Emigration Circular,' the existence of which, we fancy, is less widely known than it ought to be, we would caution them against gulping its details without examination or thought, as matters coming from authority. The 'Circular' is a closely-printed pamphlet, containing about the same quantity of matter as one of our numbers; it is issued by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, and published, in order to render it accessible to all, at the low price of twopence.* The last number appeared at the end of July, and the next is intended to be issued next spring.

The reason why we would suggest that some caution should be used in receiving many of the most interesting particulars, communicated even in a work the respectability of which is beyond suspicion, is simply that correctness is *impossible*. At home, prices are comparatively steady, or, if they move, they do so gradually, and with so obvious a tendency, that the limit of the rise or fall may frequently be foreseen. In a colony, on the contrary, but more especially a new colony, in addition to a more than ordinary share of other kinds of uncertainty, the fluctuating amount of population forms a new and peculiar element in the fluctuations of the market. There, in fact, is the true school for the study of political economy. In an old country we may be mystified by a thousand artificial complications, but in a new one we can trace the movements of the simple machinery, and observe the operation of the natural law of adjustment between prices and supply. The arrival of a single barge of goods or emigrants may change for a time the whole aspect of a limited colony, and falsify the most important items in its 'Circular.' A little attention to this fact will prevent much disappointment. If we are told, for instance, that in Australia the wages of common artisans are 8s. per day, and are invited—common artisans being scarce at the money—to flock out in thousands or tens of thousands to this new El-Dorado of labour, what do we understand by the invitation? Reflecting persons will perceive that it is of the *extravagance* of the tariff the colonists complain, and that their desire for a fresh multitude of hands is merely the desire to obtain labour at a price they can more easily pay. To suppose that, if the summoned thousands obeyed the call, they would be engaged at 8s. per day, is an absurdity. The price of labour would adjust itself according to the supply; and if that was greater than the colony could in anyway use, the emigrants would find that out of the frying-pan at home they had leaped across the ocean into the fire.

The first question an intending emigrant asks is, to which colony he shall betake himself? The answer to this will depend upon various circumstances. The three principal fields of emigration are the North American colonies, the United States, and the Australian colonies, including New Zealand.

In estimating the inducements offered by these several fields, we are without materials for including the United States, but hope to have some early opportunity of throwing light upon this branch of the subject. The commissioners are more communicative with regard to New Zealand; but at anyrate, a sixpenny pamphlet, of sixty-four well-filled pages, comes just in time to serve as an appendix to this portion of the Circular, and we shall make free use of it, though not without expressing our sense of obligation to those who have favoured the public with so cheap and useful a compendium of the latest information.*

The demand for labour in the North American colonies is at present almost confined to New Brunswick. In Canada, the paralysis occasioned by the late commercial difficulties still continues, although a reaction is confidently looked for. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, the demand for additional labour is very limited; but in New Brunswick the rate of wages is steadily advancing to a higher point than it has ever before attained. The reason is explained to be, that the number of able-bodied labourers has latterly borne too small a proportion to that of the whole body of immigrants; and the government agent states, 'that 1000 good and healthy labourers (with their families, equal to 5000 souls) would find employment in various parts of the province during the season of 1848 at fair wages.'

* By Charles Knight and Co., and Smith, Elder, and Co., London; but sold no doubt by all other booksellers.

* The Emigrants' Guide to New Zealand. By a late Resident in the Colony. London: Stewart and Murray, Old Bailey. 1848.

Digitized by Google

In New South Wales, the demand for labour is confined to shepherds, farm servants, agricultural labourers, and female domestic servants; but all these are much wanted, and would meet with great encouragement. In Port Phillip, in addition to these classes, there is a demand to some extent for carpenters, masons, bricklayers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, and other mechanics. This report continues to the end of last January. In South Australia, agricultural labourers, shepherds, miners, mechanics, and female domestic servants, are the principal hands wanted; and notwithstanding a recent pretty abundant supply, the high rate of wages is maintained. The government secretary, however, in that colony remarks, 'that although no reduction has yet been effected in the rate of wages by the arrival of immigrants, it must be anticipated that their continued influx may produce a change in this respect;' and he suggests that it would be well, 'in order to prevent the disappointment which would in such an event be naturally felt by those who may be induced to emigrate with expectations founded on the present scale of wages, that they should be warned, before leaving England, of the probability of such a contingency.' This warning they received not long ago from ourselves, in the midst of the most wildly-clamorous invitations from the colonists, and equally hearty responses of the press.

There is one feature, however, in the reception of immigrants into South Australia which is deserving of special notice. A house in Adulaide is prepared for young unmarried females who have no friends or relations on board, and who are removed thither on their arrival, and at once find themselves surrounded with every necessary comfort, and with persons of their own sex to assist them in obtaining desirable situations. The following notice greets the poor solitary shrinking female as she first sets foot upon the new world of the antipodes:—'To newly-arrived female immigrants. The committee of ladies appointed to watch over the interest of the unmarried female immigrants newly arrived in the colony, offer their protection and encouragement to every respectable young woman who, landing on the shores of South Australia, feels the want of a home. The governor has kindly promised to supply rations, and to provide rooms for present accommodation. Ladies will visit the young women, and assist them to procure desirable situations.' This document is signed by Mrs Bagot, Mrs Farrell, and Mrs Giles; and these ladies, we are sure, will not derive less pleasure from their philanthropic labours when they know that their names, through such agencies as ours, are even as household words in every cottage in England.

In New Zealand, the classes most in demand are shepherds, agricultural, farm, and other labourers, and domestic servants. To a less degree there is also employment for mechanics, such as miners, shoemakers, and tailors. Mercantile clerks and young men of no trade or capital always fail to obtain situations. But it is not less new than delightful to find that there is already a strong rivalry carried on in the labour market by the *natives*. The following extract respecting them is from the 'Emigrants' Guide,' and is copied there from a report of the superintendent of the military roads in the district of Wellington, dated last January —some months later than the information in the Circular:—

'They rapidly improve as workmen, and it is extraordinary that men whose previous lives have been passed in uncontrolled idleness should now work for months together so incessantly, as to rest but one hour out of ten, and under such restriction, as not to be allowed to smoke or even to talk, to the interruption of their work; yet this result has been obtained by means so slight, as to appear quite insufficient. An idle workman is occasionally fined sixpence, or if so talkative as to interrupt work, he is placed alone without listeners; if he has given satisfaction, he perhaps receives his week's wages in crowns, or, if otherwise, in sixpences. If a troublesome character, he is discharged; and though the superintendents of parties have been detached many miles from any Europeans, besides their overseers, in the wildest and most inaccessible places, there has never been an instance of violence towards them or the overseers. The greatest crime has been that of stealing an axe by a discharged native, when another of the tribe, after working all day, travelled all night to recover it, and returned with it in time for work the next morning.'

It is mentioned that out of sixty natives employed upon one work at Auckland, there was not one who could not read, and only one who could not write his own language. The money obtained by these people for their labour on the roads is spent, according to the 'New Zealand Spectator' of 1st March last, either in the purchase of clothes and other necessaries, the produce of English manufacture, or else invested in stock, horses, or cows, thereby adding to the permanent wealth of the colony. But there is another side to the medal. 'We want land, labour, and capital,' says the last quoted authority. 'The roads now in progress open up fresh districts to the settlers, but the absentees in too many instances interfere to prevent their profitable occupation; there is an absolute scarcity of labour of all kinds, and but little prospect of a remedy for this want; the wages of labouring men are from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a day, while female servants are hardly to be procured on any terms. An influx of fresh capital would materially assist in developing the resources of the colony.'

In Van Diemen's Land, according to the latest information, there is a great demand for free labourers; and in Western Australia, labourers, shepherds, and female servants are in great request.

It would occupy too much space to give the rate of wages in the several colonies for the different trades, but we select a few of the more common hands, in order to give an idea of the relative proportion.

A blacksmith receives from 5s. to 8s. 2d. per day in the North American colonies, where his expense for board and lodging is from 10s. 6d. to 13s. 6d. a week. In the Sydney district of New South Wales his wages are 5s. 6d. per day, and in the Port Philip district, 7s.; in South Australia, 6s. 6d.; in Van Diemen's Land, 4s. 6d.; in Western Australia, 8s.; and in New Zealand from 3s. to 5s.

A bricklayer receives from 5s. to 7s. in the North American colonies; 5s. 6d. in Sydney; 7s. in Port Philip; 6s. 9d. in South Australia; 5s. 6d. in Van Diemen's Land; 8s. in Western Australia; and from 5s. to 7s. in New Zealand.

A carpenter and joiner, 5s. 3½d. to 6s. 3d. in the North American colonies, and 5s. 6d. to 10s. in Australia, the highest rate being given in New Zealand. These may suffice for common examples.

The difference in prices is in proportion. In South Australia the best bread is 1½d. per lb., and in the other Australian colonies from 2d. to 2½d. per lb.; while in the North American colonies it is from 1½d. to 2d. per lb. Fresh meat from 2d. to 3d. per lb. in Australia, excepting Western Australia, where it is 4½d.; and in the North American colonies, beef from 2½d. to 4d. per lb. (to 8d. in Newfoundland), and mutton from 2d. to 4d. Potatoes from 5s. 10d. to 9s. a cwt. in Australia, with the exception of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, where they are only 3s.; and in the North American colonies, 1s. 6d. to 4s. per bushel. Tea, 2s. to 3s. per lb. both in Australia and America.

The relative cost of passage is another subject of interest. The cabin passage to North America is from L.10 to L.20, including provisions. The cheapest is from the Irish ports; the next from the ports in the Clyde; the next from Liverpool; and the next from London. Intermediate, from L.5 to L.10; the same without provisions, L.2, 10s. to L.7. Steerage, with full allowance of provisions, L.4 to L.7; without provisions beyond the legal allowance, L.2, 5s. to L.5, 10s.

Cabin passage, with provisions, to New South Wales,

Digitized by Google

L.55 to L.100; intermediate, L.40; steerage, L.18 to L.20. Cabin passage to Van Diemen's Land, L.50 to L.90; intermediate, L.35; steerage, L.18 to L.20. Western Australia and South Australia, cabin, L.60 to L.90; intermediate, L.40; steerage, L.18 to L.25. New Zealand, cabin, L.60 to L.100; intermediate, L.40; steerage, L.18 to L.25.

In the 'Circular' and the 'Emigrants' Guide' full information will be found on the subject of free passages.

In Upper Canada, the present price of crown lands is 6s. 7d. sterling per acre; in Lower Canada, from 3s. 2½d. to 4s. 11d.; in Nova Scotia, 1s. 9d. per acre, in lots of not less than 100 acres. In New Brunswick, the land is sold by auction at an upset price of 2s. 8d.; 50 acres being the smallest quantity.

In Australia, the lowest upset price is L.1 per acre. This is considered to be much too high in a country where the bulk of the capital is sunk in flocks and herds, requiring thousands of acres for each establishment. The question is argued shrewdly in a shilling pamphlet, entitled 'Sydney's Australian Handbook,' professing to teach emigrants how to settle and succeed in Australia.*

'As to the class of men who should emigrate thither,' says that work, 'the first is the labourer, with no capital, but stout arms and a stout heart, not burdened with any ridiculous fears about blacks and bushrangers. If he can get landed in any Australian port—Sydney, for choice, as the London of the colony—he is quite sure of good wages and plenty of food, with no expense for fuel, and very little for clothes. He has no long winter to endure, as in Canada, and no severe frosts to guard against by coats and flannels. A wife, provided there are no helpless infants, is no disadvantage. As I have before observed, a previous knowledge of agriculture, which is indispensable in Canada, is quite unnecessary on an Australian stock or sheep-farm. For shepherds or hut-keepers I prefer Manchester, Birmingham, or Sheffield men, even if they never noticed a sheep before except in a butcher's shop, to the best English, Scotch, or Welsh shepherd. Townsmen are better educated, quicker witted, and less prejudiced. European shepherds have their trade to learn over again. The agricultural labourer is useful on a farm, and can do better for himself when he comes to settle on land of his own.

'To obtain a shepherd's situation, a man has nothing to do but start at once for the bush. Instead of wasting his time in the emigration barracks, or in Sydney, let him strap his blanket on his back, take a bit of bread, some tea, sugar, and tobacco, and take any of the main roads into the interior, and hire at the first station where there is a vacancy for a man of his sort. He will be at scarcely any expense, if at any; but he will get a hearty welcome, a bed, and a bellyful. Should he be benighted, a camp out under a tree will do him no harm, as there are no dangerous beasts in Australia.

'Professions are, and always will be, rather overdone. To succeed in trade, a man must have a great deal of colonial experience, and rather a Yankee spirit.

'Among mechanics, the clever Jack-of-all-trades is the man. It is impossible to carry a box of tools on your back. A good bush carpenter will do anything with an axe, an adze, and a few other things, but when you get to a station they find you tools.'

The 'Circular,' as emanating from government authorities, bears no reference to the United States. Our impression, however, is, that, Australia excepted in reference to sheep-farming, the States are greatly preferable as a field of emigration for nearly all classes of persons —artisans for the towns, and labourers and agriculturists for the country. A greatly-preferable point in the States is the cheapness of land (about 4s. 2d. an acre), and the perfect ease with which it can be purchased at once at a land office. In settling in the States, there is of course the disadvantage of becoming the citizen of a foreign country; but it may be doubted whether the intolerable mismanagement of the colonies is not fruitful of much greater discomfort. On this delicate matter each party must be left to judge for himself.

* Pelham Richardson. London: 1848.

Column for Young People.

THE PEACOCK.

A TALE FOR LITTLE GIRLS, AND QUITE TRUE.

'What a beautiful peacock we saw to-day, mamma, at Mrs Forrester's?' said Fanny to her mamma.

'Very beautiful indeed, Fanny,' said her mamma. There was silence for some minutes, when Fanny again spoke.

'Mamma, I would give the world for a peacock.'

'Softly—softly, my child,' said her mamma: 'consider for a moment what you say. Would you give your papa and mamma for a peacock?'

'Oh no, indeed, mamma: I did not mean the people in the world—I only meant the world itself.'

You spoke very foolishly then, Fanny,' said her mamma; 'for there are a great many peacocks in the world.'

'Well, mamma, I believe I meant in my own world—my dolls, my playthings, my pigeons, my Pussy. Oh, poor Pussy, I should not like to part with you; but I think that I would give even Pussy too for a peacock. Pray tell me, mamma, about peafowl. Did you ever see a peacock before?'

Fanny's mamma answered, 'Yes, I have seen many, and know a good deal about them; for when I was a little girl like you there were a great many about the country where I lived, and I was very fond of rearing them. They came originally from India, where they are larger and more beautiful than with us. But they are now common in many parts of the British Islands; but in the northern parts, such as where we now live, they are scarce, and difficult to rear. In the south, where I was brought up, the peahens had all the trouble themselves; and when the little ones could fly, which was very soon, the hen would sometimes take wing, followed by her entire flock, and migrate to some other demesne; but then, in lieu of our lost one, a peahen belonging to some one else would alight with her brood in our farmyard. If you take down the proper volume of the Encyclopædia, you can read all about them yourself, and then I can tell you anything more that you wish to know concerning them.'

Fanny got the volume of the Encyclopædia, and found the place she wished for, and was quite astonished at finding that there were eight species of this beautiful bird. Her mamma desired her to read aloud the first on the list—the 'Cristatus, or common Peacock.' When she had finished reading, she put the book into the bookcase, and again sat down; then turning to her mamma with an anxious countenance, she said, 'Oh, mamma, how I wish I had a peacock—it is so beautiful! How could I get one?'

'I wish, Fanny,' said her mamma, 'that it was in my power to gratify you, but I know of no way of procuring one at present; and I am sorry for it, as I like young people to have living pets, as taking care of them teaches the exercise of judgment and forethought, besides drawing forth the best affections of the heart, and also gives an amusing occupation for leisure hours; and it is beautiful to see wild creatures become tame, and able to hold communion with mankind. When I was a little girl, I was given two gilt cages, with a goldfinch in one, and a canary in the other; they sang delightfully, but I did not care much about them, and am ashamed to say that they would have been often neglected, only for my brother, who was two years older than myself, and who was fond of small pets. He took care of them when he found that I forgot to give them seed and fresh water, and to clean their cages regularly; and when all the family went to the country-house for the summer, and he only was obliged to stay in town, except a servant, the canary and goldfinch became his companions, along with a Tom cat; and it was extremely amusing to see the order in which he fed them. He began at first to tame them by placing their cages on the breakfast-table, and helping the birds to a few crumbs and bits of sugar. The cat was left to sit on the carpet, and supplied with a saucer of milk with bread broken into it. So he had something to do; and if he attempted to look too lovingly at the birds, he was scolded or slapt. In a short time my brother opened the doors of

Digitized by Google

the cages, and the birds would come out and eat their crumbs on the table.'

'Where was the cat then, mamma?' asked Fanny.

'Just sitting in his allotted place,' said her mamma; 'at my brother's feet. In about another week my brother let the cages stay hanging on the wall, but opened their doors, and the little birds came flying and singing to eat their breakfast with him; and when they had finished eating, they used to sing for him until he had finished also. Then they used to fly to their cages when he rose from table, and then he fastened their doors until the next morning. The cat alone was his dinner companion, and sat very gravely on a chair near him until my brother had dined, when the cat got his dinner on a plate on the carpet. The cat and birds became at length so familiar, that the birds used to fly round him, and even to peck at his nose, and hit him with their wings, while he sat quite demurely with his eyes half shut, never pretending to see them.'

'Mamma, pray tell me what became of them at last?' said Fanny.

'The goldfinch died at last of some kind of illness, and the canary was given away when my brother left home, and the lady who got it one day placed the cage close to an open window, with the door open; some noise in the room frightened the bird, and it flew off over the roofs of the opposite houses, and she never saw it again; the cat lived to a good old age, respected and loved by all who knew him.'

'Thank you, mamma, for your story. I think I am like you, for I do not like little pets, or any pets in cages. Oh how I should love a peacock! Indeed, mamma, I would give all my nice things for one.'

Fanny was a good little girl, and very affectionate, and her mamma was anxious to indulge her in any reasonable wish; so the morning after the above conversation, she asked if her thoughts were still occupied about the peacock.

'Yes, indeed, mamma,' said Fanny. 'I was dreaming all night of the lovely one we saw yesterday—all shining in blue, and green, and gold; and I was so sorry when I awoke that it was gone.'

'Well, Fanny,' said her mamma, 'I was thinking also of the peacock; and I think I can make out a plan by which you can have one.'

'Oh, mamma, how?—what way?' said Fanny with delight, all sorrowful expression disappearing from her countenance.

'First, then,' said her mamma, 'I must tell you that my plan does not require you to part with your dolls, your pigeons, your playthings, or your kitten; but you must pay a far greater price for your peacock—you must take a considerable degree of trouble, and have patience and perseverance for a long time before you obtain your wishes. Do you think you can undertake all this?'

'I am sure I can, mamma,' said Fanny, clapping her hands. 'I shall not mind any trouble; and, mamma, dear mamma, you shall see how persevering I can be. Do, pray do, mamma, tell me what I have to do? I do not care for the length of time, if I get the peacock at last; and I will have him so tame, to follow me about, and to feed out of my hand.'

'I will tell you my plan now,' said her mamma, 'and then you will be a better judge of what you have to undertake. Pray did you not see a peahen at Mrs Forrester's yesterday?'

'I do recollect, mamma,' said Fanny, 'seeing an ugly thing there; but the peacock was so beautiful, that I did not mind anything else.'

'And yet, Fanny,' said her mamma, 'your hopes of procuring a peacock depend chiefly on that ugly thing. This is the beginning of June, and the peahen must have her some eggs. I asked Mrs Forrester if she intended rearing any peafowl this season, and she said that she did not, as they were too troublesome. Now if Mrs Forrester will be so kind as to give you two or three eggs, we can get a farmyard hen to hatch them; but you will have much trouble with them, they are so delicate, and must be kept so carefully from the cold. The domestic hen, however, will be a great assistance to you, as she is a tender nurse, and will not bring the young birds to roost on high trees, as a peahen would do. Then you must remember that it will be three years before you will see such a splendid bird as Mrs Forrester's; but in two years it will be very handsome if it lives. And now tell me, Fanny, do you think that you can take all this trouble, and persevere for so long a time, to obtain a peacock?'

'Indeed, indeed, mamma, I shall think nothing of the trouble,' said Fanny; 'and you know that all the time I shall have the pleasure of seeing the dear little peas growing larger and stronger every day; and I will bring them out in the sun every fine day, and put them in again before night. Indeed, mamma, they will be no trouble to me.'

'Then,' said her mamma, 'we had better begin our work at once, and walk over to Mrs Forrester's, and ask for the eggs.'

'I am sure,' said Fanny, 'that Mrs Forrester will give them to me; for she said yesterday that she would wish to know what present I would like best, as I am her godchild. I am certain that she will be glad to give them to me.'

Fanny and her mamma were soon ready, and on their way to Mrs Forrester's house. When arrived there, they found Mrs Forrester at home, who heard the whole story of Fanny's wishes, and her mamma's plan for gratifying them, and immediately sent to look for the peahen's nest, which was found; and to Fanny's great joy three beautiful, large, pale-pink eggs were brought in, and presented to her by Mrs Forrester; and Fanny carried off her prize, with many good wishes for her success in hatching. She was able to procure a hen desirous of sitting the next day, and made a comfortable nest for her in a small room on the ground-floor, and placed the precious eggs under her wings.

I need not say how anxiously Fanny reckoned the days as they passed; but I will tell you how regularly she took the hen every day and fed her, and gave her water to drink, and then watched her for half an hour, while she ran about the yard to refresh herself, and then put her on her nest again: her mamma allowed her time to do all this immediately after breakfast.

Fanny did not expect to see her little pets until the twenty-eighth day of sitting; but on the twenty-sixth day, when she took up the hen, she heard a few short, sweet, musical notes, like the soft tones of a flute; she examined the eggs, and found that the sounds proceeded from them: two of them were chipped at one end. She gently replaced the hen on her nest, and ran to her mamma with a face radiant with smiles, to tell her the good news. Her mamma told her not to disturb the hen until the evening, when she might venture to take a peep at her treasures again.

Fanny's joy was unbounded when she returned, to see two beautiful little creatures speckled white and brown, with long graceful necks, and long wings, and large innocent-looking eyes; and they were uttering soft sweet notes continually. Fanny was in raptures, and remembered no more her past trouble. Some little girls may wonder that Fanny was so much delighted; but Fanny was a lively creature, with strong affections.

By her mamma's advice, Fanny did not feed her little pets that night, but left them to be kept warm under the hen's wings until next morning, when she steeped some crumbs in warm water for them; but they only stretched out their long necks and looked at it, but did not know how to eat it. So Fanny opened their bills a little, and put small bits into them, to teach them. By her mamma's directions, she carried them and the hen to the front of the house in the sunshine: the hen immediately began to pick small seeds of grass for them, but they only stretched out their long necks and looked at them: the hen then went to the soft clay and scraped away until she found a little worm, which she held up exultingly in her bill to them; but her strange nurslings only looked at it, although she chucked and called to them. The poor hen then appeared quite at a loss how to please them; but she fell to work again, and this time she scraped up a fat earwig, which she held up to them as before. This fare appeared to please their fancy, for one of them ran over and took it, and devoured it eagerly. The hen scraped again, and seemed quite contented as earwig on earwig disappeared down their long throats, and never was at fault again to know what pleased them. Fanny also gave them oatmeal and barley-cake broken small. She took great care to bring them into the house every evening; and when the cold weather came, she kept them in the house on severe days, and fed them there; and they got so tame, that they ate from her hand, and perched on her feet and hands. They always came in to the parlour at breakfast-time, to get crumbs on

Digitized by Google

the carpet; and Fanny was very happy to have them, and every one praised her for the constant care she took of them.

When they were six months old, their kind nurse, the hen, forsook them; and Fanny was fearful about them. But her place was immediately supplied by a little bantam-cock, which took them under his protection and patronage; and it was very droll to see him marching along, followed by the peafowl, which were three times as large as himself; and when he got food, he called them and divided it for them; he also roosted with them. He continued his attentions and self-imposed care until they were able to take care of themselves, and long afterwards, for bantam-cocks are particularly affectionate; and it was not the first time that Fanny's had taken the care of orphan chickens.

When June returned, Fanny's mamma and Mrs Forrester were so pleased with her attention and perseverance, that they each made her a nice present. Her mamma gave her a house for her peafowl, open at the sides, and roofed with boards on the top, which was portable, and could be placed wherever there was most shelter. It was painted green, and looked very pretty in the shrubbery. Mrs Forrester's present was a silver peacock, beautifully chased for a brooch: so she was doubly rewarded for her trouble and care, and her nurslings proved to be a cock and hen. The peacock is now in full beauty and splendour, and walks about like an emperor, to the great delight of Fanny.

A LADY FREEMASON.

The Hon. Elizabeth St Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mystery of freemasonry. How she obtained this honour we shall lay before our readers. Lord Doneraile, Miss St Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened Lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the masonic duties more rigidly performed than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of masonry, Miss St Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady having heard the voices of the freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witnessed the ceremony through the two first steps. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnised, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way; and with light but trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly *tyler* with his long sword unsheathed. A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage, her death was resolved on, but from the moving supplication of her younger brother, her life was saved, on condition of her going through the whole of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of masonry. The lady was cousin to General Anthony St Leger, governor of St Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St Leger stakes. Miss St Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq. of Newmarket. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the freemasons with her apron and other insignia of freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

WAIT NO LONGER!

Oh for such an education—
Knowledge prospering in the land,
As shall make this busy nation
Great in heart as strong in hand.

Knowledge free and unencumbered,
Wearing no dogmatic fetters;
Quickening minds that long have slumbered;
Doubling life's by living letters.

Knowledge that shall lift opinion
High above life's sordid bustle:
Thought claims limitless dominion—
Men have souls as well as muscle.

Knowledge that shall rouse the city,
Stir the village, shake the glen;
Teach the smiter in the smithy,
And the ploughman, they are men.

All who will may gather knowledge,
Prompt for every earnest wooer;
Indifferent to school or college,
She aids the persevering doer.

Shall we wait—and wait for ever,
Still procrastination rueing;
Self-exertion trusting never—
Always dreaming—never doing?

Wait no longer—Hope, Faith, Labour,
Make man what he ought to be:
Never yet hath gun or sabre
Conquered such a victory!

W.

COMPENSATIONS.

Do you not perceive, then, that evil is necessary for the development of good: can you say that misery is not essential for happiness? Illness is the exception to health, yet what should we know of health unless illness existed to indicate it? If at this moment you were on a sick-bed, your condition would indnce pity from your friends—virtue again emanating from evil. They would do all in their power to ease your sufferings—kindness, another virtue, is thus manifested. You would feel grateful for their attention—gratitude, you see, springs up! If you bear your affliction with fortitude—again good arises! If, on the contrary, you are impatient, those around you refrain from saying or doing the slightest thing to irritate you—goodness again emanates from the same soil! At length you become stronger, and then, being slightly ailing, you feel comparatively happy—thus happiness has absolutely arisen from that which, in its positive nature, is an evil; and the very affliction which made you grieve, is, by a slight modification, not altering its original nature, a subject for congratulation and pleasure! Thus, Alfred, depend upon it, however we may doubt the perfection of the laws of the Creator, all is completely in accordance with benevolent design; and when you complain of the existence of evil in the world, you complain of the very element which develops goodness.—*Affection.*

DEATH.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high it was grown, that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blew it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran.—*Donne.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 91 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 253. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848. Price 1½d.

O RUS!

'O Rus, quando,' &c.—'Oh country! when shall I see thee again?' may now be repeated with a more profound feeling than at any former time, for it begins to seem greatly problematical if such a thing as the country ever again *can be* seen. We still talk of going to the country, and when we do go out of town, and find ourselves amongst corn-fields, or by river sides, or in the midst of woods, we are apt to think or suppose, or to speak as if we thought or supposed, that we really are in the country. But a little reflection in such circumstances soon convinces us that we are not in the country at all—that is, what we have always understood to be the country. From our earliest days, we have been taught to regard the country as a place in direct contrast to the city. In the one place all is artificial, or man's work. In the other all natural, or God's work. Now, what so forcibly strikes me is, that things are not now in a more natural state in the country than in the town. Nay, I sometimes feel tempted to prefer that kind of country which Mr Paxton can make in the midst of a large city, to that larger out-of-town kind; simply for this reason, that Mr Paxton's landscape is fully the more successful in excluding artificial objects and disturbing associations.

I am far from saying that the country ought to be uncultivated, in order to satisfy one's ideas about it. On the contrary, agricultural economy enters into these ideas. We think of the simple farmers of Horace and Virgil, the sunburnt Sabine wife, the oxen bearing the inverted yoke on their languid necks, the *latis otia fundis*, the *errantes greges*, the *mugitusque boûm*: all these things, if to be had genuine and unsophisticated, would only add to our enjoyment of the old idea of the country. But, spirit of Flaccus! what wouldst thou have thought of a large farm, with all its modern mechanism, converting it into a mere food-producing factory? Shade of Maro! where would have been thy Georgics, if thou hadst had to include considerations as to Mark Lane, and competition with the markets of Odessa and New York? Can we imagine the former poet lost in the delights of grapes and wine *in remoto gramine*, if that *remotum gramen* had been soiled with the smoke of a steam-engine, belched from a red brick chimney, which rears its tall form over the steading to the utter deformation of the landscape? Why, the very gleaners, perhaps one of the most pleasing features of old farm life, are no more. Their work is done by a machine, in order to add infinitesimally to the accounts of produce. Call you this the country?

Professor Wilson has sung—for his prose articles are noble poems—of the beauties of the Scottish streams, and the pleasures of angling in them. But let the angler be careful of his choice amongst those streams, that he may plant himself on one whose banks are not ticketed with threats against trespassers. Mr Stoddart celebrates the trouting which he enjoys in and about Kelso; but Mr Stoddart knows that it is a fearful joy which any stranger could snatch with a rod in his hand in that neighbourhood. His better course would be to join the Anglers' Club, which is fain to lease a bit of 'Tweed's silver streams glittering in the sunny beams,' in order that it may catch its fish in peace. The Highlands one might suppose to be too wide to be beset by any such restrictions. Let any one who thinks so try to penetrate Glen Tilt. It looks like the country, but it is all a deception. It is merely a shop where game is kept for sale, and to which none can be admitted but those who are disposed to become customers. The country!—with ground officers and gillies walking about it. As well call the Surrey Zoological Gardens the Vale of Tempe. *O Rus*, again!

There are some things in which one never learns lessons from disappointment, but continually renews the effort, only to be disappointed once more. Such are one's annual autumnal attempts to see the country. With elated feelings we go to take out our ticket by the stage-coach. We make the journey in a semi-delirium, thinking, 'Well, now, after all my year's toils, I am going to have two or three charming days in the country.' We get to our destination, some famed and favourite place of resort, where there are inns and lodgings for visitants like us. Say it is the Bridge of Allan, which really is a place of considerable rural merits, at least in comparison with others. Full of eager expectation, we set out to explore its most celebrated walk, which we have been told conducts through a delightful woody valley. Behold, on the other side of the pretty rocky channel of the stream, a railway cutting through the hazel banks! There is the panting, smoking train coming up, with no one knows how many passengers, first, second, and third class, or how much goods traffic. The spoil banks have spoiled hundreds of the ancient oaks and birks of Allan Water, and tamed one whole side of the valley effectually. And this is called the country! 'After all, your walk through the woods on the undisturbed side is pleasing.' With every fifth tree bearing the inviting shop-bill of Messrs Shaw and Baldwin, haberdashers in Stirling! This the country! O Flaccus and Maro—the country! This very village, not many years ago, was really a village, with pretty rustic objects about it, and nothing else. But it is the very fate of such places to be loved too well, and to perish in that love. City folks flock to them because they are sweetly rural, and never rest till, having converted them into smart towns, they discover that they are sweetly rural no longer, and so desert them. And thus it is that the flood of sophistication spreads over the land, until it is at last difficult,

Digitized by Google

if not impossible, to find one spot which answers to our old ideas of the country. And once more we cry, '*O Rus!*'

I have now wandered pretty nearly over the whole of this island of Great Britain, and at length I am pretty nearly convinced that it contains no such thing as country. I once got to a charming place in a nook of Devonshire, which seemed at first sight a perfect Elysium, and sitting down on a stone, I said, 'Well, here now at last is one little place really simple and rural; here is one last vestige of the country.' Looking round, I beheld on a wall close by me an advertisement of Life Pills! On another occasion I found myself in an exquisitely-beautiful nook of the Firth of Clyde, a spot apparently so inaccessible, that I thought life might there be dreamt away without any intrusion of the base ideas of the artificial world, and with nothing around one but a few primitive-minded swains and gentle damoiselles. Behold, on turning a corner, a whole nest of boxes belonging to Glasgow citizens, and a ticket advertising the rest of the ground 'To Feu' on the most advantageous terms, while over the neighbouring knowe came the smoke, and hiss, and plunge of a steamer, which, as the more lengthened announcement of the newspapers was sedulous to tell, called twice every day to take up and let down passengers! Look abroad, and it is all the same. In the most retired spots in Switzerland you are beset by men, women, and children, bent on converting you into capital, by being your guides to waterfalls, by selling you toys, or exercising force on your feelings of charity. The very shepherds far up among the Alpine solitudes, if there be anything fine about their situation to attract visitors, convert their châlets into auberges, and quickly lose the fine edge and flush of savage innocence in a thirst for francs and batzen. Ascend Vesuvius, and you will be pulled to pieces among competing guides. Travel in Arcadia, and it is odds against your escape from being robbed. The Castalian fountain itself is now probably, like St Anton's Well on Arthur's Seat, dealt out to the passing traveller for coppers. In short, every part of the earth proclaims that the country, the true country as it was of old, is a lost idea. We may cry '*O Rus!*' till we are hoarse, but we never again *shall* see the country. We must rest content to have it only as a poetical tradition.

It is surely a very sad consideration that, in the development of things in our age, anything so delightful should so utterly perish. Some will bring it forward as a consolation that what comes instead is of more real value. 'It is not merely,' they will say, 'that farms become more productive under the exalted mechanical system to which they are now subjected, or that a pretty valley is rendered all the better thing by affording a *line* for railway communication; but, in the advance of all these materialities, the basis is laid for grander moralities also. Space being more densely peopled, greater social and political problems are worked out, and man, on the whole, undergoes an exaltation.' Well, I don't know—I have my misgivings. Be it observed the country is one of the things which has hitherto operated most largely on the human race —its green and its bloomery have solaced the eyes of men in all times; its solitudes have afforded a field where his soul could relax itself in meditation, and drink in the pure refreshing spirit of nature. Can they now want all this, and yet be the same beings? Will the future generations be quite what they ought to be in all respects, if there be no burns in which, while young, they may paidle, and no gowans which their infant hands may pu', and their infant eyes gaze into till the silver-set gold becomes a heart idea for ever? I fear me not, and cannot but anticipate that *O Rus!* must yet come as a wail from many lands.

VISIT TO THE PRISON AT READING.

A short time ago, when at Reading in Berkshire, I took occasion to visit the prison of that place—a large and handsome building, with courtyards, occupying an airy situation on a knoll outside the town. The establishment, in its actual organisation, differs little from the prison of Pentonville, and some other new jails throughout the kingdom, and so far there was no perceptible novelty to engage attention; the only thing probably which renders it worthy of special notice, is the reputation it has obtained for the successful reclamation of criminals; and it may be well to know how far such a result is founded on any peculiar method of treatment.

The system of discipline pursued at Reading is a blending of work with moral and religious instruction; the inmates are confined each in a separate light cell, as is now almost universal in prisons of this class; and in these cells, except at intervals of exercise in the outer courts, and when attending chapel, or when consigned to an infirmary, they may be said to live from the period of entrance to departure. After visiting different wards, and looking into various cells, I was enabled to remark wherein lay the chief difference between the course of life in this and other establishments. It was evident there was less work going on. The Central Prison at Perth may be compared to a manufactory —the prison of Reading to a monastery. My own impressions have always been in favour of giving prisoners plenty of work. I have considered labour to be in some respects synonymous with virtue, as idleness is with vice. And this is no new view. *Labora et ora* is not a saying of yesterday. That the framers of the new prison system now generally in vogue have entertained similar opinions is pretty obvious — the loom, plane, hammer, have become instruments of discipline. Instead of yells, and the clanking of chains, the corridors of our prisons resound with the brisk movements of the shuttle. All this, one is inclined to believe, must be an improvement; but the authorities of Reading prison give it as their conviction that work may be carried too far as a moral engine, and therefore within their domain they have substituted religious instruction and meditation for much of the usual course of labour.

I was interested in hearing explanations on this subject; and they were freely and kindly offered by the Rev. Mr Field, the chaplain of the establishment, who has recently given to the world a work, the best of its kind, on the separate system of imprisonment.* Before making any comment on the extent of the instruction afforded, it may be proper to follow Mr Field through his description of the daily life in the prison, beginning with the admittance of a prisoner. 'On the prisoner being conducted to the inner gates of the jail, his commitment having been examined by the officer in attendance, and the doors being closed, the constable is no longer responsible for the safe custody of his charge. Escape, either by violence or cunning, being next to impossible, handcuffs and irons are now removed; the person of the prisoner

* Prison Discipline; and the Advantages of the Separate System of Imprisonment; with a Detailed Account of the Discipline now Pursued in the New County Jail at Reading. By the Rev. J. Field, M.A., Chaplain. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman. 1846.

Digitized by Google

is searched, and all things taken from him which would be either useless or injurious to him whilst in confinement. He is then lodged, for a few hours at most, in a reception-cell, there to await the inspection of the surgeon, who daily visits the prison. This examination having been made, the prisoner is next led to the baths, being shown, as he passes, the dark cells, which, as a preventive to breaches of discipline, he is kindly forewarned are provided for the punishment of the refractory. Whilst allowed the needful indulgence of a warm bath, his own clothes are removed to be fumigated, and laid up until his liberation, and he is provided with all requisite apparel at the expense of the county. The process of cleansing and clothing having been completed, the prisoner is next conducted to his appointed cell; if for trial, in a wing which is distinguished as the Jail, in which safe custody alone is the object sought and insured; or if convicted, in some part of the House of Correction. The cell being furnished with books, &c. the inmate finds relief in his seclusion, means of improvement are at once within his reach, some profitable employment is permitted, and the diligent occupation of time, though not enforced, is encouraged.'

His course now begins. At six o'clock in the morning he is summoned from bed, opens and shakes up his bedding, washes himself, cleans the cell and corridor, and rolls up his hammock. At eight o'clock he breakfasts, and then usually spends some leisure time in preparing a lesson for the schoolmaster, which he has been recommended, but not compelled to learn. At ten minutes past nine the bell rings for chapel, to which the male and female prisoners go, each individual five paces apart, to prevent communication, the women with their veils, and the men with the peaks of their caps down. From ten till eleven the prisoner takes exercise in the airing-yard, or else is employed at the pumps. From eleven till twelve, on alternate days, he receives instruction from the chaplain in a class, and on the other days assists in cleaning the prison, or employs himself, if permitted, in working at his own trade. From one till three—Instruction, work, and receiving a visit in his cell twice a week from the chaplain. From three till four—Exercise in the open air. From four till six—He is visited in his cell by the schoolmaster, when class lessons are repeated, and he is privately taught writing, arithmetic, or something else calculated to improve the mind or to be of advantage in after-life. Intervals occupied as before. Six—Supper; after which the remaining space is devoted to mental and moral improvement exclusively, till eight o'clock, when the prisoner goes to bed.

Each cell is 13 feet in length, 7 in breadth, and 10 in height, and besides being well ventilated, is kept at a proper temperature by pipes from a hot-air apparatus. Provided with a table, seat, and every needful accommodation, the cell is also lighted with gas; and, in short, nothing is wanting to render the apartment a pleasant and healthful place of residence. Unfortunately, when discharged from his prison home, the subject of so much attention finds himself exposed to that terrible necessity—independent exertion. Referring to this stage of his course, Mr Field observes: 'His situation is most perilous and painful. He is probably destitute, and his character is lost. Hence means of obtaining the necessaries of life by honest industry are seldom afforded. Those whose advice and example might tend to strengthen good resolutions and encourage reformation treat him as an outcast; whilst former companions in crime invite his return, offering assistance and relief. Rejected by others, he is welcomed by them. Allured by promises, and almost compelled by threats to abandon recent purposes of amendment, who can estimate the force of temptation to which the poor liberated offender is exposed? In order to stay the return to crime, by providing for the day's necessities, a small sum is given to every criminal on his discharge from Reading Jail; and if his conduct during his imprisonment has been such as to induce the hope of his reformation, it is the practice of the chaplain to recommend him to the kind consideration of the clergyman to whose parish he may be returning, as the most effectual means of rendering good determinations steadfast. Sadly imperfect, however, must our system of criminal treatment yet remain until some plan for the employment of the released offender shall furnish him with the opportunity of obtaining an honest subsistence by his own efforts.'

In this last sentence Mr Field points to what has been often referred to as a desideratum—places of voluntary refuge, where work would be given to released prisoners till they could find employment elsewhere. We would, however, recommend great caution in attempting the establishment of any such institutions. While they might benefit a few, to the greater number they would in all likelihood only prove places of rendezvous, where new depredations could be conveniently planned; and at the very least, they would be *national workshops*, with crime as a qualification for admission. The very projection of a scheme of this kind shows the danger to which society is exposed by the plans of an inconsiderate philanthropy. In pampering the most worthless part of the community at the expense of the toiling millions, it will generally be agreed we have gone far enough. A serious objection to the separate system of imprisonment is its enormous expense. The prisoners are handsomely lodged, well fed, and a large body of respectable individuals, including a governor and chaplain, require to be employed. In the prison of Reading, the average cost of maintenance of an inmate is 10s. 6d. per week; and reckoning expense of rent, &c. the county is put to an outlay of at least L.30 for each convicted prisoner. The expenses incurred for such purposes, however, ought not to be grudged, if the end is effected. But there lies a question. The system of separate imprisonment is expected to work beneficially in two ways—by the terror it inspires, and the reformation it effects. Compared with the vicious and inhumane practices formerly in use, it seems all that wisdom and philanthropy can suggest. If we suppose a clown transferred suddenly from the tumult of a village taproom to the stately sobriety of a drawing-room, filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, we shall not imagine so wild a change as that experienced by a criminal caught up from the midst of his associates and placed in a prison conducted on the separate system. Seclusion, stillness, order, decency, respectability—how terrible do these things appear to such a man! The world seems to be turned upside down. The morality he has laughed at is no longer a jest; the religion he has spurned is no longer a fable; the parson he has mocked is his master. It is no wonder that he believes the tales he has been told of so terrible a system creating insanity; and indeed many prisoners endeavour to take advantage of the supposed fact by pretending to turn mad!

Pleasant speculations these; but unfortunately something can be said *per contra*. It may happen that many persons do not value liberty very highly, particularly when associated with destitution; they may rather have a liking for quarters at 10s. 6d. a week paid for by the public. The warm bath, the regular diet, the clean clothing, the light work, the books to read, and the well-ventilated apartments, which our splendid prisons invitingly offer for their acceptance, have doubtless charms for a certain class of minds. Thus in abolishing a harsh routine of penal discipline, revolting to humanity, and practically valueless as a means of reformation, we may have either gone too far in an opposite direction, or been forgetful of the new conditions into which society seems to be merging. The subject at all events demands careful consideration. Some of the humbler classes of the people are becoming so destitute, so lost to all sense of decency, that it would not be surprising to see a general run made on the prisons. In the prison of Liverpool, as it appears, a number of Irish vagrants are (or

Digitized by Google

were lately) confined for refusing to tell to what parish they belonged. In the circumstances of these homeless wretches, was imprisonment a punishment? We would venture to say that they never were more comfortable in their lives. 'If you don't tell where you come from, you will be sent to prison,' says the magistrate. 'Thank you, that is exactly what I want,' replies the vagrant. 'But consider the loss of character.' 'I care nothing for character: I want food.' 'The only food you will get is bread and water.' 'Better than not be fed on anything at all.' 'If you go on this way, and defy the law, you will be transported.' 'Nothing would be more pleasant.' When society comes to such a pass that people reason in this way, it is time to look about for some other corrective than prisons.

The number of re-commitments to the best conducted prisons in Scotland is said to be from sixty to eighty per cent. According to a late Report, the re-committals to the prison of Edinburgh 'was as high as seventy per cent.' In the evidence taken on the subject before parliament, the following is given by one of the directors of the Prison Board of Scotland:—'You say that the attempt to combine those two results, the reformation of the criminal, and the deterring of evil-disposed persons, has hitherto failed. Do you think your experience of it has gone on so far as to enable you to give that opinion generally?' 'No: I would speak with the caution which I feel to be proper in such a case, because we have not had very long experience; but looking to the experience of five years, and the result—which shows that sixty-seven per cent. of those who have passed through the General Prison have been ascertained to have been re-committed—it does not seem to me that the combined system is producing such good effects as could be wished.' Turning to the Report respecting the prison at Reading, presented to the magistrates of Berkshire, Michaelmas 1847, we find it stated that of 840 prisoners who were in custody during the previous twelvemonths, '297 had been before in custody either in this or other counties, and of these 96 had been previously confined in your present jail.' Comparing this result with that stated in relation to Scottish prisons, Mr Field takes no small credit for the superior system of management in the prison to which he is attached. 'In the General Prison at Perth,' says he in his work on prisons, vol. i. p. 173, 'the officers are exemplary; the order maintained is excellent; all the prisoners are in separate confinement, and none less than twelve months. But there the fatal plan which has been referred to is followed [excess of industrial labour], and the effects are disastrous both to the culprits and their country. The Inspectors' Reports, and the evidence quoted, show us that not less than *eighty per cent.* of the criminals discharged from this prison are *re-committed!* How, then, shall we account for the fact, that of criminals of the same class released from the jail of Reading, the proportion re-committed does not amount to one-*tenth* of that number? The cause is easily described; because at Reading, while industrial training is not disregarded, it is subordinate to, and not suffered to interfere with, Scriptural, and therefore corrective instruction.'

On hearing a similar explanation from Mr Field personally, and after going from cell to cell, and listening to chapters from the New Testament, delivered from memory by the very contrite-looking prisoners, I felt as if at length the anxiously-considered problem of prison discipline had been satisfactorily solved. Reflection, however, suggests doubts as to the validity of the results said to be achieved. I may not deny the evidence of the amiable chaplain, earnest in the performance of his sacred duties; and yet there is reason to fear that fallacies lurk under his statements and comparisons of which he is not aware. It may be thought scarcely fair that he gives the go-by to the 297 out of the 840 who had already been in prison elsewhere, and fixes only on the 96 re-commitments to Reading prison. Such is not an exactly logical set-off against the re-commitments to the prison at Perth. This last-mentioned prison is for all Scotland, as respects long confinements—the Reading prison, as far as we are aware, is only for Berkshire, or at least a limited district; and we are not presented with any evidence as to how many of the 840 prisoners find their way afterwards into prisons in distant parts of the kingdom. But supposing the comparison instituted as regards the ratio of re-commitments to be correct, we must still be on our guard against the possibility of error. It is true the amount of religious instruction imparted in Perth prison seems to be small, while the amount of work pretty nearly fills up all the time; but this is not the whole cause of the vast disproportion of re-commitments. Scotland has few parish workhouses, into which destitution may float and find a harbourage; the able-bodied poor are not entitled to relief; the means for procuring employment are much more scanty than in England; a concurrence of causes—among others, the long suppression of harmless recreations and the neglect of matters of refined taste—has engrafted wide-spread habits of intemperance, with a lamentable abandonment of self-respect; in fine, the large towns are crowded with a population as abject and vile as the lazzaroni of Naples, and in circumstances fully more hopeless, while, as if to aggravate this enormous evil, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and some other cities—the prime fountains of crime—are suffering from an influx of Irish in the last stages of destitution. That in such circumstances our prisons should be crowded, is not very wonderful, nor does it the least reflect on the course of discipline pursued, that it fails to prevent the return of offenders to what must be to them a comfortable home. Hear the evidence of the Lord Justice Clerk, our chief criminal judge, on the subject:—'Even on the separate system, and for a long period, *imprisonment* has really no terror for the bulk of offenders; and the better the system, it is an undoubted result that the dread of imprisonment will and must be diminished. After these offenders are all taught to read, and get books to read at extra hours, if reformation is not produced, at least the *oppression* of imprisonment is over to people of coarse minds, and living a life of wretchedness out of prison. And hence I am sorry to say that with those who are not reclaimed in our prison, the dread of imprisonment seems to have entirely vanished. And I understand that among the community at large in Scotland, and with magistrates and police officers, the feeling is very general that, owing to the comforts *necessarily* attending a *good* jail, the separate system, looked on first with alarm, has now no effect in deterring from crime those who are not reformed.'

The general result at which we would arrive respecting the separate system of imprisonment is, that it is a failure. Here and there, from some particular circumstances, as at Reading, the per centage of re-committals may be moderate; but taken altogether, the number of those who are again convicted and imprisoned is considerable. A large number, indeed, suffer imprisonment four, five, and even six and eight times. Much of this no doubt is imputable to the practice of consigning young delinquents at first to prison for short periods—a time not sufficiently long to produce any good effects, but, on the contrary, calculated to harden the mind against moral and religious impressions. Reform in this particular is eminently desirable, though in such a way as to discriminate between petty and accidental misdemeanours and the offences of those who have, to all appearance, entered on a course of vice. So far the scandal of repeated imprisonments might, to a certain extent, be removed; but many other alterations for the better would be required in our social polity before the separate system of imprisonment can be said to have justice done to it. As matters stand, it is our deliberate impression that this system, with all its excellencies, and under regulations which may be pronounced perfect, is too greatly in advance of the present state of society, particularly in Scotland. The error, if any,

Digitized by Google

however, is on the side not of cruelty, but humanity; and we should be more rejoiced to see the people brought up to the level of the prisons, than the prisons depressed to suit the degraded condition of the people.

W. C.

THE WAXEN HEAD.

A GAY, good-natured *bavard* was Lieutenant Auguste Dubarle, who, some twenty-five years ago, lived, laughed, and gossipped away the careless hours of a green old age in a modest but charming retreat situated upon the pleasant and commanding *côte* which overlooks the ancient town and port of Havre-de-Grace. Abstemious and frugal, like the generality of his countrymen, he easily contrived to maintain himself in sufficient comfort and respectability upon the, to English notions, scanty half-pay of a retired lieutenant of infantry.

The good-humoured veteran was a type, perhaps somewhat an exaggerated one, of a generation of soldiers now rapidly passing away, who—moulded in the fiery lava of the first French Revolution, trained in the glittering triumphs of the Consulate and Empire, and educated by the 'Moniteur'—looked upon war as the essential condition of a civilised and rational people; peace as an exceptional and unnatural state of things, to be abridged as much as possible, for the double purpose of keeping up a good supply of 'glory,' and keeping down population to its due limits; and who accepted with profound faith the dogma that a man born at Dover or Berlin could, under no possible circumstances, compare, as a fighting animal, with the individual specially privileged to open for the first time his peepers in Paris or Lyons. Still, the lieutenant was a good-tempered man; and I never saw him, during a seven years' acquaintance, lose his serene self-possession but once, and that was when I had the temerity to insist that apples, cherries, and plums of fine quality grew and ripened in England in the open air. This was too much! His temper gave way for a moment; but the atrocious absurdity of the assertion quickly subdued his choler, which expired in a boisterous guffaw.

I was a considerable favourite with the garrulous veteran, to whom talk, his own solo, was a great luxury; not always attainable, as his neighbours generally were rather shy at being held by the button or ear for a couple of mortal hours at a sitting, or standing, according to the *locale* in which he seized his victims; and I was fortunately a good listener. The refreshments provided on sitting occasions were snuff, and about a pint of *vin-ordinaire*, both of which, when *I* was auditor, were monopolised by my host, as I have ever kept a conscience clear of tobacco in every shape, and my stomach, a delicate one, rejected then, as it rejects now, vinegar, however disguised or attenuated. Sometimes Monsieur Dubarle was very entertaining, his actual experience in the horrors and honours of war being considerable; at others insufferably tiresome, especially if he stumbled upon Ratisbon; and I was never sure, however apparently distant we seemed from that abominable place—at the Pyramids, in Spain, Portugal, Russia—that we might not run our heads against it the very next minute. He unfortunately had been decorated there by the emperor's own hand.

One evening as I entered the little *salon*, I found M. Dubarle engaged in carefully dusting a glass-case, which covered a curious-looking composition head. There was a mystery connected with this work of art which he had appointed this particular evening to elucidate. Seating himself in his gossip-chair, he forthwith plunged, nothing loath, into his—in this, as in most other instances—somewhat episodical story. We English, let me premise, who used to boast—at least some of us did, till we got ashamed of it—that one Englishman was a match for three of any other nation, ought to regard with much indulgence the egotistical absurdities of the *vieille moustache*. The French are not the only nation whose self-esteem has been at times stimulated into peacock extravagance, for certain ends well understood by war governments of all countries. But I am detaining the lieutenant from his story.

'That head, my young friend,' he began, 'was an improvisation of genius, which France, a country where, as all the world knows, *coups d'éclair*—lightning strokes—flash across the brains of thousands every day in the week, could rarely surpass. The spectacles—you observe the green spectacles—were an absolute inspiration, similar to that of the emperor at Ratisbon, when'——

'*Peste!* Why, what on earth can the green spectacles have in connexion with your eternal Ratisbon?'

'A great deal, *mon garçon*. Had it not been for those spectacles, the grenadier Auguste Dubarle, who was there decorated by—— *Chut! chut!* Don't fly off in that way. *Morbleu!* you are as impatient as a child!

'A love of glory and adventure is born with Frenchmen, and I was not an exception to the rule. The old heroic *chants* of the country, which were familiar to me from childhood, combined with the brilliant exploits related by my venerable *grandpère*, who had served when a young man under Villars, who so unmercifully handled your famous Marlbrook'——

'Come, come, Monsieur Dubarle; that is pitching it rather *too* strong. Marlborough beaten indeed! *Allons donc!*'

'You dispute it? Of course you do! The imagination that improvised the cherries can scarcely be expected to recognise plain facts.'

'Well, well; go on. If I attempt to stop you every time you take liberties with history, you will not have finished by midnight.'

'These stories of the excellent *grandpère* fired my young blood, and I determined to devote myself to the glory of France, much against my respected father's advice—a good man in his way, but with the most strangely-twisted notions imaginable. I have heard him say—the *drôle*—that Jacquard, a silk-weaver, or something of the sort, had done more for France than Napoleon! and that pruning trees was a more honourable occupation than thinning Austrian ranks! Bah! what was the consequence? He died, poor man, not many years ago quietly in his bed. He had, to be sure, been three times gloriously killed by *proxy*—a mere *pekin*, never having even seen the emperor; never witnessed a trifling skirmish, much less the splendour of a field, where perhaps twenty thousand noble fellows had died or were dying in a full blaze of overpowering glory!'

The veteran having paid the tribute of a passing sigh to the sad fate of his eccentric relative, proceeded:—

'Soon after I joined the army, America began fighting to free herself from the fangs of the English leopards, and naturally turned for assistance towards France, ever the disinterested protectress of struggling nationalities.'

'He—e—m!'

'Monsieur?'

'Nothing, nothing! A slight choking sensation, that's all.'

'*Bon!* The French army flew to her assistance with the swiftness of an eagle! The American stars renewed their waning light in the presence of the bright lilies of France; the two armies were placed under the dictatorship of Lafayette, and the British were, as a matter of course, driven *à pas de charge* into the sea. Some few, I believe, luckier than their brethren, escaped in their ships.'

'I imagined Washington held some slight command in that war?'

'What! after *our* arrival? Lafayette was not a Napoleon certainly, but, *morbleu!* he was a Frenchman, and had received *le baptême de Paris*—[Parisian baptism]—without which, be assured, *mon brave*, neither soldier nor singer, commander nor courtezan, can attain first-rate eminence. *Au reste!* Washington was a respectable man in his way; but as a military chief, *bah!*'

Digitized by Google

'Did you ever write a romance, Monsieur Dubarle?'

'No. I have no imagination unluckily. If I had one like you now—if I could invent plums purpling amidst eternal fogs; cherries'—

'A thousand pardons, monsieur. But really your historic lights are so new and dazzling, that one can scarcely help being startled now and then.'

'Well, I accompanied the army to America, and returned with it, rich in glory, it is true, but miserably poor in everything else. We were nearly all in the same condition, and consequently became valuable auxiliaries in the strife that soon afterwards commenced in France.

'The work, as you know, went bravely and swiftly on. Down tumbled the throne, and up went the guillotine. Nay, nay, do not fear that I am about to enter into a *raisonnement* of the revolution. That is a question for a philosopher, which no one will expect a French grenadier to be. There are, I know, *two* sides to every piece of work, and it is hardly fair to be always turning the *seamy* one outwards; but I, who am a royalist—an imperialist, I should say, *entre nous*, by habit and instinct rather than reason and logic—confess to you that the day, the 18th *Brumaire*, when Napoleon puffed away the immortal republic by a whiff of grapeshot, was one of the happiest days of my life!

'Before all those glorious events occurred, I was married to Mademoiselle Coralie Dupont, an artist in wax, settled in the *Rue des Capiennes*, Paris. The mode of our introduction to each other was so unpleasantly singular, so strangely *bizarre*, that I may as well relate it to you.

'There was a grand wedding at the church of St Rocq—about the last *grande noce* celebrated there till the brilliant days of the Empire shone upon France—and I was among the crowd pressing forward to obtain a peep at the great people. Little Jules my nephew, now a lieutenant in the 9th *dragons*—you saw him here the other day—but then a mischievous little *gamin* of four or five years of age, sidled up, and begged piteously that I would carry him into the church when the doors opened. I was ass enough to comply, and hoisted the young *coquin* astride my shoulders. The doors were an instant afterwards thrown back, and in we all pressed *pêle-mêle*. The crowd was the densest I ever beheld. We were packed, wedged together, without the possibility of turning or moving. My arms were pinioned to my side, which being perceived by amiable Master Jules, he forthwith began to use my shoulders as a new and delightful sort of rocking-horse, bumping up and down with a short, quick motion, and freely using my hair as a bridle. I strove to liberate one of my arms to reach the young villain, but it was impossible. He spurred away too charmingly, now with his heels in my ribs, and now with his toes in the back of the neck of a lady immediately before us. This brought on a new infliction: the lady, justly indignant that such liberties should be taken with her, and unable to turn round to ascertain the cause, retorted in the only way she could, by kicking out viciously behind; and if ever a pair of vigorous heels played a devil's tattoo upon a poor fellow's shins, hers did on mine. *Tonnerre!* but it was dreadful! Vainly did I in frantic whispers adjure her, by all the saints in heaven, to forbear. It was useless. Human nature could not have borne it much longer, when fortunately the priests entered, and the ceremony began. Jules had some religion, if he had no mercy, and forbore his exercise. The lady, finding the assault had ceased, also graciously, after one vigorous parting salute, suspended hostilities. At length all was over, and out we struggled. The lady, Mademoiselle Coralie Dupont, on being apprised of the cause of the assault upon her, and perceiving the effect of her cruel retaliation, melted with compassion, and insisted upon my accompanying her to her *établissement*, where she dressed my wounds with her own fair hands. Our friendship, commenced in this odd manner, thrived so rapidly, that a month afterwards I was her adored, adoring husband, and the master of a comfortable *ménage*, about a hundred wax figures, the best exhibited then in Paris, a good sum of money in hand, and as pretty an equipment of *argenterie* as any *bourgeois* could desire. *Parbleu!* it was a happy life I led then; but my paradise was at last invaded by one of the foulest serpents that ever crawled the earth.

'One of the rooms—*au troisième*—of the house in which we lived was occupied by a sinister-looking scoundrel, a sort of clerk, who had managed in those topsy-turvy days to wriggle himself into an influential office—and a lucrative one of course, connected with the revolutionary tribunal. I had long felt, for various reasons, a dread of this Monsieur Tricard. Coralie had also her apprehensions, and frequently cast about in her powerful mind for the means of defeating him, should things come to the worst. To the worst they soon *did* come with a vengeance. My wife and I were sitting together after dinner sipping a glass or two of *muscadin*, and chuckling over the rumours, then rapidly acquiring strength, of the approaching downfall of Robespierre, Couthon, and the other *scélérats*, when in stalked an officer with an order for my immediate arrest. I resigned myself, after the first shock, to what was inevitable, and was leaving the apartment, when Coralie, matchless, divine Coralie! who was weeping as if her tender heart would burst, cried out, "Your *spectacles, cher* Auguste; do not go out into the cold air without your spectacles, you that have such weak eyes." What could she mean? I had never worn spectacles in my life! I, however, fortunately held my tongue, while Coralie placed them, and tied them behind. The officer laughed hoarsely, and brutally remarking that I should not suffer much from weak eyes by that time on the morrow, bade me follow without delay. I did so. We entered a *fiacre*, and speedily arrived before the infernal tribunal. In about half an hour *my* turn came. The trial was by no means tedious. I was told that I was accused by Citoyen Tricard of *incivisme*—a charge which ranged from a plot to upset the republic, to the crime of doubting of Maximilian Robespierre was as lovely in person as he was gentle and mild in disposition. I had, it seems, or at least Monsieur Tricard said so, which was all the same, spoken disparagingly of Messieurs the executioners *en chef* of France; and was accordingly condemned to be decapitated on the following day. My goods and chattels were at the same time declared forfeit to the republic; the republic in my case meaning an amiable lodger *au troisième*. I was dragged off to La Force, crammed into a miserable cell, and there left to the undisturbed contemplation of my present situation and future prospects.

'Two hours had lingered wearily away, when the bolts of the dungeon were suddenly drawn, and in stepped, like an angel of hope visiting the regions of despair, my charming Coralie.

'A rapid explanation ensued. M. Tricard had already taken possession; but dreading, as my guardian angel soon perceived, that his master's reign was drawing rapidly to a close, he was anxious to obtain a better title to my effects than a mandate of Robespierre's creatures, and he therefore proposed to marry Coralie. Yes, the *gredin* actually offered marriage to my wife; and she, the syren, affecting dread of falling into poverty, consented, after a sufficient hesitation, to espouse him on the following morning, immediately after my head had fallen! She was now visiting me for the purpose of coaxing me to tell her where I had hidden certain *rouleaux* of gold which M. Tricard happened to know we were possessed of a few days previously. Coralie added that her future husband had fortunately obtained a peremptory order for my execution at dawn of day!

'I comprehended all this very well afterwards; but as Coralie ran it over, weeping, smiling, laughing, all in a breath, I became every instant more and more confounded.

'"Ah *ça!*" I said at last; "all this seems to amuse

you very much; but, *parbleu!* I cannot at all see the jest of it! The *rouleaux* you put away yourself; and as for the *fortunate* circumstance of being *first* served to-morrow morning"——

'"Do you see this head?" interrupted Coralie, showing me the identical one now standing on that table. She had brought it in a basket.

'I started with amazement. It was my *own* head! The long black hair, the prominent nose, were life itself; the eyes were effectually concealed by a pair of green spectacles!

'"This is the head, *cher* Auguste," continued Coralie, "which shall fall on the scaffold at to-morrow's dawn. But come, quick, swallow some of this brandy, and then to business."

'To work she went, and in an incredibly short space of time she had built my shoulders up even with the top of my head. A sort of *surcoat* was then drawn over, and a slit made opposite my mouth to breathe through; the head was then fastened on the summit, and my cloak, a very long one, was securely clasped round the neck.

'"There," said Coralie exultingly, "but for your height, I should be myself deceived. We will remedy that also. Now, lie down on your straw; then draw your legs up as much as you can. Now mind when you are wanted in the morning, you will be incapable of standing or rising. They will carry you out; and you must lie down in the cart, and suffer yourself to be carried quietly up the steps of the scaffold, keeping yourself as much in a heap as possible. Tricard will be there to make sure, and so shall I. Thanks to the *rouleaux*, one of the jailers is already our friend. I know where the executioner who officiates to-morrow morning is to be found, and depend upon it that gold, and his knowledge that the days, or rather hours of the '*terreur*' are numbered, will induce him to aid the deception; and very fortunately, as I said, there will be, thanks to my *futur's* impatience, very little light. And now, dear Auguste, *au revoir*, for I have much yet to do."

'She was gone, leaving me gratified certainly, but by no means comfortable—not in the least either in mind or body. I was sewed up in a sack as it were, and, spite of the cold, my head and face were speedily in a profuse perspiration. Then there were so many chances! The executioner might refuse to cheat his beloved guillotine, or he might take the bribe, and still chop off the real head over the bargain! Or the sham one—I could feel it shake and sway to and fro, except when I steadied it with my hand—might slip away before its time! My friend, that was the dismallest night I ever passed. To crown all, I could not, try as I might, use my snuff-box; and the dreadful sensation I endured all night in consequence, none but an inveterate snuff-taker as I was, and am, can imagine or dream! *Tonnerre!* but I was several times tempted to tear myself out of my enclosure, and have a pinch or two at all risks and hazards!

'Everything happened in the morning as Coralie had foretold. I was dragged out, and I could understand, from the manner in which the gentleman who officiated about my head and shoulders handled me, that *he* at least remained faithful to his hire. The cart rumbled on, and soon arrived at the foot of the scaffold. The comparative silence of the place satisfied me there were but few persons present. This was fortunate. Presently footsteps approached, and I discerned the voice of Coralie coaxing Tricard to withdraw from contemplating his supposed victim. An instant afterwards, a fellow, evidently not in the secret, drew me out by the legs, and threw me over his shoulder, with a jerk so violent, that if I had not fortunately made a successful grasp at the nose at the very moment, it would have sent the head spinning again. Up he ran with me, and deposited me with another functionary. I heard the scissors clipping away my false locks, and then I fainted. When restored to consciousness, I found myself in a small strange apartment, liberated from the surcoat, with Coralie chafing my temples. I heard that, thanks to the obscurity of the morning, and the address of the executioner, everything passed off remarkably well; and M. Tricard was at that moment impatiently awaiting his bride. Before next day closed, Robespierre and his associates had perished; some by their own hands, and some by the doom they had so often awarded to others. Tricard shared the fate of the master-butchers.

'Coralie and I lived happily together for many months afterwards; but at last the conscription found me, and I followed the consul-emperor in the brilliant career which, but for English gold, and a few French traitors, would have completed the subjugation of Europe, to the eternal glory of France.'

Such was the story of Lieutenant Auguste Dubarle; but, to speak frankly, had it not been for the evidence of the waxen head and its green spectacles before my eyes, I could hardly have believed it.

LIGHT AND VEGETATION.

Under the persevering and systematic investigations of scientific inquirers, meteorology is gradually yielding up its secrets: its invisible agencies are found to act in obedience to certain fixed laws. From feeling our way, as it were, in the dark, we are beginning to catch glimpses of the true state of things with regard to this most important branch of natural knowledge. Scarcely a country in Europe but has contributed its share towards the common stock of facts and experiments. In our own country the subject has been widely examined into; it has formed one of the most prominent subjects of inquiry before the British Association, and we propose in the present paper to bring together the accumulated results in one general statement.

A few years since, the discovery was made that a ray of light contains within itself several distinct principles. Light and heat were familiar to every one, but apart from these properties, certain effects were seen to be produced on substances exposed to sunshine, for which the ordinary ideas entertained regarding light and heat failed to give a satisfactory explanation. The colour of precipitates was markedly affected by the duration and quality of solar influence, and analogous results were observed in a variety of organic and inorganic bodies, which at length were referred to chemical action. It was at first proposed to distinguish this new principle by the name *Energeia*. Dr Draper of New York suggested the term *Tithonicity*, constructing a word out of the fabled marriage of Tithonus and Aurora. Sir John Herschel's designation, however, *actinism*, or *sunbeamism*, is the one generally received.

On passing a ray of light through a prism, there is one portion which presents itself to the eye as colours; we detect another by means of a thermometer—we see that the mercury rises or falls according to its situation in or out of the ray; a third portion, like the second, invisible, exerts no influence on the thermometer, and in this consists the chemical principle. In one of his experiments, Sir John Herschel found that on mixing lime-water with a solution of platinum and nitro-muriatic acid *in the dark*, little or no effect is produced; but that, on taking it into the sunshine, a yellowish-white precipitate is immediately thrown down. Other results of a similar nature, and not less interesting, have been arrived at by Mr Robert Hunt, who has devoted much attention to the subject. He clearly establishes the fact of chemical action: the greater light, the greater action or most precipitate. Chromate of iron in solution, and exposed in tubes to different-coloured rays, exhibits various effects: most deposit was formed in the blue ray, about half the quantity in the red, and in

Digitized by Google

the yellow less than a quarter of the amount produced under the red.

This difference of power is exhibited in a variety of ways: a printed paper held in the violet ray of the spectrum must be almost close to the eye before it can be read, but in the yellow ray it is legible at a great distance. The mercury in a thermometer is lowest in the violet ray, and rises as the instrument is passed from ray to ray in regular sequence up to the red, attaining its maximum outside the latter—an experiment which clearly marks the distinction between heat and light. The heat of the ray, however, varies with the medium of which the prism is composed, whether it be different kinds of glass, water, or acid solutions; the increase in the latter case is from the red toward the yellow. When heat alone is to be the subject of experiment, Signor Melloni has shown that a prism of rock-salt must be used, as this is the only substance as yet known which transmits the whole of the heat rays without alteration. By an ingenious experiment, Sir J. Herschel has obtained an image of the thermic or heat spectrum. It consists in the exposure to the ray of blackened paper washed rapidly over with alcohol; as evaporation takes place, the image makes its appearance as three or four light-coloured circular spots, one above the other, surmounted by a patch resembling in form a greatly-elongated candle flame.

Turning now to another branch of this subject, we shall find the phenomena of light and vegetation not less interesting. The results obtained have been brought before the British Association at some of the late meetings by Mr Robert Hunt, to whom the experimental labour was intrusted. In the course of his investigations he has examined the effect of the three principles specified above, combined and separately. Light transmitted through yellow glass prevents the germination of seeds, the reason assigned being, that the actinic or chemical portion of the ray is prevented from passing by the use of glass of this colour. For perfect vegetation, a proper combination of the three principles is required: germination, growth, flowering, and fructification, cannot be attained without them. We learn from Mr Hunt that the arrangements of nature are beautifully in accordance with the recent discoveries. 'During spring,' as he has lately explained before the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, 'it is now an ascertained fact that the solar beam contains a large amount of the actinic principle, necessary at that season for the germination of seeds and the development of buds. In summer there is a larger proportion of the light-giving principle necessary to the formation of the woody portions of plants; and towards autumn, the calorific or heat-giving principles of the solar rays increase.' These facts explain many phenomena of vegetation, as witnessed in different climates. Where light, heat, and actinism are most abundant, there will vegetation be most luxuriant, besides such minor effects as are to be found in modifications of colour. Persons who have visited the United States often remark the brighter green tint of vegetation generally as compared with that of this country.

Extraordinary effects of solar radiation are sometimes exhibited. Contrary to the general opinion, the clear, hot, bright sky of the summer of 1846 was very unfavourable to photographic practice. Again, as was reported at the meeting of the British Association in that year, 'many of our garden flowers—particularly roses—have exhibited an abnormal condition, leaf-buds being developed in the centre of the flower, arising from the vegetative functions of the plant overpowering its reproductive functions.' The production of chlorophyl, or the colouring matter of leaves, is said to be due to the luminous and actinic rays. Dr Draper considers that 'the beams of the sun are the true nervous principle of plants. To the yellow ray is assigned their nutritive processes, to the blue their movements. We can therefore easily understand how it is,' he continues, 'that botanists who have sought in the interior of plants for indications of a nervous agent never found them. That agent is external.' The chemical effect of a ray is not in proportion to its light, but to its actinism. The direction of plants is said to be principally determined by the blue rays. 'Therefore,' inquires Dr Gardner in the 'Philosophical Magazine' for 1844, 'does not the colour of the sky regulate the upright growth of stems to a certain extent? Is it not in virtue of the soliciting force therein that plants continue to grow erect whenever other disturbing forces are in equilibrio?' We have noticed the views entertained by the two last-named gentlemen as suggesting interesting points for inquiry, although in some respects opposed to conclusions arrived at in this country. The discrepancies, after all, may exist more in difference of time, place, and exactitude of observation, than in actual fact.

In one of Mr Hunt's experiments, a spectrum from a large water-prism was made to fall on some boxes of cress: the red ray caused the plants to shrink or bend away from it, but without diverging from the line of the ray, while the contrary effect is produced by the refrangible rays; the plants bend forward, solicited, as it were, by the light falling on them. The space on the spectrum in which plants first begin to turn green, extends from the mean green ray to the extreme blue. 'I therefore conclude,' pursues Mr Hunt, 'that the luminous rays are essential in the process, producing the decomposition of the carbonic acid, and the deposition of the required carbon, which is afterwards in all probability combined with hydrogen under the influence of purely chemical force, as exerted by the actinic principle.'

In connection with this part of the subject, a highly-interesting experiment was made in New York. Glass tubes were provided filled with water, containing a solution of carbonic acid gas; in each a few leaves of grass were placed, care being taken that all should be as much as possible alike. The prepared tubes were then suspended, one in each ray of a spectrum, thrown on the wall of a darkened chamber, and contrived so as to remain stationary for several hours. If the sun shine brightly, the effect is soon apparent: the tube in the yellow ray begins in a short time to throw up bubbles in a quantity sufficient to be collected and measured. Orange and green come next; they act in concert, but rather less strongly than yellow; a few bubbles rise in the blue, while the violet remains perfectly quiescent. The inference is, that the digesting powers of plants are most promoted by yellow rays, and by the others in proportion to their illuminating power.

The effect of heat and light varies not only at different seasons, but at different hours of the same day, as shown by the variations of tint on photographic paper exposed for the purpose of observation. 'It is not,' says Mr Hunt, 'a mere difference of tint, but an actual change in the colour; thus frequently the light of both morning and evening will give to chloride of silver a rose hue, whilst that of noon will change it to a bluish variety of brown.' Thus a few hours represent on a small scale what takes place within a year, within the annual course of vegetation. 'In spring,' observes the writer just quoted, 'we find the chemical influences exerting, without interference, their most decided force; seeds then germinate, and young buds and shoots are developed. As soon as this is effected,

Digitized by Google

the luminous rays, with the advance of the sun, become more active, and the formation of woody fibre proceeds under their particular agency; not that the chemical power becomes dormant, but it is rendered proportionally less active by the agency of light. In the late summer and the autumn, the peculiar properties of the calorific rays are required; and under their agency with diminished powers of light, the ripening of fruits and the production of seed are accomplished.' The parathermic rays are, so to speak, neutralised in spring and early summer by the refrangible rays; in autumn, the former become active, and are supposed to assist in imparting the brown hue to leaves at that season. And here the subject connects itself with the undulatory theory. The particle which produces violet light is said to oscillate seven hundred and twenty-seven millions of times in the millionth part of a second! To these infinite movements, the action of imponderable upon ponderable atoms, an important task is assigned. How many vibrations of luminiferous ether, asks Dr Draper, must go to the production of a single tree? Take a monarch of the forest—it has been built up chiefly by the influence of yellow light. A wave of this light vibrates five hundred and thirty-five times in the millionth of the millionth of a second! How inconceivable the number required for the formation of a giant oak!

Mr Hunt has given a practical value to his observations by showing the hurtful effects of the German *white* sheet-glass when used for greenhouses or conservatories. He states that, 'under this kind of glass, plants were subject to an injurious solar influence which they had not suffered under the old crown-glass. It became therefore necessary to discover means to cut off those *parathermic* rays, which, passing through the white glass, scorched and browned particular portions of the leaves, without cutting off the other portions of the rays which were necessary to the growth of the plant. This remedy has been discovered and applied at Kew Observatory: it was a green glass, stained with oxide of copper, which glass effectually excluded the injurious parathermic rays, while it admitted the other solar rays necessary for the plant as freely as ordinary white glass. In the manufacture of this green glass it was essential that no manganese should be used, as was the case in white glass. If manganese were used, the glass would, after a while, assume a pinkish hue, which would more freely admit the burning rays.' Contrary to expectation, the appearance of this glass for horticultural purposes is rather pleasing than otherwise.

The actinometer—*sunbeam-measurer*—is one among other instruments regularly 'read off' at the Greenwich Observatory, the object being to measure and determine the amount and intensity of direct rays from the sun. By using it at different heights, we can tell how much heat is absorbed in its passage through different strata of the atmosphere, or on the interposition of clouds, and the decrease caused by an eclipse. The readings of the instrument occupy several minutes, one reading being taken at a minute precisely after the other, at certain intervals arranged beforehand. By some persons the actinic principle has been supposed to be the cause of magnetism. This is a point, however, to be determined only after long-continued observation. In the published record of his astronomical labours at the Cape of Good Hope, Sir John Herschel threw out some impressive suggestions as to the influence of solar light on geological changes; and the subject has been quite recently brought under discussion in the Geological Society, in papers by Mr Saull and Sir J. Lubbock. The question is a promising one, and if steadily pursued, will lead to something more than speculation. 'The power of light,' to conclude in the words of Mr Hunt, 'has been in action for countless ages on the earth's surface; and by pursuing with due care the investigations, we may be enabled to proceed, step by step, into the great laboratory of nature, and discover the various causes which have been in operation on the consolidated masses of this globe, and which are producing multifarious chemical changes, to the excitation of which are due the great magnetic phenomena which are exciting so much the attention of philosophers.'

POETRY OF THE ANGLO-INDIANS.

Why has Anglo-India produced no poetry which can bear any comparison with the poetry of the mother country? Many things conspire, one would think, to give India a superiority in this respect. Its denizens usually receive at least an elementary education in England; and when warm in youth, high in hope, and fervid in imagination, betake themselves to the sunny climes of the East, which come back upon their memory like a dream of childhood—for a considerable proportion of them are Indian-born. If any germ of poetry lurked in their composition, it would here receive, we might suppose, a more than usually rapid development from new scenery, manners, figures, costumes, attitudes—in short, from all those external things which form at least the material part of poetry. But this we know, by experience, is not the case. The Anglo-Indians are merchants, lawyers, soldiers; they devote themselves to philosophical and literary inquiry, and to the various branches of practical science: but, generally speaking, they have hitherto been satisfied with a faint echo of song from Europe, hanging, like exiles, their own unwilling harps upon the willows.

In an article in a Calcutta periodical,* this apparent anomaly is accounted for, as regards the earlier English adventurers in Hindoostan, by the fact, that they were all engaged in the prosaic pursuits of commerce. The jingling of gold mohurs, the author tells us, does not harmonise with the jingling of rhyme; and bales of cotton, heaps of betel-nut, pillars of salt, and maunds of rice, are not good sources of poetic inspiration. After these, or rather mingling with these, came the clang of war to 'scare the genius of poetry from the country!' But this is not the effect of war elsewhere. The most troubled times have frequently produced the best poets, and their loftiest strains have been sounded and listened to amid the din of arms. Neither is commerce, we apprehend, to be blamed for disgusting the muse with its low calculations of rupees, annas, and pice; for *her* habitation is not exclusively in the woods and fields, but likewise amid the densest crowds and meanest occupations of human beings.

In a former paper we have noticed the periodical literature of the Anglo-Indians;† but we must now draw attention to a fact alluded to by the writer in the 'Oriental Magazine,' and alluded to without any due sense of its importance; for therein lies the cause of the comparative feebleness, and want of elaboration, observable in the whole range of the imaginative literature of the country. When a nation rises gradually from barbarism to refinement, books always appear before journals. The more energetic spirits of the time address themselves to the minds of men in volumes that travel slowly through the world of intellect; and it is not till some considerable progress has been made, that such literary luxuries are invented as newspapers and magazines. With the new settlements of old nations the case is different. There the inhabitants find themselves in the stage of journalism, without having in their own persons gone through the earlier process. Newspapers—a commercial and social necessity—are the literature, and the only literature, of the settlement;

* The 'Oriental Magazine.' The author of the article—and at the time of its appearance, we believe, the editor of the journal—is Mr Montague, one of the masters of the Hindoo College.

† Journal, No 210, new series.

Digitized by Google

and hence the slight and fugitive character of its merely literary productions. In India, to this character was superadded a certain narrowness and restriction, arising from the position in which our countrymen found themselves; a handful of Europeans surrounded and hemmed in by millions of Asiatics, with whom they had nothing in common. India was their abiding-place only for a time. They looked backward to the country they had left, and forward to the period of their return; and their efforts in imaginative composition were divided between these two—their poetry consisting of sentimental memories and hopes, and never of healthy views of the wonderful present in the midst of which they wandered in discontented exile.

It was well on in the present century before Anglo-Indian literature began to assume any distinctness even in its periodical form. 'Before the administration of the Marquis of Hastings,' says Mr Montague, 'from which period we date the rise of British-Indian literature, there were found some young men who, lost in the fumes of tobacco, sung of its praises, and *mortalised* their hookah. There were others who raised a plaintive note on the miseries of this land, and in some measure to compensate for the evils of which they complained, ended the *diapason* with a brilliant display of the gold and the silver, the jewels and the precious stones, of British India. Another set, encamped in the low and marshy plains of Bengal, wrote anathemas in rhyme against the little mosquitoes, which buzzed about their quills, and left the print of their affections on their faces and hands. A fourth set, animated by the victories of Bangalore and Seringapatam, the Mahratta and Pindarrie wars, composed lyrics on those subjects, which are now happily forgotten, and are to be found hawked about the streets by some poor itinerant bookseller, whose "silver beard sweeps his aged breast." A fifth set sung of the praises of the maidens they had left in Albion's isle, and sometimes as unfortunately of the *Leilas* and *Dudus* with whom they had cultivated an acquaintance here.'

The administration of the Marquis of Hastings, our readers may remember, saw the British for the first time the nominal as well as real masters of India. In 1819, the Mahratta and Pindarrie war was terminated; and although we had the egregious folly to leave a shadowy king of the Mahrattas on the little throne of Sattara (which in these last days has subjected us to such terribly long speeches), we parcelled out the rest of the country at our pleasure, and pensioned its native rulers. From this brilliant period we felt ourselves more at home in India; and literature, as a natural consequence—that is, periodical literature—began to rise and flourish. The poets, it is true, did not aspire beyond their corner in the newspapers; but some of them were really poets for all that, and circumstances have made us even in England familiar with the names and talents of some of them. The initials, for instance, so popular in India, D. L. R., have been resolved into the name of David Lester Richardson, the author of two volumes of elegant and suggestive essays; and Calder Campbell, by transferring the services of his delicate muse to the press of this country, has enabled us to account for the reputation he won on the other side of the ocean. Neither Captain Richardson, however, nor Major Campbell is an Indian poet. They both carried abroad with them the atmosphere of their native country, and for the most part seemed to write surrounded by her scenery and her old familiar faces.

There is one name, however, which deserves mention among the pioneers of Indian poetry, and which will not fail to be recorded hereafter by the literary historian of the country. Henry Louis Vivian Derozio was not without general talent, and a certain elegance of mind; but these were not of an amount or of a character sufficient of themselves to preserve him from oblivion. He was remarkable, however, among his compeers as being really an Anglo-Indian poet—drawing his materials from the scenes and persons of the country, although the form of his thoughts (unluckily for him) was moulded after the fashionable models of European taste. He was born in Calcutta in 1809, received a tolerable education, served for some time as a clerk in a counting-house, and then became an assistant to his uncle, an indigo-planter at Bhangulpore. An indigo plantation is simply a farm devoted chiefly to one kind of cultivation; but it has a character of remoteness and solitariness which rarely belongs to the farms of Europe. Here Derozio had full opportunity for indulging his poetical feelings; and, like other aspirants in India, his first productions appeared in the newspapers, where they attracted some attention under the signature of 'Juvenis.' In his seventeenth year he published his first volume of poetical pieces; and in the following year a second volume, containing an ambitious poem called the 'Fakeer of Jungheera.' At this time he became a teacher in the Hindoo College, but was dismissed, in consequence of some charges that were made against him of heterodox instruction both in religion and morals. The true cause of his dismissal, according to Mr Montague, was the bigotry of the native managers of the institution, who were 'alarmed at the progress which some of the pupils were making under Derozio, by actually cutting their way through ham and beef, and wading to liberalism through tumblers of beer.' We must explain this to some of our readers, by informing them that such enormities in the way of eating and drinking involved loss of caste, and the abandonment of the Hindoo faith. After this he was concerned in several periodicals, and edited for some time a large daily paper called the 'East Indian.' But in 1831 his busy career was arrested by the cholera, which, in the midst of his literary hopes and projects, carried him off in the twenty-second year of his age.

We have said that Derozio scarcely deserves to be remarked for what he has actually done; but the following lines, which are the opening of the Fakeer of Jungheera, will show what might have been expected had the youth (then in his eighteenth year) been permitted to live:—

> 'How like young spirits on the wing
> The viewless winds are wandering!
> Now o'er the flower-bells fair they creep,
> Waking sweet odours out of sleep;
> Now stealing softly through the grass,
> That rustles as the breezes pass,
> Just breathing such a gentle sigh,
> As love would live for ever by!
> The sun-lit stream in dimples breaks,
> As when a child from slumber wakes,
> Sweet smiling on its mother—there,
> Like heavenly hope o'er mortal care!
> The sun is like a golden urn,
> Where floods of light forever burn,
> And fall like blessings fast on earth,
> Bringing its beauties brightly forth.
> From field to field the butterfly
> Flits—a bright creature of the sky;
> As if an angel plucked a flower
> From fairest heaven's immortal bower,
> The loveliest, and the sweetest there,
> Blooming like bliss in life's parterre;
> And after having pinions given,
> As earnest of eternal powers,
> To show what beauty buds in heaven
> Had sent it to this world of ours.
> And wildly roving there the bee,
> On quivering wing of melody,
> From shrub to shrub enamoured flies,
> Then like a faithless lover flies,
> Giddy and wild even as he sips
> Their honey from the flowerets' lips.
> Oh! there beneath the chequered shade
> By the wide-spreading banyan made,
> How sweetly wove might be the theme
> Of gifted bard's delicious dream!
> His temples fanned by freshing air,
> His brain by fancies circled fair,
> His heart on pleasure's bosom laid,
> His thoughts in robes of song arrayed—
> How blest such beauteous spot would be
> Unto the soul of minstrelsy!'

The following is from the 'Ruins of Rajmahal:'—

'No serf has lighted yon kiosk,
There's no Muezzin in the mosque—
No vesper hymn, no morning prayer
Shall be put up or answered there.
The sacred hall, the holy sod,
By unbelievers' feet are trod,
And ruthless hands have reft away
The marble that might mock decay.
No revel's held in yon Dulan,
No priest from hallowed Al Koran
A verse in solemn strain shall read,
Nor faithful Moslem count his creed,
Where many a sage Enthusiast
Has worshipped: but that day is past!
The weed is on the sable wall,
The wild-dog's howling in the hall,
The broken columns scattered by;
And hark! the owlet's dismal cry
Is driven through the lattice high;
A moonbeam's gleaming through the cleft
That Ruin half reluctant left:
Yet on ward went he, and his march
Is shown by what was once an arch;
And many a shattered stop and stone,
Where lights the foot with faltering tread,
But sadly speak of what is gone,
As relics whisper of the dead.
These are like some celestial tone
Of music that undying fled,
To which (though ne'er the hallowed strain
May e'en in echo wake again)
The memory is riveted!
I would not have the day return
That saw these wrecked in all their pride.
As he who weeps o'er Beauty's urn
Feels—what he felt not by her side—
A gloom that gives to sorrow zest!
A ray that's welcome to the breast.'

Our readers will observe from these extracts that the most national of the Anglo-Indian poets has but very little of an Indian character. He appears, in fact, to have read Byron and Moore till he had parted altogether with his own intellectual identity. Still, the name of Derozio, for the reasons we have mentioned, is worth preserving; and Mr Montague is entitled to our thanks for the brief memorials of him he has given in the 'Oriental Magazine.' It seems that a collection of L80 was made for a monument to be erected over his grave; although the money was 'misappropriated,' and the grave lost among the crowd of common tombs. This amount would have been better spent in printing a *selection* (and a rigid one) from his works, with some such brief notice of his life as the one given by Mr Montague. The volume would have been a literary monument, valuable not for its materials, but as a landmark in the early history of Anglo-Indian poetry. The time, however, is now past for such a publication; and Derozio, we fear, must be suffered to moulder among other modern antiques, till, at a more advanced epoch of the national literature, the curious inquirer comes to look for the record of his name and doings in some such desultory column as the present.

THE OTAGO SETTLEMENT.

RATHER more than twelve months ago (No. 194), we gave an account of a project for forming the settlement of Otago in New Zealand, under the auspices of, and in connection with, the Free Church of Scotland; and expressed a hope that the interesting experiment would meet with no early mishap to discourage intending emigrants. Our readers of all persuasions will learn with satisfaction that the colony of Scotchmen is at length founded, and likely to do well. The Bombay newspapers bring the intelligence that the two vessels, the John Wickliffe and Philip Laing, which conveyed the first body of settlers, have arrived at their destination, and that immediate steps were taken to bring the affairs of the colony into shape. Captain Cargill, who sailed in the Philip Laing from the Clyde, and who was to act as a magistrate till a municipal corporation was formed, has issued an address to the emigrants, dated 'Port Chalmers, Otago Harbour, 15th April, 1848,' which we abridge as follows:—

'Friends and fellow-passengers—I have now the happiness to congratulate you on the safe arrival of our whole preliminary party; the ship *John Wickliffe*, from London, having entered this harbour on the 22d ult., and the *Philip Laing*, from Greenock, on the present date. The passage has been made by the former in 93 days from land to land, or 99 days from port to port; and by the latter in 115 and 117 days respectively. Our numbers being 278 souls in all, exclusive of 19 who go on to Wellington. * * * A temporary barrack for the women and children has been provided; the lands are staked out, and ready for immediate choice and occupation; and we have three months' provisions and groceries in store, to be issued at cost price, and kept up by additional imports until those of our community who are so purposed, together with the competition of neighbouring settlements, shall have supplied our markets in the usual course of trade.

'Your beautiful and commodious harbour is now before you; its enclosing and rounded hills, wooded from the summit to the water's edge, you have partially explored, together with the site of Port Chalmers and Dunedin, and the adjacent lands laid out for suburban sections; and some of you have also glanced at the series of rich valleys comprising the rural sections, extending to the Clutha and its banks. In the cultivations of the few squatters (mostly from Lewis and Sutherland) who have been waiting to join you, you have seen and partaken of the wheat, barley, oats, and garden stuffs they have been in the habit of raising, together with the sheep and cattle depastured on the hills you are to graze. The climate also in this, the month of April, which corresponds with October at home, you can at once perceive; whilst the vigorous health of the surveyors, exposed as they have been in the wilderness for two years past, and of other Europeans of all ages who have squatted for various periods during the last twenty years, together with their unvarying testimony as to open winters and temperate summer—and the prosperous circumstances in which you find them, notwithstanding their want of combination, and distance from each other—must enable you to satisfy your friends at home that the movement you have made is in all respects, as to things temporal, judicious and advantageous. * * * When we look to the difficulties in this fine country with which others have had to contend, and to the endurance and waste of means to which they were exposed, we ought to be deeply impressed with the contrast of our own position. My friends, it is a fact that the eyes of the British empire, and I may say of Europe and America, are upon us. The rulers of our great country have struck out a system of colonisation as liberal and enlightened principles, and small as now are, we are the precursors of the first settlement which is to put that system to the test. Our individual interests are therefore bound up with a great public cause. Our duties as pioneers may be somewhat arduous, but, as compared with all that have gone before us, they are light and transitory. We no doubt encounter a wilderness; but we do so in a climate equal at least to the south of England, and with appliances altogether new. The cargo of the "John Wickliffe" is nearly on shore. A storehouse is roofed in, and similar matters are being proceeded with, which give work for all until the choice of town allotments shall have been made, when all hands shall be required and engaged by the owners of these lands to erect their houses, and those of their engaged servants, ere the approaching winter, such as it is, shall arrive. Meanwhile, I have established the wages for public works in progress at 3s. a day for a common labourer, and 5s. for craftsmen; but when such works, after the houses referred to are up, shall be resumed, they will then be executed by contract, and so as to give continuous employment for all. In fixing the rate of wages until the hands of our industrial classes are sufficiently initiated for the taking of contracts, it was necessary to take care that the rate should not be such as to overtax the capitalist, and, on the other hand, that the labourer should have such increased pay as the new and profitable field for both parties should appear to warrant; such pay being at the same time altogether in money, to be laid out by the labourer as he pleases, and on the food he prefers. The result, as regards the foregoing rate is, that the man who, for common labour, had 12s. a week at home, subject to house-rent, is now receiving 18s. with a free house and fuel, and grazing for his cow. You now land with all your implements and effects on the spot which is to be your home, and where the man who has only his hands to depend upon must see, by all that is around him, that, with industry and economy, he can

Digitized by Google

maintain a family in comfort, and achieve his independence ere the infirmity of years can overtake him. Still, however, we are but a body of pioneers, and, as such, must encounter some roughness until our houses are up; but, with willing minds, we shall soon be prepared to receive our brethren from home with a hearty welcome and an approving conscience.

W. CARGILL.

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.—CHRISTMAS.

THE latter days of December were so fine, we constantly made excursions into the country far beyond a walking distance. Sometimes the gentlemen walked, though I had to get the help of a donkey, for my invalid son was by this time almost as strong as other young men of his age. Sometimes we all mounted on ponies, and in this way we went up among the valleys for miles, more and more enchanted with the scenery, and more and more satisfied with the climate. All the winter through we found people sitting out in the *parc* on the benches, often holding umbrellas, for the sun is powerful. The inhabitants make full use of this beautiful pleasure-ground; we never went there at any hour without finding it occupied. We observed that early in the mornings almost all the tradespeople contrived to get an hour's exercise there with their families; while in the afternoons, about the five o'clock dinner hour, crowds of the inferior classes gathered there for the same purpose, for in this happy country it is not the habit to overtask the frame. All allow themselves leisure for the enjoyment of rest. Business does not invade the whole life of man or woman either. Shops are early closed, servants and apprentices have fitting recreation, and the masters are content with dividing their time between their offices and their families, which last get through their existence none the less merrily for having a few busy hours each day instead of succeeding to millions and idleness. On Sundays, all the town seemed by one consent to adjourn to the parc; it was always on that day crowded, and quite different from what we had observed at home; the men of the bourgeois order were very superior in appearance to the women. Trade is not very brisk with the Pau shopkeepers. Pedlars from a distance frequently visit the place, bringing with them a better description of goods than the town itself can supply. The finer furs, the handsomer silks and ribbons, superior lace, and chintzes all the way from Alsace, reached us in this wandering way.

As Christmas approached, the little town quite wakened up, the shops were suddenly filled with every sort of pretty thing likely to attract the eye at this present-giving season — quantities of handsome china nicknacks in endless variety, novelties of innumerable descriptions decked every window: amongst other things very beautiful prints, so cheap, I could hardly believe the man did not make a mistake in asking but five or ten francs for what would have been one or two guineas at home. The water-colour drawings were excellent, and equally low-priced. But the confectionary outshone all—the quantities of every sort of bonbons, and the pretty cases to contain them, were a show of themselves. Everybody seems to think it necessary to give something to every other body—quite a fortune is spent on these gifts. Relations and intimate friends make really handsome presents to one another; the next in degree give trifles, and sweetmeats and comfits in boxes more or less beautiful, and then they descend to ornamented paper-cases. The last night of the old year is the appointed time to make these offerings—they are sent round with compliments, bouquets, and sometimes verses. We fared very well; I received numberless articles, for which I had no manner of use, and yet I valued them for the kind intention of the donors; and as for sugar-plums, I might have opened a stall with them. My son entered quite into the spirit of the business, and went about distributing sweets in every sort of bag, box, or basket.

The three first days of the new year the streets were quite crowded. All the world was calling to inquire for all the world; and as the servants could not have stood the fatigue of perpetually running to open the doors, or perhaps because they were similarly occupied in their own sphere, it is the custom to place a large china dish or a basket on a stand at the entrance of every apartment, into which the visitors, after ringing the bell, merely fling their cards. The ringing in our hotel never ceased the whole day: but it is only in cases of intimacy that the visit at this time is a real one; personal appearances are not looked for till the end of the week, when the cards have to be redeemed, so to speak, by the owners. It made quite a hubbub in the town, and it was extremely fatiguing to elderly limbs at anyrate mounting up so many flights of stairs in succession. It took a French friend of ours four whole days to get through his acquaintance, although he made use of his carriage to convey him about the town. All the authorities, civil and military, march about in processions on this important business, interchanging their courtesies with very amusing formality. One good effect results from this old custom: a call on all acquaintance is imperative, even supposing there may have been some little interruption to friendly relations from some unexplained annoyance. Many slight coolnesses are thus frequently ended by the renewal of intercourse brought on by the season, good-humour becomes universal, and a spirit of kindliness pervades all intercourse.

I liked much to visit the French and Spanish ladies in the afternoons. On their reception-days they held levées. The French ladies frequently received me in their luxuriously-furnished bedrooms, where I cannot be persuaded that they ever slept, but where they seemed to carry on their private employments, and where I generally found them engaged with some pursuit that could be followed in company. All the furniture, as well as all the personal addenda to their different occupations, were of a more ornamental description than we are in the habit of seeing among the same rank of persons in our own country. Here I am led to remark, that the French appeared generally to be an unaffected people—a people who pretend to be nothing that they are not. If they are poor, they say so, and act accordingly: if they have risen from a lower estate, they never blush to allude to it: if they have inferior relations, they do not turn their backs on them. As far as I could judge, nobody aped a higher station than their own; nobody made sacrifices for appearances, or put themselves in what they so emphatically call a false position. In consequence of this simplicity of feeling, no one was valued for the depth of the purse, nor despised for a small income, nor neglected for living in a confined apartment. People brought with them into society their good-humour, their good manners, their talents, which were always duly appreciated; and for what they wanted there seemed to be neither care nor thought.

Pau being a garrison town, of course there was abundance of military. Two regiments of infantry occupied the spacious barracks. One of these was changed soon after our arrival. The twenty-something marched out, to be dispersed among the frontier towns, and the forty-something replaced it. It went in detachments, quite in the gray of the morning, the band playing loudly all the while, making believe the soldier's is a merry life. The troops were kept hard at work all the cold weather, a week never passing during the winter without a party marching out to exercise in the country. The outgoing looked far better than the incoming. The men walked eight or ten abreast, in their loose greatcoats, with their knapsacks on, in so long a file, that the head of the column had turned out of sight many minutes before the end appeared. The brass band led the way, sounding forth the only tune I ever heard it play, the same

Digitized by Google

with which we were favoured night and morning when the guard was changed at the préfecture. An officer walked here and there beside the men, and two mounted officers brought up the rear. The pretty part of the procession came last, at least just before the officers on horseback—a little row of *vivandières*, six or seven little women, smart, active, gay little creatures, as military as dress and air could make them. They wore the red cloth trousers, strapped tightly down under polished boots, blue cloth jackets, and short full petticoats of the same, the jackets fitting as if moulded on them; plaited shirt bosoms, black stocks, short, full, white aprons, with pockets, neat mob caps, with quilled borders, and small low-crowned glazed leathern hats, with broad brims, over the caps, set on one side of the head, and a smart tassel dangling from them. Over one shoulder was strapped the small, gaily-painted keg which marks their vocation. A few paces in advance of this pretty line marched a row of little boys, the sons of these martial mothers, some of them very young; but their step was as firm, their bearing as erect, as was their fathers'. They were all in uniform—miniature soldiers, even to the tiny knapsack. Well did their military emperor understand his trade, even to the getting up of the scenery, paying as much attention to that which was to take the eye as he did to the real comforts of his soldiery. There are not many of these sutlers or vivandières attached to the regiments. It is not easy for either men or officers to obtain leave to marry. The colonels cannot grant this permission. Application must be made to the commandant of the district, and the bride must bring a certain portion, proportioned to the rank of her husband. The common soldier's wife is then adopted into the regiment, dressed and fed at the expense of the corps, as are her children. The boys brought up in the barracks generally follow the profession they have been reared in; the girls, who are all habited like their mothers, and employed by them as their assistants in kitchen and hospital, most commonly grow up to be vivandières. At a proper age, a small dowry is given to them, which is mostly bestowed upon a soldier, although no objection is ever made to their choosing a husband among the civilians. They are considered to be respectable women in their military way; and they and their picturesque-looking children certainly added much to the effect of a parade day. They lead happy lives, being used to barrack habits, and so are quite content with what would appear to others of their sex unsuited to female feeling or female strength; for I never could avoid pitying the fatigues they went through on the days of a long march into the country, when, weary and dust-soiled, they lagged behind the jaded men late in the hot afternoon, returning from a round of five or six hours' duration. They were an extremely well-conducted set of people. We never heard of any disturbance among them, nor ever met a drunken soldier. The men struck me as being very small, quite undersized; and my brother told me he had made the same remark on those infantry regiments he had seen in Paris: it seems the finest men are picked for the cavalry and for the gensd'armes, many of whom quite equal in stature the men of our larger race.

The officers were in general better grown; but, as a body, they were not the fine-looking gentlemanly persons we are accustomed to think of in their profession. The uniform is dull; the blue coat, when it fits, does very well, but the dingy red of the trousers does not harmonise with it; neither is the tall cap, so stiff and glazy, becoming to them. A cloth bag, cut square, with a tassel bending down each upper corner, which is worn by the men in undress, is a more graceful headgear. We saw little of the officers, except when walking out in the evenings, very few of them entering into the society of the place. Invitations to the military were in most cases sent to the officer in command of the regiment, for himself and his family, and so many of his juniors as were wished for, leaving the selection to himself, very judiciously, the inferior grades not being always composed of men refined enough in their manners for the drawing-room. I never could rightly understand the constitution of the French army. It was always told, with a flourish, that the officers rose from the ranks—*could* so rise, would probably be a more correct assertion—and this accounted for the circumspection exercised in regard to an acquaintance with them. Surely the higher orders cannot, on receiving their commissions, descend to the ranks, although the ranks, as with us, may rise to commissions; if they do, they do not stay long there, and they occupy a very different position from the merit-raised officers, who seldom rise to anything above a sous-lieutenancy, thus constituting a sort of middle rank in the army, the good effect of which must be decided on by military judges, or left to time to prove. It must have been one of this humble class who, with his wife, lodged nearly opposite to us in a single room, which the lady arranged herself, working busily about in the mornings in a very plain undress—a cotton wrapper, and a handkerchief upon her head—dusting, cooking, and ironing with most praiseworthy diligence. She went out to walk with her husband in the evening, very prettily dressed in the latest fashion, and in the best taste; but her dower must have been the minimum permitted, for her husband had to eke their income out by industrious exertions on his part. He did a great deal of worsted work for the shops; embroidered bags, and slippers, and braces; grounded unfinished chair-covers and stools, sitting in his dressing-gown near the window busily engaged in this occupation, while the wife was employed in her household duties. Men on the continent frequently ply the needle. Two of the exiled Poles, who were much liked, and frequently invited to the soirées, unable to manage on the scanty pension of sixty francs a month kindly granted to them by the government, added considerably to their means by thus employing their leisure. One of them knit very beautifully, quite as well as the women of Bagnères, ornamenting his productions with wreaths of flowers, figures of animals, and innumerable open stitches, requiring some skill to execute artistically; the other had patched a counterpane of bits of silk begged from his lady acquaintance, all his own work, raffled for, and won by a friend of mine, much to the delight of the ingenious Pole, with whom she was deservedly a favourite. These unfortunate gentlemen were remnants of Napoleon's old Polish brigade, disbanded at the Restoration, living on in their adopted country, under strict surveillance, with not even a hope of brighter days to cheer their melancholy existence.

There was a grand inspection of the troops soon after the arrival of the new regiment. The little men were under arms five hours in such a hot sun, and made a most creditable appearance, small as they were, being quick and steady, and disciplined to the perfection all old soldiers admire, as was fully expressed by the emphatic praise of an East Indian general, who was one of our party. The review over, each soldier was brought up for individual examination: questions asked, kit produced, complaints received, and then the barracks were visited. Certainly every care is taken of the soldiery, yet the quiet Bearnais was roused to no enthusiasm for the trade. The peasants about Pau pitied the 'poor soldiers,' shrugged their shoulders, held the profession cheap, always attributing low habits and low feelings to the class, regarding their children with compassion when they met them in their uniform playing merrily with their older companions in the fields on a holiday.

They are a very calm-tempered people, in general, among these mountains: it is not gay France hereabouts. The holidays are very quietly celebrated, and Sunday has little to distinguish it from the rest of the week. The people are better dressed, and there are more of them wandering about in the afternoons; but no amusements are going forward. The shops are open in the

Digitized by Google

morning as usual; the men were often at their trades, the women at their needles. No great crowds attending prayers; the very early mass seemed to be most in favour with all ranks; the men generally were remiss in performing this duty; the soldiery were never marched to church except on two days in the year; and the gentlemen never showed themselves there at all saving on Easter-day, when it is a breach of decorum not to attend high mass. The British residents follow their various systems of devotion without attracting any observation. One of the advantages of living in this country is, that no one is ever remarked on for his peculiar habits. A dear apartment or a cheap one, a large establishment or but a single servant, a gay life or a quiet one, a Sunday spent in church or a habitual absence from all religious ceremonies—none of these ever excite a comment, or bear in anyway upon the estimation of character. The only thing which subjects an individual to a scrutinising glance is an impropriety in dress. That is never passed unnoticed, and it really seems quite to compromise the reputation of the wearer.

Although the doctrines of the Reformation had taken good root in the little kingdom of Bearn, the blight of the Edict of Nantes almost entirely annihilated every principle so long and wearily contended for. The Huguenots, at the present time, form a small part of the population; the lower class of whom is principally collected in a very dirty village about a mile up the river. They come in to Pau twice every Sunday, to attend service in the chapel, built by subscriptions raised among the British for the accommodation of all of the same faith. Their form of worship is Presbyterian, with shorter prayers, and a great deal more singing, than is customary in our islands. We often went to hear the singing, which was excellent, in parts taken by fine voices, well instructed, and unaccompanied—the clergyman in the pulpit joining in the psalm. He was reckoned a very eloquent preacher; and he certainly laboured to improve his flock.

The road to the Huguenot village lay beyond the town to our happy valley, past what was called the Hara—a very handsome country-house, in which Napoleon rested on his route into Spain, once the property of the Comtes de Nayes, now the steed-house for the rearing of the fine horses the government is taking such pains to improve. We often followed to this grand stable the large wagons of scented hay gathered from off the plains beneath the *côteaux*, and made so quickly in this fine climate, that the colour is nearly preserved, dry as the grass became. There are three or four hay harvests during the long summers, for the crop is cut when short, and at little cost of labour. The Comtes de Nayes were once amongst the wealthiest of the Bearnais nobles. Besides this country residence, they had a good hotel in the town, standing back a little from the Place Royale, with a courtyard in front, separated from the street by a façade containing the servants' apartments. The beautiful old cathedral was its neighbour, now a ruin, destroyed in the Revolution. The Hôtel de Nayes escaped; but its owners fell. Some were guillotined, others fled. At the Restoration, so much of their estates as could be recovered were claimed by a cousin, and the widow of the murdered comte was restored to her hotel; but in such straitened circumstances, that she was glad to let it to a British resident, as also part of the façade for a shop. She lived herself in a poor but respectable way in two small rooms over the porter's lodge, with a niece or a daughter for a companion.

With the tenant of the façade we often spent a few francs, for the mere pleasure of her conversation. She was the most obliging shopkeeper we ever met with, insisted upon tumbling over her goods as mere subjects for discourse, and seemed almost equally satisfied whether we purchased what we had thus examined or not. It is odd that this lady, and indeed most others in the place, went by the Christian name of her husband—the surnames seemed to be overlooked altogether. Our laundress was Madame Jaques; Madame Henri went our messages; Madame Antoine brought us milk; Madame Pierrot's fruit was superior. Yet the daughters bore the family name, and the husband was as frequently called by it as by his baptismal recognition. I could never make out any other reason for this than that it was an old custom. Very near to our lady of the façade lived *the* tailor of the town, to whom she recommended my son to apply for some buttons to replace a set the washerwoman had thumped all to pieces with her beetle. This tailor's shop was quite open to the street, divided into two small rooms, but not at all in the usual way; for it was transversely across the window, one above, the other below, something like the sets of rooms on the stage—from one to another of which poor Mathews used to skip in his different characters—or like a doll's baby-house when the long door is opened. Below were the goods: on the shelf above, the tailors, all busy at work, cross-legged, and able, from their position, to recognise any acquaintance passing along the street. The master of this singular-looking shop had exactly the sort of buttons we wanted; but no words could induce him to take any payment for such a trifle; the satisfaction of enabling the young gentleman to replace those that had been destroyed was more than sufficient remuneration, so we had to put up with the gift, and recollect hereafter to employ the donor, which, in due course, we did, and both my brother and my son considered themselves admirably well served by this gentlemanly artist, whom we found to be in his way a great man. He was very handsome, and he rode a very handsome horse, about the handsomest to be seen in the town; but he did not always like equestrian exercise *in the sun*. There was a story going of a 'client' of his who lived a mile or two out in the country sending for him to receive an order, and getting for answer that the heat of the weather rendered it unsafe for the tailor to walk or to ride so far. The count understood the hint, and really requiring a new coat in a hurry, he sent his carriage for this skilled artificer. So much for being an artist in what is considered to be but an ordinary occupation!

EVERYTHING IS CONVERTIBLE TO SOME USE.

At the time of the opening of the trade with China, we happened accidentally to get into conversation with a most respectable shipowner and captain, who is still alive in one of the towns on the banks of the Forth, and who, though considerably above eighty years of age, enjoys excellent health and the most cheerful spirits. And among other topics, the prospects of the Chinese trade came to be talked of. 'Oh yes,' said the captain, 'when we get into the interior of that vast country, we shall find a multitude of articles, both of natural and artificial production, that have hitherto been unknown to us, and which British ingenuity, enterprise, and skill, will convert to many important uses, and employ for most beneficial ends. Dear sir,' continued the captain, 'there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which an Englishman will not turn to some account, and get a living by. I recollect when in my young days I first went to London, I lodged in a dark and narrow court in the city, where, twice in the week or so, there came a little dirty man with a bucket and a broom, who swept away all the refuse that had accumulated in the corners, or had been thrown out from the houses of the court. This he did entirely on his own account, and without any remuneration from the inhabitants, who always looked with some little suspicion upon him, as if he was a person that might pick up or pilfer something more valuable than the cabbage stalks or potato parings that usually encountered the sweep of his broom. The next time that I went to London I found this cleaner of the little court still at his occupation; but by this time he was in possession

Digitized by Google

of a small cart, drawn by a miserable donkey, had somewhat enlarged the field of his occupation, and was, in fact, the scavenger of the neighbourhood; for there was no regular system of police or of street-cleaning in London at the time I speak of.

'In a few years, and on the occasion of another visit to my former lodgings, I found James Burton (for that, I think, was the man's name) carrying on his trade on a still more elevated and enlarged scale; for he was going about with a large van or wagon, drawn by two strong horses, and collecting all the mud and manure, all the filth and offscourings, of a considerable district of the city. In the course of farther time he had added to this a great many more wagons of the same description, under subordinate labourers, who were plying the same disagreeable vocation in various parts of London, to the number, it might be, of forty or fifty. The progress of this man, and the advancement he had made since the first time I saw or knew anything of him, arrested my attention. Here, said I to myself, is an example of diligence and industry in the very humblest walk of life; and here the very same process is going on in the way of the accumulation of capital, and the extension of trade, which in a higher and nobler department is developing itself among the rich merchants of Old Broad Street or St Mary Axe. But what can Jem do with all the stuff he collects in these huge caravans, or what profit can he make of it? In answer to these inquiries, I discovered that in process of time he had hired on lease a large space of ground in the outskirts of London, comprising perhaps twenty or thirty acres; this he had enclosed with a high wall, in which there were about a dozen gates, into each of which, all day long, were entering the ponderous wagons with their loads of every sort of refuse, which were deposited in heaps on various parts of the surface of the enclosure. On each of these heaps were congregated a group of dirty women and children (how could they be otherwise than dirty?), hired and engaged for the purpose, all busy from morning to night grubbing amongst the filth, and with the greatest nicety and care separating and setting apart the various articles of which it was composed, and which could by any possibility be converted to a useful purpose. Here is a bit of rusty old black iron—that goes to a place by itself; here is another of white iron or tin—that also is set by itself; here is a piece of bone—there the rim of an old hat; here a piece of linen—there a decayed cow-horn; here a rag of woollen cloth—there the end of an old rope; and so on. Each article was deposited on its appropriate heap, until the heap had grown to a large size, and then carts came and took each of them away. And whither did they go? Nobody can well say. And yet this clever and industrious man, by various connections which he had formed throughout the whole of England, not only found an outlet for each of the articles which he thus separated from his manifold dung-heaps, but established a regular market for them. We all know that the collecting of old iron and rags is not an unprofitable occupation; in some parts, too, it is thought a good plan to plant potatoes upon the top of a bit of woollen cloth; from cow-horns, if I am not mistaken, they can extract glue; and we also know to what useful purposes to manure the bones of animals can be made subservient, and what an important article of importation these have now become. In this way did Burton form and carry on a large and lucrative trade, until he made a fortune; so that on one occasion afterwards, when returning to London from a voyage, and inquiring for him, I found that he was riding in his carriage, a wealthy and a respected man.'

Thus did the captain end his story, and then added a shorter one, saying, 'I remember seeing an old man once in Cheapside poking among the stones of the causeway with a long stick, having a hook at the end of it, and upon going up and inquiring what he was doing, I was told that he was searching for the bits of the horse shoes that might have been broken off, and become fixed among the stones. "These," said he, "are of some value. Somehow, by their position on the hoof of the animal, they acquire a peculiar quality—the iron becomes closely knit and welded together, so that for certain purposes, such as the forming of harpoons and gun-locks, they make better iron than can otherwise be had." And so,' concluded the captain, 'you see that what I said is true—there is nothing which an Englishman cannot turn to some use or other.'

We lately made some observations on the 'Struggles for Life in the Metropolis,' and gave some illustrations of them: this is a sort of sequel to these, and exhibits, besides, one remarkable example of the success with which diligence, assiduity, and perseverance, even in the meanest occupation, are almost always sure of being attended in the end.

NEGRO IMPROVABILITY.

An article on the subject of Ethnography—the science of races of men—which appears in the 'Edinburgh Review' for October, will be perused with no small satisfaction by persons taking an interest in the progress of human intelligence, and the present condition of the coloured races. The doctrines which the reviewer establishes from a variety of evidence, are to this effect—that notwithstanding the extraordinary diversity of cranial formation, and colour of skin among mankind, all are of one species or family; and that the diversities which strike us as so remarkable are a result of circumstances. Taking the Caucasian, or white races, as the most perfect type, physically and mentally, it is made out satisfactorily that tribes may be gradually cultivated up to this standard, or depressed below it. It seems, however, from the evidence adduced, that races may be much more rapidly degraded than elevated. Misusage of all kinds, bad food, inclemency of climate, severe bodily labour, will soon brutify, so to speak, the human being; and this fact is indeed obvious from common observation. The raising of the species from a lower to a higher standard is a work comparatively tardy; yet the elevation is certain, provided the proper influences are employed. In this latter department of the subject one reads with pleasure of the improvability of the negro races; and we see, as in a vista, not only the gradual change of their features, but the actual abatement of colour in their skins. Negroism appears to be a result of centuries of exposure to a tropical clime, along with degradation of habits. After these habits for the better, submit the negro, through several generations, to the usual modifying influences of civilisation, and there seems no reason to doubt that at least comparative whiteness of skin would be the consequence. Referring the reader to the article in question for a luminous treatment of this curious subject, we may extract the following passages bearing on negro transformation:—

'The negro type is one which is not unfrequently cited as an example of the permanence of the physical characters of races. The existing Ethiopian physiognomy is said to agree precisely with the representations transmitted to us from the remotest periods, in those marvellous pictures, whose preservation in the tombs and temples of Egypt has enabled to us so much of the inner life of one of the most anciently-civilised nations of the world; and this physiognomy, it is further maintained, continues at present identically the same from parent to child, even where the transportation of a negro population to temperate climates and civilised associates (as in the United States) has entirely changed the external conditions of their existence. Now it is perfectly true that the negro races which have made no advance in civilisation, retain the prognathous [projecting jaw] character even in temperate regions; and this is precisely what we should expect. But it is not true, when they have made any progress in civilisation, that they remain equally unaltered. The most elevated forms of skull among the African nations are found in those which have emerged, in a greater or less degree, from their original barbarism. This has chiefly taken place through the influence of the Mohammedan religion, which prevails extensively among the people of the central and eastern part of Africa.

'In regard to the transplanted negroes, it is obvious that the time which has elapsed since their removal is as yet too short to expect any considerable alteration of cranial

Digitized by Google

configuration. Many of the negroes now living in the West Indian islands are natives of Africa, and a large proportion of the negro population both there and in the United States are removed by no more than one or two descents from their African ancestors. But according to the concurrent testimony of disinterested observers both in the West Indies and in the United States, an approximation in the negro physiognomy to the European model is progressively taking place, in instances in which, although there has been no intermixture of European blood, the influence of a higher civilisation has been powerfully exercised for a lengthened period. The case of negroes employed as domestic servants is particularly noticed. Dr Hancock of Guiana even asserts that it is frequently not at all difficult to distinguish a negro of pure blood belonging to the Dutch portion of the colony, from another belonging to the English settlements, by the correspondence between the features and expression of each, and those which are characteristic of their respective masters. This alteration, too, is not confined to a change of form in the skull, or to the diminution of the projection of the upper jaw; but it is seen also in the general figure, and in the form of the soft parts, as the lips and nose. And Mr Lyell was assured, during his recent tour in America, by numerous medical men residing in the slave states, that a gradual approximation was taking place, in the configuration of the head and body of the negroes, to the European model, each successive generation exhibiting an improvement in these respects. The change was most apparent in such as are brought into closest and most habitual relation with the whites (as by domestic servitude), *without any actual intermixture of races*—a fact which the difference of complexion in the offspring would at once betray.'

With respect to the black colour, 'we are accustomed,' continues the reviewer, 'to say that colour "is only skin-deep;" but, in point of fact, it is *not even skin-deep*; for it does not reach the true skin, being entirely confined to the epidermis or scarf-skin. It was formerly supposed that between the true skin and scarf-skin there lay a proper colouring layer, to which the term *rete mucosum* was given; and it was imagined that this layer was greatly developed in the dark-skinned races, but nearly wanting in those of fair complexion. This account of it, however, when submitted to the test of microscopic inquiry, has been found to be totally incorrect. The rete mucosum has been discovered to be nothing but the latest layer of epidermis, the inner surface of which is continually being renewed as the exterior is worn away, just like the bark of a tree. There is no distinct colouring layer, it appears, either in the fair or the dark-skinned races; the peculiar hue of the latter depending upon the presence of colouring matter in the cells of the epidermis itself. Now that this colouring matter may be generated, even in the fairest skins, under the influence of light and warmth, we have a familiar proof in the summer freckle, which is nothing else than a *local* production of that which in some races is *general*. Persons who have been much exposed to the direct rays of the sun become "tanned" or "sun-burnt" in like manner, owing to the formation of colouring particles in the cells of the epidermis, which are usually almost colourless.'

To have established, by rigorous microscopic inquiry, that the colour in the negro races is not inherently natural in the system, but casual, as if a result of sun-burning in consecutive generations, is a fact of great importance. We hope that investigations on the increase and abatement of colour in the human subject will continue to engage the attention of the learned. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that what has been ascertained is vindicatory of negro improvability as regards either mental or physical qualities.

AN ACTRESS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Hogarth has immortalised the ugliest, most extraordinary, and most unprincipled of artists who ever neglected the future in abusing the present: we refer to Signora Cuzzoni, a lady who, despite a stumpy figure, a repulsive obliquity of vision, and a coarse and complexionless face—to say nothing of a tasteless style of dress, and silly and fantastical manners—held all England in thraldom exactly one century since by the powerful truth of her acting, and by the melting pathos and the inexpressible beauty of her singing. With such talents she might have become a millionaire, but she neglected opportunity. One evening, in the year 1749, she was visited by two gentlemen, who felt pity at the miserable condition into which the once enchanter and favourite of the public was plunged, and who desired to relieve it. They found her dull, dirty, morose, and almost speechless. She made excuse for herself at length by stating that she was hungry. She had eaten nothing during the previous day, and now, at six o'clock in the evening of the second day, she confessed that she had not a penny in the world. The friends offered her such hospitality as it was usual to offer: they proposed that she should go with them to a tavern, where they would treat her with the best roast fowls and port wine that London could produce. 'No!' screamed the squalid and famished artist; 'I will have neither my dinner nor my place of eating it prescribed to me: I need never want a repast did I choose to submit to such conditions.' The friends apologised, put a guinea into her hand, and urged her to procure food at once. She muttered her thanks, and dismissed her visitors. They had no sooner departed, than she summoned a 'friendly wretch who inhabited the same theatre of misery,' and putting the guinea into his hand, bade him run with the money to a neighbouring wine-merchant. 'He is the only one,' said Cuzzoni, 'who ever trusted me with good tokay by him: it is a guinea a bottle, so bid him give you a loaf into the bargain; he'll not refuse.'—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

SMALL PROFITS.

The advantages pointed out by physiology on farming produce may be objected to as scarcely appreciable, and therefore of no moment. All natural processes are of this kind. The mass is made out of minims. And if manufacturing prosperity consists of vast returns resulting from small profits, why should not agricultural prosperity be built upon a similar basis? Produce must be increased in every possible way, and that produce secured in the most profitable end; so that he who guides the loom in the manufactory, to produce fabrics of the most subtile texture, with the most consummate skill, and ekes out his recompense from farthings and half-farthings, accumulating by thousands; and he who guides the never-tiring loom of nature, must pursue the self-same plan, and out of the secret processes of the same, which meet not the eye of the looker-on, find his reward in the vast aggregation of very small advantages. If we mean to farm well, we must employ our capital in encouraging produce to extend itself in every minute particular, and then so secure that produce that not a particle of its value be lost to us, as the producers, nor to the community as consumers.—*Mr Just, in Memoirs of Manchester Philosophical Society.*

EXCELLENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, 'Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;' to the latter, 'In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.' The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer.*

INABILITY OF IGNORANCE.

How many men, rich in physical energy, stand with folded and idle hands because they are poor in knowledge! Tell such a man what he should do, and he is ready and willing to act. He stands still because he cannot see his way. He is uncertain because he cannot make out which of two plans he should choose. He is negligent, only because he is ignorant of what he ought to do, or of how it may best be done. Or if, in his physical impatience, such a man rushes forward, he fails to reach his aim, because he is deficient in the materials for successful action. How often do we see the energy of one man ill or wrongly directed because he knows too little of what he engages in, while, under the guidance of knowledge, every step, impelled by the energy of another, is observed to be a sure stride in advance!—*Professor Johnston.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 254. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848. Price 1½d.

SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

The time of childhood, the earliest time one remembers being anything or doing anything at all, is one everybody likes to think of and speak about; and I cannot help believing that the poorest people in the streets can go back to something like fairy days, when everything looked as if it was bathed in a great flood of light, when an hour was the same as a day, and a day like an hour. God pity those, indeed, that never had an infancy, and cannot recollect when they were happy! But after all, for regular thorough-going, careless joy, for a whole host of things that you can gossip about, and adventures that come back on you like stories; for my own part, I know nothing like the days when we were at school. The school and the lessons we used to curse in our hearts for a useless bore unaccountably inflicted on us by our fathers—blessings be on them from the little boys' form and the assistant's desk to the master's—from the primer to 'Mair's Introduction' and old Virgil—it was they that made us happy! And I don't care if I run over a few sketches of what befell in my own experience and that of my companions of yore; if it was only to remind others of it, or to make those whose memory is less pleasant partake frankly of mine.

So well I remember the day when our father, who had previously taught us himself, took us with him to be introduced to the school four miles off! We had both green bags on our backs, provided by him with books, and by our mother with eatables, that did not at all interfere with our eating a hearty dinner when we got home at night. All the boys laughed at that and our uncouth rustic cut in general; one after another came up with his slate to get a near look of the strangers. The loud busy hum of the school was changed to whispering and smirking, and the rows of sly mischievous faces were turned round from their desks; until the bald-headed master struck the table with his cane, and gave an angry shout, that sounded to us like the thunder of Jove. What a sinking of the heart was that with which we found ourselves first left alone in the midst of its busy, heartless murmur, while the class round the master's chair were droning out their lesson, interrupted now and then by ominous reproofs, thwacks, and whines! We sat thinking, as we hadn't done before, of home, the rooms, and the places we played in; father, mother, sister's face, the very servants, and the dog in his kennel, were twice as dear to us since the morning. Then, when we did get out, half an hour before the rest, how we did scamper homeward along the long road in the evening light, enjoying the air and the freedom, till we came, by the dusk, through the thick fir woods, and saw the house over the hill quietly standing amongst its trees, with the church belfry and the smoke of the farm beside them.

There were two ways we could go and come by; one a shorter cut, half a foot-path and half a sheep-track, over the high uplands, through plashy bog to the firm brown moor, where you came all at once on the long blue smoke of Thomas the Rhymer's village, even whilst you were looking at the black and the green hills of Cowdenknowes, the forked peak of Eildon, the nook where Melrose lies, and the solitary tower of Smailholm on a distant rising ground. On that path there was a little clear cool well under a bank, almost the only place where we could quench our thirst, coming home of a hot summer's afternoon. Over the mossy pasture slopes above it grew the finest mushrooms, more plentifully than I have ever seen that rare fungus since: the sheep lay with their lambs among the gray stones; the shepherd boy stretched on his plaid, with his dog sitting erect beside him, looked to us, as we passed, the very happiest soul alive. Over the ridge of the hill wound an endless fir plantation, where the rabbits went out and in, the blackbirds whistled, the cushat cooed high up in its nest, and the pine-cones were strewed numberless on the withered spikes. Many a time, loitering to school by the edge of it, and through the green larch-wood, with our bags on our backs, did we look into it, sorely tempted to remain. And at length, one wet day, the last you would have expected us to choose, we made it up together to play truant; got drenched amongst the long grass half as a pretext, took off our wet clothes, and hung them up inside under the tall dry stems; danced about almost naked, ate our bannocks and boiled eggs, and rubbed sticks one on another in the vain attempt to kindle a fire. Unhappily for us, that very day the ploughman had been at the post-office in the village, and had called for us at school. When we came gravely home at the usual hour, we were received with ill-boding signs, went to bed well whipped, and next morning had to convey with us, like Rosencrantz and Guilderstern, or Bellerophon of old, the missive of our own doom. This, as soon as he had read it, the master, with a pedantically jocose grin, designated 'Argive Epistles;' and while he held the *tawse* prepared in his hand for our behoof, pleasantly inquired if any boy of the senior class could name the exact personage in classical history who was most celebrated for this sort of letter-carrying. A dozen of them, fully entering into his enjoyment, guessed as many different characters of antiquity; the abominable old pedagogue, with unwonted good-nature, setting them right, and illustrating the fact with a Latin quotation from Ovid; we all the time standing in bodily fear before him, and I for my part calculating the probable number of times I should have to hold out my palm.

I remember an amusing scene which occurred while

Digitized by Google

we were at this country school, with a little boy of seven or eight, the son of a clergyman in the place, at whose house we sometimes stayed. He was a curious little fellow, as grave and serious as an old man, but quite possessed by the usual love of his age, fairy-books, and especially tales of giants. *Giants* to him were the great features of these; you would have thought there was nothing else real in the world, and that everything besides existed for their sake, to set them off as it were: a giant, in his idea, was the very perfection of all that was human. From the parlour of the 'manse' we could hear him in his own bedroom, as he sat reading 'Jack the Giant-Killer' aloud, in a clear sonorous voice, with the solemnity of a chapter in the Bible:—'And Jack went on, and came to a house where the giant he had heard of was sitting at the door eating his supper;' and so on. Of a Sunday, by way of change, it was the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' where Giant Despair and Doubting Castle were the prime passages: the scenes of the prisoners in his dungeon, and of the giant's conversation in bed with his wife, were dwelt upon with indescribable zest; the monster being all the while evidently regarded with favour, as a kind of injured hero, rather than otherwise. When the little boy came first to school, he was put in the youngest form: he did not seem at all troubled or bewildered, however, by the new scene of confusion, but sat pondering over his book in his accustomed grave manner, looking about him now and then as if he saw nothing extraordinary. His intelligence soon made him a favourite with the master, who was a good-natured man after all, and seemed amused by the cool familiarity in which he addressed him. One day soon after little Brown's coming, his class was called up to read their lesson, and he appeared at the head of it. A boy who was reading came to the word *chagrin*, and was stopped to tell the meaning. 'You?' 'You?' 'You?' said the master to one after another. 'You, Græme Brown, what is the meaning of *chagrin*?' Græme looked down for a moment, and up at the ceiling. 'Give an example,' said the master.

Græme Brown opened out immediately, as if quite at home, and in a solemn measured sort of tone—'If one giant saw a man in a garden, and caught hold of him, and was going to eat him; and if another giant was looking over the wall, and came and took the man away, then the first giant would feel *chagrin*.'

All the other boys laughed at this illustration. 'Quite right,' said the master; 'but what in the world, boy, made you think of giants, eh?'

The boy stared up in his face with far greater astonishment. 'Mr Gow!' exclaimed he as solemnly as before, in a sort of reproving tone, 'did you never read "Jack the Giant-Killer?"'

'No,' said Mr Gow, almost taken aback, and, as Græme thought, naturally ashamed at having to confess his ignorance.

'Well, Mr Gow,' continued he, 'I've lent it to a boy, but I'll lend it to you whenever he's done.'

'Why, the boy's mad!' ejaculated the schoolmaster, unable to restrain his laughter—'perfectly mad! Go out to play, and don't let me hear you talking of such nonsense again! Ha! ha! ha! giants indeed!' said he, laughing to himself every now and then, but so taken with the idea, that it kept him in good-humour for the rest of the afternoon; and he made the Latin classes read several passages in Ovid and Virgil, that showed it not to have been one unknown to the ancients. Græme Brown is now a man, and although, I daresay, he has found several giants to contend with in life, yet he would no doubt laugh as heartily if he remembered this incident, that first cast discredit on his childish studies and associations.

We used, after all, sincerely to detest that school, in which we sequestered rustics from the other side of the hills never got rightly acclimated. There was a local feudal sort of feeling between the two districts, lingering, as I fancy, from the old Border days, when the Elliots, the Armstrongs, and the Scotts used to hold those ruined towers and fortalices that here and there appeared amongst the trees by the bank of a stream. The boys of the village persecuted us, the only two strangers; they would have known us by our different tone of voice; and after school hours, we were only glad to get away into the long solitary road. By the hill footpath there were various little perils at times which we wished to avoid—a dangerous bull in one field we had to pass through, unless we crept along the other side of the hedge, over swamps and ditches. At the back of a farm-house on our way there was a ferocious dog, very often loose; and the farmer himself had marked us for depredations on his peas, beans, and turnips; while, on the other hand, there was a band of rough, rude elder boys that crossed every morning from a line of houses with a windmill in sight of the high-road, and would infallibly commence hostilities against us if we came in contact out of the master's reach. In the evening, however, we generally preferred this course to the more solitary one, beset as that was with objects of dread, real and imaginary. At that hour we got off in time to escape our unfriendly schoolfellows; and till we got to the dark fir plantation, where the gipsies were encamped with their fire and their carts, had little else to do but contrive amusement for the way. That peaceful interval was the space into which were compressed most of our boyish freedom, our unrecorded dialogue, our speculations on the world and fairyland. Countless were the devices then resorted to: when the rope tips and lawe were on the longest reach would choose his side, and stake his lottery against that of the other, as if the whole extent of nature were bounded by that variegated fringe, and this were quite our own. Then when the country came in sight from a rising ground, we had a game of puzzles with the objects around us; one of us by turns fixed his mind secretly on something within view, from the stones at our feet to the distant tree up against the sky, while the other had a certain number of guesses allowed to find it out. On a knoll by the side of that road, too, there was an old thatched cottage, with an immense upright block of stone at the end of it. The place was called 'Standing-Stone,' and there was a popular rhyme attached, which used regularly to afford us matter for the most serious inquiry, whether superstitious, mythological, or historical; shedding also a mysterious interest on the house itself and its inhabitants. The doggerel couplet involved a favourite quirk with the vulgar of most rural districts, though somehow or other it always seemed to have in this case an unusually imposing effect—

> 'When Stannin'-Stane hears the cock craw,
> It wheels about, and faces Gordon Law.' *

One day we had just come in sight of 'Standing-Stone,' I remember, when the most awful thunder-storm I ever witnessed on land broke out upon us. The lightning glanced behind the black uplands in the distance till you would have thought Smailholm Tower leapt from the blast of a furnace, and in again; then all of a sudden the fierce flash of it blazed out all around us, as if the whole earth and air were annihilated in light, while we stood first blinded and then deafened. One time it ran up the very middle of the sky like a ragged split from there to the horizon, a keen flare striking down far away on the edge, where it seemed going to melt everything up; the thunder crashed at once over our heads, rattling away round till I actually conceived, in my boyish bewilderment, that the day of judgment was come. The rain fell in white sheets, and we sat below the hedge under a joint-stock umbrella, which our mother and aunt made it the morning's victory, whenever they were up, to force upon us, and which it was with us as solemn a duty, if possible, to leave in the lobby. All the time Standing-Stone, with its huge Cyclopean remnant—raised, as some said, by the Picts, and, ac-

* *Law*, a frequent Scotch name for *hill*.

Digitized by Google

cording to others, by no mortal strength—had been right before us; sometimes appearing to creep nearer, as it grew of a ghastly leaden darkness; sometimes far off in a dreary, desolate plash of rain, like arrows driving across it from over the clouds. When the lightning was dazzling down behind it, and the loud thunder rolled along, and it was heaved up again with its black shape as silent as death, it made me think of those who were to rise perhaps next minute: it had the look of the only grave in the world, with a tombstone at its head, and we the only living. Drenched we were to the skin, yet couldn't think of going up to ask shelter. When the rain was almost over, however, and we were lagging past, as cold and stiff as need be, a man came out of the door behind to look at the weather. He no sooner observed us and our condition than he called us in. We were heartily welcomed by the goodwife, sat at a blazing peat fire surrounded by children, dined on potatoes and milk, and instead of going forward to school, spent several holiday hours there, or catching trout in the swollen burn. The terrible thunder-storm of course was in my responsible hands a ground of justification sufficiently expatiated on, so that we received sympathy rather than reproof for our aberrations this time. Oh, parents are so often deluded, poor, good simple people, because they seem to forget so how their minds ran when they were children themselves! A man should carry youth in his heart to know the way of teaching, punishing, or praising a boy.

We were very fond of telling stories in those days, chiefly on our way from school, or when we had gone early to bed. The latter is the place for an imagination! A sort of serene throne it is, from which you overlook the kingdoms of faery, of adventure-life, and of dream-land. We used to fall asleep with the words of a history on the lips of one and in another's ear; drawling out longer and longer, and slower and slower, until the hero that 'went on, and on, and on,' finally vanished in solemn silence or a most picturesque snore. Sunday night was a great occasion with our blanket narratives, only we piously substituted then, for the adventures of Jack and his innumerable brothers, accounts of Noah's ark, Jonah in the whale's belly, and Abraham the patriarch. But coming home from school, we made it a regular and necessary business: I, as the elder and more learned, would commence the vastest undertakings in the romantic line that ever were planned. 'Dumas' or the 'Wandering Jew' was nothing to me: I set off, without scruple, by endowing the insignificant parents with a family of children, whose dissatisfaction with their paternal roof was by no means extraordinary, as no human labour could have supported them—and all for the endless prospect of relating the haps, mischances, and achievements that befell them in the endeavour to 'push their fortunes,' and to meet again out of as many different roads. From 'Mair's Introduction' and Cæsar's campaigns it was but a sudden step, only passing the carpenter's shop at the end of the village, into the thread of these curious biographies, taken up where left off the previous evening. I think I see my little solemn-faced brother, with his large black eyes, looking up and listening as to an oracle of fiction, which was replenished as well from the utmost abandonment of capricious inspiration as from anything that occurred to ourselves. How he laughed at recognising, through this conventional garb of 'Hop o' my Thumb' and 'Jack of the Beau-Stalk,' a familiar incident! and how he was perplexed, and came out with the crudest simplicities of childhood when called upon himself for a story in turn! If I could just hear myself for one minute now babbling these foolish tales in the language they were phrased in, what would I give of the present incubration! which would be truest to the heart and spirit of the time never more to be!

Enough, however, of such mere 'green' innocence of school-going: those days, all their joys, their boisterousness, and their mischief, were milk and water to the times we entered on shortly after, on the removal of the household to a town seventy miles off. Before, we were only half school-boys; there was an idyllic quietness and a fairy-like romance in our circumstances and our natures, between us and the hum of wooden forms, the drawling out of tasks. Every day there was a journey, with the school beyond for an appendage: harvest-time, weather, and accident came in; it was at home, with the farmer's children shouting through the stackyard, the cow-herding of a Saturday, the game among the trees, the circle round the parlour fire, that we found our attractions. The grammar-school of S—— was quite another matter. We were in it heart and soul; our companions and amusements were there; there was life, strife, the whirl and impetus of real combined boyishness, with all its tricks, plots, hostilities, and friendships; actually even emulation in the professed object of learning. The day we were introduced, as before, with our laughable green bags, still more country-like than formerly, I recollect well the hitherto unfelt pride with which I surmounted all these disadvantages, by rising place after place to the head of the second class, where I had stood up at the foot. It was the signal, indeed, of a supercilliously hostile attitude on the part of my more aspiring classmates; but ever after, amidst all the reckless wildness of out-door habits, there was a pleasure quite as characteristic to me in the struggle to keep the position I had won. The approving eye of the master was on me, a first impression which on his part never wore off, in spite of the separate function he was perpetually called on to exercise, of chastisement for practical misbehaviour. It is amusing to me at this day to remember, and somewhat affecting too, how the 'doctor' was divided between his technical satisfaction in my Latin and Greek, and his disapproval of my irregular pranks. The old gentleman would put the question in succession, reserving me for the last; and I recollect few things that went more to my heart in those days than his disappointed expectation when I could not answer. He would turn me at once down to the foot, and delight in exciting my ardour to climb up again, by sundry little vexations and obstacles. The junction of the three higher classes every afternoon for 'Mair's Introduction' or 'Carson's Appendix' was a drawn battlefield, eliciting all the cleverness and quickness, more than the solid substratum, of every one. Boy after boy, who could correct a word of the reader, would call it out, or 'trap,' as it was entitled in school slang; I, on the other hand, was slow in my intellectual movements, however tenacious: down I often went to near the foot, and it was absolutely fearful to glance up the long row of boys between. The doctor would watch me from the corner of his eye; and I could have cried when the Dutch clock on the wall pointed at four, settling our places till next morning. I for my part seldom looked over a lesson at home except on such occasions; but well primed from dictionary and grammar—Ainsworth and Ruddiman—did I return. He knew when there was business in my face. In general, my trust was in chance inspirations and happy guesses from actual practice; a thorough grounding from my father, in old times of home tuition, gave me the advantage I had. The doctor would look up from his desk and see me busy with a knife at mine, or chewing paper to throw at the ceiling, with agonized figures thereto suspended; he would steal quietly round the corner of the class he was hearing, and the first I knew of him then was a sharp cut from his leathern many-fingered thong. Considerable, by the by, was the smart of that said pair of *tawse*, wielded by no inexperienced arm, when the unhappy culprit, returning too late from the 'ten minutes' interval, had been making snow-balls. There was a certain number of strokes which an accustomed palm like my own could endure with comparative impunity; but the doctor had learnt what that limit was, and also could calculate the preparatory effect of wet snow. You wouldn't have expected the possessor of a dozen languages and

Digitized by Google

dabbler in twenty, to be so knowing as he was in the office of a boatswain's mate. But a good soul — learned, indolent, and absent, when out of school — was the doctor; with his eternal Oxford-gray coat, his large shoes, his protruded under lip, and the lines of philology on his face; the many-bladed penknife, with which he delighted to cut the specks off a new volume; methinks I have him before me now, silently pointing with his fingers closed in the book to one perplexed boy after another! He was so kind as always to entertain the fixed notion of my being a genius, and having an aptness for Greek, so blessings be on him and his memory!

I really don't well know how to explain that spirit of mischief which possessed me then, and which was a byword in the town. It was, as I can only call it, the awkwardness of one intending to do something fine, as well as the heedless abandonment to any object that turned up. Now and then I used to wonder at myself, and have a half suspicion it was done for a mask. In reality, if you had seen me amongst the rest, you would have said, 'There is a stupid quiet fellow trying to look lively, or else a sentimental character drawing the house and trees.' But at all events, what old woman's teapot have I not broken with a stone down the chimney? What mother has not received her child with his head bruised by my 'shinty club?' And what owner of an orchard has not had reason, on my account, to inquire after his best apples? Nevertheless, after I had gone to writing and arithmetic, and came back only for an hour's reading of Homer, the first figure I saw was usually that of my formerly shy brother in the act or passion of receiving a series from the doctor's instrument, he being then too hardened for the 'helper's' minor thong. 'Ay, C——,' the worthy pedagogue would say to me half reproachfully, 'you were bad, but your brother is ten times worse!'

Fights in those days of course made up a great part of our existence, what with their preliminaries, their substance, and consequences. My first regular one was with a schoolfellow of my own age and size, and the quarrel arose more out of the will of our companions than our own. We were conducted in procession at the interval to a place behind school, the classic 'Valley' and 'Ladies' Rock' of his poetry who used to be writing in the neighbourhood of our former village seminary. My opponent, apparently ready for the onset, was yet pushed upon me by his seconds, or else I daresay the first blow might never have been given; as for my part, I had then no particular taste for my own blood, and was trembling like an aspen, not so much from fear, as nervousness. The other seemed to think the whole matter turned upon the onset, and hit right and left upon my head and shoulders, without receiving a return from me, until my nose was bleeding and one eye swelled. 'Well done, W——!' shouted his friends; and 'Well done, C——!' cried mine, when I all at once, utterly devoid of 'science,' rushed at my antagonist, who had paused under the idea of my being done already. 'Now, W——!' said one spectator — 'Now, C——!' said another in quick alternation, as the contest thickened, and I showed an effect from my injuries contrary to what was expected. 'Stick up, W——!' exclaimed one side eagerly, as the latter went stumbling back from a blow on the forehead, and as I followed up my advantage. 'Stick up, man! bung up his other eye!' W——, however, was soft at bottom, heavy in his motions, and rather less persevering than myself, fiercely as he had come on; he flagged, vacillated, struck wide, and after twenty minutes' stout engagement, suddenly put his hands to his face and burst into tears. I confess I scarcely knew whether I had triumphed or not, though I felt I could go on for half an hour more, so furious had the blood made me, along with the dull swelled sensation of my half-closed eye. They were leading W—— away, when the well-known form of the doctor appeared in the distance, and all was a scene of tumultuous flight. I got home, rubbed my face with lard, and was contriving how to avoid presenting myself at dinner, when my late antagonist, his countenance thoroughly disfigured, and still crying, appeared at the door, led by his uncle. They came to accuse me of the crime of beating the said James, and for which I do believe my own personal state would not have secured me against a paternal drubbing, had the affair reached my father in its purity. In his view all fighting of this kind was heinous; in the present state of things, however, I am afraid it is necessary — to which it would no doubt have been rejoined that a good whipping is still more so. To the demands of the angry uncle, my mother, who had to be let into the transaction, opposed the undeniable answer of my wounded countenance, shining with grease; and my father, good easy man, was put off with the hazy idea of an unfortunate accident, running against a wall, or the like. Thanks to the recipe of hogs'-lard, I appeared next morning in my place at school, although with a prismatic halo round one eye; whereas the lucky James contrived to make a couple of holidays out of his condition. Not a few other battles had I to go through for the assertion of my place; but in all, merely by stubborn determination never to be beat, and a sort of blind perseverance, did I come off victorious, so as in the end not to require any more. The most difficult part of it was to get free of annoyance from the idle 'blackguard boys' beyond the pale, who would take every opportunity of tyrannising over us when caught alone. Fair-play was by no means one of their rules, and it was only by dint of standing up boldly that any of us could enjoy the privileges of the town. Without a few successful encounters, one would have been obliged to sneak round the corners of the streets, or to confine his peregrinations to the garden; whereas after that, you were recognised with respect as one of the initiated, and could join pleasantly even with them in a game at 'buttons.'

In our town, however, proceedings were frequently conducted on a more extensive scale. A bitter rivalry existed between particular schools; alliances were formed, and drawn battles appointed between them, somewhat similar to those in the cultivated little republics of Greece. Ours might have been compared to the polished Athens; that of the writing-master, or 'Patie's,' which was made up of grown lads, agricultural, commercial, and burghal, resembled cloddish Beotia, and its friendship was alternately gained by contending parties, so as to decide the balance. Our unmitigated and much-dreaded foes were the boys of 'Fraser's,' a neighbouring school, resorted to by all sorts and sizes, from hospital, lane, and country, and swarming with numbers. This was the Sparta of our land of war and letters, whose divided states no Amphictyonic council or Olympic games tended to soften, unless for some huger mischief. 'Fraser's' had all the Lacedemonian contempt for learning, eloquence, and poetry, except when some rude Tyrtæus shouted the war-cry in vulgar rhyme. They were terrible in the strength of blackguardism, and had one or two dirty heroes whom there were few to meet single-handed. The battle was often fought in the street, or round the walls of the old Gothic churches at the top. When we were engaged in thick *melée*, stones flying, and sticks at work, a detachment would come pouring out of some narrow *close*, to take the grammar-school in rear. Then was it sad to a lover of his commonwealth: Athenians fled, or were captured; Spartans, that did not know '*qui*' from '*quod*,' shouted pæans of triumph. If, again, it was the sudden cry of '*Patie's* is coming!' then the day was probably our own. Up from the back lane they deployed in tumultuous array. The dull Thebans, who were yet able to respect Attic culture, generally threw their force on one side, and many a stubborn champion of ignorance and blackguardism was pommelled to his heart's content. One campaign I remember that lasted several days. All the tactics of generalship, ambuscade, and military contrivance were put in action. Genius as well as courage was called forth; when, having

Digitized by Google

snatched a hasty dinner in the interval, the whole grammar-school sallied forth at four o'clock, to arm themselves with sticks and stones. The 'Valley' was a scene of confusion. A dense line drawn up on either side; missiles flying hot and heavy between; until an attempt was made by the town's officers, with signal defeat, to disperse us. On the last day it had fallen to a sort of guerilla warfare, and it would have been the utmost peril to venture along the edge of the Back Walk trees without good support. In the evening, most of our party had gone home; but the 'Ladies' Rock' was held, fort-wise, by a band of 'Fraser's.' I had collected with me a small detachment, which was augmented by a few friendly 'blackguards,' as we called them, who were bound to no system, and could be purchased by reward. In a moment of foolhardiness I led them full speed up the ascent, amidst a shower of stones. We gave a wild shout, gained the top, and flourishing our huge cabbage-stocks ('kail-runts'), drove our opponents down on the other side. A whole host of small fry, however, were lodged at hand behind the wall of the town churchyard, and kept up a heavy fire on our exposed situation, which it was impossible to bear. All at once my followers deserted me, broke up, and disappeared; while I fled for bare life, pursued by half-a-dozen determined foes, who owed me an old grudge. Down through the trees to the foot of the hill, along the park, and across the fields, did I run on for absolutely a mile and a-half, in the hope of distancing my enemies. At length I dropped down from sheer exhaustion, was seized unresistingly, and silent for want of breath and hope, was led up in triumph towards the head-quarters. In this nice emergency, to my extreme joy, I was rescued by a journeyman printer whom I happened to know, and got home safe. Such were the haps and varieties of our schoolboy life, when it was in its glory.

Yet if there were school-day strifes and mischiefs, there were also school-boy companionships and friendships. Sentiment, indeed, was as abhorrent to that age as sermons; but it was, after all, the very time of a full, unhesitating, unthinking love. Sneaking kindnesses there were now and then, by the way, towards girls one would no more have dared to speak to than with an empress; but *this* was a free instinctive affection for some compeer, to whom it attached you, you knew not and cared not why. Again and again was this felt by me, and once or twice with an inexpressible force, that sense of being drawn to another unlike yourself, which never occurs in after years. On each occasion, by the by, the individual had some sister or female relative in whom the same features were only modified by the difference of sex, and towards whom the same emotion seemed to flit through me now and then, more distant and undefined, like the nameless identity in their eyes and faces. The love of David to Jonathan, that passed the love of woman, was for the brother of her whom he had sought so earnestly; and methinks it was nothing but a regard that could only have transcended love during the youth and school-days of the world; for the friendships of Greeks also were more pure and abiding than their marriages. On the part of my boyish friends there was no equal fondness; it was a solitary yearning with which I would lie on the grass behind the house of my companion, and wait till his leisure or caprice allowed him to join me. The associations, the imaginative force, and the fanciful longings, were only being gathered then, which, at a future epoch of character, would turn it fully upon some fair countenance more remote from my own nature.

But the world was waiting for us, and could not be put off much longer; the very discipline of boyhood was silently preparing each of us for life, to which those pranks and forceful energies, like the leaps and strides of a bather running down the sand, brought one plunging in, till he got suddenly beyond his depth, and must strike out to swim. So it was with myself: the wild spirit of mischief spent itself in bolder and bolder follies, that had already begun to include something of real emotion. Romance and sentiment contended with the need for action: of all spheres in the world for these, the ocean had most fully seized upon my imagination; and by common consent of friends and foes, no other element but the sea was fit for such a pest to civilised society. So to sea I went; that step was to me the great one from boyhood into the stern affairs of life. It seems to me as if a like ocean in memory now rolls, with its foreign lands, its storms and difficulties, between my school-boy days and now. It makes all beyond it affecting: I never see the little boy too late for school, with his bag and slate, opening the door in just foreboding, while the loud hum of voices is let out and shut in again, but I feel what an impassable chasm is between him and me. Once I called at our old grammar-school to pay the doctor a visit of respect: the well-known class, all strange faces, read their lesson before me; I remembered the occasional visitors, former scholars in coat and hat, that used in our own day to do the same.

One of the most touching dreams I ever had, too, was one in which, with the vividest reality, I was once more driving the wooden ball before me with my 'club' along the 'Valley:' a throng of mingling and active figures were pursuing and meeting me; while one in particular, with his well-known tasseled cap, stood swinging his weapon in the midst. Another moment, and the whole scene was gone: I woke with the tears under my closed eyelids, and for a moment could almost think I felt the palpable vision relapse into that longing ache at heart from which imagination had shaped it. Farewell, oh time which we so often wish foolishly to renew, when it is *now* only that we enjoy it! But fare thee sweetly and well for those whom, year after year, it is enfolding! What is it that we more wisely deplore, or more often, than that we laid not up in it richer treasures for the future, and did not prize, at least as much as our sport, the sacred discipline, the healthful nourishment, of school!

FREAKS UPON FLOWERS, FRUITS, AND TREES.

Lord Bacon says, with characteristic energy, 'our experiments we take care to be either of use or discovery, either light-bestowing or fruit-producing, for we hate impostures, and despise curiosities. Yet because we must apply ourselves somewhat to others, we will set down some curiosities touching plants.' Not quite sharing his opinions about curiosities, since it is never safe to say that a curiosity may not produce light, or even bear fruit in due season, and thus contain the germs of utility, while it may be always useful when it stimulates men to reflection upon the abstract principles which combined to bring it forth, we have come, though by a somewhat different route, to the same conclusion with the stupendous author of the 'Novum Organum.' We propose in this place to set down some singular 'curiosities touching plants;' curiosities which have had their origin, not in what we call 'freaks of nature,' but in the horticultural gambollings of some oddity-hunting gardeners. If in no other respect directly useful, our paper will not serve a mean end if it brings into prominence the very remarkable and valuable fact, that the laws conferred by the All-wise Author of Creation upon the vegetable kingdom are of such latitude, as to admit of certain modifications under the influence and direction of human skill, which may be, as they have been, rendered subservient to the real or artificial necessities of mankind.

It is amusing to notice with what unbounded credulity ancient writers have received accounts of the extent of man's plastic power over the vegetable world; and it may be mentioned as a singular circumstance,

Digitized by Google

that in the abounding works on natural magic which turned the brains of philosophers in the seventeenth century, this art generally occupies an important place. Ludicrous recipes for effecting all sorts of marvels in vegetable physiology are extant. Jean Baptista Porta would teach his disciples the following feats of horticultural skill:—How to turn an oak into a vine; how to produce naturally stony fruit without stones; and the delightful art—how to produce kernels without shells, so as to save the trouble of nut-cracking; moreover, how to incarnadine the golden-coloured melon; how to blanch the ruddy purple of the mulberry; how to give a blush to the white cheek of the lily, and a pallor to the too violent warmth of the rose; how also to give balmy fragrance to the scentless flowers, or, sad perversion! to turn an agreeable odour into a repulsive one; how to change bitter almonds into sweet; and lastly, most marvellous of all, how to bestow sweetness of flavour, and even perfume, upon the—onion! We need scarcely say these are all fables; they will be instantly detected as such by any child of the present age. The exaggeration must not, however, be allowed to cast discredit over the whole art; for unquestionable facts are to be adduced, which prove the possibility of effects almost as strange, but not, like these, militating against the fundamental laws of botanical science.

It is difficult to refuse belief to the numerous authorities that can be quoted for the strange freaks which have sometimes been played upon fruits. It is said—and we leave the responsibility of the assertion to those who can better verify it—that gardeners have succeeded in, so to speak, casting their fruits into moulds, just as a cook does her jellies! Thus, for instance, apples have been made to assume the shape of human heads, of the heads of animals, and of mathematical figures, though of course with no great sharpness of outline or fidelity of detail. Cucumbers have been elongated into walking-sticks, or expanded into spheres. Even the forms of dragons and other monstrous productions have been produced by properly treating these plastic fruits. The method of accomplishing such freaks has been to place a mould of clay or wood consisting of several pieces, so as to admit of being removed when the monstrosity was ripe, over the young fruit. As this increased in size, its expanding tissues assumed the form of the cavity in which they found themselves confined. The famous finger-fruit of China is never produced on the same plant after it has passed from the gardener's into the purchaser's hands. Is it possible that the expert Celestial horticulturists adopt a moulding process of this kind? It becomes us, however, to speak circumspectly of such freaks; and we will therefore proceed to notice others upon which more decided language is permissible. The next class—one still more curious than the preceding—was the custom of *drugging* fruits as they grew upon the trees! By this ingenuity orchards were to be turned into apothecaries' shops; here a tree would bend down laden with cathartic apples, there another with literally *sleepy* pears; grapes would become powerful pills; and plums represent, in more senses than one, boluses! To what end this remarkable contrivance? Let the answer be given in the words of one of the enthusiastic advocates of the plan—'In order that those who dislike medicine in the ordinary forms, may take it, even with pleasure, in this way;' finding out of course, probably to their subsequent dismay and perplexity, that where they had been, as they thought, taking dessert, they had been swallowing drugs. If we are to believe the accounts given of the processes for effecting this odd end, there were four methods of physicking the unfortunate trees. The most common was to cut a hole in the branch, and fill it with the drug. Now it must be mentioned, that if the drugs were thus really inserted in quantities at all likely to affect the properties of the fruit, the probability would be that they would kill the tree. However, therefore, we may feel disposed to credit the fact of an attempt to produce medicated fruit, and it seems unquestionable, the strongest suspicion must attach to all accounts of the medicinal effects of such productions. It appears at one period in the seventeenth century to have been a distinct business, by which persons got their livelihood, selling fruit like antibilious pills, two apples for a dose, and a grape for a good night's rest.

The art of grafting led, as may well be imagined, to a vast number of horticultural tricks upon trees, some genuine, others more ingenuities of fraud. Thus an old writer says, 'I have seen a tree which bare several different kinds of fruit. It was of a good size, and was planted in a large flower-pot filled with very rich earth, in order to sustain the large demand made on it by the tree for sustenance. It bare three branches. Of these, one held clusters of grapes of more than one kind, some being medicated, and of these, some were soporifics, others aperients. The second branch bare peaches without stones; and the third, two kinds of cherries, some sour, others saccharine. The bark of this wonderful tree was adorned with roses, and other flowers which grew upon it!' Pliny also informs us that in the garden of Lucullus there was a celebrated tree which teemed with ripe pears, apples, figs, plums, olives, almonds, and grapes! But this passes beyond even the probability of a fraud. Virgil, who is said to be the earliest author that makes mention of the act of grafting, speaks in some respects poetically when he talks of trees green with foliage, and ripe with fruits not their own; and altogether so when he tells us that the rough-tasting cherry blooms upon the mild nut-tree of the plane, laden with great and rosy apples; of the beech all white with the flowers of the chesnut, and the ash with those of the pear; and, to cap the climax, of figs regaling upon dainty feasts of acorns under the shadow of a towering elm! In addition to these, accounts have passed current of roses becoming deep red by being grafted on a black currant bush; of oranges becoming blood-red by being united to the pomegranate; of jasmines becoming yellow by union with orange-trees; and, stranger still, of roses becoming *green* by being grafted on a holly-tree. Evelyn says positively he saw a rose grafted on an orange-tree when he was travelling in Holland. How are these things to be explained, when it is remembered that the fundamental principle of the art consists in the rule, that plants of a different genus cannot be made to intergraft! Often, indeed, different species of the same genus refuse to unite in this way; therefore it is monstrous to suppose that a number of totally distinct genera could co-exist upon a single stock. Yet, on the other hand, it is not justifiable to consider all these accounts as actually fabulous; we do not doubt that John Evelyn really saw what he believed to be a rose grafted on an orange-stock. Sometimes the same sort of freak occurs in nature by an accident. The seed of a birch may, for example, have been blown by the wind into the mouldering hollow of a beech; it there takes root downwards, and sends the young shoot upwards, and in time becomes a young tree. If, now, some of the branches of the beech are yet alive, the spectacle presented by such an object will be sufficiently strange, and the contrast between the wiry habit of the birch and that of the beech will be a curiosity in itself. Something of this kind was seen by Decandolle, the eminent French botanist, at Chalonnes. The graceful and luxuriant branches of a young cherry-tree were seen overshadowing a hoary trunk, the sprouts of which exhibited the peculiar form which characterise the leaves of the oak. Here, then, was the apparent union of a cherry and an oak, the origin of which was, that a cherry-stone had accidentally dropped into a hollow oak-trunk, and in process of time filled the old cavity with its own stem. Now, doubtless, in some of the cases in question, an event of a similar kind has been either accidentally or intentionally

Digitized by Google

produced. Bacon tells us that it was a common curiosity to have an omni-productive tree, and describes in general terms the method of its *manufacture*. For instance, if we would have a tree bearing a number of different flowers, the very simple method of effecting it is, to bore certain holes in the trunk, to fill them with earth, and then to sow the seeds of the flowers in the earth. With the peculiar intuition of genius, he says in language far before any subsequent age but our own, 'I doubt whether you can have apples, pears, and oranges on the same stock as plums.'

Undoubtedly, then, we must consider the explanation of these freaks to be simply, that when they were actually contrary to nature's laws, they were only cheats; and where they were not, as in the fabrication of a flower-tree, they were just gardeners' gambols. One of the most learned writers in the art of grafting, M. Thouin,* who has taken the pains to count up, and classify, and christen all the different styles of grafting, calling them after this fashion *à la Banks, à la Buffon*, to the number of *forty* different varieties, enumerates last the Virgilian graft: this was thus effected; a hole was bored across the diameter of a walnut-tree, and a vine branch was passed through it while yet in connection with its parent stem; after a little time the branch was cut off, and it was said it would then be found united to, and growing upon, the walnut. This has been very properly questioned, not as to the fact, but as to the nature of the union. It was not a true graft; the wood of the tree may have supplied nutriment to the branch, not by union of its vessels, but by the decay of the parts surrounding it. From the nature of the case, such a union could be but short-lived. This may therefore furnish us with a clue to the explanation of some of the monstrous vegetable unions which the perverted ingenuity of man has endeavoured to effect. We are not, however, to consider our ancestry as the sole perpetrators of these various freaks; they prevail even to the present day. The traveller in Genoa or in Florence may without any difficulty, beyond a pecuniary one, probably of some magnitude, become the fortunate possessor of a tree almost as wonderful as those of which casual notice has been taken. In a classically-formed flower-pot you see a plant of some size, part of a graceful but most anomalous appearance. On this side you would say it was a jasmine, heavily laden with odoriferous flowers; on the other it is a rose blushing with thickly-clustered blossoms; and again, on the third aspect, it is a honeysuckle bursting with sweet-smelling buds. Stranger still! look at the stock, and by the leaves of the few branches which it is allowed to put forth, you are ready to believe it to be either a myrtle, or, as the case may be, an orange or a pomegranate. Of course this is a mere cheat, spite of the earnest asseverations of the horticulturists, who protest that the various plants are all grafted upon the common stock of the orange or myrtle. But it is a cheat of a most ingenious kind, such as would perhaps scarcely be discovered by any but an acute and botanical eye. This *lusus* of art is thus made: the 'stock,' of myrtle or other plants is headed, cut down to a proper size, and then tenderly *bored* with an auger right through its middle until the instrument comes out at the roots, when it is withdrawn. The thin and flexible stems of three young and thriving plants of jasmine, rose, and honeysuckle, are passed up together through the now hollow stock, until their summits emerge at the top of it: the four plants are then carefully potted in a good-sized pot, with a rich compost around their roots. With much care, in time, an elegant compound plant makes its appearance; the horizontal enlargement of the three enclosed stems forces them into such close proximity, that they wear all the appearance of being united into a common stem, and in this condition at the flowering period they are exposed for sale, and fetch good prices as triumphs of horticultural skill, not over the obstinacies, but actually over the *laws* of nature! It was no doubt by some such trick as the preceding that the wonder-loving eye of Evelyn was deceived when he was shown the rose *grafted* on the orange-tree, and the Plinian marvel had doubtless its origin in a similar ingenuity.

Within the just bounds of natural laws, the art in question has undoubtedly produced some odd-looking results, more singular, because more true, than the preceding instances. Thus we are told that occasionally a curiosity of art and nature combined was shown in a cherry-tree on which several different varieties of the fruit were borne —on this side black, on that red, on that nearly white! Some odd experiments have also been attempted by Decandolle, in which he succeeded in producing grafts in some very unlikely instances; and other continental botanists have grafted melons upon cucumber plants, love-apples on potatoes, and cauliflowers on cabbages, with the most complete success; results quite as marvellous in appearance as many of the less veracious examples of flowers and fruit of different kinds growing upon a common stem. As curiosities, this class of horticultural effects seems to have lost ground, for plants of the kind are rarely seen now.

Not to be further tedious, the last freak we intend to select out of many that might be mentioned, is the extraordinary fancy called the '*Art of Dwarfing*.' The Chinese call the unhappy tree-dwarfs '*Koo Shoo*.' Selecting an appropriate branch of a tree, they remove a ring of bark from it, and then cover the place with a mass of loam, around which some damp moss is gently bound, so as to keep it from becoming dry.* In a little while the branch puts out radicles into the loam, and soon does so in sufficient number to constitute them efficient food-suppliers. It is then cut off below the ball of earth, and the ball is put into a shallow oblong-square pot filled with broken pieces of alluvial clay. The plant is now watered in very small quantities, and all its vital powers are kept at a degree only just removed from total cessation: doubtless multitudes of them perish at this period. Then with patient skill the dwarfer fixes an iron mechanism of wires upon the tender branches, torturing them by slow degrees into the mimic resemblance of the gnarled and knotted branches of a forest veteran. The hungry roots turn hither in their narrow cell, seeking food, and finding none sufficient to support life; and even that they should be too successful, they are cut and burned, until, weary of wandering, they are all cramped into their place of abode, and must make the most of it. 'Every year,' says one who has seen the process, 'the leaves become less and less, and the buds and radicles are also diminished, until at length the balance between the roots and leaves is obtained which suits the character of the dwarf required.' Ants are enticed, moreover, to pierce the heart of the unhappy starveling, by means of honey smeared on the bark; and the more hollow and worm-eaten its appearance, the more precious in the cruel imagination of the rearer. Some varieties of trees long resist these systematic cruelties, and for fifteen or even twenty years maintain a noble but vain opposition to their owners' will; at length they are obliged to yield, and together with others, which gave up the unequal struggle at three or five years, settle down into trees a few inches high. Think of the heaven-scaling bamboo, of the tall and well-proportioned cypress, of the graceful and appropriate contour of the orange, of the stately form of the elm, 'minished and brought so low as at fifty years old to find ample room for their branches and leaves under an ordinary glass shade! The poor trees cling with an indissoluble tenacity to the recollections of their childhood. In the winter they are like dry and contorted twigs, set upright in a tiny flower-pot, but the spring calls even to them to live; their hideous little branches put out the tiniest leaves, with a great effort little flowers follow, and by and by there is actually a show of fruit, and the fruit remains longer on the branches than on their free relatives in the wide orchard or illimit-

* M. Thouin, *Art de la Greffe*.

* Baron Humboldt is said to have availed himself of this method of securing live specimens of trees in the forests of Brazil, finding them well-rooted and able to bear abscission on his return to the spot.

Digitized by Google

able forest, though it is only hard, dry, and tasteless. Autumn shakes it down, and buries it as an untimely abortion, with abortive leaves, and the dwarf-tree sinks back in despair into the icy arms of winter again, to repent year after year—until perhaps a hundred are faintly told upon its inner wood—the sane mournful process. Not, let us gladly say, on the authority of one well competent to speak, that all the Chinese take pleasure in this cruel freak; for it is well known that some wealthy men—men surely who rightly estimate the blessings of liberty, even if they have not loftier conceptions as to the sensations (!) of vegetable vitality—spend considerable sums in purchasing dwarf-trees for the express purpose of removing them from their earthen prisons, and setting their cramped-up fibres free.

Since the exhibition of one of these starvelings in the Chinese Collection, we have noticed what seems to be an attempt to introduce this perverted taste among ourselves. We have had the pain of seeing a Tom Thumb rose-tree planted in a pot of an inch and a-half diameter, and struggling up to the altitude of three or four inches in its efforts to expand one or two rose-buds to the size of a small sixpence. More recently still, our attention has been caught by some funny little green objects, planted in very fiery-looking pots like big thimbles, and set forth in the shop-windows with a placard reading thus, 'Real living miniature plants after the manner of the Chinese, imported from Germany.' On closer inspection, we were glad to find that there was no systematic cruelty necessary in *their* production at anyrate, for they appeared to be simply very young members of the family of the cacti. Many of these little things are full of flower; and being tastefully arranged, put into miniature flower-baskets or upon tiny flower-stands, they have, for those who admire the minute, a pleasing effect. The art of dwarfing, where it has been confined to reasonable limits, where it has brought flowers in the room of forest-trees into the conservatory, or where it has been beneficial in the orchard and field in restraining the excessive vigour of trees and plants, is a valuable handmaid to the horticulturist; need we say when it is made subservient to an idle whim, or to gratify a morbid taste for the curious, we should be sorry to see it practised, or its practice encouraged in an age and time like ours?

HOW TO GET ON!

Pent up in these little islands there are some thirty million human beings struggling and shouldering their way from the cradle to the grave. The means of comfortable living are enough, though not more than enough, for all; but the partition is influenced partly by individual management, and partly by a mystical sequence of incidents, which, in our ignorance of its laws, we commonly set down as chance. It is no wonder that, in this anxious, eager crowd, we hear on all sides the cry, How to get on? By some it is uttered in a tone of earnest inquiry, while in others it assumes the accents of peevishness, indignation, or despair. The unsuccessful complain of the injustice not only of that tyrannical abstraction, Fortune, but of their luckier brethren; the impatient revile those who are before them for standing in their way; the indolent denounce the industrious for taking the bread out of their mouths; some, losing heart, beg humbly of the passers-by for the morsel they cannot earn; and others take by fraud or force what they could far more easily secure by honest ingenuity or resolve. The malcontents array themselves in classes, order arms against order, and the social war never wants fomenters even among those who cannot be supposed to be either blinded by ignorance or goaded by want.

This struggle, notwithstanding its heterogeneous elements, goes on, upon the whole, with great uniformity, and its results are wonderfully impartial. The jealousy of classes originates in a mere delusion. The operatives think of the masters as if they belonged to a distinct and hostile tribe, forgetting—or rather wilfully shutting their eyes upon a fact which they know of their own knowledge—that the latter rose originally from the same mass of which themselves form a part; the masters regard their gentlemen customers with envy, as persons who have no right to be idle, never thinking that the leisure of which they complain has been bought by work; and the gentlemen look up to a higher gentry or nobility as deserted minions of luck, omitting to carry their gaze a few generations back, when the illustrious line would in most cases be seen to spring from the meanest kinds of service. We might go on to remark, that the analytical follows of necessity the synthetical process; that the greatest aggregations of wealth return in time to their elements; that the myriad wheels of fortune going constantly round in this country differ only in the length of their revolution; and that we are all, high and low, rich and poor, subject to the same laws of social change. But this does not interfere with the free agency of individuals; on the contrary, it shows that we have *all* a chance, if we will only place ourselves in the way; and it gives force and meaning to the otherwise useless question, How to get on?

There is no want of answers to this question, but they are all more or less visionary and empirical. They usually proceed upon the quack system of nostrums. Some recommend a calm and dogged perseverance as the one thing needful; others a quick succession of energetic attempts; and so on; and all are backed, with equal strength, by proverbs of most respectable antiquity, illustrated and *proved* by modern instances. It is not easy to find fault with the popular nostrums, for most of them are moral and sensible in themselves; but we all know that a thing may be extremely applicable in a particular case, and yet mischievous, or merely absurd, if adopted as a specific. The continuance of the cry proves the emptiness of the answer. We do not get on a bit the better for being told how; and at every new crisis we look with envy and hate upon those who are more fortunate than ourselves, attributing our own misfortunes to the unfair constitution of society. 'I have persevered,' says one, 'till I have grown gray-haired in poverty; I have laughed at the instability of my comrades, till they have risen into fortune above my head; I have stuck to my business, without turning my eyes to the right or the left, till it has deserted me.' Another declares that he has seized every opportunity of bettering his condition; that he has worked day and night, and tried trade after trade; and that now, when everything has failed with *him*, he sees by his side the poor drudge, the man of one idea, rising gradually into comfort, and even rank. These are terrible anomalies: they throw the specifics into discrepute; and the cry begins anew, How to get on?

We saw the other day a 'modern instance' of the *injustice of fortune*. It occurred in the case of some boys, who were fishing in the Firth of Forth. One little, ragged, bareheaded, barefooted urchin stuck to his post like a limpet; while his companions wandered along the shore, casting their lines at every step. The latter sought the fish, while the fish sought him; the one not finding what they took so much trouble to seek, and the other merely standing still, and securing the candidates for the bait as fast as he could jerk them in. On returning from our stroll, we found this scene at its close. The limpet had unfastened himself from his rock, and was wending homewards with a string of podleys and flukes (young coalfish and flounders) half a yard long; while his wearied and empty-handed comrades were walking gloomily by his side, eyeing him askance, and, we have no doubt, thinking within them-

Digitized by Google

selves that he had some hand in their bad luck. 'Aha!' thought we, in our wisdom, 'here is an illustration of the great business of life: steadiness and perseverance are ever sure of their reward!' The next day we passed the same place, and saw with marked approbation our young friend once more upon his rock, while his unphilosophical companions were prowling as formerly along the shore. But somehow or other the result in this occasion was different. No steadiness, no perseverance, could gain the limpet a single nibble, while the peripatetic efforts of the rest were highly successful; and as the boys were going home, we heard the disappointed angler bitterly accusing his neighbours of having drawn away his fish!

On this second occasion we were not so ready to draw the moral. It was clear that some under-plot was going on beneath the surface of the water, with the moves of which we were unacquainted—that the fortune of podley-catchers was determined by *circumstances* of which we knew not the course or nature. It may be that, if we were far enough advanced in science, we might be able to tell, from the state perhaps of the wind or tide, whether our enticements would have most effect if offered from a rock or when wandering along the shore; but in the meantime, it was clear that the podleys thought very little of our aphorisms, and laughed our nostrums to scorn.

Although it is impossible, however, to twist the incident into an illustration in favour of any universal theory, it may suggest to us that in the bosom of society there are agencies at work as complicated and mysterious as those that govern the Forth. Is there, then, no general rule for 'getting on' in the world? We think there is. We cannot tell what is coming; but we can hold ourselves in preparation for what may befall. A ship that goes forth upon the ocean is provided with appliances both for catching the breeze and evading the storm; and were it otherwise, she would have no chance of making a prosperous voyage. If we examine the history of men who have risen in society, we find their elevation, although apparently the result of chance, to be due, in reality, to the fact of their being *ready* to take advantage of the wind or the current. To suppose otherwise is to suppose human beings to be inert logs floating upon the stream, or feathers dancing in the air. When we hear of a man plodding for life at a thankless profession, we may, in nine cases out of ten, conclude him to be destitute of the information or accomplishments which would have enabled him to take advantage of the thousand circumstances which are constantly at work in such crowded communities as ours.

We are frequently told of persons who have 'got on' by *chance;* but if we inquire into the particulars of the story, we are sure to discover that they possessed peculiar capabilities for taking advantage of the opening that may have occurred. We knew a lad who was chosen from his compeers for a service which eventually led to prodigious advancement. And why? Simply because this lad possessed, in a higher degree than the others, the accomplishment of penmanship, which happened to be specially wanted in his new employment. The illustration is a humble one; but if we call to mind the character of the age we live in, its varied knowledge, and high-toned refinement, we shall be led from it to conclude, as a general rule, that something more than chance must rule the destinies of the fortunate. To descend still lower; suppose a cobbler working at his stall in a village—industriously, soberly, perseveringly. All, perhaps, will not do. The village is waxing to a town; sanguine cobblers come faster than shoes to mend; and the poor man sinks into destitution. Why is this? Because he was a cobbler who stuck like cobbler's wax to the proverb, and never went beyond his last. Because his mind was imprisoned in his stall. Because he was unable to take advantage of any one of the currents and counter-currents that are rushing and gushing in a rising place, and when his own stagnated, could only drift like a lifeless log.

The way to get on is not to rush from employment to employment, or to worry ourselves and others with our impatience, but to keep up, as far as circumstances permit, with the requirements of a refined and accomplished age, and thus be ready to avail ourselves of any reasonable opportunities that may offer. If no such opportunities occur, what then? Why, then, we have enjoyed the finer part of success; we have lived beyond our social condition; we have held intellectual association with the master minds of the world; we have prolonged even life itself, by multiplying the spirit of life, which is Thought. As for the notion that we can only extend our mental acquisitions by neglecting our social employment, that is a fallacy which is refuted by the very constitution of the society in which we live. Were this notion correct, there would be no such thing as the constant progression we have described from the lower to the higher ranks: the whole mass would stagnate.

But while openly avowing our disbelief in the old quack nostrums which it has been customary to administer, by way of a *placebo*, to impatient spirits, we do not go the length of denying to each its own special virtue. Perseverance, energy, prudence, resolution, sobriety, honesty—all are *necessary* for success; but neither singly nor in the aggregate are they capable of insuring it. If we seek advancement, our minds must expand beyond our present position, whatever it be; and this they can only do by the acquisition of knowledge. It is a simple secret no doubt—as simple as that of Columbus when he taught his audience how to make an egg stand on end. But for all that, it is the solution of the grand question: it is the way, and the only way, to GET ON.

A MONSTER UNVEILED.

'Poon thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but'——

'Oh I darcsay you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed.'

'But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?'

'Well, I don't know: the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known of them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certaioly would have paused in time. Oh the wretch, I have no patience with him!'

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest, a country matron who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs Braybrooke and her guest Mrs Clayton were at the window of the parlour, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs Williams, when the door quietly opened and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

'There she is, poor soul,' cried Mrs Braybrooke: 'only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may make even in the street may wake the fellow, who is now, I darcsay, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation.'

Mrs Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as far as the street allowed this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the

Digitized by Google

neatly-trimmed straw-bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious interested gaze on the opposite house, she said, 'And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way, I am sure *I* couldn't endure it a week.'

'It does seem scarcely intelligible,' answered Mrs Braybrooke; 'but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out, I suppose, to pay a visit or two in the neighbourhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by and by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I daresay, to herself, "How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!" Sometimes *he* has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner.'

'And when does he have his dinner?'

'Oh, *his* dinner; I daresay that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home.'

'And when does he come home then generally?'

'At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed our milkman told Susan that he *has* seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast.'

'I wonder if she waits up for him?'

'Oh no, for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary thing! I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature.'

'Dear, dear! it *is* terrible!' sighed the sympathising Mrs Clayton. 'But does any one visit them? Have they friends do you think?'

'I don't think *he* can have many friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people too—in carriages; and there is he, the wretch, often with his half-slept look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world.'

'Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences.'

'No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her: her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a man.'

'My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy: let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal.'

The ladies of course set out, saw all the 'loves of bonnets' in Regent Street; all the 'sacrifices' that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford Street; bought a great many things for 'less than half the original cost;' made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping crestfallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in —— Road.

The next day a lady, a friend of Mrs Clayton, who had been out when she had left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs Braybrooke, and complimenting her on the situation of the house, 'I find,' she said, 'you are a near neighbour of a dear friend of mine, Mrs Williams.'

'Mrs Williams!' exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity; 'Mrs Williams! Oh how very singular that *you* should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh do tell us about'——

'Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake; *my* Mrs Williams is the happiest little woman in London!'

'Oh it cannot be the same,' said Mrs Braybrooke. 'I mean our opposite neighbour in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it couldn't be'——

'Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You surely cannot have seen her, or her husband, who'——

'Oh the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!' interrupted Mrs Braybrooke. 'I wouldn't know such a man!'——

'He!' in her turn interrupted her friend Mrs Eccleshall. 'He a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!'

'My dear Mrs Eccleshall, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighbourhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose; who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling or something equally disreputable; who'——

'You have been most grievously misled,' again interposed Mrs Eccleshall. 'Who can have so grossly slandered my excellent friend Williams? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. That may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault!' and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

'His misfortune?' murmured Mrs Braybrooke. 'How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?'

'But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over.'

'Then what, in Heaven's name, *is* his business?'

'Why, didn't you know? He's the Editor of a Morning Newspaper!'

A VISIT TO THE DERBYSHIRE POTTERIES.

These works are scattered over a finely-undulating district lying midway between Burton-on-Trent and the classic town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch—the more important being comprised in the villages of Woodville —or Wooden-Box, as the labouring population persist in calling it—and Swadlincote. The neighbourhood abounds in the most essential materials—coal and clay; and the eye, as it roams over the slopes of the hills, is attracted by the gray smoke of distant lime-kilns—huge conical furnaces smoking like petty volcanoes; and here and there the tall chimney and black creaking machinery of the coal-pits. It is one of the scenes, half agricultural half commercial, so often met with in the midland counties—the greenness of the pastures and hedgerows obscured by smoke, and the fields intersected by numerous black footpaths, or gradually disappearing under the continually-accumulating heaps of refuse. Industrial art, however, is always deserving of attention, whatever its locality; as, apart from the gratification arising out of the sight of the various mechanical or other operations, there are peculiarities originating in local circumstances, and their effect upon the manners and habits of the persons employed.

During a recent sojourn in the north, I was enabled to visit the works at Swadlincote, where I met with a most cordial reception from Messrs Sharpe the pro-

Digitized by Google

prietors, who at the same time gave me every facility for making such inquiries as suggested themselves. It should be premised that the crockery made upon this district is, almost without exception, 'yellow ware,' which, humble as it is, presents ample scope for the exercise of inventive genius.

I was first conducted to the stores of raw material—the clay, which is obtained at distances of a mile or so, in different parts of the valley in which the manufactory is situated. It lies at a depth varying from five to thirty yards beneath the surface, with a seam of coal immediately above it. It is of a dirty gray colour, and when broken, invariably exhibits remains of what appear to have been rushes, among which frequently occur perfect and beautiful impressions of small leaves. In 'getting' this clay, where near the surface, a singular fact has come to light: the overlying bed of coal has been in many places dug away, apparently by human agency, but not the slightest clue exists as to the period when the removal was effected.

After excavation, many tons of the clay are laid together in flat heaps, and exposed to the atmosphere, by which means the hardened lumps disintegrate, and get into working condition: the length of time required for this purpose is about six months. To insure a continual supply, a number of these heaps are kept in different stages of forwardness. Their presence upon the ground immediately surrounding the works is one of the ugly features of the neighbourhood.

When ready for use, the clay is mixed and mashed with water, no other ingredient being necessary, as is the case in the Staffordshire potteries, where superior kinds of ware are manufactured. When sufficiently attenuated, it is passed through a fine silk sieve, and falls, perfectly freed from grit and other coarse substances, into a deep brick cistern, from which it is pumped into an adjoining cistern, called the 'kiln,' not more than one foot in depth, but fifty feet long and five feet wide. While on this kiln, the superabundant water is evaporated by the application of heat, after which the clay becomes surprisingly tenacious, and is ready for the 'throwers,' 'pressers,' or 'dish-makers.'

The thrower works with a horizontal wheel in front of him. Taking up a lump of the moist clay, he throws it down upon the revolving instrument, and in a few seconds, under his manipulation, the shapeless mass becomes a basin, vase, or jar. In this way jugs, mugs, bowls, garden-pots, and a host of miscellaneous articles, are produced with marvellous despatch—almost incredible to a stranger, and yet essential to the urgent appeal for cheapness. It is interesting to note the instantaneousness with which changes of form are made: whatever be the object in the workman's thought, such it rises before him—jug, mug, vase, or basin—a slight variation in the pressure or application of the fingers produces the required variation. How much in this case depends on tact! Each movement, from throwing down the lump to its separation from the wheel as a finished vessel, can only be acquired by steady practice. Much, too, depends on the condition of the thrower's hands. After a strike, or a long fit of idleness, a short apprenticeship, so to speak, must be served before they again acquire the accustomed ease and smoothness.

Messrs Sharpe have shown that the manufacture of yellow ware, not less than that of nobler products, admits of improvements. In their hands the uncouthly daubed vessels are assuming an ornamental and even elegant appearance, without adding to the cost or diminishing the utility. These changes are of a nature to cause a large development in the moulders' (pressers') branch of the trade. I saw some of the first of the improved articles: one of the alterations consists in giving a decagonal or polygonal form to the outside of a basin without destroying the circular form within. The number of faces, it is obvious, may be made to vary with the size of the article, and a most agreeable effect is produced by this comparatively slight modification, especially in some specimens where each angle of the exterior was made the termination of a moulded Gothic heading immediately below the rim. In a similar way the edge of a pie-dish is made to present a series of graceful curves to the eye, without at all complicating the task of future cleansing.

After the vessels made by the thrower have undergone a partial drying, they are finished on a lathe by the turner, who also applies the stripes or bands of colour. On the bench before him are seen several close vessels resembling teapots, with hollow straight handles, and the spouts terminated by one, two, or more quills. Each of these vessels contains a colour in solution, and the turner, taking them up in turn, places the quills close to the swiftly-revolving jug or basin, and by blowing into the handle, forces the colour against the clay, on which it remains permanently imprinted. In this way any variety of bands may be produced: and here also due regard has been had to improve and chasten the effect. There is no good reason why a thing should be ugly because it is cheap. By the introduction of black or dark-brown veins transferred from printed paper, the appearance of Sienna marble is given to the finished articles, and a character stamped on yellow ware qualifying it to take its place among more costly clay: in fact marbling raises it to an equality of price with other kinds. Those extraordinary figures seen on the sides of yellow jugs and basins, representing a bunch of moss or cluster of fibrous sea-weed, are produced by one touch of a pencil charged with colour. These are put on by the turner's assistant—frequently a female—who takes the vessels away as fast as they are finished, first giving a few rapid touches with the brush. The colour being mixed with tobacco water, runs of itself into the fantastic shapes above alluded to. By and by these will give place to a better style of art, and the vessels which escape breakage may do duty in the museums of posterity.

After the turning, the vessels are ready for the spouts and handles. The latter are produced by filling a box-press with clay, and then by a turn of the handle, a strip of clay of the required form, three or four feet in length, is forced out at an orifice underneath. The strips are cut into lengths, trimmed, and bent to the proper curve, and affixed by moistening the points of contact with a little water.

When dried a sufficient time in the atmosphere, or, according to the weather, in a 'hothouse,' the whole batch of ware is put into the 'biscuit-oven' to be 'fired.' Most persons are familiar with the enormous conical structures to be seen at potteries and glass-works. Within the outer wall an inner circle is built up, which forms the oven. The articles to be fired are placed inside of large coarse pans, called 'seggars,' made of fireclay and marl—plate on plate, basin in basin, as closely as possible; and when filled, the seggars are piled one on the other, until the oven, which will contain nearly 3000, is completely occupied. The mouth is then bricked up, and the fires lighted. These are ranged at the bottom of the edifice, and the heat and flame on their passage upwards soon convert the whole contents of the oven into a glowing red-hot mass; the process lasting for three days.

The ware, after this first burning, is called 'biscuit,' and has changed its hue from brownish gray to a delicate cream colour; the yellow tinge is subsequently produced by the glaze and a second firing in the 'Glost-oven.' There, however, the articles cannot be so closely placed as in the biscuit-oven, as by the fusion of the glaze with which they are coated, they would, whenever the surfaces came into contact, be inseparably fastened together. A space between them is therefore absolutely indispensable, and the separation is effected by means of 'stilts' and 'spurs;' a sort of small tripod, with pointed extremities, on which the articles rest one

Digitized by Google

within the other, so that the points of contact are reduced to a minimum, and the glaze remains uninjured. The Glost-oven will contain about 2000 seggars; when filled with these, the mouth is bricked up, as in the former case, but leaving one small opening, two or three inches square, by which to draw out the 'trials.' These are rings of dark-coloured clay, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and placed in the interior of the pile opposite the orifice; and their colour, on being withdrawn at the end of about twenty-four hours, by means of a long slender iron rod, at once informs the practised observer whether to stop or continue the burning. If the former, the screen of brickwork that closes the mouth is taken down, the fires are put out, the external air rushes in on the glowing mass; and when sufficiently cooled, the seggars are brought out, and their contents, now finished, transferred to the store-rooms. There is a remarkable difference in the effect of cold air upon the heated ware: if suffered to rush suddenly into the biscuit-oven, every article would be cracked by the lowering of the temperature. In this there is therefore no withdrawing of the screen or fires, but all is suffered to cool gradually. In the Glost-oven, on the contrary, no damage ensues from the sudden admission of air: the glaze, from some cause not clearly explained, appears to prevent the breaking. Sometimes when goods are urgently wanted, or the men wish to get through their work early, they will enter the oven and bring out the seggars while it is yet apparently too hot for the endurance of anything but a salamander—another instance of the wonderful power of adaptation to circumstances in the human constitution. There are four ovens connected with these works; the stock of seggars is 10,000, but constantly renewed, as the loss by wear and breakage is from 200 to 300 per week. It is sometimes difficult to get rid of the rapidly-accumulating refuse; its general destination is to repair the roads. At present it is in demand for railway purposes. In districts where gravel is scarce, refuse pots and pans may make serviceable ballast.

Adjoining the store-room, where the finished ware is piled away, are the packing-rooms, in which men are continually engaged in despatching crates well filled with goods to order. A singular practice prevails in this department in enumerating the various articles which are sold by dozens: but here a dozen does not always mean twelve; for in order to keep up a uniformity of prices in the accounts, one big jug, which may be worth as much as thirty-six little ones, is reckoned as a dozen; the thirty-six are also set down as a dozen; and so on with intermediate sizes. Dishes and plates, however, and some other articles, are counted twelve to the dozen.

Messrs Sharpe's trading connections are almost exclusively confined to the United States and British possessions in America; and in going through the store-rooms, the visitor is struck by the sight of many articles which seldom or never come into use in this country. Some of these, an exaggerated teapot in particular, are so ugly, as to say but little in favour of backwoods' taste. English hawkers will scarcely take them, even as a free gift. The most characteristic article, however, is the spittoon; this, by recent improvements, is made sufficiently ornamental to appear in a drawing-room. Some are of extraordinary dimensions after a registered model: it has been proposed to call them the 'Congressional Spittoon.' The idea was suggested to one of the firm while on a visit to the House of Representatives at Washington, by seeing a large square pine box, with a grass turf in the bottom of it, placed at each door of the rotunda: and the new article is his attempt to render the results of a disgusting habit somewhat less repulsive.

While looking at work, attention is naturally drawn to the workers. About a hundred 'hands' are employed in this establishment; and the impression left on the mind, after a review of the whole, is, in spite of a feeling to the contrary, that of a lower class. There is an approach to abjectness, an absence of a well-to-do expression, which cannot be referred to the nature of the occupation. Perhaps we have here a phase of the labour question, on which it may not be unprofitable to bestow a little consideration.

The population of the immediate neighbourhood comprises about 1000 souls; their habits are migratory, and many are not natives. The men in the employment of Messrs Sharpe earn from 18s. to L.2 per week; women from 7s. to 9s.; and in some instances father, mother, and three or four children are engaged at the manufactory. The hours of labour are from six to six, with intervals for meals. Now it is a lamentable fact, that whatever the amount of earnings, nothing is saved. In too many instances a large proportion of the wages received on Saturday is wasted in sottish revels before Monday. With the exception of ninepins, there are no recreations; the little gardens which in the Staffordshire potteries present so pleasing an array of choice flowers, are here carelessly kept or altogether neglected. There being no savings' bank in the village, the employers on one occasion proposed to some of the workmen that a small portion of the weekly wages should be left towards a fund to be had recourse to in slack seasons or in case of illness. Books were provided to keep the men's accounts, and for a time small sums were left as proposed. Very soon, however, every man claimed the reserved amount due to him, and some among them intimated that 'Masters only want to find out how much money we've got, and then cut us down.' In another instance the employers endeavoured to establish a library, and to promote the sale among their hands of a monthly periodical, in which, at the cost of a penny, pleasing information and instruction were conveyed. Even this was distrusted by the workpeople, as a design of the employers to induce sober and frugal habits, in order to their being found able to live upon some contemplated reduction of wages. The object was thus defeated, and the few who had begun to read soon ceased to pay any attention to books. This dogged resistance to enlightened attempts to ameliorate their condition, is a striking yet lamentable characteristic of the class in question.

Great forbearance, it is clear, must be exercised in dealing with such notions—notions as suicidal to the possessor as they are mischievous to others. Take, for example, the simple exchange of work for wages: the employers say to the men, 'We shall be busy now, and must work hard for the next twelve months.' Instead of seeking to turn this promising state of things to account, the men immediately slacken their exertions, and instead of making full time, are content to crawl through about five days a week. On the other hand, in a slack season they are as eager to work as they were before indifferent, and will get through as much in three days as in five days on ordinary occasions. Again, should one of the turners prove to be of a more aspiring and enterprising character than his fellows, he is prevented from rising by absurd trade regulations. It is a rule of this branch of the business, when a certain amount of work is required, to leave the apportioning of it to the men themselves; and, provided the order be completed to time, the masters offer no interference. On the principle of equal rights, the law keeps every one at the same dead level: the turner who could finish his twenty or thirty dozens per day, is not permitted to undertake more than he who can finish but ten dozen. The oppressive nature of such a regulation as this will at once be obvious. In some instances, where men have left off drinking habits, and manifested a desire to get forward, the employers would be glad to encourage the progressive disposition; but the statute steps in, and repels the kindly aid, and dooms the aspirant to a position hopeless as that inflicted by the caste laws of India. It will be long before education, or what is usually comprehended in the word, will reach this and similar evils. Might not a remedy be found in some local legislative influence?

Digitized by Google

With the exception of Sunday schools, there is but one school in the village, and that is not well attended; the opportunity of acting on the minds of the young, of training them to sounder principles, is thus grievously neglected. Where does the blame lie? Is enough done for the people, or do they do too little for themselves? Is a large capital inimical to their welfare? The latter question is replied to by facts. It is not unusual in the district now under consideration for some of the employers to keep a grocery or public-house, or both, at which it is expected their hands will lay out their money. The penalties of the truck law are sought to be evaded by paying the wages in coin: should any of the employed, however, make their purchases elsewhere, speedy dismissal is the understood result. It is believed that, as 'pot-works,' several of these establishments do not pay; but they are kept going by the profit realised on the beer and groceries. The neighbouring manufacturers, who conduct their business on just principles, are thus placed at a disadvantage: should it become known that they are working on new patterns, the improvement, which may have cost hours of thought and labour, is no sooner made public than an inferior imitation of it is thrown into the market by unprincipled traders, who look to other sources for their profits. The tendency of such a system to debase the operative can hardly admit of doubt.

It will thus appear that endeavours after reformation must be made to include masters as well as men; and any reformation which should not include the two parties would be incomplete. Mrs Jameson says, writing on the subject of indifferent wives, 'Let there be a demand for a better article, and the better article will be supplied.' If the call for better masters and better workmen has not been urged long enough and loud enough, I would suggest, in conclusion, that the present time is a fitting one for its reiteration.

SINGULAR CAPTIVITY.

My grandfather rented a large farm in one of the western islands. It lay on the sea-coast, and there were several small islands attached to it, where he kept sheep and black cattle. The largest of these, about two miles long by one in breadth, though covered with heather, yielded excellent pasture for several hundred sheep and some score of black cattle. The distance between it and the mainland being only about three miles, it was generally of easy access; and my grandfather paid frequent visits there to survey the state of the stock and pasture.

It was on a Tuesday morning, early in the summer of 179-, that, after an early breakfast, he set out for the island in a small Norwegian skiff—the crew consisting of three men and a lad of sixteen. The morning was fine, and the day seemed to promise well, though the wind freshened a little as they left the shore. It was from the east, however; a wind which sometimes, on the western coast, at that season of the year, springs rapidly into a gale; but the opportunity of a fine day was too good to be despised in the Hebrides, and the skiff with its party soon reached the shore of Bernoray. They spent a considerable time in traversing the island; and after completing their survey, proceeded to re-embark. The wind had by this time risen considerably, and was every moment on the increase; but the skiff was launched, and my grandfather was confident that they would be able, with vigorous pulling, to reach the mainland before the gale should have time to become greatly more violent. His anticipations were, however, a little too sanguine. They had not gone far when they found that all their efforts propelled the skiff but very tardily against the wind, which now blew, according to the phrase, 'as if from the mouth of a battery.' The sea ran high, and the low skiff, totally unsuited to such rough work, shipped large quantities of water. To go forward was evidently rash in the highest degree, if not impossible; and to return to Bernoray was not a much more hopeful undertaking; for the sea ran in mountains on the beach, and the only landing-place in the island was at no time very safe. The only chance of safety seemed to be in making for another island, or rather islet, at some distance further out to sea, at the back of which they thought a landing could be effected. The skiff's head was accordingly turned towards this point; and the wind being now almost astern, she ploughed along without taking in much water. Relieved as they were by the hope of making any land whatever, the prospect before them, in the event of a continuance of the storm, was by no means cheering. The islet is not more than half a mile long, without any water, and totally barren. Anything, however, in anticipation, was better than the immediate prospect of being swamped; and the whole party were sincerely thankful when the boat at length touched the shore. The landing was itself a ticklish affair, but was accomplished in safety, and the skiff was hauled upon the beach. They had put her several feet beyond high-water mark, and were going to leave her there, when one of the crew, old John Mackenzie, who had the character of being a crotchetty wiseacre of a man, proposed to send her up one oar's length farther.

'I have seen stranger things,' said he, 'than that the tide should cover many feet of the green grass to-night.'

'Come, come, John,' said my grandfather, 'none of your old-wifeish precautions! You have doubtless seen many wondrous sights; but no tide since the Deluge ever touched the spot you stand on.'

'Very well, sir,' said John, mildly deferring to the judgment of one who had not half his experience in the matter, but whom he felt bound to look up to as the concentration of all knowledge and wisdom: 'I hope you may not have to confess that I gave a sound advice for once.'

The skiff was accordingly left as it had been placed, with the oars inside; and our party went in search of shelter. Of this they knew there was little to be had, for the islet could not boast of even a sheepcot, and it lies much exposed to every wind. They were all drenched to the skin, the evening was closing, and the east wind blew keen and bitter as is its wont: hardy as they were, they could not resist violent shiverings. They had not, which was somewhat remarkable, even a drop of whisky to revive them. My grandfather set his companions to pull the heather with which the island was thickly covered, and showed the example himself. The exercise restored warmth to their limbs; and after pulling till they were tired, they heaped the heather at the side of a rock, and laid them down in their wet clothing. A nice hot-bed that was for engendering rheumatism; and so my poor progenitor experienced in many a day of subsequent suffering. During the night the cold was so keen, that, to keep themselves from absolutely stiffening, they got up at intervals and resumed the task of pulling the heather. At length day dawned, and disclosed to them a raging sea: the storm had risen to a pitch of terrible fury, and the clouds of spray that were swept along the rocks almost concealed the shore from their view. The spectacle, though doubtless sublime in the highest degree, was too depressing for them to regard it with any feelings save those of despondency. Their first impulse was to go down to the shore and see how it fared with the skiff. Their dismay may be imagined on finding her gone! Old John had rightly surmised that the tide would be unprecedentedly high: it rose full twenty feet beyond the ordinary mark; and the green grass, strewn with foam and sea-weed, bore ample testimony to the old man's despised sagacity. The feelings of the party were at that moment of a very unenviable kind. There were they left on that wretched islet, deprived of their only chance of escape, without a particle of food, and, what was worse, without a drop of water. The chance of the storm's abating was very slender, such gales often holding out for many days; and even should it abate,

Digitized by Google

they had little hope of being observed from the shore—a distance of several miles. A sad situation it was for a worthy gentleman with a young family, who had all his life eschewed seafaring adventure beyond a three-mile limit, and four poor decent men, whose marine experience had never led them into great perils.*

Meantime ashore there was no less anxiety and distress. The skiff had been seen making its way a short distance from the shore of Berneray, and there was lost sight of. The state of the sea was such that it seemed out of the question that a craft so small could live in it, and the sudden disappearance of the skiff confirmed their worst fears. There seemed little doubt that she had been swamped, and that every soul in her had gone to the bottom. On the Wednesday, couriers were sent in all directions down the coast, as it was supposed she might have been carried ashore in that quarter. They deemed their conjectures realised, when, before nightfall, a messenger returned with the sorrowful tidings that the boat had gone ashore that morning at a place many miles down the island, where a jutting promontory had arrested it on its way to the Atlantic. My poor grandmother's state of mind was most melancholy. She was a woman of keen and tender feelings, and she gave way to unbounded sorrow, while the farm people, who had congregated at the 'Big House' to hear the tidings, manifested their attachment by unrestrained grief. My grandfather was universally beloved, and his loss was felt to be a general calamity. One man, however, more hopeful than the rest, suggested the possibility of their having after all gone back to Berneray on their sudden disappearance, and of their being all safe there still. The fate of the skiff was accounted for by the height of the tide and the dreadful sea that ran on the shore. This conjecture seemed not ill-founded, and again the hopes of the mourners were revived. But what could be done for the luckless adventurers? The storm still raged with unabated fury: a ship of the line could not lie to between Berneray and the mainland. Nothing, at least, could be attempted till the morning. That was a night of sad suspense, no less to those ashore than to the poor prisoners on the islet. They had spent a great part of the day on the highest ground, trying in vain to attract observation. It was so flat, and so covered with long heather, that, besides being a good way from the shore, a human figure could hardly be descried on it without very close observation. But it never had occurred to any one that they could have gone there, so that while every eye was eagerly directed to Berneray, no one thought of casting a look towards the smaller island. They were now beginning to feel the want of food and the pains of thirst. They tried to drink out of some brackish pools on the rocks above the shore, but found the water intolerably salt and disagreeable. One of them had a small piece of bread and cheese in his pocket, which he generously gave to the young lad, who suffered most from hunger, as well as from cold. They had tried in vain by every conceivable means to strike a fire; in short, the whole of Wednesday passed very drearily. At length night closed, and they crept to their heathery couch with heavy hearts. The weary night was spent, and Thursday morning dawned, but with no lull of the tempest. The feelings of the poor men were now of the most truly bitter kind. It seemed that they were doomed to starve within almost a cannon-shot of shore, without the possibility of making known their situation, and even in that case without any chance of help. The islet lay opposite a part of the mainland where there were no inhabitants, and rarely any one passed, so that they might be there for a month without ever attracting observation. They now began to suffer severely from thirst and hunger; and all felt that they could not hold out much longer. The day passed dismally, with no abatement of the storm, and evening closed darkly and gloomily, as if foreboding their inevitable fate.

* In that part of the country the men did not engage in fishing.

Meantime ashore there was restless anxiety mingling now with terrible misgivings. No sign had been seen to indicate that the lost ones had gained the island of Berneray, as was conjectured: had they been there, it seemed hardly possible that they could be unnoticed, for there were several eminences here they might easily display themselves. The storm held on relentlessly, precluding all possibility of trying the ferry. There had been a very slight fall of the wind a little before noon, and a boat had been launched; but the crew were forced to put back for their lives before they had gone many yards from the shore. The case was now at its worst. There did not appear to be the remotest chance of their having escaped the angry sea; but still hope was not entirely given up till that island should have been explored. About one o'clock on Friday morning it began to rain heavily, with frequent peals of thunder. My grandfather described the scene as very solemn. It seemed as if the voice of the Eternal himself were thus addressed to them in the darkness of the night, and amid the howling of the tempest, to bring to their remembrance that He was around them, and had the elements at His bidding—that they were in His hand to deliver them yet, if it were His will. They all united in commending themselves to His mercy; afterwards they felt resigned to their fate. The rain poured for the following six hours literally in buckets-full: they were drenched till they became quite helpless with the cold and discomfort: they kept close together, to maintain, if possible, a little warmth. At length, about seven, the rain began to abate; the storm had by this time fallen into a dead calm; not a breath disturbed the black and glassy surface of the sea; the long heavy swell came with a saddening murmur on the shore, and even the furious activity of the storm seemed more cheerful than the sullen calm that reigned—too late, as they supposed, to bring them succour. Oh with what heavy hearts they cast their longing glances to the shore, where they could see the smoke rising gently in the calm morning from the homes they expected to see no more! They could distinguish a throng of people who had gathered to see a boat launched. Hope revived within them at the sight, but soon gave way to despondency when they saw the course she took. The chance of her coming so far out of the way as their prison islet, was too feeble a stay to rest any hope on. The party from the shore, among whom was my mother's only brother, pulled for Berneray with might and main, and soon were ashore. They ran up the landing-place, calling aloud for the lost ones; but no voice answered to the sound. They made for the cattle-pen, where it was probable they had crept for shelter during the rain: they found no one there. They searched the island all over, but found not a trace of the missing. At last it was suggested that they might have buried themselves in a haystack that was there for the use of the cattle, and were too weak to make their presence known. A host of eager hands soon tore up the stack and spread it around: all was vacancy. My uncle, who shared my grandmother's warm feelings, on seeing all hope thus destroyed, and thinking how he should meet his sister, fainted away like a woman.

All this time my grandfather and the rest were in a state of intolerable suspense. Eagerly they kept their eyes fixed on Berneray, and watched the boat leaving it in painful anxiety. To attract, if possible, the notice of the exploring party, they stood together on the highest ground; but even that lay so low, that they were never observed, and they had nothing with which they could make a signal. They were by this time scarcely able to stand. While thus watching in breathless suspense, my grandfather perceived an object that looked like a pole floating towards the shore. The ebb tide had borne it from the mainland, and was carrying it out to sea. 'If they had only that pole!' was the thought that flashed on them all like a sunbeam in the gloom; and now every eye was bent on the floating spar with trembling interest, their hopes

Digitized by Google

rising and sinking with each roll of the waves that bore it along. It was impossible to predict with certainty that it would not, after all, pass clear of the point on which they had clustered. My grandfather was a good swimmer, but in his exhausted state he could not trust himself to the water. While they were thus rivetted with the most intense interest on the object on which their final deliverance seemed to depend, they had not noticed till now that their friends were half-way across the ferry. The next was a moment of agonizing suspense. The oar, as they now saw it to be, was passing along within a yard of the shore; one rolling wave would carry it for ever beyond their reach! It came, and, oh joy! turned the blade to the rock; and with the desperate clutch of a drowning man my grandfather snatched it out of the waves.

With all their remaining strength they scrambled to their old station; and putting a coat on the top of the oar, hoisted it in the air, and watched with eagerness for the effect. The boat had by this time reached within a short distance of the land. Every eye of the gathered crowd was fixed on her with deep anxiety, and a loud lamentation arose when it was seen that she came as she had gone. But a louder shout of joy was raised when, a moment after, a strange signal was descried on the low level of the islet. The boat's head was turned instantaneously seaward, and two men at each oar sent her through the water like an arrow. After a hard pull, they touched the shore, where the now nearly prostrated group sat waiting their landing. The excitement had till this moment kept up their strength, but now they could not walk to the boat, and had to be lifted in. They had been upwards of seventy hours without food or drink! Joyfully did the boat now turn to the shore, where their landing was hailed with delight by a perfect 'gathering of the clans' from the surrounding neighbourhood. Some weeks elapsed before they had fully recovered their strength; and some of the party had received a constitutional injury that did not so soon pass away. Two things at least my grandfather said he had learnt from the adventure—the one was, *not to be positive*; the other, *never to disregard the counsel of experience, even when its cautions seem overstrained.*

MICHELL'S RUINS OF MANY LANDS.*

We are the more disposed to devote a column to this work, that we think the author has hardly received justice from our contemporaries. If the general tone of the poem had been lower, and only risen occasionally into comparative excellence, it would have met with more success. The reader would have been more struck with its merits, and all sorts of prognostications would have been hazarded as to the destinies of a writer exhibiting so much capability. As it is, it sets out in a comparatively—but only a comparatively—high tone, from which it neither rises nor falls; and *therefore* is it branded with the stigma of mediocrity—a stigma far more fatal in authorship than utter condemnation. But the poem is in reality as much above mediocrity as it is beneath the highest excellence; and the fact of such a flight being equably sustained throughout several thousand verses is indicative of no common power.

There is here not even the hinted story of Childe Harold. The new Pilgrim floats in imagination through time and space, looking down upon the footsteps of lost races and the fragments of crumbled empires. Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, the rock-temples, the cities of ancient America, the ruins of Greece, Italy, Arabia, Syria—all pass in review before him. If the author's mind were philosophical instead of merely sensuous, there would here be the materials for a great poem; but, incapable of the loftiest flights either of thought or of the muse, he has produced only a series of agreeable pictures. This, however, is no inconsiderable achievement in the present state of the art; and Mr Michell's work, besides, although deficient in grand and large views, is, owing to the subject, always suggestive. It excites a thirst for knowledge even in the most ignorant; while with the better-informed it awakens those lofty and lonely associations that remain buried in their bosoms beneath the vulgar cares of the world.

To show the bent of the author's mind, we give the following recollections called up by a certain spot in Mesopotamia :—

> 'Twas here the Hebrew, halting on the plain,
> Drew up by Haran's gate his camel train:
> The sands, long years, have whelmed that city's pride,
> But still bursts forth the fountain's limpid tide:
> Yes, by this well perchance Rebecca stood,
> Her evening task to draw the crystal flood;
> Vision of beauty! fancy sees her now,
> Her downcast eyes, and half-veiled modest brow,
> Her loose-twined girdle, and her robes of white,
> Her long locks tinged by sunset's golden light.
> The Hebrew craves his boon, and from the brink
> Of that bright well she gives his camels drink;
> Then as he clasps the bracelets on her hands,
> With wondering look she views those sparkling bands,
> Listens, and smiles to hear the old man speak,
> While timid blushes flutter o'er her cheek.
> Maid of a simple heart and untaught age!
> Whom toys could charm, and rudest tasks engage,
> Ah! little dreamt she then from her would spring
> A mighty people, prophet, sage, and king!
> Her memory treasured in each age and clime,
> Her gentle name to perish but with time!'

From this beautiful picture he hastens through the desert, and then lingers for a while among the ancient halls of Nineveh, till scared away by the flames which rise from the funeral pile of Sardanapalus :—

> 'Not sated yet, above the ruins rise
> The exulting flames, and dart into the skies:
> Red through the night that fearful pillar glows,
> And ghastly radiance o'er the city throws;
> The heavens seemed blood, and Tigris' winding wave
> Gleams the same crimson hue by mount and cave.
> Quivers the light across the desert sands,
> Where the lone pilgrim, wildly wondering, stands,
> Thinking that far-off blaze some meteor driven
> By demon hands along the verge of heaven:
> The pard, approaching human haunts for prey,
> Starts as he looks, and howling, scours away;
> E'en on far Iran's hills those beams are seen,
> Where bends the Magian, musing but serene,
> Deeming in light so grand dread Ormuzd nigh,
> His star-gemmed mantle blazing down the sky.'

As a contrast, we may give the following bit of sunset :—

> 'Calm sinks the sun o'er Edom's blighted hills,
> And the whole air a puiseless silence fills:
> The round red orb hath reached the horizon's brim,
> Shooting its crimson flames ere all be dim;
> Across the broad sands gleams the living fire,
> Quivering, like hope, around each rocky spire.
> These glories change, as lower sinks the sphere,
> And still each moment lovelier tints appear:
> Saffron and amber flood the gorgeous west,
> Fairy-like towers in hues Elysian drest;
> Now shafts of pallid gold are upward cast,
> But all to softened purple yield at last.'

As a companion to this, we append a moonlight scene :—

> 'Slow rises evening's moon; the silvery shower
> Lights, while it softens porch and ruined tower;
> The huge sphinx forms that line the desert way,
> The giant sculptures sleep beneath the ray:
> The quivering beams, so softly, purely shed,
> Rest like a crown of pearls on Memnon's head.
> E'en Gormon's funeral rocks beyond the Nile,
> With all their hoary tombs, appear to smile.
> By tower and column flows the ancient stream,
> On each small wave the stars reflected gleam.
> Silence—Death's sister—round her watch doth keep,
> Save when the night-winds faintly moan and creep,
> Or woo, with whispers, yonder lonely palm,
> That droops, like some sad spirit, 'mid the calm,
> Mourning o'er Thebes, as in her shroud she lies,
> No more to rule, or ope her lovely eyes.'

After sunset and moonlight, we offer morning as a better sketch than either :—

> 'The morn awakes; along each granite height
> That bounds the east soft streams the rosy light.
> More distant still, the Red Sea glows and smiles
> Through all his coral rocks, and leafy isles.

* Tegg, London: 1849.

Digitized by Google

The acacia, shadowed by the loftier palm,
Begins to drop its odour-breathing balm:
The lotus-flower, which all the night had kept
Her soft leaves closed, wherein some sylphid slept,
Woke by the beam, unfolds her bosom fair,
And freedom gives the sky-born slumberer there.
The humming-bird flits round the blossomed bower,
Shaking his plumes, himself a flying flower.
The giant ostrich leaves his cave of rest,
And seeks the trackless desert of the west:
The fierce hyena, ever fond of gloom,
Flies to his haunt—some ancient rock-cut tomb
Far in the desert mounds the carved bull,
Where Arabs quit their tents beside the well;
And early monks, where Coptic convents crown
The steep hill's brow, on flowery vales look down.
'Drink the soft breeze, and scan heaven's depth of blue,
Nor sigh to join a world they never knew.'

Such pictures are to be found almost in every page, and in them lies the charm of the poem. We cannot afford, however, more than one other extract; but that of itself would justify the qualified praise we have bestowed upon Mr Michell. The scene is in Mexico, at the place where a chapel dedicated to the Virgin has succeeded a temple of the God of the Air:—

'Man, ages, creeds, have melted from those plains;
Now o'er the giant structure Quiet reigns.
Spring decks its mouldering sides with many a flower,
That woos the bee at morning's dewy hour.
Where frowned the Toltec's God, the Virgin now
Sheds her meek smile, and Christian votaries bow;
While, sadly sweet, the circling yew-trees wave,
And crosses deck the ancient Pagan's grave.
"Ave Maria!" evening's balmy breeze
Wafts the soft prayer, like music, through the trees;
'Mid golden clouds, his curtained couch of sleep,
The sun o'erhangs the vast Pacific deep,
Gilds the far isles that tropic glories bear,
And charms to rest each storm-fiend brooding there.
"Ave Maria!" mountain, plain, and shore,
Hear the loud song, the crowd's mad shout no more:
Soft as an angel's sigh, the bell's low sound
Steals from yon tower, and floats in whispers round.
Day smiles in death, and throws a crimson streak,
Like Beauty's blush, along each sunny peak;
E'en Orizaba's fires ascend on high,
The lurid flames turned roses in the sky.
Mild are the rites, and gentle is the creed,
That doomed red Moloch's worship to succeed;
Eve's purple charm, the music of the hour,
Pour on the soul their soft dissolving power,
Melt the full heart, and waft the thoughts above,
On wings of warm devotion, hope, and love.'

The pamphlet from which these extracts are taken forms only a portion of the poem, which is to be completed in three monthly parts; and we may notice it as a circumstance indicative of the great change which has taken place in the cost of literature, that the price of the part before us, containing one hundred well-filled pages of such poetry as we have quoted, interspersed with a few notes, is only one shilling.

THE CRAFTS IN GERMANY.

The different crafts in Germany are incorporations recognised by law, governed by usages of great antiquity, with a fund to defray the corporate expenses, and in each considerable town a house of entertainment is selected as the house-of-call, or 'harbour,' as it is styled, of each particular craft. Thus you see in the German towns a number of taverns indicated by their signs, 'Masons' Harbour,' 'Blacksmiths' Harbour,' &c. No one is allowed to set up as a master workman in any trade unless he is admitted as a freeman or member of the craft; and such is the stationary condition of most parts of Germany, that no person is admitted as a master workman in any trade except to supply the place of some one deceased or retired from business. When such a vacancy occurs, all those desirous of being permitted to fill it present a piece of work, executed as well as they are able to do it, which is called their master-piece, being offered to obtain the place of a master workman. Nominally, the best workman gets the place; but you will easily conceive that in reality some kind of favouritism must generally decide it. Thus is every man obliged to submit to all the chances of a popular election whether he shall be allowed to work for his bread; and that, too, in a country where the people are not permitted to have any agency in choosing their rulers. But the restraints on journeymen in that country are still more oppressive. As soon as the years of his apprenticeship have expired, the young mechanic is obliged, in the phrase of his country, to 'wander' for three years. For this purpose he is furnished, by the master of his craft in which he has served his apprenticeship, with a document entitled wandering-book, with which he goes to seek employment. In whatever city he arrives, on presenting himself, with his credentials, at the house-of-call or harbour of the craft in which he has served his time, he is allowed, gratis, a day's food and a night's lodging. If he wishes to get employed in that place, he is assisted in procuring it. If he does not wish it, or fails in the attempt, he must pursue his wandering; and this lasts three years before he can anywhere be admitted as a master. I have heard it argued that this system had the advantage of circulating knowledge from place to place, and imparting to the young artisan the fruits of travel and intercourse with the world. But however beneficial travelling may be, when undertaken by those who have the taste and capacity to profit by it, I cannot but think that to compel every young man who has just served out his time to leave home in the manner I have described, must bring his habits and morals into peril, and be regarded rather as a hardship than as an advantage. There is no sanctuary of virtue like home.—*Everett's Address.*

WHO ARE THE TRULY VALUABLE IN SOCIETY.

The value set upon a member of society should be, not according to the fineness or intensity of his feelings, to the acuteness of his sensibility, or to his readiness to weep for, or deplore the misery he may meet with in the world; but in proportion to the sacrifice he is ready to make, and to the knowledge and talents which he is able and willing to contribute towards removing this misery. To benefit mankind is a much more difficult task than some seem to imagine; it is not quite so easy as to make a display of amiable sensibility; the first requires long study and painful abstinence from the various alluring pleasures by which we are surrounded; the second in most cases demands only a little acting, and even when sincere, is utterly useless to the public.—*Westminster Review.*

CLOTH MADE OF PINE-APPLE LEAVES.

Some time ago we observed in the neighbourhood of Batu Bluyer a number of Chinese labourers employed in cleaning the fibres of pine-apple leaves for exportation to China, a new and promising branch of industry in Singapore. The process of extracting and bleaching the fibres is exceedingly simple. The first step is to remove the fleshy or succulent side of the leaf. A Chinese, astride on a narrow stool, extends on it in front of him a pine-apple leaf, one end of which is kept firm by being placed beneath a small bundle of cloth on which he sits. He then with a kind of two-handled plane made of bamboo removes the succulent matter. Another man receives the leaves as they are planed, and with his thumb-nail looseus and gathers the fibres about the middle of the leaf, which enables him by one effort to detach one of them from the outer skin. The fibres are next steeped in water for some time, after which they are washed, in order to free them from the matter that still adheres and binds them together. They are now laid out to dry and bleach on rude frames of split bamboo. The process of steeping, washing, and exposing to the sun is repeated for some days until the fibres are considered to be properly bleached. Without further preparation they are sent into town for exportation to China. Nearly all the islands near Singapore are more or less planted with pine-apples, which, at a rough estimate, cover an extent of two thousand acres. The enormous quantity of leaves that are annually suffered to putrefy on the ground would supply fibre for a large manufactory of valuable pina cloth. The fibres should be cleaned on the spot. Fortunately the pine-apple planters are not Malays, but industrious and thrifty Bugis, most of whom have families. These men could be readily induced to prepare the fibres. Let any merchant offer an adequate price, and a steady annual supply will soon be obtained.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 255. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1848. Price 1½d.

TRACINGS OF THE ALPS.

Ye ice-falls! ye that, from the Mountain's brow,
Adown enormous Ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the full keen Moon? Coleridge.

The first sight of the Alps is an era in one's existence. I had of course read of them since I had read anything, had heard people describe their beauty and sublimity as something wonderful, and fully prepared myself for a natural scene far beyond any that ever met my eyes before. Yet so truly inconceivable are the extraordinary features of nature, that the reality came at last with the force of perfect novelty. It is not, however, that the objects impress us in a proportion to their actual magnitude. On the contrary, I am willing to own that, taking Ben Nevis at 4370 feet, our impression from it is not multiplied by quite so much as three when we behold an Alp known to be 13,000. When we look, moreover, at the Staubach, and are told that that misty cascade falls directly from a rock as high above the place where we stand as the top of Arthur's Seat is above the plain at its foot, we do not receive the impression of altitude which we would expect. The mental eye seems to get accommodated to the new scale on which all nature is cast, and thus, it would appear, there is even a kind of disappointment inevitable to all fresh visitants of the Alps. Yet no such feeling ever tells or can tell upon them, as the actual appearance of all objects is far more than enough to solemnify and delight any mind of the least sensibility. We may lose much, because, in fact, we can nowhere get into a position where the whole mass of any part of the Alps may bear upon our sense at once; but still, whether we wander under the shades of those mighty hills, or pass over any part of them, whether we survey them from some elevated peak, or from some distant point—such as Vevay, or Berne, or even the Jura—we must confess, with hushed and awe-struck spirit, that our ideas of external nature are receiving an extension which might almost be said to double in a moment all the former experiences of a life.

The Alps may be comprehensively described as the central eminent ground of Western Europe, a fact clearly enough indicated by the descent of the affluents of the Rhone, Rhine, Danube, and Po from the midst of them, each to fall into its own sea. It has been discovered of late years that they do not form what may properly be called chains of mountains, but rather groups surrounding certain centres, these centres being generally granitic, while the outlying hills are for the most part composed of ancient stratified rocks, tossed up into all sorts of inclinations. The most careless visitor observes the bed form of many of the mountain masses, the strange contortions to which strata have in some places been subjected, like the foldings of an ill-put-up piece of cloth in a draper's warehouse, and that we owe many of the prominent peaks to the hardness of some of the vertical strata, while neighbouring beds have been wearing down under the influence of the weather, and from other causes. There are, however, formations connected with the Alps, as high as the chalk and even the tertiary, and thus it has been ascertained that they are comparatively *young hills*—younger than the Pyrenees, younger than the Scottish hills, and even the Mendips—having necessarily been thrown up into their present arrangement subsequently to the deposition of those modern rocks. I somewhat startled a party of ladies and gentlemen in an Interlacken *pension*, by one evening quietly mentioning this deduction of M. Elie de Beaumont, which may certainly be regarded as one of the most interesting results of scientific investigation developed in our time. It was with no wish to exaggerate the very natural wonder of our tea-table, but in the hope of kindling a love of or reverence for science, that I proceeded to advert to the fact, that all these strata had originally been detrital matter deposited at the bottom of the sea; that, as proof of this, my friends might find the shells of sea animals (nummulites) on the top of Mount Pilatus; and that it might be said of several of those overpowering hills themselves that they had been built up to the praise of the Creator of heaven and earth by the immediate agency of animalcules, limestone being regarded as a detritus from coral reefs. It is surely as well to know a few such particulars when one goes to see grand sights; for while it would doubtless be pedantic to analyse the Alps geologically at every step, there is no necessary incompatibility between a sense of their picturesque effects and the apprehension of a history of their formation, which is even more of a marvel than their astounding magnificence.

The Alps spring from a general level of country, which is far from low on the side of Switzerland; at least it is generally very much above the elevation of any inhabited ground in Scotland, Wales, or any other part of the British Islands. Coming from a land where 800 feet gives an ungenial climate even in valleys, we are somewhat surprised to find Swiss villages looking sufficiently comfortable at 2500 feet, and even more. A great part of the surface, however, ranges between 1200 and 1500 feet, and here the vine grows with tolerable luxuriance in the less-exposed situations. The vast abundance of wood and water throughout the whole country—the former extending up the hills to 6000 feet—the profusion of quaintly-fashioned wooden houses scattered everywhere almost as high as the trees; the exquisite economy of the people, giving to the whole landscape

Digitized by Google

a trimness which reminds one of gentlemen's parks in England—these things, even without the gleaming broad-bosomed lakes, or the peaks shooting up amongst the everlasting snows, would make Switzerland a delightful country for a rambler. Everybody, however, travels with some leading idea in his mind respecting the country which he visits. Mine in Switzerland was—the glaciers. I had pored over Saussure's speculations on this subject in a family copy of the Encyclopædia Britannica, with which I formed acquaintance in early boyhood; and since then, the more surprising speculations of Agassiz, and the accurate deductions of Professor Forbes, had deepened my interest in the subject. It therefore appeared an essential part of my visit to Switzerland that I should form some sort of personal acquaintance with the 'ice-falls' of the Alps.

It was early on one of the sunshiny days of the beginning of September that our party left their excellent quarters in the Hotel Berg at Geneva, and proceeded in the Sallenches diligence along the valley of the Arve on their way to the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc. The road, after leaving the skirts of the lake, passes over an elevated alluvial plain, bordered by ranges of low hills, and intersected by a deep though narrow valley, in which runs the river. Here comes the first intimation of the snow of the Alps, for, the water being so strangely milky or turbid as to provoke inquiry, the stranger is informed that it is so from the infusion of pounded rock which the glaciers wear off the hills in their descent. The first few miles present no other wonder, besides the massive alluvial terraces bordering the river, and along which the road proceeds. It seems difficult to conceive, yet it is unquestionably true, that these are composed of gravel brought down from the Alps, and which water has been concerned in depositing; the intermediate space having once been filled up, so as to make the whole one floor of small matters extending from side to side of the valley. At a place called Cluses these features are no more seen, at least in the same degree; and we then begin to traverse a narrow part of the valley, with sides of prodigious height and boldness; also to get peeps of the monarch of European mountains, though it is still a good way distant. After thirty-six miles of the coach, we have to transfer ourselves, at the small town of Sallenches, into a light rude vehicle called a *char-a-banc*, fitted for the more arduous character of the fifteen miles which remain. This portion of the journey is along a narrow road of no exemplary sort of construction, over which we are understood to be driven by the most civil and good-natured of charioteers; while in reality every one possessing any benevolence, and the use of his limbs, feels forced to walk; the ascents being such as almost to defy horse-power. It was not till evening was closing in that we began to get under the shade of Mont Blanc and his associates, and approached the end of our journey at Chamouni. I never shall forget how I was impressed, a few miles short of this point, by seeing a vast whitish projection from one side of the valley, and learning that it was the *Glacier des Boissons*, one of the outlets of the great snow-field which covers the mountain. The intrusive character of these stupendous ice-rivers was thus strikingly seen. It descends through a long hollow in the side of the mountain, far far below the line of perpetual snow, through the midst of woods and verdant slopes, and starts a mile or more into the valley, where smiling farm-steads and villages sit securely by its side, as knowing that thus far it may come, but no farther.

The village of Chamouni, into which we drove after dark, is a curious establishment, as we may call it, being a place existing almost solely at the dictation of human curiosity, and composed exclusively of inns, guides, naturalists, and others making a business and a livelihood of Mont Blanc. Lying 3425 feet above the sea, inaccessible to the sun's rays for some months of the year, and enveloped in snow from October till May, it must be at some cost that the people adhere to it as a residence. The hotel-keepers actually desert the place in winter, having no customers to speak of, except in the months between June and an early period of autumn. Yet these hotels are at once very good, and far from extravagant in their charges; and while all are tolerably neat buildings, there is a new one preparing which would be styled handsome in any part of the world. It is curious to observe the groups of guides and other loungers in the street, and to hear their conversation wholly turned upon the amount, character, and appearance of the visitors; who is in this inn, who has just come to that; the prospects of the weather for the ensuing day with reference to its suitableness or unsuitableness for excursions; nothing thought of but what appertains to travellers and their enjoyments. There is no struggle, however, to appropriate business among the strangers; for a public officer sees that each man, and even each mule, gets employment in strict rotation, and according to a fixed scale of charges. Of this I had an amusing proof next day when setting out for the mountain; for having determined, ere a quarter of a mile from the village, to give up my mule, and take to my feet, while my lady companion should ride, and our guide having taken back the animal accordingly, we soon after saw him returning with the same animal, together with a companion; he having now been reminded that this horse was the one next in rotation for employment. He had therefore to shift the lady's saddle to the horse which I had formerly ridden, and to send back her horse with his companion, to whom it probably belonged. They might adopt such regulations with advantage at Killarney, and some other places at home and abroad.

It was the first night after that of full moon, and the sky was without a cloud. Having rested a little while, and obtained some refreshment, we stepped out upon a balcony overhanging the garden of our hotel (Hôtel de Londres), and there found a scene of mystic sublimity prepared for us. Near one of the upper peaks of Mont Blanc—I think the Dome du Goûté—the luminary was perched, throwing a bright light upon those lofty summits, and upon much of the more distant landscape. But the mountain face opposite to our position was a wall of darkness, which it almost appeared we might stumble against if we should advance much farther towards it—and so overwhelmingly lofty! This, assuredly, if so commonplace an expression may be tolerated, was a sight never to be forgotten. On the ensuing evening we had it repeated with little variation, besides one which gave a curious change of effect; namely, a fire lighted by some shepherd, which blazed faint and remote on the front of the wall of blackness, much like a fire balloon on the face of a dark cloud. It was difficult to suppose that this fire was not less than 3000 feet above us, and perhaps three miles distant.

At an early hour next morning I set out with one of the ladies in my charge, and a guide, to ascend to a point on Mont Blanc well known as the Montanvert, which is deemed a favourable spot for examining the celebrated glacier of the Mer de Glace. The lady, as already hinted, rode a mule, while I determined to walk. The sun was coming to his strength as we crossed the

Digitized by Google

here infant Arve, and commenced the ascent of the first slopes, which we found covered by little farms, and bearing much wood. A rough path, zig-zagging up the steep acclivity, ascends very nearly 3000 feet, and to master this ascent requires between two and three hours. To me it was a great exertion: to my lady friend the mule ride was something more, as every now and then the animal was passing along rude cliffs, where a false step might have endangered life. We bore it, however, with exemplary fortitude. And here, by the way, I may mention that our guide—a worthy, kind-hearted fellow, Pierre Cachat by name—described the English ladies as by far the most courageous and energetic he had anything to do with in his profession; the French the least so. It was near mid-day when we reached a rude small house of stone and lime, the auberge of Montanvert. Gladly did we enter to rest and obtain some refreshment in its humble salle, where already a few pedestrian excursionists had assembled. This post derives its whole importance from the spectacle on which we look down from its windows, the magnificent Mer de Glace. It afforded a convenient lodging to Mr Forbes during his laborious investigations on that glacier in 1842; and the tenant, David Couttet, points out with pride a flattering attestation in favour of the house and himself inscribed by the learned professor in his album. Certainly nothing could be more homely than the whole place, and yet one can readily imagine its appearing even comfortable to one who had forced himself to abide for a time in such a wilderness. Plain, too, as it is, it was built as an improvement upon a mere cellar, which had existed before from the days of Saussure, but which is now reduced to be only a receptacle for lumber. It was curious, at the height of 6242 feet on the skirts of Mont Blanc, to find a small merchandise of jewellery and nicknacks carried on; but such is the fact. Honest David has a few glass-cases containing bijouterie, chiefly composed of the crystals and pebbles brought down by the glaciers from the central and inaccessible places of the Alps, for such is one of the strange functions of these icy currents. One is surprised to learn that the house, with some neighbouring grazing-ground, pays 1400 francs by way of rent to the *commune* of Chamouni.

We now addressed ourselves to a more particular observation of the glacier and neighbouring scenery, under the care of our guide. The Montanvert is simply a station on the west side of the long-descending hollow through which the glacier descends, and about two hundred feet above the general surface of the ice. As nothing at the place reminds one specially of winter, but, on the contrary, every bit of clear space bears herbage and wild-flowers, it is with curious feelings that we look down this rapidly-sloping valley, occupied from side to side with a still flood of white ice, to which we can see no extremity either up or down. A most startling sight it is to those who have seen nothing of the kind before; the colour a bluish-white, and the surface greatly diversified, as if the mass were composed of a vast huddle of pieces, presenting their sharp ends upwards. The breadth is here about a mile; and on the other side there is a rough face of the mountain, surmounted by two enormously lofty peaks—the Aiguille du Brochard and the Aiguille du Dru—while in some hollow parts rest great patches of ice. It is awful to sit in the quiet of the desert and hear the silence now and then broken by avalanches of stones and snow falling from those eminences. We felt much interested in catching up, amidst the confusion of still objects on the distant mountain-side, a flock of sheep driven by two or three men. So distant were they, that it was all the eye could do to make them out; yet with patient observation we could trace them moving in a faint line for a considerable way, at one place crossing a precipice which we should have thought presented no footing even for such animals. These grazing-grounds are, it seems, cut off from access for cattle by any ordinary paths, and accordingly it is necessary, at particular seasons of the year, to take the cattle thither, and to bring them back again, by crossing the glacier each time. The difficulties of this passage are said to be extraordinary, and the sight of the cows hauled by the peasantry with ropes, or moving cautiously through paths formed in the ice with hatchets, is one which no one can forget who has seen it.

Having descended the hill-side under the Montanvert, and crossed the ridge of rubbishy matter which borders the whole length of the glacier, we at length stood before that grand object itself, the blue-white wall of which seemed in some places to be as high as a house above our heads. It was not without some difficulty that a place was found where we could conveniently ascend upon the surface of the mass. When we had done so, and gone onward a little way, I became fully sensible of the great inequality of the surface, which may be said to resemble that of the earth itself, ranges of eminences being interspersed with hollows, through which streams pour along much as they do through ordinary valleys, while here and there occur fissures and pits, into which water pours to be seen no more. Thus it is not at all a still scene in reality; but, on the contrary, we hear a continual trickling, as if the mass were rapidly melting; while a certain sustained cracking noise, and sounds as of the tumbling of pieces within internal caverns, betray the progress of destruction still more palpably. The general mass is of intense purity, and of the beautiful colour hinted at; but at many places along the surface it is charged with mud and stones, some of the latter being of huge size. These foreign matters are the spoils of the mountain, either fallen in avalanches, or worn off from the surface by the grinding action of the glacier itself. It is their accumulation at the sides which forms the ridge just mentioned; and at the bottom there is usually a skirting of similar matters—in the one case called a lateral, and in the other a terminal *moraine*. There have been various theories as to the movement of glaciers, Saussure thinking it a uniform sliding of the whole mass through the simple force of gravitation; while Messrs Charpentier and Agassiz believed it to be owing to a dilatation of the mass through the freezing of the waters which intrude into the fissures. While others went on theorising, Mr Forbes proceeded by himself, with instruments, to make exact observations of a testing character, and quickly discovered the remarkable facts, that the glacier, like a river, moves fastest in the middle, that there is never a freezing of the intruded waters to any depth, and that it moves nearly at the same rate by night as by day, and in winter as in summer, though whatever increases its fluidity promotes its motion in some degree. From these observations, and others on the internal structure of the ice, which he published, to the discomfiture of the native philosophers, he thought himself entitled to lay down the theory, now generally embraced, that a glacier is 'an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts.' It was a beautiful investigation, pursued with unabating ardour, as it has been narrated with consummate precision and eloquence. The rate of motion of glaciers of course depends in some degree on the inclination of the trough in which they lie: that of the Mer de Glace, in the lower part of its course, may be roughly estimated at an average of 500 feet per annum, which is about the third part of the rate of motion of the point of the hour-hand of a common clock. Such also is the rate at which the lower end of this glacier melts off, otherwise it could not maintain the same place, which it does with remarkable uniformity. Mr Forbes found, at a higher point in the Mer de Glace, some fragments of a ladder which had been used forty-four years before in the expeditions of Saussure, and which in the interval had moved along 16,500 feet, being at about the rate of 375 feet in the year, or a little more than a foot a day. He has hence formed a calculation which forcibly seizes the imagination. It has been mentioned that huge blocks of stone are

Digitized by Google

brought down on the surface of the glaciers from the upper parts of their courses, and finally deposited in the moraine or residuum of rubbish at the bottom. In the case of the Mer de Glace, twenty miles intervene between the one extremity of its course and the other. A block may therefore be only now laid down in its final rest at the foot of the glacier, which began its onward course so long ago as the reign of Charles I.*

An inevitable result of the motion of a glacier is the wearing of its trough into a state of smoothness. Every projection is softened and rounded away. Even small hollows experience the attrition, and become in time perfectly polished. At the same time, little stones which have melted their way through the mass till they become *set* in the downward face, like the glazier's diamond in its frame of wood, scratch the smooth surfaces. Thus a part of a hill where a glacier moves, becomes sensibly distinguished from all other parts. I have already mentioned, as a result of this mechanical procedure, that the water which flows from the extremities of glaciers is turbid through a charge of impalpable dust which has been worn away from the mountains—exactly as a grinding-stone soils the water in which it moves.

After spending some time upon the ice, and examining, as well as I could, its many curious phenomena, I returned to the bordering ridge, where we were shown a natural cave formed by a huge slab in connection with other migratory blocks. Over the entrance were inscribed the words, 'Pocock and Wyndham, 1741,' and we were told that it had actually afforded shelter to these travellers when they were preparing that account of Mont Blanc which first attracted the attention of Europe to its wonders. Some of our fellow-visitors now prepared to set out on excursions into the farther recesses of the mountain, which are admitted to be well worthy of attention from young and active men, and, under good guidance, free from any serious danger. I was forced, however, to content myself with what I had seen, and accordingly commenced a descent towards Chamouni, which our party easily reached before dinner.

Next forenoon, under the care of Pierre Cachat, whose gentle and obliging manners won my regard in a degree not known in similar relations in this country, I devoted a few hours to the examination of some other marvels of the glacial world. It is always an interesting part of the examination of a glacier to see its lower extremity, in the centre of which there is usually a deep vault, out of which flow the pale waters arising from the melting of the ice. In the case of the Mer de Glace, this stream is large enough to bear a distinct name—the Arveiron—though it quickly pours itself into the main stream of the valley. The moraine is another feature here worthy of attention. It lies at the distance of a pistol-shot from the actual present extremity of the glacier, the ice having shrunk back so far within the last few years. A hamlet nestles almost close under it, the inhabitants of which were threatened with the destruction of their houses in 1820, in consequence of the glacier having that year become unusually elongated, so as to throw the moraine almost upon them. This vacillation in the extent of glaciers, to whatever cause it is owing, has a narrow range; but there are memorials of the range once having been much greater. The valley of the Arve, though several glaciers descend into its left side, has now no glacier itself. It is remarkable, however, that just a little way above the point at which it receives the Mer de Glace there is an ancient though broken-down moraine crossing it, showing that at one time a glacier occupied the main valley down to this point. A mile farther up there is another such formation, the memorial of a later termination of the same glacier. There cannot be a doubt of these mounds having been moraines, for they are composed of the usual mixture of glacier spoils, including huge angular blocks. They of course record two distinct stages in a change from an ancient state of things to the present, though whether this change was merely one of temperature, or of some other conditions affecting the amplitude of glaciers, it would be difficult to say. It is important to observe that a side glacier—the Glacier D'Argentiere—comes in about a mile above the first of the two mounds, and another side glacier—the Glacier de la Tour—about the same distance above the second: marks of the diminution of the ice in the two cases respectively. Between the presently-forming moraines of these side glaciers and the ancient moraines in the principal valley, there is no trace of lesser or more imperfect deposits of the kind, so that we may infer there having been no intermediate stages of change. Two changes alone had taken place, and they took place at once. It is interesting, however, to observe that the space in each case left vacant, had for some time been the seat of a lake, in consequence of the moraine forming a dam across the valley. The traces of this are particularly clear in the space above the lower ancient moraine. We first see the moraine itself—and it cannot be much less than a hundred and fifty feet high—cut through for the passage of the river, the bed of which is still full of its vast blocks, while many others have been scattered along the vale towards Chamouni. Then, looking within the barrier, we readily perceive a range of terraces, three in number, rising above each other along the sides of the valley, each being the memorial of a certain level of the ancient waters, and the whole thus implying that the barrier had broken down at three stages, before the river had been allowed to flow freely through. It is worthy of notice that the uppermost terrace is somewhat above the general level of that part of the ancient moraine which distinctly projects across the valley, from which it may be inferred that some portion of the general elevation of that rampart was worn away before the lake experienced its first great subsidence. This group of terraces becomes the more striking, in so far as nothing of the kind can be traced along the sides of the valley for many miles downward. They therefore stand out very clearly as the proof of a lake having once been produced in this place by what we may call the general glacier of the valley of the Arve.

I had on this occasion a pleasant excursion over lofty hills, and alongside of profound ravines, to Martigny in the valley of the Rhone. This valley is composed of lofty ranges of half-naked hills, with a smooth alluvial floor between, the whole of which is more or less liable to be overflowed. The plain slopes with the fall of the river, and is no doubt formed by it. With the interruption of a narrow space at St Maurice, it continues all the way to the Lake of Geneva. In my rambles about this district, I nowhere saw anything more remarkable than what are called the *Blocks of Monthey*, a natural curiosity occurring about two miles below St Maurice, and probably ten above the lake. Lying on the plain itself, the village of Monthey is backed by a mountain which somewhat projects into the valley, and on the face of this eminence, perhaps from two to three hundred feet above the village, there is a belt of enormous blocks of granite extending along for upwards of a mile—a phenomenon almost unique in the country, and apparently the theme of much rustic wonder. These blocks are of all sizes up to the bulk of a pretty large house, some detached, some resting against each other, some curiously poised on their angles, so as to afford shelter for shepherds and flocks underneath them. One is actually so large, that a small house surrounded by a little garden has been quaintly built on the top of it. The wonder is, that these rocks, all different from the hill, which is of secondary formation, must have been brought from some of the central parts of the Alpine range, many miles off. I afterwards visited the better-known kindred phenomenon on the face of one of the Jura hills above Neufchatel, where, amidst many lesser granite blocks,

* See 'Travels Through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain, &c. By James D. Forbes, F.R.S., &c.' 1843.

Digitized by Google

there occurs a huge one well known under the name of the Pierre-a-Dot (said to measure seventy feet in one direction); but though the wonder of the transportation of these stones from the same original seat is increased by the greater distance (seventy miles as the crow flies), they form a spectacle much less impressive than the Blocks of Monthey. Both sets of objects, however, play an important part in one of the boldest theories of modern science.

It is now about a dozen years since attention was attracted by M. Venetz, and other Swiss *savans*, to certain appearances which seemed to indicate an extension of glaciers in ancient times far beyond what has here been described. Some miles down the valley of the Arve from Chamouni, near Servoz, the most careless traveller might be struck by the smoothened state of the rocks by the wayside, as if some mechanical agent had passed over them in the direction of the valley, and worn down every inequality. It is scarcely less surprising, high up above the Mer de Glace, to observe the smooth faces of the precipices, and also to detect remnants of ancient moraines resting on the mountain-side, as if the glacier had once risen to five times its present ordinary height. Such markings are seen in many parts of Switzerland, where glaciers do not now exist. They are also traceable in our own country: for example, in the valley of Llanberris in Wales. In that case it is impossible to doubt that glaciers had once descended from the skirts of Snowdown, and, pressing through this valley, had polished off every inequality up to a certain height. This is a very curious fact, as it cannot be accounted for without supposing some great though temporary reduction of temperature at the time when the appearances were produced; and the question arises, If there were such a reduction of temperature, how would it affect life in the regions where it prevailed? Some geologists, headed by M. Agassiz, have gone beyond all common bounds in theorising on this subject. Agassiz himself started the idea, that permanent ice once covered the northern hemisphere down to a low latitude, and was thus the cause of the distribution of loose blocks over the north of Europe. It was, according to his followers, a period of universal death, not long antecedent to the appearance of man on the earth, and connected with the remarkable absence of fossils from what is called the Blue Clay or Diluvium. It has been thought by others besides the Neufchatel professor, that at least the Alpine ice once extended to the Jura range, and was thus the means of carrying granite blocks from the central mountains, and depositing them on that range, and likewise on the hill above Monthey, such blocks being held to be, in fact, remnants of ancient moraines. In 1840, M. Agassiz and Dr Buckland, in a tour through Scotland, thought they beheld ancient moraines at the mouth of every little side valley which they chanced to pass, and they hesitated not to account for the terraces of Glenroy by supposing two glaciers to have once dammed up the adjacent valleys so as to form a lake. It is only of late that we have begun to recover from the astonishment excited by the first burst of these theories, and to see that they rest on very insufficient bases.

In the first place, the idea of a circumpolar glacier constantly expanding outwards and carrying débris to low latitudes, is put an end to by Professor Forbes's discovery, that ice does not move by dilatation, as M. Agassiz had assumed. Then, as to even the limited hypothesis, that glaciers proceeded from the central chains of the Alps to the flanks of the Jura, carrying thither huge blocks, it has never yet been shown how they could proceed in such a course, with no sufficient slope to produce their movement, and with lines of hills intervening to obstruct it. Assuredly ice is never seen to move in such circumstances at the present day. The idea of Mr Forbes, that a glacier came down the valley of the Rhone, makes a less demand on our credulity, and some circumstances might be adduced in support of it. For instance, above St Maurice, I found faces of rock at the bottom of the hills on the south side smoothed exactly like those of Llanberris. At the narrow gorge at St Maurice, where these smoothings might, if anywhere, have been expected, they are not to be seen; but a low hill, occupying the middle of the valley immediately below this gorge (between St Maurice and Bex), is smoothed on many parts of the surface, as if a glacier had passed over it. I nevertheless deem it a violent hypothesis to suppose that any glacier could be of such volume as to fill up the Rhone valley to a point between two and three hundred feet above the site of Monthey—a point perhaps not less than a thousand feet above the rocky bottom of the trough of the valley, and this at a place where the whole space is several miles wide. A glacier, to fill such a space, and to such a depth, must have been enormous beyond all credibility.

It seems much more likely that the usual theory of transported blocks—namely, that they have been carried by icebergs upon the seas formerly intervening between their native seat and the places of their ultimate deposition—is the true explanation of the marvellous erratics of Monthey and Neufchatel. As far as I am aware, evidences of the former presence of the sea at high levels have not as yet been sought for in the Alps; yet, if they were, they would not be difficult to find. I was particularly struck by the alluvial terraces at Vevay, above the Lake of Geneva, only a few hours' journey from Monthey. They have been spoken of as moraines, which they do not in the least resemble. They are undoubtedly the remnants of sloping sheets of common river detritus, deposited by the little river of Vevay in the sea when it stood at different relative levels from the present, and which had been afterwards cut through by the river when the relative level was lowered. The highest of these terraces which I measured (and there are traces of others somewhat higher) was fully 442 feet above the lake, which is the same as 1670 feet above the present level of the sea. Now this is just about the elevation which I would assign to the Monthey blocks;* so that beyond all question we have evidence of the former existence in the Rhone valley of a body of water at about the height required in order to float these blocks to their present situation. When the water stood at this height, an estuary would penetrate pretty far up into the valley. The glaciers might come sufficiently far down to send off masses into this firth, bearing the usual charge of blocks from the central heights. As these passed along towards the open sea, they would be extremely apt to land upon the Monthey hill, which projects so remarkably into the valley. Such may be the true history of the deposition of the Monthey blocks.

For some additional evidence to the same effect, I may advert to a curious study in physical geography presented in the Bernese Alps. The Lake of Lungern—occupying the upper part of a valley between Lucerne and Interlacken—has been in recent times reduced upwards of two hundred feet in height, for the sake of the land on which it stood; and we thus have an opportunity of observing certain natural arrangements connected with such bodies of water. As often happens, the chief inlets of water into this lake were at its upper extremity. There two or three rills descending through rough passages in the hills joined it, each bringing a *talus* of stony débris, over which it had in ordinary times passed by a slightly-hollowed channel on its way to the lake. Now that the waters have been lowered, we can see the terminations of these *tali* coming to a sudden stoop, a little way within the line of the

* Monthey village is set down in Keller's map at 1350 French feet (1437 English feet) above the sea. If the blocks are 250 feet higher—and I should think the bulk of them about that height—they are scarcely above the elevation of the great terrace at Vevay. It may be remarked that Professor Forbes speaks of these blocks as possibly 500 feet above the village; but under the benefit of some recent experience in the study of heights, I feel convinced that this is much above the truth.

Digitized by Google

ancient shore, showing that it is not the tendency of such formations to spread equally out under the water. But what is more curious, the streams, in consequence of the withdrawal of the water which had received them, have cut down through the *talus*, and now pass on to the abridged lake through little valleys, with a terrace on each side; no longer able to affect the surfaces of these formations, which were originally their own work. This is a result which appears to depend on the force which running water exercises on the foreedge of any formation over which it falls. Each of these little rills, on being no longer quietly received into the lake, had begun to tumble over the stooping face of the now dry *talus*, gradually cutting it down and backwards, as the St Lawrence wears the rocks at Niagara. From this single observation, I read off the interpretation of all such ancient alluvia as those which have been mentioned as skirting the immediate banks of the Arve between Geneva and Sallenches. They were once, in the form of an entire sheet of alluvium, the bed of the river. This alluvium would have continued in its original form for ever, had the dynamics of the river not undergone a change, which could only happen in consequence of the withdrawal of some recipient body of water, when at length the stream would begin to cut down its bed. The terraces of the Arve valley are thus a proof that the Arve was once received directly by some body of water, most probably the sea, instead of, as now, flowing into the Rhone. Such is but an example of objects seen in many other valleys, and which have generally had the same history;* memorials they for the most part are of the former presence of the ocean at a relative level above the present. Such proofs in the case of the Arve have the peculiar value of serving as additional evidence that the sea once rose in the Rhone valley to the height of the Monthey blocks. The zone of boulders at Neufchatel is higher (said to be about 2500 feet above the sea); but the explanation, if established in the one case, will equally apply to the other.

It thus appears that, though there are appearances of change in the glacier world, there is no need to go beyond reasonable bounds in speculating upon the subject. The Glacial Theory, as it was called, had a brilliant run of a few years; but, like some fairy palace of that unstable material, it is now seen lying in a dismal state of ruin. The whole history of it may still serve a useful end, as a warning to men of science. Blocks are seen in singular situations—we know of no vehicles for their transport but glaciers: *ergo*, glaciers, &c. Behold, however, another agent in time casts up, much more likely! Smoothings of rocks are seen in high situations; they resemble those effected by glaciers: *ergo*, once more glaciers! But by and by, it is shown that icebergs carried on the sea along rocky coasts will produce such smoothings,† and there has even been found evidence that the smoothed rocks in certain districts are at the particular heights where the surface of the sea formerly was in those portions of the earth.‡ Alluvial masses and terraces are seen at the openings of the glens of Scotland and Ireland, and are at once pronounced to be identical with ancient moraines; therefore they form evidence for the glacial theory. Subsequent examination shows these objects to be of a wholly different character, the detritus laid down by rivers in the sea. It would be almost cruel to dwell any longer on the rash assumptions hazarded on the most superficial observation at the first blast of this unfortunate theory. Let us hope that it will be long before another set of ingenious men go off upon so false a scent, or prepare for themselves such humiliating reverses.

More than fearing that I may have tired many of my readers, and yet hopeful that a few of these observations may assist in promoting the advance of an interesting science, I now bid adieu to Switzerland. R. C.

* There is a distinction to be drawn between these sloping alluvia and the horizontal terraces which are occasionally seen along the sides of valleys. The latter are to be considered as the results of a wearing of the sea on the hill-sides at their respective levels.

† See a paper by M. Von Waltershausen, Edin. Philosoph. Journal, July 1846.

‡ See several examples adduced in 'Ancient Sea-Margins, &c.' 1848.

THE TRAMP.

Among the bulky folios which are from time to time 'presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty,' it very rarely happens that we can discover anything likely to attract the notice of the general reader. These 'blue books,' as they are usually termed, with reference to the colour of the envelope, are notoriously dry, tedious, and uninteresting. Occasionally, however, productions make their appearance which are decided exceptions to this general rule, and the 'Report on Vagrancy' will be found of this nature. It contains much to interest, and certainly much to reflect upon.

Most persons must be familiar with the appearance of certain miserable beings who, from their pedestrian habits, usually bear the name of Tramps. We see them filthy in person, and covered with tattered garments; yet are they not emaciated, nor have they in general an impoverished aspect: they exhibit, in fact, none of the usual evidences of stinted nourishment. We probably hear their story, and watch them limp along until they pass out of sight; and then, mayhap, our thoughts stray to other subjects, and never recur to this until our attention is recalled to it by a like incident. The haunts and the habits of the tramps remain for the most part utterly unknown to us.

The object of the publication referred to is to throw light on this matter, and to open out to the view of the legislature a full and perfect picture of the life led by vagrants. It contains a vast amount of evidence, collected with much care from various authentic sources. The information is diffuse, scattered throughout many documents, and encumbered with figures and details, the sight of which might serve to deter many from entering on its perusal. Our present object is to extract the essence.

The vagrant appears to be a being *sui generis*. He is purely a rambler, but he differs in a marked degree from other itinerants, such as the hawker, the gipsy, or the distressed artisan travelling in quest of employment. He has no known place of abode, no ostensible way of maintaining himself, and he lives by begging and plunder. It rarely happens, however, that he commits any flagrant delinquency; and indeed whenever acts of this kind are perpetrated by him, it is found that the main object in view was to obtain the shelter and medical care of a prison, so as to rid himself of some noxious disorder contracted by his mode of life. His profession, in fact, is that of a habitual pilferer.

It appears that there is an incredibly large multitude of such wanderers distributed throughout England and Wales. They have, it seems, become established as a class, owing mainly to the mode of administering relief to the casual poor under the new poor-law. Perpetually migrating from one locality to another, they are provided with houses for their accommodation by the different Unions, commonly called *tramp-houses*. These stations are in general only about ten miles apart, and hence the journey from one to the other is accomplished without inconvenience during the day's march. At each house a bed is provided, and in some a breakfast, for which consideration the attempt has been lately made to exact a certain amount of work. It was naturally supposed that, by requiring from each lodger a fixed portion of labour before he set out anew on his day's journey, some check would be placed on the rapid increase in the numbers of habitual tramps who simulate destitution. It is found, however, after considerable experience, that such is not the case. Obstinate, determined, and combined resistance to the officials who attempt to impose work, has become very general; and it appears that the expenses incurred in the necessary arrangements for en-

Digitized by Google

forcing task-labour far outweigh the value of the work accomplished. The materials furnished have in some instances been wantonly destroyed; a serious outbreak has taken place; and the master of the tramp-house has, from sheer inability to adopt any other course, allowed his riotous visitors to depart on their own terms. It appears, moreover, that even the roughness of the lodging and coarseness of the fare provided do not counterbalance the inducements which the certainty of sustenance and shelter holds out to the dishonest vagrant.

Let us now take a hasty glance at the general character and habits of this class of persons, concerning whom so many important facts have been lately brought to light, not only by the publication of the Report in question, but also by the laudable efforts of those philanthropists who have laboured to establish schools for the ragged and destitute. There is little doubt that the younger members of the community, who are snatched up and brought into such seminaries, belong to one and the same class. They have not yet reached the period of life when the desire for travel and adventure is excited; and, moreover, they are in all probability as yet ignorant of the abundant provision made for wayfarers throughout the country. They are content to remain in their native locality, and to put up with such night accommodation as is afforded by the warm brick-kiln or the hollow park-roller. In taking a view of the present condition of these dregs of society, both young and grown up, we have no desire to speak of them with extreme severity; we are inclined to think that in some there are to be found traits calculated to excite a feeling very different from contempt. In these a spirit of enterprise and capability for bold adventure may have found originally a fitting field in extensive rambles and daring resistance to those who endeavoured to place restrictions on their career. With a dash of the imaginative in their composition, and a fondness for the wild or grotesque, they may at first have entered on their course of life from a feeling of the grateful excitement it afforded; and the debased, dare-devil, care-for-nothing recklessness which we now see, may be the result of gradual contamination. Like the educated collegian who, when gratifying a desire to penetrate unknown regions, contracts a liking for the free erratic life of the aboriginal inhabitants, and prefers it to civilised conventionalities, so these poor fellows may have lost all relish for honest, painstaking, and regular industry.

The ages of the persons who thus take advantage of the provisions made by law for the really necessitous range between eighteen and thirty-five: very few have passed beyond their forty-fifth year. About one-fifth are females, who may in general be classed among the very lowest of their sex. It is stated in the Report that 'the distinction between the unfortunate and the abandoned among women is greater than among men. I conclude from what I have observed, that the proportion of really destitute women in the tramp-wards (generally widows with young children) is greater than that of men, probably from their physical ability to brave the cold night wind being less, and their tenderness for their children inducing them to seek shelter even at the expense of vile association. Such a mother have I seen: she was sitting in a corner of the ward, with her two children, shrinking as far as possible from her companions. Her cheap but decent mourning showed her to be newly widowed. She told me her husband had been a butcher's journeyman in London, and had lately died, leaving her penniless; that she was going to her friends in the north of England to get assistance in keeping the children, and so leave her hands free for work. She asked for some water to wash her infant, and I shall not readily forget her look of disgust at being offered the only vessel, a dirty broken basin, just used by the Irish mothers for the same purpose. She said she herself would rather lie in a kennel, and that the struggles she had felt for three nights between exposing her children to infection, and bringing them to workhouse shelter, were breaking her heart.'

Many pictures more touching than this might doubtless be drawn, were these abodes more frequently visited by those who are capable of sketching the nightly scenes they present. It appears that the moment the hardy tramp reaches the door of his hotel, he puts off his whining and supplicating air, and assumes a clamorous and bullying carriage, lording it over the keeper of the house as if he were some menial destined to serve the distinguished traveller. Within doors his habits are highly filthy and indecent; he is uniformly noisy, and indulges in the use of abominable language. The early part of the evening is usually relieved in singing boisterously the most improper songs; and it often happens that a succession of stories of depredation and theft are related by the respective occupants of the apartment. It may be easily supposed that such narratives find ready listeners, and prove most instructive lessons in vice and crime. The English is said to be far worse than the Irish tramp in all these respects. There is one very strange and singular dislike which characterises these people — namely, a thorough aversion to cleanliness. Although the general numbers are steadily increasing, yet it is found that in those houses where the inmates are compelled to take a bath on admission, the numbers have greatly fallen off. In the Bedale Union, the average has been reduced by this means from sixteen to six.

It is surprising to find how rapidly intelligence respecting the peculiarities of particular houses is telegraphed throughout the community. It soon becomes known at which places an immersion in water is a prelude to a night's lodging. Various pieces of information, which are specially interesting to the brotherhood, are regularly passed forward, and immediately acted upon. 'In the North Witchford Union, for example, it happened that two months ago the stock of junk for oakum picking became exhausted. In the very next week, the number of vagrants, which had previously averaged about twenty per week, increased to forty-five; in the second week to fifty-seven; in the third to seventy-five; and then, oakum picking having been resumed, the number as readily decreased, till it reached the usual average.' The best quarters become known to the fraternity; and there is no doubt they discuss the respective merits of different accommodations pretty much in the same way as commercial travellers are in the habit of doing in regard to different hotels. They are systematic in their route as well as in other procedure. The fashionable seasons at watering-places are extensively known, and observed accordingly, with a view doubtless to profitable mendicancy.

There is evidently a good understanding between the members of the regular corps; and this has reached such a height, as to lead now and then to a combined resistance to the authorities. Indeed so common are such temporary organisations becoming, that wherever the regulations of the Board of Guardians are opposed with success, the general expression among them is, that they have 'beat the Union.' This term they apply not only to acts of combined violence, but to any scheme whereby the plans adopted to check vagrancy may be defeated. A general order was issued some time ago, requiring that each applicant for a night's lodging should be searched to ascertain if he had money in his possession; and if it appeared, from the amount discovered, that he was not an object of charity, to refuse him admission. This order is regularly defeated in two ways. In the more-frequented districts, such as large towns, it is usual to appoint one of the members a banker, who, remaining in a lodging-house, receives their deposits at night, and returns them the following morning. In the more remote and country localities, the little sums of money are generally secreted in the ground by the wayside, which can easily be accomplished under the cover of night. At Stafford, a hedge near the vagrant-house has been nearly destroyed, owing to the convenient hiding-place which the bank affords to the tramps. Other ways of 'beating the Union' are devised to suit particular circumstances. If a fellow wants to improve his wardrobe, or to obtain a residence in a comfortable prison, he at once annihilates his nether garments. He cannot with decency be turned adrift: and the two alternatives are left, either to supply him

Digitized by Google

with clothes, or to commit him. Practices of this kind appear to be more frequently noticed in winter than in summer. It is a season when either better clothing or a shelter from inclement weather in a jail becomes a boon.

The life led by the horde of tramping vagrants who now infest the country not only is the cause of a vast spread of moral contamination, but it is also the means of disseminating the class of contagious diseases. The awful prevalence of low fever, for instance, which was so general last year, is mainly to be attributed to their agency. Their habits give rise to affections such as these, which are at once conveyed and distributed over the whole country. Few are entirely free from traces of skin disease, and vermin of all kinds find an undisturbed settlement on their persons.

Some idea of the rapid increase which has taken place in the numbers of tramps may be formed when it is stated that, in 1845, they ranged considerably below two thousand; and that, on the 25th of March 1848, they amounted to upwards of *sixteen thousand!* Indeed so numerous do the applicants for a night's lodging become, that in some places the accommodation provided has been found quite inadequate, and stables, outhouses, and even tents, have been fitted up to meet the emergency.

It is evident that the danger of fostering, increasing, and perpetuating such a class is great, and requires to be met vigorously and judiciously. Inconceivable evils must necessarily arise from the congregation of a large number of persons of the lowest and most profligate character in a state of destitution, filth, and disease, without sufficient means of separation, classification, and systematic treatment. Much mischief has already been done by circulating the vices of the city through the rural districts, and by exciting a contempt for the law and its punishments. The evil is growing rapidly; and great as it now is, and difficult to grapple with, it will only become greater and more difficult by delay. Several remedies have of late been proposed. It has been suggested to abandon entirely the casual relief. This, however, would be a hardship on the truly unfortunate. Some further inquiry appears desirable, with a view of ascertaining which are the real tramps, and to this end the passport system might with advantage be adopted. It is stated by Mr Boase, as his opinion after all his inquiries and experience, that 'at least ninety out of every hundred occupants of the tramp-wards have no claim on the honest poor man's fund.' As long as the relief is thrown open, a temptation to imposition must exist; and the more this becomes known, the more will it be abused. Instances like the following will increase to a frightful extent:—In one of the tramp-houses in North Wales was found a veteran sweeper of crossings in London. He had become tired of his monotonous vocation, and having heard of the good accommodation provided throughout the country, he took the fancy to travel, and was actually carrying out his intention at the expense of the public.

We have already stated our impression that many of these characters are endowed with qualities which, if rightly directed, would place them in a very different position. Our brief summary may perhaps conclude appropriately with the following letter, showing the mental qualities of a notorious vagrant, who is now enduring his thirteenth term of imprisonment as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. The letter is addressed to one of his comrades, and the handwriting is excellent:—

'Dorset County Jail, *December* 27, 1847.

My Dear Friend—You will remember my promise of writing to you, which I will now endeavour to fulfil. You are no doubt aware that I am committed for trial at the Sessions on a charge of vagrancy, for being found sleeping in a stall belonging to Mark Sherrin the butcher. I do not know what the issue of that trial may be, but I expect a term of imprisonment, and a corporal punishment by flagellation. The magistrate who committed me told me no effort on his part should be wanting to serve me, of which I have no manner of doubt. It seems a pleasure to him to have an opportunity of vomiting his waspish and dyspeptic spleen at me; but I am invulnerably proof against it." The dastardly pitiful schemes he has recourse to only serve to add to his disgrace, and to protract the immortality of his shame. I suppose Mark Sherrin means to carry on the crusade which his deceased brother so long and so unnecessarily waged against me. He had declared eternal war, but was cut off in a moment, "and sent to his last account with all his imperfections on his head." And who knows the destiny of the immortal spirit? It may be, for aught we know, imprisoned in all the hellish perpetuity of confinement, in those doleful regions where Ixion for ever turns his wheel; and where Tantalos in vain endeavours to slake his everlasting thirst with the water which eludes his lips; where Sisyphus, with unavailing labour, rolls up the stone which eternally falls back; and where Tityus feels the vulture incessantly preying on his heart, which, as fast as it is devoured, is again renewed. But methinks I have indulged in an unwarrantable and uncharitable strain. The pertinent remarks of the poet rush across my mind, who says—

> "There is a spell by nature thrown
> Around the voiceless dead,
> Which seems to soften enmity's tone,
> And guard the desolate bed
> Of those, who, whatsoe'er they were,
> Wait Heaven's conclusive audit there."
> —Quarles.

'My dear friend, please to give my respects to the indomitable Mr Aldous, and to Master Robert England, to Charles Edmunds, and to his copper-coloured majesty, James King of Thurnford, likewise to your brother John, and most especially to your father and mother. I owe them the debt immense of endless gratitude; never can I forget their generous kindness to me when I worked for them on the railway. I omitted to tell you that I had been at Yeovil for two days previous to my apprehension. Davis, the man I went to London with, called upon me at Sherborne, and wished me to accompany him to Plymouth; but to this I could not consent. I promised to go as far as Exeter, but did not intend fulfilling my engagement: we stayed together two days in Yeovil, when I gave him the slip: he would not stay an hour in Sherborne—the reason of this is obvious; so you see, in striving to escape the whirlpool of Charybdis, I struck upon the rocks of Scylla. And now I must close my epistle: farewell, my valued friend, for the present; and believe me to remain, with the most sincere regard and respect, yours faithfully,

George Atkins Brine.

'*P. S.*—Davis is become an intinerant quack-doctor, and has a hopeful shoot with him (a son of the Emerald Isle), apparently about sixteen or seventeen.'

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Johnson says of Pope that 'it is pleasant to remark how soon he learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt.' This, however, was before he suffered in his own person; for no one felt the lash more keenly than Pope, or knew better how to inflict it upon others. His own 'Dunciad' proved the power of criticism to extend much farther than mere irritation; for Ralph, one of its subordinate heroes, had no sooner obtained that unlucky eminence, than the booksellers suddenly discovered his incompetence, and the poetaster was in danger of starvation. This catastrophe was brought about by two lines:—

> "Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
> Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!"

In our own day, John Keats—himself the victim of savage party criticism, though not to the extent usually supposed—attacked in a still more bitter manner some of the classical poets of our language, the followers of the school of Pope:—

> —'But ye were dead
> To things ye knew not of—were closely wed
> To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
> And compass vile: so that ye taught a school

Of delin to smooth, inlay, and chip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand hands in Lemon wore the mask
Of poesy. Ill-fated, impious race,
That blasphemed the bright lyrist to his face,
And did not know it; no, they went about
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of *one* Boileau!

Who were these mechanic-poets? Byron answers, Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe. And who more? He goes on: Gifford, Mathias, Hayley, Thomas Brown, Richards, Heber, Wrangham, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and 'others who have not had their full fame, because the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things!' This is a curious catalogue: Goldsmith, Crabbe—Hayley *and others*, like the mortals and immortals jostling in the Iliad! Byron is scarcely cold in his grave when the very names of most of his poetical heroes are forgotten, while that of *one* Keats, the presumptuous 'tadpole of the Lakes,' is inscribed in the same enduring scroll (above or below it?) with that of the author of Childe Harold himself!

It is curious to observe the impartiality of time, and the utter futility of any attempt to sway its judgment. Critics are the exponents of their own opinions—it may be even of those of the *day* in which they live; but another generation—perhaps another year—reverses their decrees without ceremony. Critics themselves change with the changing time. In 1816 Byron wrote '*unjust*' under the most prominent of the literary portraits he had drawn in 1809: such as

> 'That mild apostate from poetic rule
> The simple Wordsworth—
> Who hath by precept and example shown
> That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
> So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
> And each adventure so sublimely tells,
> That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
> Conceive the bard the hero of the story.'

It is to be regretted that the noble bard did not live long enough to do like justice in the case of another poet. His 'Vision of Judgment' having been published only two years before his death, Southey remains in it a 'renegado' and an 'ass' to this day; terrifying both seraphim and cherubim, and the shade of George III. himself, with his 'spavined dactyls:'

> 'The monarch, mute till then, exclaims "What! what!
> *Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!"'

The imitation of Peter Pindar here may serve to connect these odd 'judgments' with the last satire of the last century. Byron, like Pope, and before him Dryden, was instigated by personal malice or revenge; but Mathias seems to have been a political enthusiast, who ran full tilt at Revolution, and had so little physical courage to support him, that he passed all his after-life in agonies of terror. The 'Pursuits of Literature' was first published in 1794, just after the French had decreed *by law* that there was no future existence; and so well did it hit the time, that six editions were sold in the next four years. Among the first notes is one on Peter Pindar, not meant to illustrate the text, but brought in, head and shoulders, on a mention of his Theban namesake. Mr Mathias scorns to waste a verse on such a character, but tells us in homely prose that Peter's 'rooted depravity and malignity of heart' are beyond modern satire, and that posterity—if it can be supposed that such trash as his works shall exist—'will be astonished that the present age could look with patience on such malignant ribaldry.' He is not less severe on Proteus Priestley—

> 'Who writes on all things, but on nothing well,'

but relapses into a smile as he treats of Bishop Wilkins' 'Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the moon,' which method of translation he considers a happy thought in a bishop. Of the same sort is Darwin's notion, that it would be very feasible to direct the winds by means of philosophy; and to him the following problem in physics is submitted, for which our author is indebted to Pantagruel:—'Whether the hybernal frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial convexity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?' Gilbert Wakefield has so much vanity, virulence, asperity, insolence, and impurlence, that literature begins to be weary of him; and Gillies, the historian of Greece, is 'feeble, formal, dull, and tame.' The latter judgment serves to introduce a story about Gibbon, a historian of a different kidney. Soon after he had published the second and third volumes of his 'Decline and Fall,' the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and desiring to pay him a compliment, said, 'How do you do, Mr Gibbon? I see you are always at it—the old way—scribble—scribble—scribble!'

Our author soon after commemorates as a poet a neglected gentleman of the name of Penrose, who, it seems, had the misfortune to die a curate, and be buried in a village tomb. Mr Mathias piously preserves the titles of his works. He passes a judgment on Hayley and Darwin, which the present day has confirmed, and then touches upon the works of fiction which delighted the old age of the last century:—

> 'Or must I tempt some novel's lulling theme,
> Bid the bright eye o'er Celestina stream;
> With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
> Such as our Spanish Cato might approve.'

The 'Spanish Cato' was the then Earl Camden. The Roman Cato learned Greek at sixty years of age, that he might read its romances; and our venerable lord chancellor, after having exhausted those written in English, French, and Italian, applied himself to Spanish, to obtain a recreation for his closing years. The English novelists of the day were Mrs Charlotte Smith, Mrs Inchbald, Mrs Mary Robinson, Mrs &c. &c. who, though all of them ingenious ladies, yet are too frequently whining or frisking in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and now and then are *tainted with democracy!*' He makes one exception, however: 'Not so the mighty magician of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," bred and nourished by the Florentine muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment—a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as—

> '——'La nudrita
> Damigella Trivalsia al sacro speco.'

It is curious to think that Mrs Radcliffe was really the best novelist of that time, only fifty years ago! If Earl Camden remained now alive, he would have no occasion to resort to any other language than his own; but if recalled to life, without having undergone the mental training of the intermediate half century, it may be a question whether he would not turn away with weariness from our present romantic literature, and seek his first loves in the dingy recesses of the circulating libraries.

Mathias now attacks a novelist who formed a school of his own:—

> 'Godwin's dry page no statesman e'er believed,
> Though fiction aids what sophistry conceived;
> Genius may droop o'er Falkland's funeral cry—
> No patriot weeps when gifted villains die.'

A scholar next:—

> 'Who now reads Parr? whose title who shall give?
> Dr Sententious hight, or Positive?
> From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,
> In mazy progress and eternal round,
> Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
> Runs through his wig, and give the bulk more grace;
> Words upon words: and most against their will,
> And hunsped globules dribble through his quill,
> Mawkish and thick; earth scarce the tropes supplies,
> Heaven lends his moon and crowded galaxies;
> Polemic frenzy, and irreverent rage,
> And dotard impotence deform the page.'

Digitized by Google

In these days we do not feel much interested in Parr; but a note to a name of another kind is worth quoting. The text is—

> 'I cannot, will not stoop with boys to rise,
> And seize on Pitt, like Canning, by surprise.'

'As posterity,' says our author, 'may know little of this young gentleman, I shall add that Mr Canning was first an Eton boy, then wrote a little book of essays, then went to college, was then made M.P., and after some tuition and instruction from the accomplished George Rose, Esq., became one of the under secretaries of state.'

Southey is spoken of as a young gentleman, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry. 'He gave the public,' says Mathias, 'a long quarto volume of epic verse, "Joan of Arc," written, as he says in the preface, in six weeks. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years. I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would revise some of his principles.' He laments that Beattie 'never finished his exquisite poem;' to Robert Burns, 'the Ayrshire ploughman—an original poet,' he gives a line; and Cowper he classes with the Muses themselves on Parnassus:—

> 'There did they sit, and do their holy deed,
> That pleased both Heaven and earth.'—*Bishop Hall.*
>
> 'But whence that groan? No more Britannia sleeps,
> But o'er her lost Masonus bends and weeps.
> Lo! every Grecian, every British muse,
> Scatters the recent flowers and gracious dews
> Where Mason lies. He sure their influence felt,
> And in his breast each soft affection dwelt
> That love and friendship know; each sister art,
> With all that colour and that sounds impart,
> All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
> All in the soul of Mason found their place!
> Low sinks the laurelled head; in Mona's land
> I see them pass: tis Mona's drooping band,
> To harps of woin holiest obsequies.
> "In yonder grave," they chant, "our Druid lies!"'

It is not merely curious, but instructive for one generation to refer to such records as these of the passing opinions of the preceding one. But, while denying the power of criticism to influence permanently the fate of literary productions, we are quite sensible of the effect it has on the personal destinies of authors. There has been more than one Ralph starved by a couplet. The booksellers are not likely to be mistaken on such a point, and they are sensitive to criticism to a downright absurdity. The 'opinions of the press' which they nervously append to their advertisements (taken, perhaps, from some obscure provincial newspaper, which would have given a verdict doubly stronger in return for *two* presentation copies) are extremely amusing—and they are likewise extremely melancholy. When Johnson talked of the cant of authors in despising critics, he knew very well that the bread of authors depended upon it; although he likewise knew that their *works* were in a different position, and that after the petty influences of the passing hour were at rest, they would stand or fall by their own merit. This distinction is not usually drawn; and we would counsel authors, who cannot afford to wait for the verdict of posterity, to suppress any manifestations of the contempt they may feel for contemporary criticism. At the same time we would counsel them to reserve and cherish in their own minds their *right of appeal;* to look forward with a high and holy confidence to a later judgment; and by keeping their eyes fixed on fame, in contradistinction to mere reputation, to enjoy the best and loftiest privilege of genius.

The conclusion of the 'Pursuits of Literature' is as follows:—

> 'Here close the strain; and o'er your studious hour
> May truth preside and virtue's holiest power!
> Still be your knowledge temperate and discreet,
> Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;
> Prepared to prove in senate or the hall
> That states by learning rise, by learning fall;
> Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm,
> In principle sedate, to shun reform;
> To mark man's intellect, its strength and bound,
> Nor deem stability on change to found;
> To feel with Mirabeau that "words are things,"
> While in delusion's ear their magic rings,
> Through states or armies, in the camp or street,
> And now a school revolts, and now a fleet.
> Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,
> The slumbering minister or factious chief;
> Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust,
> Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and bust;
> And last, as through the smouldering flames you turn,
> Snatch the Palladium, though the temple burn.'[*]

THE FINANCE OF RAILWAYS.

Of late, some remarkable statements have been made respecting the financial condition, present and prospective, of railways. Although these statements may to a certain extent have emanated from parties having an interest in the depreciation of railway property, there is, unfortunately, too much reason to believe that they have a foundation in truth, and it is therefore proper that they should not be passed over with indifference. The assertion is broadly made, that pretty nearly the whole railway system has been founded on, and is now supported by, deception. Taking advantage of a mania for speculation, the directors of the various railway companies have, it is alleged, got up undertakings on the most fallacious calculations as to revenue; have throughout conducted their affairs in a spirit of reckless gambling; and to support their schemes in the market, so as to induce parties to pay calls on shares and make loans, have habitually presented fallacious balance-sheets. Such are the charges at this moment brought against the stupendous railway system which has grown up in the country during the last few years. In this, as in many other things, the innocent are apt to suffer with the guilty, the prudent with the imprudent; and to allay public excitement, nothing could be more desirable than a really trustworthy investigation into, and exhibition of, the affairs of all the railway companies.

The whole history of the railway mania discloses the unquestionable fact, that the parties who entered into engagements to take shares rarely did so with any other view than to sell at a profit. On this account, it is not matter of surprise that the country should have undertaken to make far more railways than there was money to pay for, or that the last holders of shares should be in the unpleasant predicament of finding no one willing to relieve them of their responsibilities. Considering the vast benefits which railway transit was likely to confer on the country, it is deeply to be deplored that a thing so advantageous, and in itself so noble as a result of human intelligence, should have been degraded into an instrument of gambling and social ruin. On looking at the summary of railway legislation from 1826 to 1847, it is observed that during that period of twenty-one years, the number of acts passed was 889; the money authorised to be raised was L.326,643,217; and the length of lines to be constructed was 12,481 miles. The account is said to have lately stood as follows:—

Total amount of money authorised to be raised,	L.326,643,217
Amount nominally raised or called up, to the end of September 1848, - - - - -	195,317,106
Liabilities still resting on the public in respect of railway projects not completed, - -	L.131,326,111

Of the above L.195,317,106 annually raised or called up,

[*] We do not know what may have been the case in the last century, but in the present day the concluding image is sometimes used so improperly, that perhaps our readers will hardly think it an impertinence if we say that the Palladium was a statue of Pallas, with which was linked the destiny of Troy. It was enshrined in a temple without a roof, and so long as it remained uncaptured, the city was safe.

Digitized by Google

it appears that only L.148,400,000 have been paid; therefore we arrive at this fact, that the money actually sunk on railways in the United Kingdom during the past twenty-one years is a hundred and forty-eight millions, while the money still to be raised during the next six or eight years is about a hundred and seventy millions—a thing utterly impossible. It is further mentioned by railway statisticians, that of the L.148,400,000 paid, L.17,200,000 are lost or unproductive, leaving a productive capital of L.131,200,000. The revenue from traffic on the railways representing this capital, during the past half-year, amounted to L.4,722,719, and the working expenses to L.2,341,770, leaving a profit of L.2,380,949, or L.1, 16s. per cent. for the half-year, or L.3, 12s. per annum on that capital. It has been usual to estimate that the working expenses of railways would absorb from 30 to 40 per cent. of the revenue; but experience has shown that at least one-half of all the money drawn for traffic requires to be paid for working the lines. On lines of the greatest length and largest traffic, for which most capital has been sunk, it does not appear that a profit of more than from L.3, 10s. to L.4 per cent. per annum is actually realised, or ought to be paid to shareholders. Yet these lines are represented as paying dividends of L.7 or L.8 per cent., and shares in them have been eagerly purchased accordingly! Whether any line of railway could possibly be made to pay seven, or even five per cent., there are little means of judging, because the directors of the great lines, on which there is the most productive traffic, have not kept to their proper business of working their own lines, but have entered into heavy engagements, in guaranteeing high rates of interest to the proprietors of adjoining small lines, or have spent capital in making unproductive branches. It may indeed be said that the fundamental error in railway enterprise has been the purchasing and leasing of insignificant lines at prices unwarranted by prospective profits; by this means alone, the bulk of the money advanced has been dissipated and lost—a result, however, not at all singular in commerce; for men are every day seen to squander the profits of one good speculation on a hundred which afford them no substantial return for either trouble or outlay.

But in raising capital by a creation of fresh shares for branch or extension lines, directors, we regret to say, are accused of something worse than imprudence. It is pointedly alleged that they created these shares in order to speculate on them for their own private advantage. It will be for the directors of the principal lines to repel, by unquestionable evidence, this grave charge: at present, the testimony is all against them. According to a statement in the 'Times' newspaper, October 12, the traffic on some of the leading lines, with that on their projected branches, is greatly below what is inferred by the dividends presently paid. For example, to pay seven per cent., the London and North-Western would require to draw for weekly traffic L.70,000; but the average has hitherto only been L.44,000. The Great Western would require to draw L.52,703; but the average is only L.20,269. The London and South-Western would require to draw L.27,893; but the average is only L.8899. Whether, on the opening of the connecting branch lines of these railways, the traffic will rise to the sums respectively indicated, is extremely doubtful. In the absence of any data to guide us, we would not say the thing is absolutely impossible; at the same time we should fear that the expectation of any such great increase from the opening of branches now in progress rests on an insecure foundation. What, however, is the alternative? Are we to believe that the respectable body of men constituting the directors of the leading railway companies—men generally standing at the head of commerce in their respective localities—are practising a fraud on the country, or are themselves deceived from an ignorance of accounts? Until evidence more conclusive is produced, we must suspend our judgment on a matter so delicate, and repeat that it is incumbent on the directories in question to relieve public inquietude by an intelligible statement of their affairs. To stand aloof, and resist the importunity for disclosure, on the ground that the public has no proper right to pry into private affairs, will only aggravate the evil. It may even be alleged that the existing alarm has originated in a wish on the part of directors to depreciate their own stock, in order to buy in while shares were low; this giving an additional hue of fraud to the character sufficiently damaged. But an injury more palpable will ensue. Such will be the want of confidence, that no railway company will be able to raise loans by debenture; and we think that the public in this respect will act with proper discretion; because, for anything at present known, the bulk of the railways may be already mortgaged for larger sums than can ever be realised by their traffic, or than have been sanctioned by acts of parliament. What is the aggregate amount of money now lent on debenture it is difficult to say. By one authority it is stated at L.30,000,000; but by another it is said to be as much as L.70,000,000: and if this latter sum be correct, shareholders may almost make up their minds to seeing so much of their property swept from them by mortgage-holders; that what they have already paid will be as good as lost beyond the power of redemption. That in these circumstances they will discontinue paying calls, if it can be at all avoided by any sacrifice, is more than probable. And thus the vicious circle is completed.

From the indistinct fears prevailing on these various points, shares have lately sunk in an extraordinary degree; and no one can tell where the depreciation is to stop. 'The only panacea (says a writer in Herapath's Railway Journal) to avert this wholesale devastation of railway property, is at once to cease making calls, stop the works as speedily as possible, make no further calls during the present year. Confine the total amount of calls on railways during the whole of the next year, 1849, to L.6,000,000; that sum will be ample to finish lines nearly completed, and to open them for traffic. Reduce the rate of interest on loans to 4 per cent.; that is, not to borrow money in future at a higher rate than 4 per cent. per annum, and there will be plenty of money to do what is requisite.' So far well, but something else is wanting. What that is, need not be repeated in our own words; we prefer the language employed in a recent article in the 'Times:'—'The "balance-sheet" of a railway company has now no more effect than a sheet of waste paper; and as it would be perfectly easy to give accounts which would make everything clear, and these accounts are not given, it is naturally inferred that the market would not be benefited by the prospect they would indicate; and hence that, although the end cannot be known, there is a certainty, at all events, that it has not yet been reached. The public hear of meetings of the heads of the leading lines to devise means to stay the ruin. There is only one measure wanted, and that is, the publication of accounts that shall be unmistakeable. If there is a single railway that is considered by its directors to have fallen too low in the market, they can set the matter right. There are plenty of shrewd people at this moment, notwithstanding the hardness of the times, waiting with money in their pockets to find investments. Give them a statement such as they would require, and such as any city accountant, with the materials at his command, would prepare in a form that the simplest tradesman might understand it, and forthwith they will bid within a fraction of the true value of the shares. So long as such statements are kept back, while it is at the same time notorious that every other available effort is being used that can be used to arrest the fall, there can only be an increase of distrust. Several months back, the companies resisted the appointment of a public auditor. Had it taken place, it is probable the end would by this time have been arrived at. As it is, it may easily be seen that until the books of each concern shall have been

Digitized by Google

thoroughly sifted by some wholly unbiassed person, or persons independent of the directors, paid expressly for their work, and with a professional reputation at stake upon its accuracy, it must be vain to hope for any permanent mitigation of the chronic terror that now prevails.'

PLAIN PEOPLE.

It is hardly fair to introduce the hero of our tale as belonging to the above-mentioned class, without in the first instance ascertaining whereabouts the announcement will place him in the estimation of our readers. We fear that with some who would not for worlds be classed under the same denomination—young ladies, for instance—he will be put down at once as an unfortunate being, afraid to take a peep at his own face in the glass, or venture a glance at his own shadow as it intrusively escorts him along the wall. Then, again, there are others who perhaps know the world a little better, and they will pronounce him one who deems himself privileged to say all manner of disagreeable things under the aspect of candour, and to invite you to dine on a badly-cooked leg of mutton, as a proof of unpretending regard; while haply there are some who, not thinking too much of themselves, not knowing too much of the world, will find some corner of the heart warming up at the phrase; some gentle recollection of a quiet old aunt, or old bachelor uncle, living long ago, and far away, in generous contentment—without ostentation, shabbiness, or pretension; always ready to do a good turn, or think a good thought, without making a fuss about it; the friend and counsellor of all who wanted help and advice.

If such be the idea at last conjured up, we need not fear to proceed on our introduction, though far from engaging that the present instance will in any degree equal the example we have recalled, or even that such 'plain people' exist at all in the world we have now. Indeed when first we knew Arthur Murray—and that is not very long ago—he was the last person amongst our acquaintance to whom we should have thought of assigning the character; much more readily would we have supposed him sitting for the reverse of the picture; a young, and, as yet, untried lawyer, with more brains than briefs; dandified, elegant, exquisite, somewhat given to satire and paradox; ready to play on each word; to make the worse appear the better reason, and the better seem the worse. No one who then knew him could either, in praise or in censure, have called him a 'plain person;' and most assurredly he would not have admitted the impeachment himself. And yet there was something in the way in which he went to pack up his trunk for the journey he was now about to make with a country client whom he had obliged on some professional matter, and who in return invited him down to his place during vacation, 'to have a shot at the snipe;' something hopeful in the tone with which he repeated his friend's instructions—'Be ready by two o'clock, and we can travel together; just put up two or three shirts, with your shooting-jacket, and your powder and shot; you will want nothing else, for we are all plain people down there;' and something in the manner in which he laid aside his dress-coat, and selected in its stead a garment beyond chance of injury from packing or use, which might lead us to fancy that some trace of character, such as we have glanced at, survived even amidst his later acquirements.

In perfect ignorance of the locality he was to visit, and the people he was to meet, beyond the intimation conveyed in the foregoing rather ambiguous phrase, Arthur soon found himself trying to draw an augury from the discourse of his companion; and then inwardly repeating, 'Plain people—if all the rest are like him,' as he vainly endeavoured to give an agreeable turn to the self-sufficient remark, or dogmatical opinion, following closely on the heels of each other, and always prefaced or concluded by a phrase which seemed to have attained the virtue of an axiom, to cut short all discussion, silence all argument—'I am only a plain man, but that is my view,' all others being of course indirect and inconclusive, unworthy the attention of any clear unbiassed mind. And Arthur at last could hardly refrain from laughing, as subject after subject was thus arbitrarily nipped in the bud, and as the ignorance or prejudice of his companion took the tone of superiority, and asserted the triumph of natural candour over professional training and *finesse*.

He had not travelled many miles of his way when, half repenting of his undertaking, he arrived at least at one conclusion—that the plain man by his side was a tyrant at home, and that even his own independence would be a doubtful matter while he ventured to remain; he was accordingly quite prepared to see the household still as mice on his arrival, or ready to fly to the ends of the earth at the first sight of their master. He was rather agreeably surprised, therefore, to find himself received in a comfortable dwelling, where the furniture, well-used and well-kept, seemed coeval with the house, and the house itself with the trees that surrounded it, and the quaint garden in front; and to find its mistress aptly representing the whole. Orderly and motherly, she exactly realised his ideas, and silenced all his misgivings by her fearless cordiality towards herself, and her glad welcome to her husband.

All is just as it should be, thought Arthur: 'The good man has been only showing off a little to bring down my conceit;' and he laughed at the conceit himself, remembering that *he* had attempted to show off in the beginning; when his conclusions were again upset by the entrance of a lady, whom Mr Wilson at once introduced as his sister, adding the somewhat unnecessary information, 'A regular old maid.' Plain enough, again thought Arthur, though, for his own sake, as well as the lady's, he would just as soon it had not been so plainly expressed. He read at a glance that the individual in question included him in the annoyance such a remark was likely to inflict; but he also read in the silence with which it was received, and the imbittered expression which now seemed habitually to rest on features that once must have been pretty, that there was nothing unusual in the impeachment, and that the plainness of speech which had already so often disconcerted himself, had also perhaps, without intentional unkindness, in a sort of rough jocularity, torn away all the little illusions which might still have prolonged her attractions, or at least made the inevitable transition more easy.

And then came the children; but here Arthur was again at fault, as during the whole of the next day, when a down-pour of rain prevented his leaving the house, he had to endure their noisy companionship, and try to appreciate the advantages of 'a plain education,' as exhibited with pride by the father of the family. 'I give them practical habits, and train them, like myself, to look straight at their object, speaking out their minds at all times freely and plainly, without fear or reserve;' and then walking off with perfect complacency, his guest had an opportunity of witnessing the result of this one-sided lesson in polite speeches such as these: 'That's a lie for you, Emmy;' and 'I hate you, Johnny;' while screams, and scratches, and bloody noses, continually formed a running accompaniment to the words; their aunt flying hopelessly from the room with her hands to her ears; their mother flying in from her household duties with horror in her face; and then the indignant narrative, and the equally indignant retort, ending in the punishment of the entire lot.

'Miss Emmy, don't you play on that piano?' said Arthur after some time, good-naturedly hoping to cause a diversion, and relieve the eldest girl from her sulky sobbing in the corner. No answer at first; but when the question was repeated, there was the father's own self in the reply—'No, indeed; I do not waste my time with such nonsense.'

'Then who is it for? Who plays on it now?'

'Oh, nobody; Aunt Milicent used, but papa said it stunned him, 'twas a tiresome noise; so she left it off, and unless when Sydney is here, it is never opened now.'

'And who is Sydney?'

'Oh, Sydney is a cousin of ours, that always comes here in the holidays.'

'Yes, and then you must behave yourself, Miss Emmy; Sydney wouldn't let you or nay one else play the tyrant,' muttered Johnny from the other corner, where he had been imprisoned at discretion. To avert the storm which was plainly gathering again, Arthur called Johnny over to him, and showing him the book he had been reading, asked if he would like to hear a story.

'No,' replied the still surly boy; 'Papa says them stories are all lies;' and back he stalked to his durance again, leaving Arthur to consider whether the plain people he knew long ago owed any of their excellence to having cultivated a little of the ornament, as well as the sweet charities of life; and how far it is possible to prevent the weeds and the briers from springing up in our hearts, if some little attention be not given to the flowers.

He had fallen deep into this reverie, and, for aught we know, might have arranged an able speech on the subject of national education, when his attention was aroused by a conversation between Mrs Wilson and Miss Milicent, who, taking advantage of the unforced tranquillity, had established themselves at work, unnoticed by him as he abstractedly gazed out of the window. Now, however, a name, from which some prospect of relief had already dawned, struck upon his ear as Miss Milicent exclaimed, 'So, Sydney is to be here to-night; and plain as ever, I suppose: that sort of face never grows either better or worse.'

Another specimen of the genus, thought Arthur to himself; but when, with a slightly-reproachful tone, and a glance to her sister-in-law indicating the presence of a stranger, Mrs Wilson replied, 'I cannot think so; the expression is ever varying, and yet always so good and so true, that in looking at the features, you forget the face,' he at once felt his levity checked; and mentally applying the words of the speaker to herself, felt how redeeming, even to the homeliest features, was the kindly expression worn by hers at the moment.

Just then Mr Wilson coming in, announced that he had ordered John to take over the tax-cart to meet Sydney at the coach; and Mrs Wilson confirmed the favourable impression she had made all along by gently suggesting that the coach was late, the evenings cold, and it would be much better to send out the chaise; but her husband, in his own peremptory way, cut her short, meeting the objection with his favourite phrase, 'Pooh, pooh; Sydney knows very well we are only plain people, and that I am an enemy to over-refinement and self-indulgence in young people: the sooner they are broken in to rough realities the better —eh, Mr Murray?—instead of being allowed to think, as they do now-a-days, that the world is made for themselves.'

Arthur bowed in silent answer to this appeal; there were some rough realities going on again at the far end of the room, which seemed to him to render any other comment unnecessary.

The evening turned out cold, squally, and showery; Mrs Wilson had been many times at the window to watch the sky; and when at last the curtains were drawn, turned to stir up the fire, saying to herself with a sigh, 'A bad night for Sydney; I wish so much the chaise had been sent.' And again, as Arthur watched the unpretending kindness of her little preparations, and looked at her good-natured countenance lighted up by the kindling blaze of the fire, and the still kindlier feelings within, he no longer wondered that her husband, even in his plainest moods, found nothing unpleasant to say to her. He felt his own captious feelings passing away, and found himself involuntarily recurring to the words he had overheard, 'It is not the features, but the face.'

He was just about to make some inquiries as to the person to whom the sentiment had been applied—'What, who was Sydney?'—when the sound of wheels announced that the object of his curiosity had arrived. The children had been allowed to sit up, and apparently appreciating the indulgence, were quieter than usual; but once more, violent and demonstrative as ever when occasion came, they joined in a general rush to the door, leaving Arthur in solitary possession of the fireside. A noisy welcome Sydney got; shouts of recognition from each separate voice, screams and struggles, as one pushed the other out of the way, for a while drowned every minor sound, until at last a clear, gay, ringing voice rose above the clamour, as if, pitched beyond its ordinary tone, it was determined to make itself heard. Arthur, who in the now deserted room had been listening with some curiosity, felt a slight twitch of disappointment as the clear treble met his ear: he had somehow all along anticipated somewhat of companionship in Sydney—some pleasant associate to take Mr Wilson's place in their shooting expeditions —some relief from the dull truisms to which he was weary of being sole auditor; so now exclaiming petulantly, 'Why, Sydney must be only a child, a mere boy after all,' he threw aside his book, and standing up before the fire, felt ready to take his departure on the instant.

But with a sudden misgiving he listened again: the voice, lower and sweeter now, though still remonstrating, went on to say, 'Stay, Willy; stay a moment until we get off this dripping cloak; no indeed, Johnny, you shall not drag me in while I'm such a figure; I must get rid of all those spatters in mercy to aunt's new carpet, to say nothing of my own appearance before the strange gentleman you tell me is within.'

And again the blithe laugh sounded through the half-open door, as the speaker seemingly resisted all Johnny's rough attentions. We said that Arthur listened with a sudden misgiving: with a sudden though involuntary movement, too, he raised his hand to his coloured cravat, glanced downwards at his shooting-jacket, all unchanged since the vain preparations of the morning; but before the wish was half-formed that he had been more particular in his inquiries, less careless in his attire, or, above all, that the family had for once adhered to their own fashion of plain speaking, the door was flung open, and in came a young lady, grasped on all sides by the children, shouting 'Here is Cousin Sydney' at the top of their voices, and quite superseding the necessity of a more formal introduction, when the elders of the party followed quietly into the room.

And so 'Cousin Sydney' was a girl after all! When the first shock had subsided, that instead of the ally and companion he had made up his mind to expect, presented to his view only a quiet little girl with a countenance cold and repulsive, according neither with Mrs Wilson's kindly remark, nor yet with the musical laugh in the hall which first roused his suspicions, he felt utterly disappointed, and hardly bestowed a second glance on the unpretending figure that had been introduced with such acclamation: pale and cold she looked, her dark dress fastening high round her throat, dark eyes and hair both making her paleness more conspicuous, without one other colour to relieve the darkness —the shadeless white: no waving ringlets, no sparkling smile, no airy step, personified the Euphrosyne so rapidly conjured up in his fancy by that laugh; no gentle word, no cordial tone realised Mrs Wilson's description; but passing him by with a scarce perceptible curtsy, and a very perceptible shiver, she turned eagerly to the fire, while he, muttering to himself, 'Another of the plain people, and decidedly the worst,' turned with an air equally chilling back again to his book.

But the ice began to thaw, and involuntarily he

Digitized by Google

found himself attending while the sweet voice spoke again, in answer to Mrs Wilson's inquiries, regrets, and apologies about her journey, and the weather, and the conveyance; sweeter and kinder it seemed to grow, as each word tried to satisfy them all. 'Indeed, aunt, you need not say a word; I never travelled more comfortably—trusty old John took such excellent care of me, and I was so delighted to drive in the tax-cart: it was bringing back merry old holiday times again. John said I sprang to the seat lighter than ever; but I could not return him the compliment, for since this time last year he is grown twice as stout again, and afforded me as much shelter as if I sat beside a castle wall.' And for the first time since his arrival, Arthur heard the pleasant tones of domestic harmony, as young and old, without a dissenting voice, chimed in with her merry laugh at burly old John.

He looked up from his book; there were no surly faces; no one was exulting over another; no one was provoked; and, wonder of wonders, two of the children peaceably occupied the same chair, keeping each other steady with encircling arms, that they might be all the nearer to Cousin Sydney, and not miss one syllable of her 'stories of the road.' Had a good fairy alighted amongst them, and suddenly transformed them with a sprinkling of honey-dew, Arthur would as soon have expected pearls and diamonds—as the story runs—to fall from their lips, as the courteous words and pleasant laughter that now broke on his ear; and wondering and inquisitive as to the nature of the charm, he found himself looking and listening as Sydney went on.

'Half-smothered in cloaks, which John would wrap round me, who should I meet when we were half-way but Mr Miller, your rector. How he knew me is a mystery, for there was nothing to be seen but my eyes.'

In spite of himself, Arthur could not help thinking they were likely to be remembered; and, whether his look said so or not, at this point the speaker seemed slightly disconcerted, and the eyes and the cheek certainly brightened a little, as she laughingly proceeded—

'He—Mr Miller—thought I had not defences enough, and wanted to wrap his greatcoat round my feet: but when I declined it, in compassion to his own wants, what do you think he said? It was just such a reason as you would give yourself, dear uncle—"It did not matter for him, but young ladies were made of different *stuff*."'

Mr Wilson laughed, and yet coloured a little. Perhaps some memory of the morning's discussion about the chaise rose up to remind him that, however similar in expression, he was very far behind Mr Miller in consideration; and he was honestly about to make some confession of the kind, when Mrs Wilson came to his relief by exclaiming, 'Dear Mr Miller, always considerate; deeds, not words with him: most probably, Sydney, in his humble estimation of himself he quite intended a compliment when he said you were of different stuff; that he intended a kindness we may all be sure.' And Arthur, as again he looked up, could not help feeling some slight curiosity as to whether his glance had a second time anything to do with the brightened colour that flitted so suddenly over her face.

But, strange to say, Sydney had never noticed the young lawyer's glances at all. Unaccustomed to admiration or attention, she neither expected nor sought for it, and was now entirely occupied with her long-parted relations, and with all the little changes that had occurred since they met; and Arthur soon discovered, in this forgetfulness of self, in the warm sympathy she felt for others, and the kindly construction she put on all they said or did, the secret of their improvement under her influence, and her hold upon their hearts. Perfectly unpretending herself, even plain in appearance and attire, there was still an appropriateness in every word and movement that made one feel as if no alteration could improve. She should be altogether different, or exactly such as she was: and perhaps there never existed a more favourable contrast than—her travelling garb laid aside—her neat gingham dress, just circled round the neck with its snowy linen collar, her dark hair always so smoothly braided, and her fresh happy face, presented, to the fluttering curls, the faded finery, and the still more faded pretensions of Miss Wilson, who always pitied her for her plainness, and yet whose beauty had never been to herself such a treasure as Sydney's unconsciousness of its want.

With equal unconsciousness she had gradually become an object of special interest to Arthur, whose first impressions were quite obliterated, and who found her a far more effectual ally, a far more congenial companion, than the imaginary one she had so suddenly set aside. Indeed a very slight shower made him now pronounce the day unfit for shooting, while a still slighter gleam of sunshine made it quite suitable for a social walk: and almost pleasanter still was it to sit within doors and watch the working of Sydney's innocent spells: the pencil and the needle, the story and the song, superseding boisterous quarrels and mischievous words between the children; while enlisting on the better side the habits of truth in which they had been trained, and the discernment on which they had learned to pride themselves, her example showed them how much happier it was to dwell on the good qualities of their associates than on their failings; that by placing things in a favourable light, they were quite a different aspect; and that the power lay within themselves, far more than they suspected, of bringing matters to their own standard, whether it was a high or a low one.

Many days had not passed when the house hardly seemed the same. It was no wonder that Sydney went straight to the mother's heart; but even Mr Wilson seemed to lay aside his bigotry to his own opinions; his rough manners and maxims seeming to be unconsciously tempered in the presence of her natural gentleness and grace.

'You will spoil those young ones, Sydney,' said he one day with a half-indulgent smile, as he found them all clustered round the table, engrossed in some occupation trifling in itself, but invaluable in its effects. 'You are undoing all my work, creating artificial wants, and making them dependent on others for amusement.'

'Oh no, uncle; indeed we are only trying to amuse *ourselves*. When we ask for help, send us away. But come and join us, and you will see how successful we have been without any foreign aid.' And playfully squeezing him in between Emmy and herself, she led him, half in spite of himself, to enjoy that dearest pleasure to a father's heart—fellowship in the gladness of his children; creating gladness in himself even though he had to draw upon sources long despised and neglected—the quick invention, the play of fancy—which alone could enable him to keep pace with the gay circle he had joined.

On Arthur the effect was different, though almost as powerful. To him Sydney still remained one of the 'plain people;' but then she soon became the connecting link between his own fastidious notions and the habits he had learned to despise—'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.' His satirical tendencies fell asleep for want of aught to arouse them: his ambiguous speeches lost their point before her literal interpretation; and his habit of mystifying, or, as it is vulgarly called, 'quizzing,' disappeared beneath the searching, wondering gaze of her clear dark eyes; until at length he felt himself becoming as matter-of-fact as their frequent guest Mr Miller, and would have relinquished the applauses he confidently expected to follow his next display of eloquence for the tearful smile with which Sydney reiterated a cottager's praises of the sermon, summing them up in one sentence, 'Ah, dear! he puts it before a poor body so plain!'

And so Arthur had just arrived at that state of feeling which we scarce venture to whisper to ourselves, much less like to let others discover, when one day, in reference to some holiday party, Miss Wilson, in Sydney's

Digitized by Google

absence, commented with some flippancy on her anxiety to go, adding, 'I wonder what pleasure she finds in going into society, plain-looking and plainly dressed as she always is!'

Arthur's first impulse was to utter an indignant dissent; the next moment old habits suggested a more qualified reply, and hesitatingly he had just commenced, 'Sydney is decidedly plain, but'—— He would have added, 'one never thinks of that;' when, before the words had found utterance, a light step at his elbow made him turn to see Sydney herself crossing the room. For half a second she paused, and when their eyes met, there was something of mournful surprise in her look, something beyond what the mere words could have called up; and though chased away in an instant by a mirthful glance at his own fallen countenance, it awakened a hope, almost as instantaneous, that it was because the words had been spoken by him. But before he could finish the sentence or rally his thoughts, she was gone: and with some effort restraining his anger towards Miss Wilson, whom he could hardly consider the innocent cause of his dilemma, he left the sentence as it was, determined to take the first opportunity of explaining its intention, and thus bring back sunshine to a face that he had never seen clouded before. Cruel man!—cruel words! how often he reproached himself throughout the rest of that day; how often he vowed to speak out his feelings more plainly in future; how often he recurred to that troubled glance, wondering if it had ended in tears, or if it would be turned into anger when he met her again! Vainly he watched and waited through the afternoon hours: whether angry or busy, Sydney did not make her appearance until, when all were assembled in readiness to set out, she entered the room, dressed simply as usual, but never more becomingly, in plain white muslin, with a scarlet geranium in her hair. Arthur approached her, with a look half-penitent, half-admiring, to offer a beautiful rose which he had managed to provide for the occasion. With an ingenuous blush, undoubtedly arising from recent recollections, Sydney frankly accepted it; but he rashly, not contented with this concession, would remove the geranium from her hair, and place the rose in its stead, had not Sydney, evidently thinking this was going too far, retreated a step, throwing her arm above her head to defend the ornament she had placed there.

There was so much of natural grace in the movement; the soft rounded arm formed so fair a frame to the blushing, smiling face, and the expression of that face was so arch, yet so conscious, that even her uncle, for once uttering a flattering truth, exclaimed, 'Really, Sydney, you are growing downright pretty at last!'

'Oh yes!' added Arthur manfully; 'you are very pretty now; but you would look prettier still, I assure you, with my rose in your hair!'

Strange to him was the smile, untinctured with the slightest shade of reproach, with which Sydney received a compliment so diametrically opposite to his speech of the morning; but for that passing glance, he might have concluded she had not heard it—but her face always spoke every feeling as it rose—and so, though perhaps slightly disappointed in not having an opportunity of testifying the proper indignation at a certain class of quarrels, he was fain to believe the offence overlooked in unlimited reliance on his word, whatever it might declare, and in the pleasure of finding the unfavourable opinion so readily retracted. But Sydney's next sentence sent his thoughts in a different channel—'I believe I never much cared about my looks until to-day, when a doubt arose to be almost instantly satisfied again. I am quite content with them now,' added she, laughing, and blushing still more brightly; 'and in spite of your acknowledged good taste, Mr Murray, shall even stay as I am, the more especially'—and for the first time in her life Sydney spoke the truth with an effort—'as it was Mr Miller brought me this geranium to-day, and he will expect to see it here.'

'And you are quite right, dear Sydney,' replied Mrs Wilson innocently; 'it would be a thousand pities to disappoint an old friend.'

'Dear me,' exclaimed Miss Milicent, 'what has a plain man like him to do with flowers?'

And that, too, was Arthur's first thought; and then he looked at Sydney, and then he understood it all exactly as she meant he should—knew what had restored the momentarily-disturbed brightness to her face—knew that nothing now could cloud its serene happiness, or make her mistrust her own attractions any more. The tale of affection returned and avowed was in those smiling eyes: the secret of her sudden beauty lay in her gladdened heart; no need to speak more plainly—he knew it all; and even in his first disappointment, there arose a feeling of gratitude for the candour that had sought to spare his feelings at the expense of her own.

He profited by the little lesson; for he not only told Sydney plainly all that had been in his heart when he appeared to depreciate her merits, but from that time forth he never shrank from the honest avowal of his sentiments for the sake of some questionable advantage to himself. He has long been what is called 'a plain sort of man;' but he has become an eminent man too, and he dates his first advance in his profession from the time that his clients discovered he had the courage always to tell them the plain truth, while the circumstances under which he had acquired the habit prevented his ever making it unnecessarily painful.

BERNARD PALISSY.

This ingenious man began life as a poor boy, and his earliest recollections were those of turning a potter's wheel. From turning a wheel he was promoted to the making of pottery. His native village was Saintes, in France; and he lived about three hundred years ago. At that period the art of making earthenware was in a rude state in France, but enamelling was much advanced; and young Palissy thought he would try to find out how the finish of enamelling could be applied to pottery.

First he set about instructing himself in reading, and every spare moment he devoted to study. But when he had improved himself in these respects, he was greatly at a loss for money. This, however, he earned by his trade, and by drawing plans, for which he had a taste. This money was spent in experiments. While still a very young man, and without any proper means of supporting a family, he married. This was worse than an imprudence; he did not only himself, but others a serious harm. In the midst of great difficulties he carried on his experiments; and these absorbed the means which should have maintained his family. The slightest improvement he succeeded in making in the process was sufficient to inspire him with the hope that he was at last about to reach the goal; and this hope nerved him to fresh endurance. In vain did he endeavour to inspire others with similar confidence. Every day bitter complaints burst from his wife, and frequently did his children join in their mother's supplications, and with tearful eyes and clasped hands implore of him to resume his former occupation, and give them bread. Palissy met the reproaches and prayers of his wife, and the tears of his children, with inflexible resolve and the most imperturbable composure, apparently as insensible as the earth which he was moulding. But was he really thus indifferent? No; there were moments when despair was at his heart! 'Nevertheless,' we quote his own words, 'the hope that I cherished made me work on with so manly a courage, that often I forced a laugh when I was inwardly sad enough.'

Derided, treated as a madman, suspected of being now a coiner and now a sorcerer, he was proof against all. At length a new combination made him believe himself on the very point of succeeding, when a potter engaged in his service suddenly demanded his discharge and his wages. Palissy, having neither money nor credit, was obliged to sacrifice part of his wardrobe to pay him; then, impatient of the interruption, returned to his furnace, which he had constructed in his cellar—returned to it to find that it wanted fresh fuel, of which his stock was exhausted. What was to be done? Upon the baking of this new essay his last hope depends. He rushes out to the garden, tears

Digitized by Google

away the trelliswork, breaks it up, and the furnace is again heated. But the heat is not to the proper degree of intensity, and in desperation Palissy throws into the furnace his furniture, the doors, the windows, nay, even the flooring of his house. Vain are the tears, the intreaties of his family; wood is wanting for the furnace, and everything combustible that he can lay hold of is remorselessly sacrificed. But now one prolonged cry of joy echoes through the cellar; and when the wife of Palissy, startled by the unwonted sound, hastens to her husband, she finds him standing, as if in a stupor, with his eyes fixed on the brilliant colours of a vase which he held in both hands. Success had crowned his efforts.

Rapidly now did his circumstances change. His success, so dearly bought as it had been, was followed by still greater advances in the art, and he was now at the head of his profession. Wealth flowed in, and his fame spread far and wide. He had several patrons at court, amongst whom was the Constable de Montmorency, who employed him to execute for him some rustic pieces, as they were called, consisting of figures of animals in earthenware. He resided at the Tuileries, opposite the Seine, and was surnamed Bernard of the Tuileries. Nor was he content with the fame of a mere artist, but turned his attention to almost every branch of natural history and philosophy, and is said by Fontenelle to have made as much proficiency as genius without learning could make. He was the first person who formed a collection of specimens of natural history, and gave lectures upon them, to which the public were admitted on payment of half-a-crown, which he engaged to return fourfold should anything he taught be proved false. He wrote several treatises on a variety of topics, full of original and striking thought. He was the first who taught the true theory of springs, and who ventured to assert that fossil-shells were real sea-shells deposited by the waters of the ocean. He also was the first to perceive and recommend the use of marl and lime in agriculture. His ardour and strength of character were not less conspicuous in his attachment to the religion he professed. He was a Protestant, and became exposed to persecution during the time of the League. In 1584 he was apprehended and committed to the Bastile. The weak King Henry III., who rather favoured than hated him (for if he did not abjure his religion for the prevailing one, he should be constrained to leave him in the hands of his enemies, the intrepid Palissy replied, 'Your majesty has often condescended to say that you pity me; for my part I pity you for uttering the unkingly words, "I shall be constrained;" but I tell you, in more royal language, that neither the Guises, nor your whole people, nor yourself, shall constrain me, a poor potter, to deny my conscience.'

Thus was the same zeal and indomitable firmness which marked his career as an artist carried by Palissy into his devotedness to his higher interests as a Christian. 'Of his religion and his trade he will not to say, 'I have no other property than heaven and earth.' He died in the Bastile in 1589, at the age of ninety.

THE GREAT VIADUCT ACROSS THE DEE, IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

One of the most daring and stupendous efforts of skill and art to which the railway has given rise, is the great viaduct now in course of completion across the Valley of the Dee, in the Vale of Llangollen, the dimensions of which surpass anything of the kind in the world. It is upwards of 150 feet above the level of the river—being 30 feet higher than the Stockport viaduct, and 34 feet higher than the Menai Bridge. It is supported by 19 arches of 90 feet span, and its length is upwards of 1,530 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile. The outline of the structure is perhaps one of the most handsome that could have been conceived, both as regards its chaste style and attractive finish, and its general appearance is considerably enhanced by the roundness of the arches, which are enriched by massive coins, and the curvilinear batter of the piers. This style of architecture imparts a grace and beauty to the structure without impairing its strength. The greatest attention seems to have been paid to the abutments—the only part of the erection, in reality, where any decorative display could be made. In the middle of both, on each side, there are beautifully-executed niches in the Corinthian order, in addition to some highly-finished masonry. The piers are neatly wrought at the angles, and at the base of nearly each there is a bedding of upwards of 460 square feet of masonry. With the exception of the entradoes of the arches, which are composed of a blue sort of brick, the whole structure is built of beautiful stone, if not as durable, at least equal in richness and brilliancy to Darlydale. The viaduct has an inclination from end to end of ten feet, and connects that part of the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway between Rhos-y-Medre and Chirk. Viewed from beneath, the vast structure presents a noble and truly grand appearance, and its bold proportions, with its height, cannot fail to call forth admiration from the most indifferent beholder. The viaduct has been erected by Messrs Makin, Mackenzie, and Penney, contractors, at a cost of upwards of L.100,000, being upwards of L.30,000 more than the Stockport viaduct. The cost of the timber required to form scaffolding, &c. for its erection was L.15,000, and between 300 and 400 masons alone were employed during the whole time of construction.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

LAND OF PLENTY.

In Singapore, with the exception of children and bed-ridden adults, it would be impossible to suffer from starvation: privations are the lot of all; but it must be said for this our tropical region, that an all-kind Providence seems to have opened her storm most lavishly for the use of man; he needs neither to toil nor spin, and yet, like the lilies of the field, he can be fed and clothed. Every cleared spot that is allowed to run into jungle furnishes leaves of various kinds that can be used in curries or in stews. The common *Ubi kayu* gives a delicious arrowroot, and this plant is found as a weed, and used as a fence; in all parts, the clady (*Arum esculentum*) that springs up indigenous to our marshes and ditches, though possessed of a poisonous fluid in its leaves and epidermis of the root, yet furnishes in the latter, when boiled, a wholesome food for man, and fattening nourishment for pigs in its leaves. The sea and rivers teem with fish, and the beaches with molluscs and edible sea-weeds. If any part of a ditch is dug, in three or six months it will be filled with fish, and daily from it you will see superannuated women and young children drawing out small yet tasty fish to season their dry rice or insipid clady.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

EEL FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.

On approaching an almost dry drain, I saw a snake slowly extending his coils, raising his head, and steadfastly gazing on what I saw to be an eel of about a foot in length. The eel was directly opposed to the snake, and glance seemed to meet glance, when the snake, having gained the requisite proximity, darted on the eel and caught it about an inch behind the head, and carried it off; but the captor was soon himself the captive, for with a blow on his head I secured both.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

EXCELLENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, 'Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;' to the latter, 'In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.' The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer.*

INDUSTRY.

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. 'If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest.' Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

SUSPICION.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.—*Lord Bacon.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 93 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 256. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848. Price 1½d.

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR ENGLAND.

There used to be a conviction profoundly rooted in the English mind, that one Englishman was sufficient to beat three Frenchmen. It has been outgrown by the common sense of the people; but there is still a pretty general impression that we tower high above the continent in morals, and that our whole social state is superior. I rather like the idea of a people having a good conceit of themselves; but it should not be carried to a degree precluding their further improvement, or indulged in at the expense of an unjust opinion of other nations. When an unprejudiced Englishman becomes personally acquainted with the foreign states nearest to us, he can scarcely fail to have his opinion of them exalted. He begins to see that, if they have not all our virtues, they have some of their own perhaps equally good, and that in some points they excel us.

Perhaps the most striking thing to a liberal-minded Englishman of the present day on his first entrance into Belgium and Germany, is that there is not in those countries any appearance of that vast class of irredeemably outcast people who now occupy so large a space in every British city. Long accustomed as he has been to hear of such dismal hordes at home, and to see them wandering in irrepressible mendicancy into the better quarters of all the large towns, where their appearance serves as the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, he experiences a sense of blessed relief when, after looking a little about him, he becomes assured that civilisation and all the symptoms of wealth *can* exist without necessarily being attended by the rags and practical savagery which seem to be, as it were, their negative pole in this country. These lands have no Ireland to ponr in ready-made wretchedness. They have nothing analogous to the *wynds* of Glasgow, the cellars of Liverpool, and the sinks of filth which fester in Bethnal-Green. They may, indeed, have their forlorn poor: no doubt some considerable proportion of each population *is* poor. But the remarkable fact is, that they have no such vast hopeless hordes of miserables as we have. There is not with them, as with us, a constant residuum of the people, large in number, wholly sunk in vice and misery, and a threatening focus of moral and physical disease to all around them. In city as in country, the humblest of the community have a neat, cleanly, and substantial appearance; rags and squalor are rare. You may see indubitable tokens that certain persons are in slender circumstances—for instance, a number of women at market, each with only a little fruit to sell, and that of exceedingly small value; yet these persons will be tolerably well clad. One can see that, however poor, they are frugal, considerate people, living within their means, and observing the decencies of life. We should not expect to see persons of the same class so neat and decent here; they would spend half their income in drams, and themselves and their children would be dirty and half naked.

Switzerland might be described as almost wholly a country of poor people; at least, of people in very moderate, if not pinched circumstances. The farms are mostly small, and hard is the labour by which a livelihood is made. Resident gentry are not to be seen, nor any other wealthy class to furnish profitable employment. The whole case is simply, poor human nature set to scratch a subsistence out of the soil with its ten fingers. Accordingly, the peasantry present few appearances of comfort: they have no luxuries and no leisure. But, while truly poor, the Swiss are a decent-living people. They appear in sound clothing, themselves and their children. Their houses are neat, even pretty. On Sundays, they come forth *en masse* to church, all making a goodly appearance in each other's eyes. That beautiful and affecting sight, humble poverty priding itself on keeping up a comely show before the eyes of God and man, is the rule there, as it is the exception here. They may have little, but they always have something between them and stark-staring misery. One can look on such poverty, and love and honour it.

Seeing such things on the continent, the Englishman to whom they are new finds many of his old-established ideas revolutionised. He begins to ask himself seriously, if his country can justly be said to be superior to all others, when the base of the social pyramid is there in comparatively so unsatisfactory a state. What signifies it, he asks, that the English labouring classes have so much more wealth weekly distributed among them, if it results in their presenting generally a less appearance of decent life? What signifies it that England can boast of her millions of active and ingenious sons—active and ingenious beyond all the people that have ever been on earth—and whose many mechanical works reach a grandeur of result such as has never formerly been known, if it be found that a simple people, with comparatively narrow resources, fulfil more perfectly the conception we have of a moral community? Even respecting some of the noted failings of neighbour nations, we may find that we have not been percipient of the whole truth. For example, while justly loathing the indifference of the French to the matrimonial tie, we may have overlooked the fact that, after all this drawback, there is a far less proportion of crime to population in France than in England. With all their warlike spirit and their unsettledness, they are substantially a more innocent people than the English. We regard the Spanish people with little respect, thinking of them perhaps as little above the semi-barbarism of the middle ages; yet the Spanish peasantry are allowed by those who know them to be a people living in a state of virtuous simplicity which would shame the

Digitized by Google

working-classes of bonstful England. The great consideration, however, is, that the continent, with perhaps the single exception of Paris, nowhere presents those unsightly masses of a practically barbarous population, which nestle in immediate juxtaposition with the affluent upper and middle classes of Britain, and from whose depths of degradation we occasionally hear such startling reports of filth, disease, and unheard-of criminality, notwithstanding all that poor-rates, charitable missions, and private beneficence can do and sacrifice in their behalf.

And why is all this? Simply, he in time perceives, because the foreign labouring populations, along with their slender gains, maintain *frugal, temperate, and considerate habits.* Our Englishman remembers with surprise, at the end of his tour, that though he has seen ten times more abundant appearances of enjoyment among the people than he ever did in the same time in England, he never once saw a drunk person. He knoweth well that 'universal England rageth drunk,' which makes a mighty difference, for drink is notoriously irreconcilable with decency and rectitude.

It is no doubt true that many other circumstances press with more or less force on the labouring classes, and that these ought as far as possible to be altered; and it is not less true that a large portion of these classes are entirely free from the vice here alluded to, while many may be described as provident and careful men. There is another exception having a regard to time, in as far as crises of distress in the commercial affairs of the country bear now and then very hardly on the welfare of the masses. What is meant, however, is that, when all these exceptive considerations are allowed for, it remains still as a distressing charge against the labouring people of Britain, that they mispend a large proportion of their gains in what induces idleness and degradation. On such a subject it is of course impossible to get any evidence that does not apply more or less partially. Yet when we find everybody that has to do with working-people in any capacity (always excepting those who write the newspapers addressed to them) having his particular tale to tell of the reckless and dissipated habits of individuals in the class, it is impossible to doubt that these habits are of extensive prevalence. The chaplain of Preston jail speaks in one of his Reports of the extent to which the insane fondness for drink prevails among the *whole* working part of the people.' 'An opportunity,' he says, 'presented itself, which enabled me to estimate, or rather to ascertain, the weekly expenditure in liquor of all the men—hard-working labourers and skilled artisans—employed by one master.' [He gives tables of particulars, and goes on.] 'We see there that, taking any 100 or 150 well-employed workmen, each of them, on the average, devotes to the pleasures of drink more than 25 per cent. of his earnings; that many married men thus squander 40 or 50 per cent.; and that some are so infatuated as to throw away weekly, in drink, 35s. out of 40s. wages.' The same gentleman has ascertained that 15,000 persons were brought up before the magistrates in Lancashire in 1846, charged with drunkenness. An examination of the records, which he has kept for many years, shows that 'the offences for which *distress* is pleaded are exceeded by fivefold those in which drunkenness is *admitted*.' Another jail chaplain avers, 'without fear of being charged with exaggeration, that about four-fifths of the inmates of our prisons owe their first fall from virtue, as well as their present disgrace, to this brutalising vice.'* The ordinary tale of the masters of great works, and it must be to some extent true, is, that the men of large wages are usually the most dissipated, and bring up their families in the least creditable manner. The usual report of the gentlemen who conduct savings' banks is, that the poorer artisans and the agricultural labourers, whose wages also are on a low scale, are the chief depositors; the well-paid workmen of towns are little seen at those establishments. Gentlemen have set themselves to gather the statistics of dissipation, and we hear of Glasgow with its three thousand taverns consuming a million's worth of liquor annually; Greenock its L.120,000; nay, even a small country town of two thousand inhabitants, and no sort of manufactures to bring in wealth, will be found to devote L.5000 annually to liquor, though it must be a mystery where all the money comes from. Then the estimate for the whole empire is well known to be *sixty-five millions*, or considerably more than the annual revenue. Why is there no Crabbe among the living poets to give rhetorical force to these facts, to paint the English working-men of these latter times of inordinate wealth, and consequently elevated wages, worse off as a class than their own narrow-circumstanced ancestors; to show them actually less miserable in many cases with small than with large returns, with short than with full time, because then possessed of less means of ruining their health and corrupting that morality in which resides happiness; to paint the swelter and reek of low public-houses, where men fall back to something worse than the savage; to show women, and even children drawn into the magic circle of debauchery, so as to leave nothing pure or healthy in the poor man's home? Oh kind Heaven, to think of so many who might be better if they chose, thus left year after year to be their own destroyers!

The poverty of the labouring classes in this country is a fact. Another fact is the comparative comfort of the middle classes. It is a ready way of rationalising the two facts, that the latter have their comfort at the expense of the former. When we look into actual life, what do we see? The middle classes full of care about their little means, eager to satisfy engagements in the first place, scrupulous about undertaking matrimonial obligations, or taking any ease or indulging in any luxury, till their prospects for the future are tolerably secure. All this time the working man feels himself entitled to have any gratification he can obtain with his wages, whatever may come of the future: with or without an income, he claims the privilege of marrying, leaving all consequences of his slighted duties to the humanity of society.* So far from thriving at the expense of the poor, it rather appears that the middle classes only thrive by their frugal and industrious conduct, *in spite of* the burdens which the poor are continually throwing upon them.

It is surely most piteous that, in a country where labour is better remunerated than anywhere on earth, the gains of the labouring classes should have so little effect in promoting their actual benefit. The great bulk of all the fruits of industry in this country goes to the labouring classes; and at the end of the year the account they have to give of it is—*nil.* All has been eaten and drunk, and yet with a less effect in making life comely, decent, or comfortable—not to speak of surrounding it with exalting and refining influences—than is found to accrue from the labours of infinitely less-favoured nations. The real wealth acquired or set by in Britain is little conipared with what might be. The very heart and pith of the country may be said to be in a great measure destroyed as soon as it has been formed. Under a changed system, the labouring classes might be the possessors of large wealth, to the enormous increase of the productive powers of the country.

* Thirteenth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons; IV. Northern District, pp. 5, 9.

* As an instance illustrative of this kind of recklessness, one of the 'unemployed' labourers maintained last winter in Edinburgh by public charity at a half-fictitious labour paid with 9d. a day, married on the strength of that allment!

Digitized by Google

This is an idea not familiar to them, and to which they are apt to turn a deaf ear; but the only thing wanting for it is will. Poorer people than they generally are, save and thus protect themselves from many evils. Why should this not be a more general virtue? Money is the universal leverage of the social world—to have none is simply to be powerless there. With this in store, it is unspeakable what might be effected by the labouring classes for their own benefit. They might provide themselves with handsome dwellings, in lieu of the unhealthy hovels which too many now inhabit; they might insure themselves and their dependants against all the contingencies to which assurance is now applied by the middle classes, and against pauperism besides. There is nothing to prevent vast numbers of them from taking a share of the business of the country as masters, in some modification of the system of copartnery, if they would only condescend to take the common-sense means of attaining such ends which they see adopted by the middle classes—namely, sobriety, frugality, and integrity. England, in short, might become the paradise of the masses, if the masses so willed. But the masses in England are unfortunately an ignorant body, the dupes of their own self-conceited and self-indulgent habits. Their technical ingenuity and industry have been suffered to go beyond their general intelligence, their morals, and their discretion. In these circumstances they have become the sport of crazy theorists and designing adventurers, and seem as if, so far from improving their own circumstances by just means, they would gladly see all besides reduced to their own miserable level. The only conceivable outlet from such a barbarous dilemma, is the diffusion of a real civilisation among the humbler orders. They require true and honest instruction, that they may be enabled to ascertain their own just interests, and learn how to guide their affairs to good and worthy issues. The question for the rest of the community is not now, Shall we extend education to the masses? but, Shall we permit the masses to live uneducated? For verily it is a threatening problem, this perpetual misuse of all the gifts of Providence by the labouring poor, attended by a standing conviction of self-love, that the consequent sufferings are the guilt of another portion of the community. Did England know her true interests, she would not wait for the machinery required to convey knowledge and reason to these benighted intellects, till the settlement of certain points of arrangement which have been matter of dispute for ages, and will be so for ages to come, but determine to take the salvation of her institutions into her own hands. From all appearances, it cannot be done too soon.

CHERRY-TREE HUT.

From one of the breezy heath-covered commons of 'merry England,' a long and winding lane led to a quiet scattered village, and also to a ruinous ivy-covered church. This lane was very narrow, and steep at the extremities, running down into a deep valley, through which bounded a sparkling streamlet; it was, moreover, shaded by trees, so that when the summer sun burnt up the grass on the common to a dark thirsty-looking brown, here refreshment and shelter from the glare were sure to be found. Here many song-birds congregated, and towards the end of May, the concert of nightingales, when the stars were glittering overhead, was perfectly ravishing; to say nothing of early primroses, violets, and wild roses, loading the air with delicious fragrance. It had been called 'Love Lane' from time immemorial, and memories of happy days and youthful companionship lingered around the spot. In the heart of the green valley, and in the middle of the lane, stood a low wooden cottage, containing three rooms. The entrance to the little garden led over a few planks thrown across the streamlet. This garden surrounded the cot, while before it was a primitive well of pure and crystal water; sun-flowers, hollyhocks, wall-flowers, and daisies in abundance, bloomed around; but the principal part of the ground was occupied by herb and lavender beds. The pride of the demesne, however, consisted in a cherry-tree, whose trunk grew against the side of the wooden tenement, and whose branches spread protectingly far over and above the thatched roof. Well and appropriately might it be called 'Cherry-Tree Hut,' for in spring-time it was a gorgeous sight to look on those luxuriant white blossoms, no less than when the marvellous-sized cherries were ripe: it was the king of cherry-trees—no wonder that old Adam Page loved it so fondly. The cot, the well, the garden, the beautiful tree, all were his own; and here he had lived a life-time with his only child, a daughter, now rather beyond middle age. As a herbalist of sagacity and experience, he realised sufficient means for all their humble wants, Tabby Page adding not a little to their store by her skill in concocting lavender and other distilled waters. Indeed her delicious scents were celebrated throughout the country, and sought for by many a dainty belle, who, leaving her luxurious carriage, tripped down the declivity to visit the pleasant home of Adam and Tabby Page.

This home was a picture of simplicity and contentment; everything was clean, orderly, and well arranged: it carried you back in imagination to a hundred years ago, so quaint and old-world were all its domestic details. Adam himself belonged not to this age, but to the far past; and he heartily detested all innovation and change, inventions and improvements, and considered most of them as a mere tempting of Providence. Newspapers travelled not down Love Lane; letters were as rare as angels' visits are said to be; and Adam abominated the sight of those 'new-fangled Queen's heads,' and would by no means patronise the penny-post. The police he looked upon with suspicious eyes, regarding them as intruders, and of foreign origin; he mourned for the watchmen of the olden times, and their nocturnal warnings, with tidings of 'a rainy night,' or 'a starlight morning;' he yearned after the four-horse coach and guard's horn; he mourned for old trees cut down, old houses levelled, old things done away with, and new ones established. His inveterate prejudice and obstinacy amused some persons, whilst others felt pained to see an aged man so positive and presumptuous, thinking and talking as if *nothing* could move him or his, as if earthly vicissitude had no power over his individual lot. Thus when he heard of this or that undergoing alteration, he would exclaim, 'Thank God, this cot is my own; here the hand of the spoiler *cannot* come whilst I live; that is *impossible!*' 'Not *impossible*, dear father,' ventured to suggest the gentle Tabby, 'but very improbable certainly.' '*Impossible*, I say, girl' (she was still a girl with him); '*impossible!*' vehemently urged old Adam, striking his oak staff on the ground; 'for if it was burnt down, are we not insured? and could we not build it up again, stock and plank the same? No—no! change comes not *here!* No Naboth shall purchase my vineyard at any price.'

A favourite haunt of Adam was the churchyard, with its numerous monuments, surrounding the mouldering and deserted house of prayer, at the head of the valley. Many unknown and nameless mounds were there, and many records of the departed; but towering above all other memorials was a marble obelisk, on whose sides were traced, not Egyptian hieroglyphics, but heraldic devices, equally difficult for the uninitiated to decipher;

Digitized by Google

and there, amid the quaint English lettering of past centuries, might be distinguished the time-honoured name of 'Elvin,' knight and baron, dame and ladye. It is very certain that Adam Page had never heard of 'Old Mortality,' so that he could not be suspected of imitation; while the simple and original feeling which prompted him to use his best endeavours to preserve this identical monument from decay, was coupled with stronger associations than respect for antiquity or remembrances of youth. Tabby's mother had been the favourite handmaiden of the last lady of Elvin, and she had died after two years of perfect wedded happiness, leaving this only child; so that, as Adam often said, he had been both father and mother to poor Tabby. Cherry-Tree Hut, with its productive garden, was the dower bestowed on the youthful bride by her grateful mistress, in consideration of long and faithful family service.

All were scattered and gone now—scarcely one of the ruined and degenerate race left; what they *had been* was here alone recorded: to Adam Page they had represented indeed the best nobility of earth. Still he pointed out the spot where the fine mansion with its moated slopes had stood; rows of stuccoed houses occupied its site now—and supreme was the contempt with which he looked upon them all. Here he pointed to the vestige of a pathway under a low arched passage, which had led through a portion of the forest-like grounds; but where were all those grand ancestral trees now—where the pleasant woodlands—the rookery and preserves? All gone, disappeared, built over; a thousand houses and gardens, where the gray mansion, in terraced solitude, had stood for ages. Ah! no wonder that Adam Page sought the churchyard with its mementos of departed greatness: often might he be seen carefully cleansing the sides of the marble obelisk, obliterating all damp and mould, and gazing lovingly on his handiwork. If you addressed him then, he would perhaps tell you how a lady of Elvin, whose name he read aloud, used to come every night, at the hour of twelve, to pray beside her young warrior husband who slept here—how she had mourned for him two years thus—how Tabby's great-great-grandfather used to watch his lady from a respectful distance—and how, on a wintry night, when she had knelt longer than usual, he became alarmed, and ventured to advance; but the lady moved not, spoke not—she was dead! her broken heart had ceased to beat, and she was laid by her husband's side: few people knew these circumstances, for the affair was little spoken of. Elvin Hall was a hermit's home, and the pastor of the church belonged to the noble stock; *now* the tower was a ruin, the vaults rose in heaps, and a new edifice, in the worst style of modern architecture, stood not far off. Never could Adam Page be persuaded to enter *that*. He had never crossed the threshold of a house of prayer since Elvin Church had fallen into disuse; *he* still continued to worship at the solitary shrine, amid the forgotten dead of past generations.

It is ten years since I paid my last visit to Cherry-Tree Hut; it was on an evening towards the end of June, and the sun was sinking behind the distant hills: Adam Page was seated in the front of his dwelling, beside the bright well-side, and overshadowed by the patriarchal cherry-tree; he leant his chin on a stout oak staff, and complacently gazed around; satisfaction and contentment were visibly portrayed on the old man's fine open countenance; a little pride was exhibited there also, tinged with a good share of determination, or, as some persons might term it, obstinacy. Tabby was nimbly trotting here and there, in the cheerful fulfilment of her numerous avocations; but she was ever ready for a friendly gossip, and ever ready with a kind and cordial greeting. Now I had come to bid them farewell for an indefinite period, uncertain when, if ever, I might look on fair Elvin Valley again.

'If I am spared to revisit my native land, I will assuredly seek out this dear spot,' I said; 'and if you are living, Adam, and it is unchanged, I shall indeed be grateful and rejoiced.'

'If we are living, madam,' quoth Adam Page, 'this spot will be unchanged; be sure of that: change comes not here.'

'This is the old song to the same tune,' thought I; and involuntarily, for I know not what possessed me to say so much, I answered, 'You speak too positively, my good friend; nothing is impossible, and you *may* be living when we meet again, but *not here*.' He laughed in derision, shook his head, and said, pointing to the beautiful tree, the 'Pride of the Valley,' as it was called, 'I shall die beneath its shadow; Tabby will die beneath its shadow.' But he added not, 'If it is God's will.' The old man forgot to say *that*, but Tabby did not; and so we parted. I felt oppressed, and glad to leave the shaded lane for the open common, now bathed in silver light; it lay so hushed and peaceful in holy splendour, that as I gazed on the waving trees I was leaving, and on the familiar landmarks around, I too fervently hoped that change might not be permitted to visit these well-loved scenes of my childhood and youth.

A few months ago, after an absence of ten years, circumstances enabled me to visit these dear old haunts again, and of course the railway, as the only means of transit with ease and expedition, was resorted to. I was indeed scarcely aware that we had diverged on a newly-formed branch-rail conducting to the heart of the country where lay our destination; but in the midst of the whirl and crash, surely, I thought, those distant hills, and in particular that strangely conical-shaped one, are familiar. Then came houses clustering together, and the well-known ugly steeple of Elvin Church. Ah! we were in the beautiful valley, and we must *pass* our favourite lane, and good Adam Page's rural dwelling. 'Look out for the cherry-tree,' I exclaimed; 'perhaps we may even see old Adam himself by the well-side; for it is his evening hour for lounging there.' The words were scarcely uttered, when the rushing motion seemed accelerated; and at the same moment that the 'infernal machine,' as Adam Page used to call the then new invention, gave a wild and prolonged yell, I became aware that we were actually cutting through the identical spot where the 'Pride of the Valley' had stood—the noble old cherry-tree. Where was it? Where was the hut, the well, the scented garden? All vanished like the phantasmagoria of a dream.

Had Adam and Tabby Page vanished from the face of the earth also?—for they had ever appeared to form part and parcel of the spot. We looked at each other in blank amazement, we stretched our necks out of the windows; but by this time we were just clearing the valley, and about being swallowed up in a long dreary tunnel. We gasped for breath, closed our eyes, and murmuring, 'Are we sleeping or waking, or has the fairy wand of enchantment been here?' Alas! we did not sufficiently consider that ten years' absence can effect more startling changes, both on animate and inanimate objects, than an enchanter's wand; and we soon found that the branch-rail of B——, on which we had so unsuspiciously been travelling, was indeed the real and powerful sorcerer, by whose irresistible means every trace of the humble but happy home in Elvin Valley had vanished away for ever—its very memory faded from amidst the crowded and changeful occupants of the numerous modern houses in the vicinity.

However, there were still *some* yearning hearts left, clinging to and mourning over 'bygones;' and it was not long ere I heard a lady, resident in the neighbourhood, lamenting the loss of the walk, the lane, the fine old cherry-tree, the hut, the garden, and all. Poor old Adam Page, she told me, had to be turned out by force at last, for they fairly pulled his house down about his ears.

On inquiry, I found that he had sought a shelter with his daughter Tabby, at a retired farmhouse a few miles distant; and there eventually I saw the old man again, after an interval of so many years. He

Digitized by Google

looked shy, and somewhat downcast, on first recognising me, and then suddenly said, 'Thee seest the foolish old Adam — the short-sighted, presumptuous old Adam Page properly schooled, madam! Ay, but the rod has been a heavy one!' Tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he pursued painful reminiscences; however, when the first agitation subsided, aided by the endeavours of the pious, ever-cheerful Tabby, other topics were introduced, other interests discussed; and ere my visit came to a conclusion, I looked on the venerable locks of snow before me, and on the extreme age of that bowed head, with a sense of deep humility. The lesson thus forcibly impressed had shed so salutary and purifying an influence on the old man's mind, that when I witnessed his present submission and resignation, under a conviction of error, I could not help inwardly desiring that all presumptuous and dogmatical persons might profit thereby: only, if the lesson were taught in early youth, it might prove pleasanter for themselves, and less irksome to others—but still, according to the common adage, 'it is better late than never.'

THE HASHISH.

Amongst several subjects of scientific inquiry in France, placed for the meantime in abeyance by the revolution of February, one of the most remarkable was the peculiar influence of certain drugs upon the human mind, and the alterations which they produce upon the perceptive powers, the imagination, and the reason. The attention of the French public was brought to this consideration by Dr Moreau, physician to the hospital of the Bicêtre, in Paris, who, in the year 1841, published a short memoir upon the treatment of 'Hallucinations by the Thorn-apple, or *Datura stramonium*.' Whilst discussing the nature of eccentricities, of *fantasias*, and illusions, he was led to describe the singular power of a drug, the produce of the Indian hemp, called *Hashish*, of awakening in the mind a train of phenomena of the most extraordinary character, entrancing the senses in delicious reveries, and modifying the organic sensibility. So invitingly did he paint the nature of the new impressions which arose from its use, that in a short time all the physicians and medical students were indulging in doses of this new addition to the charms of life. From them it rapidly spread to the poets, the idealists, and all the lovers of novelty. Each had a different tale to recount. Some saw phantasmagoric figures dancing more exquisitely than Taglioni; others heard sounds of music vibrating on their ears more impressive than Jenny Lind can produce; some the simple vibrations of a few chords of the harp plunged into the sweetest melancholy; others felt a happiness such as language failed to describe—an exaltation of feeling, which raised them to joys far beyond what this sublunary world can offer. The opium-eater, and the devotee to the wine-bottle, declared that their favourite means of enjoyment possessed little power in comparison to the hashish.

In the year 1845, Dr Moreau gave to the world a work entitled 'Du Hashish et de l'Aliénation Mentale Etudes Psychologiques,' in which we are furnished with the results of his experience upon himself, upon his friends, and upon patients suffering under mental alienation. Since that period the drug has been subjected to various analyses, and the plant has been reared in France and in Algiers with a view of ascertaining its botanical character; but the ill effects that have followed upon its long-continued use, the uncertainty of the result that succeeds its employment, and the usual fate that attends upon the production of a novelty that every one at first talks about, together with the late all-engrossing changes, have led to the abandonment of further trials. Still, the subject is worthy of attention, and we trust that its entire character will ultimately be ascertained.

The *Cannabis Indica*, or hashish, has long been known in the Levant, as producing what is there called a *fantasia*. Our English travellers in Egypt, especially Lane, have devoted some attention to it, but rather as a matter of curiosity, than with a view either of trying it themselves, or learning what was the experience of others. The French *savans* who accompanied Napoleon paid more attention to the matter. M. Virey, in a memoir published as far back as 1803, in one of the scientific periodicals, gave a medical view of it, and attempted to prove that it was the Nepenthes of Homer. Sylvestre de Lacy has taken a vast deal of pains to learn the ancient history that is to be gleaned relative to it, and has demonstrated that the word assassin is derived from the word *haschichin*, which was given to the Ishmaelites who committed murder under its influence. He produces several Arabic texts, which bear out his interpretation, and then quotes the authority of Marco Polo, who tells us that the Old Man of the Mountains, so mysteriously known by our forefathers, educated young men, the most robust of his tribe, to execute his barbarous decrees. To those who delivered themselves up entirely to his will he promised future rewards of eternal happiness, of which he gave them a foretaste by placing them in delicious gardens, adorned with all that Asiatic luxury could imagine of rich and brilliant, and where every sensual gratification was at command. The young men, after having swallowed a certain beverage, were placed in temples within the gardens; and there, while under the influence of intoxication, indulged to the utmost in their degrading passions, till such was their rapture, that at a word they would throw themselves from the summit of a tower, rush through flames, or strike a poniard in the heart of their dearest friend.

Of those who have experienced the effects of the hashish in France, some have described their sensations in print. Amongst these is Theodore Gautier, one of the most distinguished writers of the day. He has, in the newspaper edited by Emile de Gerardin, 'La Presse,' given the following testimony of its singular influence:—'The Orientalists,' says he, 'have, in consequence of the interdiction of wine, sought that species of excitement which the western nations derive from alcoholic drinks. The love of the ideal is so dear to man, that he attempts, as far as he can, to relax the ties which bind the body to the soul; and as the means of being in an ecstatic state are not in the power of all, one person drinks for gaiety, another smokes for forgetfulness, a third devours momentary madness—one under the form of wine, the others under that of tobacco and hashish.' He then proceeds to say, that a few minutes after swallowing some of the preparation, a sudden overwhelming sensation took possession of him. It appeared to him that his body was dissolved, that he had become transparent. He clearly saw in his chest the hashish which he had swallowed, under the form of an emerald, from which a thousand little sparks issued. His eyelashes were lengthened out indefinitely, and rolled like threads of gold around ivory balls, which turned with an inconceivable rapidity. Around him were sparklings of precious stones of all colours, changes eternally produced, like the play of the kaleidoscope. He every now and then saw his friends who were round him disfigured—half-men half-plants, some with the wings of the ostrich, which they were constantly shaking. So strange were these, that he burst into fits of laughter; and to join in the apparent ridiculousness of the affair, he began throwing the cushions in the air, catching and turning them with the rapidity of an Indian juggler. One gentleman spoke to him in Italian, which the hashish transposed into Spanish. After a few minutes he recovered his habitual calmness, without any bad effect, without headache, and only astonished at what

Digitized by Google

had passed. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed before he fell again under the influence of the drug. On this occasion the vision was more complicated and more extraordinary. In the air there were millions of butterflies, confusedly luminous, shaking their wings like fans. Gigantic flowers with chalices of crystal, large peonies upon beds of gold and silver, rose and surrounded him with the crackling sound that accompanies the explosion in the air of fireworks. His hearing acquired new power: it was enormously developed. He heard the noise of colours. Green, red, blue, yellow sounds reached him in waves. A glass thrown down, the creaking of a sofa, a word pronounced low, vibrated and rolled within him like peals of thunder. His own voice sounded so loud that he feared to speak, lest he should knock down the walls, or explode like a rocket. More than five hundred clocks struck the hour with fleeting, silvery voice; and every object touched gave a note like the harmonica or the Æolian harp. He swam in an ocean of sound, where floated, like isles of light, some of the airs of 'Lucia di Lammermuir,' and the 'Barber of Seville.' Never did similar bliss overwhelm him with its waves: he was lost in a wilderness of sweets; he was not himself; he was relieved from consciousness, that feeling which always pervades the mind; and for the first time he comprehended what might be the state of existence of elementary beings, of angels, of souls separated from the body: all his system seemed infected with the fantastic colouring in which he was plunged. Sounds, perfume, light, reached him only by minute rays, in the midst of which he heard magnetic currents whistling along. According to his calculation, this state lasted about three hundred years; for the sensations were so numerous and so hurried, one upon the other, that a real appreciation of time was impossible. The paroxysm over, he was aware that it had only lasted a quarter of an hour.

A case, taken down in notes immediately after its occurrence, may be relied on as perfectly authentic, and as giving a notion of the varied nature of the influence of hashish. The individual, aware of its effects, not by experience, but by what he had heard, having swallowed some of the drug, sat down to the dinner-table; and beginning the dinner in a true French style, ate some oysters, and then suddenly burst into a loud fit of laughter, which soon ceased. He was calm again until the dessert was placed on the table, when he suddenly seized a large spoon, to defend himself against a preserve of fruits, which he fancied was going to fight a duel with him, and then, with a shout of laughter, he rushed from the dining-room. He seated himself in the saloon at the pianoforte, and commenced an air, which was suddenly put a stop to by a horrible vision. The portrait of his brother, which hung over the instrument, became animated, and presented him a three-pronged staff, terminated by three lanterns—one red, one green, and one white. This apparition returned frequently in the course of the evening. Whilst seated on the sofa, he exclaimed suddenly, 'Why bind my limbs? I feel that I become lead! Oh, how heavy I am!' He was taken by the hands to lift him, when he fell upon the ground upon his knees, as if about to pray. Being lifted up, a sudden change came over him. He took the shovel from the fireplace to dance the Polka; he imitated the voice and the gestures of the actors he had lately seen. He fancied himself at the Opera; the people, the noise, the lights, elevated his spirits to their highest pitch. He gesticulated, made a thousand incoherent speeches, and rushed into the next room, which was not lighted up. Something frightful then came over him: he fell into an immense well; it was unfathomable; he tried to lay hold of the stones that projected on the sides of the well, but they fell with him into the abyss. The sensation was painful, but of short duration, and again the scene of the Opera appeared. He spoke of persons whom he had not seen for years; spoke of a dinner at which he had been present five years before, although he was conscious that he was at home, and that all he then saw had passed a long time before, yet he saw before him two persons whom he had then met. But a bliss that could not be described was the sight of an infant in a sky of blue and silver, with white wings bordered by roses: he smiled, and showed two beautiful teeth. He was surrounded by children with wings, and flying in a blue sky, but they were not equally lovely. These all rapidly vanished, after being a source of infinite delight; and suddenly the hashish called up the land of lanterns. There were people, houses, trees, formed of lanterns, in parallel rows; these lanterns marched, danced, and jumped about; in the midst of them appeared the three lanterns which belonged to his brother's fork. One brilliant light seemed superior to all; this was evidently produced by a piece of coal in the fireplace, for when it was extinguished, the light disappeared with it. On drinking a glass of lemonade, the baths of the Seine rose up in view, where with difficulty he was saved from drowning. A thousand fantastic visions floated across the mind during the three hours of its influence, and there was a mixture of sensations such as only are felt in a dream.

Scarcely two people feel the same effects from hashish. Upon some it scarcely acts at all; and there appears to be a power to resist within, which can at pleasure be called into force. It generally has a striking action upon females, sometimes producing a most extraordinary state of excitement; but there seems to be no indication by which the intensity of its power can be anticipated. There is something very analogous to the state of dreaming throughout the whole progress of a paroxysm caused by it. A train of apparently unconnected ideas rush across the imagination, and in their transition are so rapid, that no chain that links them can be seized by investigation.

The ordinary physical effects of hashish are the feeling of a slight compression of the temporal bones and the upper parts of the head. The respiration is gentle; the pulse is slightly accelerated; a gentle heat, such as is felt on going in winter into a warm bath of a temperature of about 98 degrees, is felt all over the surface of the body; there is some sense of weight about the fore part of the arms, and there is an occasional slight involuntary motion, as if to seek relief from it. There are certain indefinable sensations of discomfort about the lower extremities; they do not amount to much, but are sufficient to render the body uneasy. If the dose, however, have been too large, it is not uncommon for several disagreeable symptoms to show themselves. Flashes of heat seem to ascend to the head, and even a boiling sensation in the brain has been felt; a sensation which not unusually creates considerable alarm. Singing in the ears is complained of; then comes on a state of anxiety, almost of anguish, with a sense of constriction about the chest. Towards the epigastrium most of the untoward symptoms are referred. The individual fancies that he hears the beating of his heart with unaccustomed loudness, but on placing the hand on the region of the heart, it will be ascertained that its action is perfectly normal. Throughout the whole period it is the nervous system that is affected, no other part of the body being acted upon; hashish thus materially differing from opium, whose power is marked upon the muscular and digestive system, retarding the action of the organs, and leaving them in a complete state of inaction.

Under the influence of hashish, the ear lends itself more to the illusion than any other sense. It has been observed by those who devote their attention to the aberrations of intellect, that hallucinations of hearing are much more frequent than those of the eye or the other senses: for one diseased person who sees visions, there are three that are deceived by the ear; and the more intellectual are the more generally the prey to this affection. Luther held long conversations with a demon, and Tasso with an angel. The hashish gives to this sense an extreme delicacy and susceptibility: it is felt within the whole system; the sound seems

Digitized by Google

to reach the heart; it vibrates in the chest, and gradually awakens remembrances and associations of ideas, and imparts a feeling of increased sensibility. There is a species of ecstasy, a state of exaltation produced, that defies all explanation. The sight is seldom so much affected; there is rarely anything in the shape of a vision conjured up, but objects that are present are conveyed to the brain in a false view. Sometimes the face of a friend is multiplied, or an object of no striking character is converted into a beautiful figure—is metamorphosed in a thousand different forms: thus an old servant of seventy-one years of age, in spite of his wrinkles and gray hair, appeared before Dr Moreau in the form of a lovely girl adorned with a thousand graces; a glass of lemonade in the hands of a friend became a utensil full of burning charcoal; a hat and a coat placed upon a table were transformed into a rickety little dwarf, having the characteristic appearance of one of those hideous persons formerly employed to amuse the great, but not possessing the symmetry either of Sir Jeffry Hudson or our inimitable Tom Thumb: the touch is occasionally modified, sometimes being endowed with a high degree of sensibility. The most singular hallucinations were those produced by the hashish in some cases of plague, in which it was employed to alleviate suffering by Dr Auber: a young artist imagined his body endowed with such elasticity, that he fancied that he could enter into a bottle and remain there at his ease; one individual fancied that he had become the piston of a steam-engine; another felt himself growing into a balloon, ready to float upon the air. Some of the young Europeans at Cairo, on their way home after a feast of hashish, thought that the dark and dismal streets of the city had been suddenly illuminated; they persuaded each other that there was a magnificent fête going on, that the balconies of the houses were filled with crowds dressed in gala habit, and making loud music, there being no real foundation for the supposition beyond the return home of some persons attended by Arabs carrying coloured lanterns.

Three persons had formed a party to try the hashish—an architect, who had travelled in Egypt and Nubia, Dr Aubert Roche, and Dr Moreau. At first the latter gentleman thought that his companions were less influenced by the drug than himself; then, as the effect increased upon him, he fancied that the person who had brought him the dose had given him some of more active quality. This he thought to himself was an imprudence, and then he involuntarily reflected that he might be poisoned; this idea became fixed; he called out loudly to Dr Roche—'You are an assassin; you have poisoned me!' This was received with shouts of laughter, and his lamentations excited mirth. He struggled for some time against the thought; but the greater his efforts were, the more completely did it overcome him, till at last it took full possession of his mind: then a new illusion, the consequence of the first, drove all other thoughts from him. The extravagant conviction was uppermost that he was dead; that he was upon the point of being buried; his soul had left his body: in a few minutes he had gone through all the stages of delirium. These fixed ideas and erroneous convictions are apt to be produced; but they are very evanescent, they last but a few seconds; it is only when there is any actual physical disorder that they remain for any length of time. The ordinary effect of this marvellous drug, however, is an ideal existence, so delicious that there is no wish to shake it off. The Orientalist, when he indulges in it, retires into the depths of the harem; no one is then admitted who cannot contribute to his enjoyment. He surrounds himself with the *almehs* or dancing-girls, who perform their graceful evolutions before him to the sound of music; gradually a new condition of the brain allows a series of illusions, arising from the external senses, to present themselves. Everything wears a fantastic garb. The mind is overpowered by the brilliancy of gorgeous visions; discrimination, comparison, reason, yield up their throne to dreams and phantoms which exhilarate and delight. The mind tries to understand what is the cause of the new delight, but it is in vain. It seems to know that there is no reality. The positive sensation of universal contentment is the marked feature of the state: it pervades every fibre, and leaves nothing to desire. The narrative of the monarch, so admirably told in the 'Spectator,' who, though plunging his head for an instant only in water, lived during that short time several years in another existence, and went through numerous vicissitudes, seems realised. On one occasion, when Dr Moreau, previously to his going into the Opera-house, had taken his accustomed dose, he fancied that he was nearly three hours passing through the lobby before reaching to the boxes. This phenomenon attends equally upon opium-eating: centuries seem to elapse, during which long trains of visions stalk in endless line before the sight. Mr De Quincey has furnished us, in his 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater,' with some most singular illustrations of this fact.

It is not with impunity that the brain becomes disordered with frequent indulgence in the delicious poison; at last it becomes weakened, and incapable of separating the true from the false; the intoxication too frequently repeated leads to an occasional state of delirium, but this is manifested in a manner almost as singular as the effects just narrated. It must be remarked that, during the dream of joy, there is a consciousness that all is illusion; there is at no period a belief that anything that dances before the senses, or plays upon the imagination, is real; and when the mind returns to its wonted state it acknowledges its illusions, and only wonders at the marvels that have been excited. But after these fantasies have too frequently presented themselves, there arises a permanent morbidity of mind, having for its manifestation a fixed idea—that of seeing beings belonging to an invisible world under various shapes. The Orientalists, and more especially the Arabians and the people of Egypt, believe, as is well known, in the existence of ginn or genii, a class of spirits forming an intermediate link between angels and man. There are in Egypt many persons who firmly believe that they have seen and held intercourse with these beings, nor can any attempt at reasoning persuade them that they have been deceived. The eaters of hashish are subject to such hallucinations. When Dr Moreau was in Egypt, the dragoman, who was a man of superior sense, having been selected by Champollion as his interpreter, the captain of the vessel in which he went up the Nile, and several of the sailors, had seen genii. The captain had seen one under the form of a sheep, that had lost itself, and bleating very loudly; he took him home with the intention of shearing him, and making the wool into a garment, and then eating him, when suddenly he rose up in the form of a man to the height of twenty feet, and with a voice of thunder spoke to him, telling him he was a genius, and then disappeared. His dragoman had met an ass in the neighbourhood of Cairo that he wished to lay hold of; it ran with the speed of lightning, announcing itself a genius with loud shouts of laughter. On another occasion he had been at the funeral of two holy men, Santons. He saw, and others saw very clearly with him, the coffins of the deceased lift themselves in the air, and place themselves on the height of Mokatam, a mountain near Cairo, in the mausoleum which had been destined for their reception. The individuals of whom Dr Moreau speaks passed three months in his service, during which they were in the complete possession of their senses; but such was the state to which they were reduced by this drug, that they would upon any trifling occurrence be affected with these illusions, and neither ridicule nor reasoning could shake their belief. The limited use of the hashish in France has as yet led to no derangement of this kind; but the knowledge that such consequences result from it is of the greatest importance, as it acts as a check to an indulgence in that which would soon become a vice. It may

Digitized by Google

be emphatically said that none of nature's laws can be violated with impunity, nor can that reason which renders man pre-eminent be misapplied without a punishment.

COUSIN TOM.

I BELIEVE it to be a generally acknowledged truth, that cousins, unless indeed they be poor ones, are a very agreeable sort of relations; that is to say, a certain *prestige* or favourable anticipation runs to their advantage in our minds, before we know them to be, if possible, actually odious. Unless it be so, by a kind of mythological principle, I don't know why it is that I always to this very day fancy two families of unseen cousins I have to be delightful society: the youths merry, good-natured, amusing fellows—the girls pretty and attractive: nor how it came to pass that with cousins I did see, I have spent hours and hours in doing nothing at all which I can name, but which seems to me to have been so very pleasant, profitable, and worthy of trying to remember, that I can attribute the idea to no other origin than simply cousinship. As for girl-cousins, the tie is fascinating, if only from its easiness: you can slide in and out of it, break it and mend it again, like a chain of flowers: if you have called them Kate and Bessy, you can call them Catherine and Elizabeth again; you can walk by moonlight with them in youth, and talk coolly to them by daytime in manhood, and nobody will reproach you. This abstract view of things does not, however, strengthen the case of my Cousin Tom, who stands upon his own footing. I have always been accustomed to regard him as a unique—a sort of hero-relative, separate from the common herd of cousins.

When we were boys in the country, our father's eldest sister, who had been twice married, and whose second widowhood rested finally under a name represented here by Tytler, came to reside for a time at a farm-house close beside us. She was a tall, dark, old lady, with black glittering eyes, of whom I stood in considerable awe, until she made a favourite of me, probably in sheer competition with our old-maid aunt, her sister, whose pet was my younger brother, and who was cross to everybody else. But our Aunt Tytler was all good nature and patience, as might have been expected from one who had borne with two partners in succession, and was the mother of various cousins. She joked and laughed with me when I was happy, consoled and smoothed me when I was in disgrace, told me old stories, and gave me a piece of bread and currant-jelly every time I came down to see her: my visits were consequently frequent. A sort of pleasant asylum for distressed boyhood was my Aunt Tytler's parlour fireside, where she sat with her spectacles on, reading novels and newspapers, settling the tea-things on her round table, or talking to the village dressmaker who altered and made her gowns. My aunt herself was no needlewoman: she was both too stately and too indolent; but she had apparently a great deal of work to be done, since Jenny Wood, the good-looking, lively, young mantua-maker, was her most frequent visitor, next to myself. On such genial occasions the old lady would go to her bureau—a piece of furniture more ancient and quaintly-shining than herself—and take out a little oval portrait to show us. This was the picture of a dandy-looking youth, with glossy hair curled and parted, red cheeks and lips, and eyes as black as berries, in a purplish frock-coat and a bright waistcoat—just such a work of art as miniaturists do to maternal order.

'Ned, my dear!' she would say—for I shall take the same liberty with my own baptism that I have done with my relation's birth—'Ned, my dear, that's my Tom! That's your cousin! This is my son I was telling you about, Miss Wood; what do you think of it?'

I was then only eight; but to my taste the thing was intolerable. Not knowing the imagination of miniature painters, a strong feeling possessed me that even, although my cousin, this said Thomas Tytler must verge disagreeably near the limits of what is asinine. To the dressmaking damsel, however, this object was one of admiration, doubtless internal as well as expressed. I don't recollect whether, in process of familiarity with it, she sighed or not; but I am sure this was just the sort of Tom to make impression upon the fancy at least of such a person.

The first time I saw this cousin of mine was shortly after, and it exhibited him all at once in a somewhat strong and peculiar light. One evening I thought I would go down to take tea with Aunt Tytler. Seeing her as I approached crossing the farm-house passage to the kitchen with the tea-kettle in her hand, I made myself at home by walking into the parlour. What was my astonishment there to see by the cheerful flickering of the fire a strange gentleman seated in my aunt's easy-chair, within something less than arm's length of Miss Jenny Wood, the pert little dress-maker, who was giggling in a remarkably pleased way.

'Hallo, who are you?' was roared out to me as I approached this free-and-easy personage. Was there ever such impertinence? I absolutely for a moment felt as if I did not know who or what I was, when such an unaccountable odd-sort-of person, whom I scarcely distinguished, could put the inquiry to me in my own aunt's parlour: all I could do was to falter out my name.

'Oh, you're my cousin!' said the stranger, getting up and shaking hands with me. 'Never saw you before; all right, I daresay!'

Here my aunt came back, and both the other parties appeared so gravely innocent by candlelight, that I should have almost taken the gentleman's account against my own notion, but for the slightest possible approach to a wink in the eye next me, when he looked at me afterwards. This, then, was my Cousin Tom; as to his picture, that was a complete libel on him; for although to the last smacking more or less of the 'gent.,' and at present favouring a certain brightness of vest and cravat, my cousin was a fresh-looking, handsome, tallish young fellow, with a nose rather hooked and turned a little on one side, as if he had been accustomed to fight his way when a boy, and two such twinkling, roguish black eyes, as contained a world of mirth and good-humour for the world of care outside of them. He was then town-traveller to an Edinburgh merchant of all-wares, whom he had gone to as a shopboy: he was now on a visit to his mother, having arrived only half an hour before; and next day, in consequence of his employer's sudden death, he was going to set off for London, to throw himself there on the chance of some situation or other, which he was merely determined to get. However, with all this before him, he was as merry as a boy, jumped up for the kettle, toasted bread, did all sorts of things, and in the meantime was keeping up such a jovial frolicsome flow of humour, as at last made the party almost uproarious; little Jenny Wood, the dressmaker included, whom he would have to stay to tea, and saw her home afterwards.

Next morning Cousin Tom just looked in at our house to see his uncle and aunt, as well as to get me to help him in carrying his bag to the coach two miles off. On the way, however, without appearing gloomy or depressed, his manner was changed; he talked to me

Digitized by Google

quite confidentially about his mother, her pride in him, and his fondness for her: about the world, which to him was only a world of 'business;' what I should be, and what he was going to do himself. As we stood waiting for the coach, 'Now,' said he, 'Ned, mind you and stick to your lessons while you're at them, and I'll make your fortune! Here's a shilling for you; give my love to my mother, and say you saw me off. There's the coach; good-by, and God bless you!' The coach rolled up, Tom handed his bag to the guard, climbed after it with an 'all right,' and I stood by myself looking after the cloud of dust, above which the hat of my Cousin Tom was conspicuous. A week or two after, Aunt Tytler showed me a letter from him: it was a dashing, beautifully sharp, and clear hand, which was always in my eyes the model of commercial penmanship—fine strokes and broad ones alternately; it doubtless was one source of his success in life, although how he had contrived to form it in the middle of his 'ranging' apprenticeship I don't know. This was the whole of the epistle, serving as an example of his private style of correspondence:—

'DEAR MOTHER—All's well. Got a good berth with pushing; but a lucky hit, as I think. Address to Dutton and Co., Upper Thames Street, and shall write you with particulars. Dear mother, yours affectionately—T. T.'

He was now with a first-rate London house; but as postages were dear then, and as Aunt Tytler went away to live in Edinburgh, we neither heard nor saw anything of our cousin, except that at intervals, just when one would have imagined him lost or dead, there would come a 'Times' newspaper with those significant initials added to the address. Sometimes a speech or an occurrence would be marked with a cross; or, more rarely, a little note could be picked out of an obscure paragraph, by putting together the scattered letters which Cousin Tom had underdotted. The London 'Times' was to him the greatest authority on all subjects, only less worthy of perusal than that book of which it was the faithful transcript—this busy world. He had no more imagination, Thomas Tytler, than a broomstick, or less, if witches' tales be true of broomsticks fancying themselves flying horses, and thus doing the duty of such cattle; accordingly, I recollect him afterwards trying in vain to read 'Oliver Twist' even, which he never got through to this day. But all of us had excessive delight in spelling out his newspaper epistles, that so wonderfully transmuted a harangue of Sir Robert Peel's, or a dry state of the money market, into his own characteristic news: if it were but the capitals of ten footmens' advertisements that composed the nerostic sentence which was a favourite of his—'All's well.—T. T.'

During those years, however, many were the changes that took place: our own childish boyhood ran up to youth, poor Aunt Tytler was dead and buried, we had left the country to live in a town, and the printed missives of Cousin Thomas, by coming suddenly from all sorts of places—Newcastle, Canterbury, Bristol, Liverpool, Bath, or York, under the titles of 'Courier,' 'Herald,' 'Sun,' 'Intelligencer,' or 'Mercury'—were enough to indicate that he had taken to the great road. He was now a traveller on a large scale, with some wonderful salary; and the image of him, driving with his gig and mare 'Nanny' from town to town, known to every bagman as the model of their class, Travelling Tom Tytler, whose orders were oiled and whisked out of the most twisted heart by dint of his merry smile—all this grew so palpably out upon us, even in the distance, that the idea of a commercial traveller has always a sort of romantic heroical association to my mind, which railways have only removed into a poetical atmosphere.

Every now and then there was somebody turning up that knew Tom, or had met him, and had heard him talk with pride of 'my uncle,' and 'my old mother, poor woman:' of all cousins he was *par excellence* 'our cousin.' We could fancy we saw him at night drawing up beside the inn-door, throwing his reins to the ostlers, patronising the landlord, his black eye twinkling roguishly upon barmaids and chambermaids; dashing off his letters, reading the paper, and then enclosing it to signify his whereabouts to the remaining friends who thought about him; then the centre of a circle of jovial bagmen from all quarters, for all sorts of goods, who were enjoying themselves over their tumblers after a hard day's rhetoric. Then he would be Tom all over, from the slippers to the crown of his head, and nobody would think of calling him Mr Tytler who knew him: so many years, indeed, did he appear as mere Travelling Tom, that we felt as if he would never be anything else; a homeless, circulating kind of off-hand fellow, who would never be able to bear fixing down, and would sigh in a palace after the commercial roast-beef, with the pint of port, the gig-apron, and the trotting mare. No one understood till afterwards how Tom carried the serious idea in his head, a secret determination to make out of all that web of roads and calls a certain substantial result, and work up amidst the difficulties of wanting capital or patronage, to a position where his old mother, if she could have known it from her grave, would be prouder to own him.

At length we heard that henceforth our cousin would include the north tour in his peregrinations, so that we should see him again. It was one frosty afternoon of Christmas-eve that my younger brother and I went down to meet him when the mail-coach should come in, for the occasion of his arrival had kept us quite excited for a week beforehand. In rattled the coach to the inn-door, the horses stood with their breath smoking in white clouds against the fog under the lamp, all sorts of wrapped-up passengers tumbled down and out amongst the hustle; but we were experienced enough to look up to the box-seat beside the driver, where we felt our cousin must be. A tall, stout gentleman, accordingly, was the first to jump off from it; he didn't much resemble my recollection of Cousin Tom in his mother's parlour; but the cock of his jaunty hat, and the black eyes visible over a mass of neckerchiefs and box-coats, convinced me it could be nobody else.

'Are you my Cousin Thomas?' I said, as he began to see coolly after his luggage, like a figure whose very outline induced respect in the group of guard, ostlers, and waiters.

'Eh! what?' said he, scarcely turning round. 'I don't know, but I believe I'm *somebody's* Cousin Thomas after all! I'll have a look at you presently, my boy.'

There was his own carpet-bag, and the house's green baize one, and a travelling desk, and a hamper smacking of the season: out of which last emerged, when we got home, such a variety of hare, and salmon-kipper, and a goose, and other provisions, all for a present to *'my aunt,'* but, besides, for a royal Christmas dinner, at which Tom would be the vital spirit. Then the firm, though selling almost everything, called itself a brush-making one; so there was a brush for every one of us, from the head of the house down to little Bob in pinafores. Christmas was the centre of the year to our travelling relative, after the rest of it had whirled away in business and in rushing from place to place. In speech, manner, ideas, and outward man he had turned English all over—quick, bustling, matter-of-fact; hated the slow, cautious poking, canny ways of Scotland, where they keep a man soft-sawdering all day about a twopenny order, and said at the end, 'They would see about it!'

What a connoisseur in good fare he seemed too! From his conversation at dinner, you would have thought eating and drinking one of the great businesses of this world, as well as Dutton and Co. themselves, for both of which he was apparently traveller; since he considered it one of the triumphs of art to get anybody to take a bit more, even if they were almost at the last gasp of repletion. He rubbed his hands and chuckled

Digitized by Google

at seeing us youngsters eat; and it was rich for us to observe himself with a mouthful of my mother's unequalled plumpudding; how he smacked his lips, held his head to one side as if thinking of it, and made his black eyes twinkle! Most of this was talk and theory, the sole ideal field in which our Cousin Tom's imagination betrayed itself; still, what with treating refractory customers and refreshing in inns, he had grown stout and jolly-looking for the prime of life; his forehead bald; his complexion rubicund; his dark eyes full of fun, but knowing; a pair of rich black whiskers, which he had a trick of pulling and stroking; his nose as if it had been a little twisted: he was one of the handsomest and most dashing men of his kind. Nobody would have taken him externally for a Scotchman, unless one had known what a cool, cautious, long-headed perseverance he bore in him, had seen him humouring the points of a Scotch tradesman as none but a Scotchman could have done, or had been present when he relaxed after dinner over a bottle of wine, spoke broad Scotch in a contemptuous, laughable sort of way, and talked of 'his old mother, poor woman!' Then at the evening Christmas party of young folks, Cousin Tom was all alive, played at forfeits, came in dressed in a bonnet and shawl, twisting his features so that we scarcely knew him, and told stories of the road that made us all shriek with laughter, while he laughed himself till the tears ran over his face. Next day, however, he was all business, and off about his orders, which were so few in our town as to be merely a pretext for giving a half-yearly call to us. Before leaving, too, he gave a spice of what I may call his inner character to myself.

'How old are you, Ned, my boy?' said he.

'Fifteen.'

'Why, you ought to be keeping books by this time. Ain't you thought of being anything yet?—to do for yourself; eh? Don't you remember what I told you seven years ago and more?'

'I should like to go into the navy, Cousin Thomas,' replied I.

'The navy! Go into a horse-bucket and be kicked, you young fool,' said Cousin Tom, looking emphatic. 'Here, now, I'll tell you what I did. When my father died, I went, without asking anybody's leave, to old Bailie Jackson's in the Lawnmarket, and offered myself for a shopboy. I was a little fellow of ten, and the bailie wouldn't hear of me, because he didn't want any more boys; however I stuck about the place, doing everything I could, and coming back every morning for nothing, till the old man took a fancy to me, went to my mother, and bound me apprentice, though the poor woman thought it low, and wanted me to stay at school. Well, I had eight pounds for the first year, and there I kept close at it; went a mile to the shop at six in the morning, swept it out, lighted the fires, washed out bottles, and ran home to breakfast, then back again to go errands. Many a dirty job I had to do, and many a bloody nose I got, because I didn't like to do more than my own share of 'em, besides fighting in closes for my basket; but at last I came to keep books now and then, as I'd made up my mind to have a good hand, and went to a writing-master, and practised arithmetic in spare hours; then I was clerk; and at twenty-one I was town-and-country traveller. Why, you don't know you're born yet, Ned! Well, when the old bailie dropped off, what did I do? I could have got on in the old way no doubt, but I had seen something, and I took it into my head to go to London. I knew nobody, I hadn't got any friends, and I went over twenty houses for no use. At last I came to a first-rate house, in a sort of business I was sure I could do something in, if I once got the chance: Dutton and Co's it was. I walked up straight to the old gentleman, looked him in the face, and told him what I wanted. "I don't want to choose my place," said I; "I'll do anything. I'll begin as a light-porter, if you like: only try me!" The old gentleman looked at me again; perhaps he liked me; but he put me in the warehouse. There I worked up to be traveller, with three hundred and fifty a year, as I am just now: in a few years more it'll be five hundred; and then—— But you don't know you're alive, Ned! I wish I had you, I'd make a man of you! I'd make you work like a trooper—clean shoes, do anything you were told without asking about it, and never rest while anybody else paid for you. That's my blessing to you now, my boy!'

After all this, at the climax of which my cousin got somewhat excited, he soon smoothed down again. At the coach he gave me half-a-crown, and said, 'Now remember what I told you, Ned, till next time! If you don't, hang me but I'll give you a regular wallopping myself.' When his next two visits occurred, however, I was pretty far off, learning the same lessons Tom had tried to teach me, in a better way than he could have done—namely, in the manner suited to one's own character. But it was a peculiarity of his, that from his want of imagination he never could suppose or calculate for the differences in mental constitution.

The first time I saw him again I was at college, and my younger brother, by his influence, had entered into that commercial sphere which, to our cousin's idea, included all real life and business, the rest being but fables or artifice. His half-yearly visit to the city we were in was regular, and, as formerly, an occasion looked forward to by us. We could count upon his arriving at the London Hotel to a day; the week it lasted was just a succession of suppers with Cousin Tom, who delighted in seeing his younger cousins happy at night, if they were busy by day. On the Sunday we went to church together; like the sovereign, he always went to the established church of the country he was in—the most out-and-out of conservatives was Thomas Tytler, gent.—and would have supported the constitution in Rome or Constantinople; for conservation was necessary to 'business.' As for the theory of the matter, he had none, but preferred the Church of England for its not being Scotch; while the Scotch service, on the other hand, had a wonderful effect on the appetite. Sunday, indeed, was the day on which he enjoyed his dinner; the landlord and his head-waiter brought in the never-failing roast-beef; and how Cousin Tom would take the opportunity of peeping under the cover while they were absent for a moment about the other dishes! The commercial-room was far ever deserted by him now, as the gig and mare had long been, and the former for the very sufficient reason that our cousin had taken a wife; and still more remarkable on both parts, that she invariably travelled with him. This was of all things that which he might have been expected not to do; since how he could have contrived to cast off all the various flames of his dashing bachelor life, and never chuck a chambermaid under the chin again, it was difficult to imagine. Yet Tom had done it, the sober element in him prevailing over the more mercurial; while, at the same time, Mrs Tytler, on a first acquaintance, seemed one of the least likely women to have caught him at last. If he ever did marry, it was thought the lady would be some rich, smart, fine Londoner, English to a degree, and far too high to leave her dressing-room if she allowed her husband to travel: indeed the thing was unique on the road, and somewhat invidious. Mrs Tytler was quiet, gentle, very plain in her dress, not remarkably pretty, a Scotchwoman, and she had no money: but our cousin knew his card in this as in other things, and all we wondered at eventually was the sagacity of his choice. His wife appeared made for a relief to his own humour, spirits, and dashing manner; she had a sort of instinct as to his weak points, and exquisite tact in humouring them; while Cousin Thomas walked up and down the room in a passion, or was cross and fretful, she sat quiet, smiling, or saying something now and then till he came round again. He consulted her on all questions of moment: her advice, Tom said, was wonderful; she saw into a customer, and knew the firm better than himself. She had the theory and imagination he wanted, and meanwhile had the air of a

Digitized by Google

kind of portable home by way of preparation for a stationary one. 'Oh,' he would say all of a sudden, 'if my old mother had been alive and seen you, Ann, how you would have got on with her!' Many a happy evening did we spend with Cousin Tom and his wife in their hotel: she sat so still, talked so quietly, and in such a soft liquid voice, entering into all one's character and meeting its points, that I always thought if I were in distress, or had a quarrel to make up with anybody, I should like to refer it to Mrs Thomas Tytler—she would have been like falling snow upon it, bringing peace and reconciliation.

Two or three years or more passed thus, bringing the travelling pair as punctually each half. They had no family, but were more congenial and happy than ever. In the intervals came newspapers from all places, with the familiar T. T. in the corner, sometimes an A. before it for Mrs Tytler. At length we found that Cousin Tom was no longer to extend his tours so far north; they had even taken a neat little house in London suburbs. Mrs Tytler ceased to accompany her husband, but he only went out for a month or two at a time, having also set up the gig again, with a mare as like the celebrated 'Nanny' as could be found. This 'Nanny,' by the way, Tom's wife would always have it, had been some old flame of his, and every now and then she would torment him about it: which reminded me of my cousin in his mother's parlour with little Jenny Wood, while Aunt Tytler went out with the kettle; and several times I was on the point of alluding to it, when I caught the twinkle of Thomas's one eye, with a concentrated wink in the other, warning me not to do it. Now, however, there was a sad blank with us at every Christmas; but we heard of their snug Christmases in the little house at Brixton—could picture to ourselves Cousin Tom, his wife, her sister, and a few friends, sitting before the fire over the bottle of prime port and the walnuts, the cask of Scotch whisky he always kept for old acquaintances, the servant Mary, the Scotch terrier 'Tip,' the gig in its house, the mare Nanny looking round in her stable for her double feed at the sound of Tom's foot. At Christmas time there invariably came to us such a bundle of 'Timeses,' 'Punches,' and 'Illustrated London Newses,' all redolent of the season, and showing by the flourishing 'T. T.' and 'All's well,' how our favourite cousin's very soul rejoiced in Christmas, and became then almost poetical. Next there arrived a list of members of the 'Honourable Company of Fishmongers,' to which he had been elected, where the name of Thomas Tytler was marked with two crosses. Finally, we were all electrified by the sudden appearance of a circular, headed by the significant words, 'Dutton and Tytler, Brushmakers,' without further notice, showing that our Cousin Tom had become a partner in the firm. Old Mr Dutton was dead, upon which Tom's experience, some money he had saved, and more he was to pay out of his income, sufficed to give him this position: he said it was owing to Mrs Tytler, and I believe to a certain extent he must have been right, since she was just the sort of woman to confirm and impel the inward steadiness of a man externally 'fast,' and dashing, and overflowing with *bonhomie*. Cousin Tom, whose handsome stoutness at one time prophesied ominously of 'blood to the head,' left off porter, finished his pint of port only on Sundays, took a new lease of his life, and went at it like a head of the firm. His senior partner in rank, Mr Dutton the son, was the very contrast of him; a young Englishman, cold, distant, but gentlemanly, and standing upon his position in life, with a young and pretty wife, who thought no more of the business, probably, than Mrs Tytler did of fashion: yet they all worked well together; and Travelling Tom of roadside celebrity, with his genial manner and long head, was only the animating spirit of the house in his capacity of Thoroughgoing Tytler.

To my younger brother in commercial occupation our cousin was the model and idea, at a revering distance, of success in life; even privately, on some little trait of his seeming to transpire involuntarily in her son, our mother would exclaim, 'So like Thomas!' London, too, with the youth, was the great field of luck as well as exertion: if its streets were not paved with gold, yet the old story of 'Whittington and his Cat' was apparently being acted over again in our Cousin Tom. After a disagreement with his master, our young man in his first huff set off for that mighty battle-field of life in the cloud; and without having said a word to any one, presented himself before his cousin, who was naturally taken rather back at having his own history imitated. His being a relation and a Scotchman was the very bar against introduction into the house, and the partner would be sure to look coldly upon the thing. However, a domestic evening with the quiet partner of the firm of T. and T. gave a more feasible aspect to the case, the woman's spirit bringing into consideration the circumstances of a youth immersed at once amidst the troubled sea of London.

'Now, Joe,' said his Cousin Tom, 'I'll make you work: you mustn't be nice; you shall clean shoes and scrub the floors if you're wanted to! and we'll put you into the warehouse.' This was Cousin Tom's way, of frightening people with the worst, that the better might seem agreeable; but his bark was always worse than his bite; and after dinner, when his cousin was left in the counting-house, he came down once or twice at first with something nice in his hand, which he made Joe take behind the door. My brother was one of the tall specimens of the north, a 'well-growed un,' as his cousin phrased it; and it was his delight to show him off at home for his Scotch cousin, the smallest of his family, whose common tongue was Gaelic, and who had left his kilt in his own country.

'Joe,' he would say to him, 'you're a good-looking fellow now: there's a tinman's daughter over the way with a hundred thousand pounds, and I'm sure she casts a sheep's-eye at you! Couldn't you make up to her, to astonish your mother yet—eh?'

Then he would rub his hands, and laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, at the thought of Joe's making such a quick step of it, and going home in his carriage.

Cousin Tom's friends in the ward at length made him a common councilman; and he just peeped in at the counting-house door with his blue silk robes on, edged with fur, merely to see of course if all was right, the day he went to be presented to the Queen, and kiss her hand. At night he said chuckling to his wife and Joe, 'What would my poor mother say if she saw me!' —then the tears stood in his eyes. Again, it was his strict rule for Mrs Tytler to write every day when he was absent on an occasional journey, which one day when he was at Brighton she had apparently omitted to do. Cousin Tom took rail immediately, arrived at the street door at home; he let himself in, took off his boots, and crept cautiously up stairs.

'Where's Mrs Tytler, Mary?' said he in a whisper to the servant. 'Is she confined to her room?'

The girl informed him that she was quite well; but on the discovery that the letter had not been posted in time, how he did blow up the unfortunate culprit! After which, ordering her not to mention his return, off he posted back to Brighton again. This was our cousin in his thoughtful or Tytler character, so curiously alternating with the common Tom-like one.

Happiness and good-humour to the end rest at our Cousin Tom's fireside, albeit adorned by no heirs, who would probably degenerate. With his quiet wife, her still quieter maiden sister, and a few friends, their circle is complete. If he should ever come to be lord mayor of London, and his wife lady mayoress, one might suggest a motto for them, at which Cousin Tom once laughed till his sides were sore; namely, A. T. T. O. T. T., being their matrimonial initials linked possessively to those of their own commercial firm, and at the same time signifying, 'At the top of the tree.' Then he would die

Digitized by Google

an alderman that has 'passed the chair;' but at any-rate, on his monument might appropriately be inscribed nothing more than his own favourite epistolary form, 'All's well.—T. T.'

A NEW ESCULENT.

A MEDIATE effect of the fatal potato malady has been that of exciting inquiry and discussion on the subject of an accessory, or substitute for the now indispensable tuber. In some quarters prizes have been offered in furtherance of the object—in this country by the Society of Arts, and on the continent by the Brussels Academy of Sciences. The bulletin of the latter institution for the present year contains an account of a new root communicated by one of the members, which we consider sufficiently important to deserve further publicity. The plant in question is a tuberous variety of the *Tropæolcæ*, known as *Capucines* in France, comprising twenty distinct species, among which the ornamental and pungent Indian cress is familiar to horticulturists. It grows spontaneously in Peru, and is largely cultivated as an article of food, under the name of *Mayua*, in the province of Popayan, at a height of 10,000 feet above the sea-level, as described by Humboldt in 1801.

According to M. Morren, the writer of the paper under notice, the *Tropæolum tuberosum* was first brought to Europe about twenty years ago. He began to cultivate it in 1838, with the view of introducing it into Belgium as an alimentary resource for the population. The root, however, met with but little attention until 1845, since when it has been carefully tried by eminent horticulturists in different parts of the continent; and the prizes offered by the Belgium government will doubtless have the effect of further extending and improving its culture.

The mayua grows with sometimes as many as fifteen tubers to a root—these are the average size of our potatoes; and are round, kidney-formed, or peg-top shaped, according to kind. Their colour is bright yellow, with rays of reddish-purple or scarlet diverging from the eyes, which are deeply set. A careful analysis of the root proves its organisation to be equal to that of the best alimentary tubers: a preponderance of cellular tissue, abundance of juices and rich fecula, but slight indications of woody tissue, and a protecting skin. Objections have been taken to the depth of the eyes, as presenting a difficulty in peeling; various sorts of potatoes, however, have them equally deep, and the obvious remedy is to peel after boiling. Further cultivation, too, may so improve the plant as to render it as smooth and eyeless as the round Dutch potato.

With regard to the edible qualities of the mayua, M. Morren's experience will perhaps be best given in his own words. After premising that the Peruvians and some of his compatriots had preceded him in the matter of tasting, he observes:—'When I rubbed the tubers exteriorly my olfactory organ became sensible of an agreeable aroma, delicate and tenderly perfumed. There was no earthy smell, as in the potato.

'When cut, a delicious odour exhales, mingled with a certain sub-acidity by no means repulsive; on the contrary, attractive to the palate.

'Eaten raw, the root produces a rich, smooth, unctuous savour, which lasts but a short time, and is all at once succeeded by a piquant peppery taste, exciting the tongue somewhat as ginger. This spicy taste afterwards disappears, and leaves in the mouth a pleasing perfume and agreeable coolness.

'From this I was led to conclude that the tubers of the mayua should be eaten raw, cut in slices as salad, or with meat. I have never experienced any ill effects from eating it in this way, and my family relish it equally with myself.

'I next had the tubers boiled; my cook remarked that they required more salt than our potatoes; but what most struck us was, that all the perfumed and piquant taste had entirely disappeared. A modification had taken place, the study of which I recommend to the attention of chemists, for the root, when cooked, has exactly the smell of a Tonquin bean. I am quite unacquainted with the element which produces this agreeable odour in the cooked mayua. Nevertheless the boiled tuber is feculent, rich, unctuous, with the taste of a good blue potato, or that of the Cordilleras yellow; that is to say, it approaches the flavour of hard yolk of eggs.

'I consider, therefore, that, under all the circumstances, the mayua may become a culinary plant; the important point is to persevere and to vary the cultivation on different soils and in various localities during several years.

'This root is cultivated in the same way as the potato. It requires earthing up, and may be trained to stakes or a trellis, or let to run on the ground; I prefer the trellis, as the plant thereby becomes stronger and more luxuriant. It should be set in spring after the frosts; the tubers form late, and are ripe in October.

'It is easy to comprehend why the mayua, introduced into Europe only since 1828, has as yet neither enemy nor malady: disease and blight most occur among old and over-diffused productions—a providential law, which the history of useful plants abundantly proves. The only foes whose attacks have to be feared in cultivating the capucines, are the larvæ of white butterflies (*Piérides*), which commit such fearful ravages on cabbages and cruciferous plants; but means are known by which to prevent the insects from depositing their eggs upon the leaves. Sparrows are frightened away by mannikins, and butterflies may be kept at a distance by egg-shells placed on slender sticks fastened in the ground, or on the ends of branches in the hedge round the plot to be preserved. This fact is proved by experience, and affirmed by long usage in great part of the province of Liege.

'The mayua plants admit of multiplication, by division of the tubers, into as many parts as there are eyes, and they may be further reproduced by budding the branches. The tuberous capucine is as easy to propagate as the potato.'

M. Morren proposes a popular name for this root, derived from the Portuguese *Mastouche tubéreuse*, or tuberous mastouche. Considered at first to be an annual, it is now known to be perennial, but in our latitudes the tubers require to be taken up to prevent their freezing. In 1845 M. Neumann of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris paid some attention to the mayua; he, however, preserved it in vinegar as a pickle. Although easily prepared in this way, merely requiring to be soaked for a month or two in the acid, it is much more serviceable when boiled.

Should the *Tropæolum tuberosum* be found to answer all the expectations here formed of it, it will be interesting to observe whether the new esculent will meet with as many obstacles on its introduction as was the case with the potato and some other roots. The potato in many quarters was received with bitter denunciations: Voltaire called it 'a trumpery work of nature;' and one hundred years ago it was grown in gardens as a curiosity. Hitherto the mayua has followed what appears to be the general rule—garden culture before field culture; whence the saying, that horticulture is mother of agriculture. The beet-root, first brought from the shores of the Tagus, was cultivated in gardens for two centuries, on account of its elegant leaves and the rich red colour of its root. So with the carrot and sea-kale; the latter is still a curiosity on the continent. When the Emperor Charles V. returned from the conquest of Tunis, he brought the rhubarb to Europe as a useful purgative. This plant also soon became a favourite in gardens and pleasure-grounds, from the size of its leaves, its rose-like centre, and sceptre-like flower. But when the agreeable taste of the stalks was

Digitized by Google

discovered, a new impulse was given to its cultivation; and at the present time hundreds of acres of rhubarb are grown in the neighbourhood of London as a most useful spring fruit.

THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

The American revolution was not a casualty brought about by misgovernment on one side, and genius and bravery on the other. It was an event which had been ripening in the womb of time since the days of the pilgrim fathers, and however delayed or accelerated by temporary circumstances, was as sure to happen as any of the regular phenomena of nature. England could not lose by the world's gain; for England was the most important part of the world. When America had waxed too great for a dependency, she burst the bonds of the mother country as naturally as a young bird chips its shell; and when the fracas of the action was over, that *magna parens* had the satisfaction to know that in losing a troublesome colony she had gained for mankind a mighty nation. The war was not a war of races, but of a single people, speaking the same language, and brought up in the same feelings and the same knowledge. It was British valour which burned in American bosoms, and triumphed over British arms—simply because the fulness of time was come when it was impossible for political will to avert a natural necessity.

All this is obvious now; but it was not so in its acted time. One party was loyalist, the other rebel; on one side was freedom, on the other tyranny; both England and the colony forgot that the colonists were English, and in branding one another with all sorts of epithets, it never occurred to the belligerents that they were slandering themselves. A new nationality had sprung up; realities were lost in names; and the axiom of Mirabeau received another illustration—that words are things.

It was a fine idea to paint in a separate picture the part taken by women in this famous contest. Women can never receive from regular history the meed to which they are entitled, because they are not the actors but influencers of great deeds. They serve to adorn war, and humanise passion; and their place would appear to be in the romantic, with a sub-historical character. The author of these volumes has a vague idea of the kind running through her book; but her forte does not lie in the romantic; and when she does yield to the necessity suggested by her taste, the effect is a little awkward. She sometimes begins a narrative, for instance, in the form of a novel (confounding the romantic with romance); but unable to sustain the flight, sinks presently down into the style of a register. But her attempt, notwithstanding, is meritorious, and not altogether unsuccessful; and although her work is not, as she supposes, 'a useful contribution to American history,' it is a storehouse of small materials to which the historian may resort with profit.

A few instances occur in these volumes of coarse and masculine spirits enshrined in female bosoms; but generally speaking, the part taken by the women of the revolution satisfies the heart as much as it rouses the admiration. Generous, high-spirited, and devoted, they rarely forgot the true province of their sex. They gave up their property without a sigh, and went about from house to house *keeping* for the army; they embroidered colours, distributed arms and ammunition, and exhorted the men to use them like heroes. In some counties the young ladies pledged themselves not to receive the addresses of lovers who had not given proofs of love of their country. Could female devotion go farther? Yes, farther. They renounced the use of *tea*; for this was the article, a tax on which was the apparent cause of an event already matured in the womb of fate. Young girls even used the sprightliness of their youth as a cloak for patriotism. On one occasion, when a boy had fallen under suspicion, who was in the habit of bringing letters to the 'rebels' concealed on his person, a young lady entered into a game of romps with him in the market-place of the town; and covering his head with her apron, abstracted his despatches. When she got home with her prize, and it was found that the missives contained good news, this gay, high-spirited lassie, not knowing how otherwise to give vent to her joy without exciting the observation of the townspeople, put her head up the chimney, and gave a shout for the republic!

As an instance of the heroism of the women in their own province, we may mention the account of Mrs Draper:—'When the first call to arms sounded throughout the land, she exhorted her husband to lose no time in hastening to the scene of action; and with her own hands bound knapsack and blanket on the shoulders of her only son, a stripling of sixteen, bidding him depart and do his duty. To the intreaties of her daughter that her young brother might remain at home to be their protector, she answered that every arm able to aid the cause belonged to the country. "He is wanted, and must go. You and I, Kate, have also service to do. Food must be prepared for the hungry; for before to-morrow night hundreds, I hope thousands, will be on their way to join the continental forces. Some who have travelled far will need refreshment, and you and I, with Molly, must feed as many as we can."' For two days and a night she employed herself diligently in baking bread; and then erecting a long form on the roadside, she covered it with pans of bread and cheese, placing pails of cider beside them. This entertainment, presided over by Mrs Draper herself, was free to all who passed by on their way to join the army, many of whom were exhausted for want of food; and when her own supplies were at an end, this fine-spirited matron begged from her neighbours. But something besides food was wanted by and by. After the battle of Bunker's Hill there was a scarcity of ammunition, and Washington called upon the inhabitants to send into him every ounce of pewter or lead in their province. 'This appeal could not be disregarded. It is difficult at this day to estimate the value of pewter as an ornamental as well as indispensable convenience. The more precious metals had not then found their way to the tables of New Englanders; and throughout the country, services of pewter, scoured to the brightness of silver, covered the board, even in the mansions of the wealthy. Few withheld their portion in that hour of the country's need; and noble were the sacrifices made in presenting their willing offerings. Mrs Draper was rich in a large stock of pewter, which she valued as the ornament of her house. Much of it was precious to her as the gift of a departed mother. But the call reached her heart, and she delayed not obedience, thankful that she was able to contribute so largely to the requirements of her suffering country. Her husband, before joining the army, had purchased a mould for casting balls, to supply himself and son with this article of warfare. Mrs Draper was not satisfied with merely giving the material required when she could possibly do more; and her platters, pans, and dishes were soon in process of transformation into balls.' Then came a new want. 'The supply of domestic cloth designed for her family was in a short time converted by her labour, assisted by that of her daughter and maid, into coats for the soldiers; the sheets and blankets with which her presses were stored were fashioned into shirts; and even the flannel already made up for herself and daughter was altered into men's habiliments.' We give this as an example of the spirit of women in domestic matters, and the rather that such anecdotes form the original part of the book before us. We may add that a Mrs Pond, assisted only by another female and a hired man, on a sudden emergency prepared in a single hour a breakfast of milk and hasty-pudding for a hundred wearied and hungry soldiers.

A patriot of the name of Israel, falling under something more than suspicion, was taken on board a frigate as a spy, and a detachment of soldiers was sent to capture and slaughter his cattle, then feeding in a meadow

* By Elizabeth F. Ellet. 2 vols. New York. 1848.

Digitized by Google

within view of the ship. Mrs Israel was a young wife of nineteen, and about to become a mother, and is described as of a slight and girlish figure, and modest and retiring manners. On seeing the soldiers land, however, and march towards the field, her resolution was taken; and accompanied by a boy of eight years of age, she set out at full speed to the rescue of the cattle. This she effected by driving them into the barn-yard, with the shot of the enemy falling thick about her. There they were safe, for the British forces were not in that quarter in a condition to invade the farmhouses.

One of the most interesting notices relates to the beautiful and light-spirited Mrs Greene, wife of the Quaker general; but it affords little matter for extract. After his death the widow wrote thus to his executor:—'I am a woman—unaccustomed to anything but the trifling business of a family; yet my exertions may effect something. If they do not, and if I [sacrifice] my life in the cause of my children, I shall but do my duty, and follow the example of my illustrious husband.' When Mrs Greene was even very old, her power of fascination is described as being irresistible, and the following anecdote is told of its effect in the person of a lady still living, who, when a girl, had determined *not* to like the old woman:—'One day she chanced to be on a visit at the late Colonel Ward's, in New York, where she saw a lady —dressed completely in black, even to the head-dress, which was drawn close under the throat—who from her seat on the sofa was holding the whole company in breathless attention to the lively anecdotes of the war, and the brilliant sketches of character, which she was drawing so skilfully, and in a tone so winning, that it was impossible not to listen to her. Still the young girl's resolution was not shaken. She might be compelled to admire, but the liking depended on herself; and she took a seat at the opposite side of the room. How long she remained there she was never able to tell; but her first consciousness was of being seated on a stool at the old lady's feet, leaning upon her knee, and looking up in her face as confidingly as if she had been her own mother.'

The influence of the fair sex is shown in repeated instances throughout the book. One lady, Mrs Gibbes, in the midst of scenes of ruffian violence, during the robbery of her house by the troops, commanded even their respect by her calm and lady-like deportment. In *her* presence all was at least the show of decorum. 'Maintaining her place as mistress of her household, and presiding at her table, she treated her uninvited guests with a dignified courtesy that insured civility, while it prevented presumptuous familiarity. The boldest and rudest among them bowed involuntarily to an influence which fear or force could not have secured.' But this subordination of the slighter feminine feelings by the greater, appears more conspicuously in the heroism with which Mrs Motte consented to the destruction of her property. Her house interrupted the progress of an important siege; and the American commander hinted, with great embarrassment, to a lady to whom the patriotic cause owed much, that its destruction would in all probability insure the capture of the enemy. 'The smile with which the communication was received gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs Motte not only assented, but declared that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight."' Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus, which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided.' The house was burned down before her eyes; the British garrison surrendered; and after the captors had taken possession, Mrs Motte signalised the occasion by presiding, with feminine grace, at a grand dinner of the officers. In one instance this self-abnegation is sublimed into the stoical heroism of a Roman matron in the palmy days of Rome. William Martin was killed at the siege of Augusta; and a British officer rode out of his way to gratify his hatred of the rebels, by conveying the intelligence abruptly to the bereaved mother. 'You had a son,' said he, 'in the army at Augusta! I saw his brains blown out on the field of battle!' The American dame did not blench. Her countenance was calm, whatever strife may have been going on within; and looking steadily at the ruffian, she answered, 'He could not have died in a nobler cause!'

It must be said, however, that instances of ruffianism of this kind were comparatively few for a period of civil war. The heroic actions of the women were in most cases unpunished, and the author is amusingly unconscious of the generosity of the adverse party. At a time when the failure of ammunition began to be vexatiously felt in the American army, supplies of this grand necessary of war were secreted by the patriots in hollow trees, and other such places. The store given to Colonel Bratton was confided by him during an occasional absence to the care of his wife; but the circumstance in some way or other became known, and a detachment of the enemy was sent to secure it. Mrs Bratton was made aware of their near approach, and 'immediately laid a train of powder from the depôt to the spot where she stood, and when the detachment came in sight, set fire to the train, and blew it up. The explosion that greeted the ears of the foe informed them that the object of their expedition was frustrated. The officer in command, irritated to fury, demanded who had dared to perpetrate such an act, and threatened instant and severe vengeance upon the culprit. The intrepid woman to whom he owed his disappointment answered for herself. "It was I who did it. Let the consequence be what it will, I glory in having prevented the mischief contemplated by the cruel enemies of my country."' The deed was committed with an impunity very common in that war in the case of ladies.

Let us come now to some anecdotes of more stirring adventure. A quiet unobtrusive-looking house in Philadelphia, inhabited by a Quaker pair of the name of Darrah, was chosen by the British officers as a place for private conference; and one evening of meeting the individual in command exhibited so much anxiety to get the family early to bed, that the alarm of Lydia Darrah was excited. She could not rest that night. She heard in imagination sounds of feet from the midnight council; and at length getting up, she stole like a shadow to the door of the room, and heard the reading of a paper containing the plan of an attack upon the American army at White Marsh on the next day but one. Lydia crept back to bed, and a knocking at her door soon announced to her that the mysterious guests were departing. She shut up the house, and collected her thoughts. Information must be given to her countrymen of the impending destruction —but by whom? To employ her husband would be to place him in imminent jeopardy; and Lydia determined to be herself the messenger. Early in the morning, taking an empty sack with her for the ostensible purpose of procuring flour for the family, she went to head-quarters, obtained General Howe's written permission to pass the British lines, and then walking through the snow to Frankford, deposited her sack at the mill. She then pressed forwards towards the American outposts; but luckily falling in with an officer on the way, she delivered her fateful tidings. Lydia returned home with her sack of flour the same day, and those baffled British never could imagine to whom they owed this unfathomable treachery.

The following is an anecdote of the wife of Colonel Thomas:—'Early in the war, Governor Rutledge sent a quantity of arms and ammunition to the house of Colonel Thomas, to be in readiness for any emergency that might arise on the frontier. These munitions were under a guard of twenty-five men, and the house was prepared to resist assault. Colonel Thomas received information that a large party of Tories, under the command of Colonel More of North Carolina, was advancing to attack him. He and his guard deemed it inexpedient to risk an encounter with a force so much superior to their own, and they therefore retired, carrying off as much ammunition as possible. Josiah Culbertson, a son-in-law of Colonel Thomas, who was with the little garrison, would not go

Digitized by Google

with the others, but remained in the house. Besides him and a youth, the only inmates were women. The Tories advanced, and took up their station; but the treasure was not to be yielded to their demand. Their call for admittance was answered by an order to leave the premises, and their fire was received without much injury by the logs of the house. The fire was quickly returned from the upper storey, and proved much more effectual than that of the assailants. The old-fashioned "batten door," strongly barricaded, resisted their efforts to demolish it. Meanwhile Culbertson continued to fire, the guns being loaded as fast as he discharged them, by the ready hands of Mrs Thomas and her daughters, aided by her son William; and this spirited resistance soon convinced the enemy that further effort was useless. Believing that many men were concealed in the house, and apprehending a sally, their retreat was made as rapidly as their wounds would permit. After waiting a prudent time, and reconnoitering as well as she could from her position above, Mrs Thomas descended the stairs, and opened the doors. When her husband made his appearance, and knew how gallantly the plunderers had been repulsed, his joy was only equalled by admiration of his wife's heroism. The powder thus preserved constituted the principal supply for Sumter's army in the battles at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock.'

A still more daring exploit is related of two ladies of the name of Martin, wives of two brothers in Ninety-six District:—'One evening intelligence came to them that a courier, conveying important despatches to one of the upper stations, was to pass that night along the road, guarded by two British officers. They determined to waylay the party, and at the risk of their lives to obtain possession of the papers. For this purpose the two young women disguised themselves in their husbands' clothes, and being well provided with arms, took their station at a point on the road which they knew the escort must pass. It was already late, and they had not waited long before the tramp of horses was heard in the distance. It may be imagined with what anxious expectation the heroines awaited the approach of the critical moment on which so much depended. The forest solitude around them, the silence of night, and the darkness, must have added to the terrors conjured up by busy fancy. Presently the courier appeared, with his attendant guards. As they came close to the spot, the disguised women leapt from their covert in the bushes, presented their pistols at the officers, and demanded the instant surrender of the party and their despatches. The men were completely taken by surprise, and in their alarm at the sudden attack, yielded a prompt submission. The seeming soldiers put them on their parole, and having taken possession of the papers, hastened home by a short cut through the woods.' It happened curiously that the officers, returning on parole, claimed the hospitality of these very ladies, and related their mishap to them, without having the slightest suspicion of the identity of their conquerors and entertainers.

Perhaps, however, the crowning instance of female heroism is the following:—'At the siege of Bryant's station near Lexington, a large body of Indians were known to the beleaguered garrison to be lying in ambush near the spring where they drew water. On the other side of the fort there was a party in full view, who, at a given time, were to open fire, and while the garrison were occupied in returning this, and perhaps making a sally, the ambuscade was to unmask themselves, and make an attack on the undefended quarter. Such being the plans of the enemy, how was the garrison to obtain water? If men went for it, the ambuscade would in all probability fire; and when they fled from an overpowering force, endeavour to enter the fort with the fugitives. If the women went for the water—as the women usually did—was there not a chance that the Indians would suppose their ambuscade to be undiscovered, and allow them to return unharmed? On this chance the women went. 'A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror; but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure that completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption; and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and when near the fort degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.'*

If we had room, we should enter into some details of a curious story related by our author of a young woman named Deborah Samson, who assumed male attire, and enlisted in the army, from considerations of the purest patriotism. She lived blamelessly, fought gallantly, gained unconsciously the affections of a young lady, and finally, on the discovery of her strange secret, received her discharge from the hands of Washington himself with a fatherly tenderness and delicacy.

We conclude with a notice of the American fortunes of Flora Macdonald, who in 1775 removed with her husband from the Scottish Highlands to North Carolina. 'It was a stormy period, and those who came to seek peace and security found disturbance and civil war. The colonial governor summoned the Highland emigrants to support the royal cause; General Donald M'Donald, a kinsman of Flora's, who was the most influential among them, erected his standard at Cross Creek, and on the 1st of February 1776, sent forth his proclamation, calling on all his true and loyal countrymen to join him. Flora herself espoused the cause of the English monarch with the same spirit and enthusiasm she had shown thirty years before in the cause of the Prince she saved. She accompanied her husband when he went to join the army, and tradition even says she was seen among the soldiers, animating their courage when on the eve of their march. Though this may be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that her influence went far to inspire her assembled clansmen and neighbours with a zeal kindred to her own. The celebrated battle of Moore's Creek proved another Culloden to the brave but unfortunate Highlanders. The unhappy General M'Donald, who had been prevented by illness from commanding his troops in the encounter, was found, when the engagement was over, sitting alone on a stump near his tent; and as the victorious American officers advanced towards him, he waved in the air the parchment scroll of his commission, and surrendered it into their hands. Captain M'Donald, the husband of Flora, was among the prisoners of that day, and was sent to Halifax: while Flora found herself once more in the condition of a fugitive and an outlaw.

'The M'Donalds, with other Highlanders, suffered much from the plunderings and confiscations to which the royalists were exposed. It is said that Flora's house was pillaged and her plantation ravaged. Allen, after his release, finding his prospects thus unpropitious, determined to return with his family to his native land; and they embarked in a sloop of war.' The rest of her history is sufficiently well known. We here close a book, from which, although it does not take a high rank as a literary production, we have received both amusement and information.

* M'Clung's Sketches of Western Adventure.

CAUSES OF DISEASE.

Before a disease can be produced, it is necessary to have—first, an exciting cause, such as exposure, miasm, or contagion; and second, a body in an apt or predisposed state to receive the impression of the exciting cause, and this aptness may be produced, among other predisposing causes, by bad and low living, or too high living. But of the two specified predisposing causes, it has been found that poor living induces a condition of body much more favourable to receive the poison of malaria and contagion than the

Digitized by Google

opposite state; nay, to such an extent does it do so, as in appearance to swamp the exciting causes, and give rise to the idea that poverty and wretchedness alone will induce endemic fever. I cannot think so, or else we would often in cases of shipwreck and long voyages have those exposed to such a fate, when extreme want has been for a length of time pressing on them, and death in the shape of starvation staring them in the face. I say in such cases, if poverty alone could create fever, then we ought to have it developed to a frightful extent; but such is not the case. No, instead of going the full length of Dr Alison's views, I would stop short with this conviction, that poverty and wretchedness predispose the body to receive the impression of the smallest taint of contagion and miasm.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

THE CLAN MUNRO.

A correspondent in Edinburgh sends us the following notice:—'The clan Munro is of Irish origin. In the eleventh century Donald, son of Orm, Prince of Fermanagh, came to Scotland, and for services rendered in driving the Danes, with great slaughter, out of the province of Moray, the king invested him with the barony of Easter Dingwall—from the Peffrey to the Water of Alness. Having been born on the banks of "the Roe," in the county of Derry, he was styled the "Man of Roe," subsequently changed to Man-de-ro—Monro, or Munro; and the district bears his name to this day—namely, *Ferrindonmuid*, or Donald's Land. With the late chief and baronet, Sir Hugh, terminated the male line of Colonel Robert of Obsdale, afterwards Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, the family honours having descended to the present baronet, Sir Charles, as the lineal male descendant of Sir Robert's brother, Lieut.-General Sir George Munro, K.B., who married the Hon. Christian Hamilton, eldest daughter to the first Viscount Boyne. Sir George entered the Swedish service, and commanded a division of Gustavus Adolphus's army at the battle of Lutzen. On the breaking out of the civil war he returned to England, and served in the royal army; was second in command of the royal army in Ireland, under the Marquis of Ormond in 1649; commanded a division of the Scottish army under General Leslie; joined Charles II. in Holland after the battle of Worcester; and, on the Restoration, was made commander-in-chief in Scotland for his eminent services to the royal cause. Sir George died at his seat of Culrain in Ross-shire.'—*Inverness Courier.*

SPEAKING-TRUMPET.

At the meeting of the British Association, Mr Whishaw exhibited the Telukouphanon, or speaking-trumpet; and in doing so, said that speaking tubes of gutta percha were quite new, as were also the means of calling attention by them of the person at a distance, which was accomplished by the insertion of a whistle, which, being blown, sounded at the other end quite shrilly. Attention having been thus obtained, you remove the whistle, and by simply whispering, the voice would be conveyed quite audibly for at least a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and a conversation kept up. It must be obvious how useful these telegraphs must become in large manufactories; and indeed in private houses they might quite supersede the use of bells, as they were so very cheap, and by branch pipes could be conveyed to different rooms; and indeed, if there were no electric telegraphs, they might, by a person being stationed at the end of each tube of three-quarters of a mile or a mile, be made most speedily to convey intelligence to any distance. In private houses the whistle need not be used, but a more musical sound be produced. He then amused the auditors by causing the end of the tube, which was of the length of one hundred feet, to be inserted into the mouthpiece of a flute held in a person's hand, regulated the notes, and placing his own mouth to the other end of the tube, 'God save the Queen' was played at a distance of one hundred feet from the person giving the flute breath. Turning to the bishop of St David's, he said that in the event of a clergyman having three livings, he might, by the aid of three of these tubes, preach the same sermon in three different churches at the same time. Mr Whishaw also exhibited the gutta percha submarine rope or telegraph, which consisted of a tube perforated with a series of small tubes, for the conveyance of telegraphic wires; and which, for the purpose of preventing its being acted upon by sea-water or marine insects, was banded or braided round by a small rope, and its being perfectly air-tight would render it quite impervious to the atmosphere.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FAIRIES' SUMMER EVENING SONG.

Hark! 'tis little children's voices singing at their play.
Hark! the village bells are ringing, far, far away.
Hark! the bee is homewards coming from the heather hill;
Ever circling, ever humming, humming, humming still.

In the shady coppice Mother Linnet sings,
And shows her little darlings how to spread their pretty wings:
Grasshoppers are chirping one, two, three, and four:
Busy ants are listening at their little door.

Cunning Master Spider weaves his shining snare—
A silly little fly is caught already, I declare!
Lady-bird looks down with pity from her hanging leaf,
Where the glistening dew-drops are weeping sore for grief.

What a long, long chain of daisies little Bess has made,
Where the merry lambs are running races in the shade!
Bring buttercups, and blue-bells, and every flowered fair,
And weave a blooming garland to deck her pretty hair.

[From *Songs for Children by a Lady*: Wood and Co., Edinburgh. A very small brochure, containing some very pleasing songs for families, Infant Schools, &c.; music and verses being alike original.]

SAGACITY OF A PYRENEAN DOG.

Opposite to our hotel was a dog of singular appearance, a great favourite with the neighbourhood, and, I might add, with my son, who took pains to ascertain all that could be learned of his race and breeding. It was a white wolf-dog of the Pyrenees, soft, silken-haired, scentless, spotless; invaluable as a guard, and evincing, not only the utmost powers of instinct, but, as the owners affirmed, of judgment and reason!—*un chien de discernement.* This clever animal, named by the familiar English abbreviation 'Miss,' used to lie at the booking-office door of the Messageries Royales, Rue de Bec, noticing, with one eye open, everybody and all things. She knew why luggage was placed here or there, and whether certain descriptions of goods were intended for this or that conveyance. She would not permit crowding at the counter; she could discern whether the book-keeper was being annoyed by too many applicants for places at once; she barked off all those who seemed to be *de trop*; and when special care was manifested by any of the porters in arranging a party's personal effects at the moment of departure, she would sit on the property till the owner began to ask for it. She was almost two sizes smaller than our common Newfoundland dog, and would have realised a high price in England. She was five years old, and *malgré* her ultraism in discipline, was a perfectly good-natured creature; and however loudly she might bark, however fiercely she might look, she was considered by all who understood her good qualities as a dog who did everything for the best, and did it well too. We subsequently fell in with a similar dog, three years younger, on our way from Abbeville to Boulogne, homeward; and I am surprised the breed has not been introduced in England.—*The Parson, Pen, and Pencil.*

CHARITY.

It is an old saying, 'that charity begins at home;' but this is no reason that it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Cumberland.*

Now ready,

THE FIRST VOLUME OF

CHAMBERS'S

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

Price Eight Shillings, cloth boards.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; ORR AND CO., London.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 257. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848. Price 1½d.

EMIGRANT VOICES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

It was upon a raw and gusty day in the beginning of October in the year 1841, that, accompanied by a small party of friends, I climbed the black and lofty bulk of the good ship the 'Birman,' a three-master of 800 tons register, then lying in the river off Gravesend, and waiting but the arrival of her captain, absent on a final conference with the owners, to proceed on her destined voyage to New Zealand. The vessel carried a small store of merchandise, and had two hundred emigrants on board. On getting upon deck, the scene that met our view appeared, to the inexperienced eyes of a landsman, one of inextricable confusion. A heavy shower had fallen not half an hour before; and the decks, filthy with mud and mire brought on board by visitors and lagging emigrants, were crowded and blocked up in all directions with stores of every description, mingled in indescribable disorder. Amidst countless coils of rope and cable, lines, chains, spars, poles, and timbers, casks, boxes, bales, and packages, sodden with the rain, certain imprisoned but invisible porkers were setting up their throats in testimony of their dissatisfaction; while a few others, either not yet housed, or broken loose, took their chance with the human population, and grunted among the cordage for the few stray vegetables scattered about. Near the entrance to the first cabin stood a couple of immense hencoops, cruelly crammed with living victims, whose ragged and ruffled heads, projecting through the rails, gave token of unwelcome contact with rough weather and rougher usage. Aloft in the rigging hung whole quarters of oxen, newly slain; and the occasional bleating of sheep, stowed away in some undiscoverable recess, gave proof of the praiseworthy determination to stick to fresh provisions as long as it was practicable to do so. Though a sprinkling rain was still falling, the deck was populous with emigrants and parting friends, about to be sundered in a few brief minutes, most of them probably for ever. Some were buoyant with hope, and already enjoyed the anticipation of employment and plenty, which, it was but too plainly seen, they had long been strangers to. Others were altogether as downcast, and made but a sorry figure in the attempt to put a courageous face upon the matter. Some were bitterly weeping; some, with uproarious but forced merriment, endeavoured to chase away the feeling to which they were ashamed to give expression.

Not seeing the parties we were in search of among the scattered groups around us, I hailed the second mate, and inquired for Mr W——, who, with his wife and children, we were informed, was below, 'making all snug for the voyage, as they would drop down the river in the course of the night.' Making our way as well as we could towards the open hatchway, over piles of packages and through parties of miserable leave-takers, we contrived at length to get down the ladder, into the huge belly of the Birman. Though a few candles glimmered here and there through the enormous length of the emigrant ship, the darkness was too great at first for us to distinguish anything that was not in the immediate vicinity of the hatchway; but as our vision grew by degrees accustomed to the gloom, a scene altogether new to most of us broke upon our view—a scene which one might perhaps seek in vain elsewhere to equal, either in picturesqueness of effect or intensity of interest. The disorder here was even greater than on the deck above. Every kind of receptacle, box, basket, bundle, and cask, of all shapes and sizes, were piled up or scattered on the floor, and amongst them all stood, sat, squatted, or lounged, as best they might, more than a hundred persons, of various callings, of all ages, and both sexes. Some had evidently tramped it for a long distance, and were resting after their journey in the oblivion of sleep, in spite of the din of voices and the lumbering of heavy articles above and around them. Others were just arrived, and busily engaged in the vain attempt to find or make some vacant space whereon to settle themselves and their little store of provisions and goods. Some were clamorous to be shown their particular berths; and others loudly complained of the locality allotted them, far from the hatchway, and in almost total darkness. Crowds of little children, who could scarcely walk, totted about among the lumber, prattling, and pleased with the novelty of the sight; and aged men and women, whom one would have thought willing to rest in a native grave, sat calm and still amidst the hubbub, waiting to be disposed of when their turn should come. I questioned one old woman, whose face was a complete quilting of wrinkles, and who could hardly have been less than ninety, but could obtain no intelligible reply. With an aspect of unconscious stolidity, she squatted upon a small bundle, and sucking the end of an empty dudeen, gazed vacantly around her. I learned from a bystander that she was grandmother and great-grandmother of a large party of self-exiles, bound to the antipodes, and 'of course could not be left behind.'

Close by sat a pretty, interesting young woman, upon a blue-spotted trunk, writing a letter—an upturned cask her sole table and desk, her inkstand a teacup; her tears fell faster upon the paper than the words from her pen, which every now and then she laid down to wring her hands, and hide her anguished head in her handkerchief. 'Come, Annie, my girl,' said a smart young fellow at length, 'let me finish it for you: I'll tell the old folks how merry we all are.' And he took the pen from her hand, and assisting her tenderly up the ladder, as he said, 'for a mouthful of air,' he sat down and soon completed the epistle. By this time Mr W——, whom, with his wife and family, we had come to see, emerged from the gloom, and beckoned me and my party to that portion of the long vault which had been allotted for

Digitized by Google

their use. Two small cupboard-looking recesses, about six feet long, and half that in width and height, formed the whole accommodation for himself, wife, and family for the next five or six months. By dint, however, of cleaning and curtaining, it had been made to assume some aspect of comfort; and as the adventurers had previously made up their minds for something even worse than this, they were not disappointed or cast down by the reality. In choosing a career of certain hardship and privation, in the hope of eventual success, W—— had judged, and had judged wisely, that it was as well to begin with self-denial. Had he spent a good portion of his little capital in securing a cabin passage, he might doubtless have escaped much inconvenience on the voyage; but it is certain that at the end of it he would have entered on his labours with diminished means, and most probably a less enterprising spirit. Having inspected and praised his domestic arrangements, and deposited our contributions to the marine larder, and said all the encouraging things we could think of, and cracked as many jokes as we could bring to bear (all our serious saws and admonitions having been expended long before), we began, from the very nature of our position, to flag into silence, which would have been followed by sadness, but for W——'s sensible proposition to show us the lions of the ship. So, pushing aside the little curtain that had enclosed our privacy, we rose to follow him.

Things were already changing for the better: the sun was shining brightly down the hatchway; much of the heterogeneous lumber had been stowed away; and half the late population had gone upon deck to enjoy the pleasant sun. Still, the place was crowded, and we had some difficulty in making our way through the numerous groups all busy in packing, cramming, or arranging. Some of the berths, situated far away from the light of day, and visible only by the gleam of a dull candle suspended in a horn lantern, seemed to me awfully dismal quarters for a half year's residence, and that partly between the tropics. Between the berths, which were on each side of the vessel, was heaped a pile of merchandise and ballast reaching almost breast-high, and extending nearly the entire length of the interior. On approaching the darkest and most distant part, we came upon a singularly picturesque spectacle. Around the light of a single lantern, suspended from a cross-beam, were congregated about a dozen middle-aged men, of the class of respectable operatives, or perhaps small tradesmen: as we drew near, they were singing, in hoarse but manly tones, the last stave of that well-known hymn of John Wesley's, beginning—

> 'When passing through the watery deep,
> I ask in faith His promised aid.'

As the last words, 'And flourish, unconsumed in fire,' died away, or were rather drowned in the confused and incessant noise above and around them, the oldest of the little band, clasping his work-worn hands, said solemnly, 'Let us pray!' Our party stopped involuntarily to witness, perhaps to participate in, this act of devotion. The speaker, raising his head, upon which the red light cast a lurid glare, commenced an ardent, almost agonizing prayer to that great and good Being to whose guardian care they were about to commit themselves. However much good taste or refined education might revolt at the phraseology of his petition, it was impossible to deny that the spirit of it was eminently suitable to the circumstances of the case. As he proceeded, he grew more loud and energetic in his requests, and the perspiration streamed down his channelled features, and literally dripped upon his garments. It was a scene which Rembrandt might have embodied in a glorious picture: the gleaming light on the face of the principal figure, partially obstructed by the shadow of his clasped hands; the deep, dense darkness of the background; the dim-discovered forms of the more distant figures of the group; the statue-like, motionless physiognomy of the nearer listeners contrasted with the supplicating earnestness of the speaker—all together supplied the materials for a composition such as that monarch of the 'dark masters' delighted to portray. When the prayer was ended, we proceeded with our tour of inspection; and having completed the examination of the steerage, gladly emerged again upon the upper deck. By this time the sun was getting very low, and the moment of our departure was at hand. I need not dwell upon our leave-taking; all must probably feel on such occasions what our little party felt, that, next to the final separation at the bed of death, a parting like this is the most painful and affecting.

When the morning sun shone upon the hills above the town of Gravesend, the black-looking bulk of the Birman, for so many days an object of curiosity and interest, had disappeared from the river; and the good ship was by this time, we thought, in full sail down the Channel, the wind being apparently fair for a speedy course to the Atlantic. With fervent prayers for the safety and success of our emigrant friends, we returned home to await with patience for the earliest tidings of their good or evil fortune.

The first news was by a letter received a few days after, dated Deal, October 17, 1841. By it we learned that our anticipations of a fair wind had not been realised, that the party had already suffered extremely from sea-sickness and rough weather, that the nights they had passed on board had been awfully miserable and discouraging, and that the majority of the emigrants were already longing to set foot once more on land, and loudly regretting that ever they had committed themselves to the hateful sea. The vessel had been driven back twice in attempting to start from the Downs, and the passengers were looking forward with perfect horror to a third attempt which was to be made that night. That attempt, however, was successful; and clearing the Downs on the morning of the 18th, the Birman proceeded onwards on what proved eventually a speedy and prosperous voyage.

After this, anxious eyes were directed from day to day for many months to the 'shipping intelligence' in the columns of the 'Times;' but it seemed that the Birman had escaped the observation of every returning vessel, her name not being once mentioned as either spoken or seen after her departure.

The next news was a letter from Mrs W——, dated Cape of Good Hope, December 30, 1841. The following are extracts:—'Here we are at the Cape, and a delightful place it is, especially to us who have been tossing for ten weeks on the billows. What a luxury is *soft* bread and *fresh* meat! Everything we could desire is brought on board to us, and all very cheap. We have good wine at fourpence and sixpence a bottle, and fine mutton and beef at three-halfpence a pound. Many of our companions would like to land here, and finish their journey, employment being plentiful, and provisions so cheap; but they say that rent is very high. . . . We have had a very favourable voyage, considering all things; we have parted with the sea-sickness, and taken up with voracious appetites, which we indulge abundantly here, having nothing else to do. . . . This is the last day of the year, and as warm as the summer at home; we have lots of the finest apricots, oranges, lemons, cucumbers, and all the summer fruits and salads; and in a few weeks they say the apples will be ripe. . . . Grog was served round

Digitized by Google

to all on Christmas Day, and we are to have a pint of wine each to-morrow, New-Year's Day. Our dear mother's birth-day was also the captain's, and all on board made merry upon the occasion. You will easily imagine that my thoughts were with you all in England. . . . The captain is very good and kind, and always at his post—one would think he never went to bed; but he is terribly severe with the unruly. We have also a capital doctor, who is very skilful and attentive; he is chaplain as well, and reads prayers to us every Sunday morning. . . . We have had six deaths—five children, and one woman, who was in a decline when she came on board. We have also had three births: the babies are all doing well. There is not one invalid at present on board. Our own health is excellent, and our children thrive at sea. . . . By the time you receive this, I trust we shall all be safe in New Zealand.'

The following are extracts from some of the various letters received since the arrival of the emigrants in New Zealand, arranged according to their respective dates, from 1842 up to 1847. They may serve, perhaps, to interest the general reader, as well as to show the intending emigrant something of the feelings and experience of those who have gone before him; while they exhibit simply the various states of mind consequent upon surrounding circumstances, and the marvellous force of use and custom in gradually reconciling, and at length endearing, to us the objects of our annoyance and dislike.

FROM MRS W——.

'PORT NICHOLSON, *July* 29, 1842.

. . . . After leaving the Cape, we had a very good and generally pleasant passage, until we had almost reached the island of New Zealand. We then unfortunately deviated from the right course in making the land, and should have run upon a sunken coral reef, and suffered a miserable shipwreck, perhaps with the loss of all our lives, but for the timely warning of a stranger, in seeing the course we were taking, put off in his boat, and was, by the providence of God, just in time to intercept us while we were yet within a few hundred yards of the sunken reef. We soon recovered the right track, and at length reached the harbour in safety. We all landed the next day, and were not long of finding out what a wretched place we had come to. What will become of us! . . . On getting on shore, we found that the building intended for our use and accommodation had been appropriated by a ship-load of emigrants, who had had the good fortune to arrive a few days before we did. The result was, that we were all crammed into a large empty storehouse, just like an old barn, filthy beyond description, and overrun with swarms of small rats. Here a space was chalked out for each family on the rough flooring, and here our little property, together with rations for a fortnight, were conveyed, and we were finally left for good and all to shift for ourselves. Of all the heart-breaking spectacles I ever witnessed, this was the worst. The most sanguine lost heart; and many of the women could do nothing but weep and wring their hands. I could have done the same for very wretchedness, but seeing that my husband wore a face as dismal as the rest, I thought it would be better policy to put the best aspect I could upon the business: so I got him to help Tom in arranging our things; and while he was busy in nailing up a curtain across our corner, I went out (taking a little girl with me, who had been very kind in nursing our baby during the voyage) into the wood, which was close by, and cutting a number of small twigs, we managed to make a broom; with this we returned, and set about sweeping the floor of the barn. Our example was soon followed by others, and in the course of the day we contrived to give the place some appearance of comfort; after which we made the discovery that we were better off even here than on ship-board, as we could go out and in as we chose. But my heart misgives me sadly. . . . I have written to dear mother, and if she does not get the letter, which they say is very doubtful, do you send her this. I have made the same request to her in regard to you.* Oh it is a sad thing, my dear sister, to be banished to this outlandish place at the end of the earth! I shall never make up my mind to stay here. My heart is not in my own bosom, but at home with you in my native land. Heaven grant that I may be permitted to see it again. . . . The natives are a fine race of people, but very dark skinned; most of them are very much tattooed about the face in fanciful patterns; but I understand the missionaries have almost persuaded them to abandon the practice, which is as painful as it is absurd. Their language appears to me to be very difficult to learn; we have picked up a few words, however, and shall speak it in time, if we stay here long, as I fear we shall, not having the means to get away.

FROM MRS W——.

'WELLINGTON, *October* 2, 1842.

'I send this by a friend, who, happy man, is returning to England. Land here, so situated as to be of any use, is very dear. We are renting a small piece, barely sufficient for the site of a decent house, for which we pay L.9 a year. We have built a small house upon it, and opened a store, what we should call a shop at home. We sell whatever we can buy, anything or everything; and are getting a tolerable business, mostly with the *moories* (natives): we have numbers of these flocking to our store daily; articles of clothing and bread are what they chiefly purchase; particularly the bread, of which they can never have enough. George has occasional employment at his trade, so that we manage to go on and save a little. But I can assure you that much deception is practised in England relative to this colony: great numbers of our fellow-passengers are half-starved through want of employment. Very few indeed get on well, and those that do, would get on anywhere, being persons who possess both prudence and capital: a poor man can hardly be in a worse place than this. It is a most miserable country in the winter; such continual storms and tempests of rain and wind prevail as you in England have no notion of. I could not once venture out of doors for weeks together, and if George or Tom went out on business, they returned on all occasions wet through to the skin: you cannot hold an umbrella, and it would be of no use if you could. . . . There is one thing here that annoys and disgusts us much, and that is, the gross immorality that prevails among the colonists; they seem to have left every moral and religious obligation behind them. The bishop has lately landed here; he is much liked at present; I hope his example and exertions, which were very much wanted, will be of general use. Notwithstanding the wet, we all retain our health wonderfully. The dear children are better than ever they were; baby trots about quite sturdily, and grows apace. They will be little moories before long, learning the language much faster than we who are grown up can do. However, I know more of it than when I wrote last, the natives having formed our principal society for the time we have been here. They are very fond of us, because we are uniformly kind to them: they call us by our Christian names, and are as familiar as you would be; they are very fond and proud of nursing the children, which they do in the most gentle and tender manner.'

FROM MR W——.

'WELLINGTON, *December* 11, 1842.

DEAR R——, After an absence of fourteen months, I sit down to give you a brief account of our experience since we left Bath. Had I known the amount of privation and discomfort we should have had to undergo during the voyage, it is very certain we should never have undertaken it. Five months shut up, and half-stifled in darkness—it is horrible to think of; but, thank Heaven, we have survived it all, and got here in safety. I can give you but a poor description of the country. As far as I have seen yet, it appears to be all mountain and vale, and trees—trees, everywhere trees; and what seems

* During the period of seven years that the correspondence has now lasted, the miscarriage of letters has amounted on both sides to about twelve per cent.

Digitized by Google

strange to us, they are always in full leaf, there being never sufficient frost to kill the foliage. On first arriving here I was completely bewildered, everything was so different from our expectations. I soon saw that the idea of living by my trade of plumbing, and glazing, and painting, was out of the question, and what to do for a livelihood was the puzzle. I hired a small house of two rooms, built of clay, and thatched with a kind of coarse reedy grass, which the natives call *tower tower*. Hither we removed our little property, and sat down to ponder on the means of getting bread for ourselves and little ones. As to buying land for the purpose of cultivation, our means would not suffice; cleared land is far too dear, and uncleared land would be of no use to us. My applications for employment were of no avail; the place is swarming with idle hands willing to work; two days a week is above the average employment for each. Considering these things, I resolved upon opening a shop, or store, as they call it here, for the sale of anything for which a market could be found. This course was, in fact, the only thing that remained to us. I had no choice but Hobson's. As no shop was to be got, we had to rent a piece of land, and build one. I got a small patch of ground, 60 feet by 24, for which we are paying L.9 a year. On this Tom and I set to work with right good-will, and soon managed—thanks to our carpentering practice—to knock up a decent dwelling, with a good roomy shop. But the building materials drained my purse almost to the dregs, and had we not fortunately possessed a pretty good share of linens and wearables, we should have had nothing wherewith to commence our commerce. We tumbled everything saleable into the store, and happily customers soon made their appearance. Had we possessed any capital to begin with, we should have made a thriving business by this time; but we are gradually improving, and have good hopes that, with the assistance of what little employment we can pick up, the store will in the long-run support us all. I save every penny I possibly can, and attend the auctions which take place on the arrival of vessels. Upon all kinds of goods I realise a fair profit; and everything will sell. As I have made a point of meeting my engagements punctually—never, in fact, speculating at all, but buying only what I knew I could pay for—my credit is good, and we can consequently get goods with a reasonable accommodation as to time. But our purchases are not confined to the auction sales; we buy many things from the natives, and more from the colonists; many of our fellow-passengers have sold the very clothes from their backs through destitution. We are often grieved at the melancholy position of persons, formerly in a respectable sphere of life in England, who have here parted with everything of value that they possessed, and now lead a miserable and degraded life, skulking in the woods, and drowning their sorrows in drink whenever they can pick up a shilling. The nominal high wages here is a delusion, work being so scarce through the multiplicity of hands, while the prices of provisions are anything but favourable to families: beef is 1s. a pound, mutton the same; fresh pork is 9d., salt pork, 7d.; butter, fresh, 3s. 6d., salt, 2s. 8d.; bread is considered cheap now at 1s. 2d. the four-pound loaf. The perpetual rain here is a great nuisance, and the tempests of wind are terrific. I often expect our house will be blown about our ears. Earthquakes are another pleasant accompaniment to our condition: we were greatly alarmed with the first, but now take little notice of them, they are so frequent. Have lately had an awful fire, which destroyed fifty houses in one night, and ruined many who considered themselves doing well. The sufferers have been partially relieved by a general subscription. We can never make up our minds to stay in this place, and so soon as we can save a sufficient sum to take us elsewhere, or to bring us back to England, we have determined to bid a final farewell to New Zealand.'

FROM MRS W——.

'WELLINGTON, *September* 4, 1843.

. . . . I don't know how to thank you for the articles you have so kindly sent; you have used the best judgment in their selection, and they will be of great service to us; but we are ashamed to tax your generosity so largely. . . . I Am happy to say that our condition is improved, and is still improving: we live now almost as comfortably as we did at home. Prices are much more reasonable than when we arrived; and as we, keeping a store, procure much of our provisions at trade-price, our housekeeping expenses are very moderate indeed. We have every reason for thankfulness, especially seeing that many around us are in great distress. I have as much employment as I choose in dressmaking, mostly for the native women; but having lately enlarged our house, and having four lodgers besides our own family to attend to, I cannot spare much time for the needle. We have now furnished our house quite English fashion, and hung up the pictures which we brought from home on the walls. We put up a stout dresser in the new kitchen, and arranged the wares as at home; but an earthquake shook some of them off, and we have railed in the shelves as they do at sea. George has at this moment plenty to do at his trade, and is employing two journeymen to assist him; so that you see things have a much better aspect than when I wrote last, at least with us. This is a very healthy country; those attacks to which I was always subject, are here much lighter and briefer than they were at home, and my general health is better: my husband is always well, and the children thrive in an extraordinary degree, and are full of fun and spirits. You have heard, of course, of the shocking massacre at Cloudy Bay on Sunday morning, June 13. We were all thrown into great alarm by the unexpected arrival of the government brig, with a demand for a general turn out to act as reinforcements. George volunteered, with a number more, and they went on board; but a squall arising, with a violent gale of wind, the vessel was unable to get out of the bay, and the volunteers came ashore again. Poor Cotterel was the only one of the murdered party whom we knew; we had seen him but a few weeks before. It must have been a dreadful shock to his friends and relatives at Bath. He was much liked and respected here. We are beginning now to feel at home in New Zealand, and are anxious for the peace and prosperity of the colony.'

FROM MRS W——.

'WELLINGTON, *May* 22, 1844.

DEAR A——, Having a sudden opportunity of sending a letter, I write this for the sole purpose of inviting you to come out and join us. This is a selfish request I know, and I would not make it, but from the conviction that you would be much the gainer through complying with it. Our business is greatly increased, and we stand much in need of assistance: we could make you very comfortable in every respect, as we have abundance of everything, and to spare. George says if you will come out, he will pay your passage. When you get this, it will be the best season for setting out, and you will have no difficulty in finding a vessel. We are all in excellent health, and doing well in every respect. I can say with truth I have never been so happy in my life before. Our difficulties have all vanished by degrees, through the continual blessing of Heaven. We are building a nice new house, which will be ready for your reception before you can arrive: am expecting an addition to my family. Do come, and share our prosperity: you will find pleasant society in the neighbourhood, and all the comforts, and more, that you have been used to at home, without the unceasing toil and anxiety which I know you undergo. Pray do come.'

FROM MR W——.

'WELLINGTON, *December* 6, 1844.

. . . . Thank Heaven things are altered much for the better since my last. Our business has succeeded far beyond our expectations, and if it should now take a bad turn, and even desert us altogether, we shall not be without the means of making another experiment. In the meanwhile we do a capital trade, and have been obliged to "pull down our barns, and build greater." Our com-

Digitized by Google

merce is mainly with the natives, who are ingenious, industrious, and earn a great deal of money. It is not the fate of *this* nation to "melt away before the whites," you may take your oath. We supply them with provisions, groceries, dry-goods, and also woollens, calicoes, prints, and all kinds of drapery, and we have plenty of stock on hand, and no dearth of customers. Tom is turned shopman, and is always busy. I have given up my old calling, not having time to attend to it. Am bargaining just now for a lot of land, which will be a provision for wife and children in case of accident to me. I wish I could add that all here are doing as well as myself; but there are many unemployed, and not a few who have ruined themselves by foolish speculations. People unfortunately seem to think that the same prudence they would adopt at home is not called for here.'

FROM MRS W——.

'WELLINGTON, *January* 10, 1845.

. . . . We have been much distressed by the account of your trials and difficulties at home. Pray come out and join us, both of you; we only wait for an opportunity to send you some assistance. We hope shortly to be able to commit to the charge of some friend bound to England something to be of use to you, either at home, if you still decline to come out, or else to assist you in reaching us. We cannot bear the thought that you should be wanting while we have such abundance. I am now far more easily circumstanced than I ever was before, and can devote my whole time to the care of my family, having a good servant, besides a respectable person as housekeeper. In June last a little son was born to us; we have called him Samuel, after our youngest brother. He is a fine little fellow, and so strong and hearty. All the children are well and happy, and the girls making good progress in their education. You would be delighted with them, and they with you. I shall not give up the idea that you will come out and join us.'

FROM MRS W——.

'WELLINGTON, *August* 26, 1846.

. . . . Thank God we are continuing to prosper in business, and doing much better than we ever expected to do. I assure you we do not forget the necessities of those dear to us at home, and are only waiting for an available opportunity to send them some proof of our remembrance; but we have evidence of so much dishonesty on the part of people who have been trusted with remittances from hence, that we are fearful of confiding anything to strangers. On this account we have resolved to enclose a small parcel in the first package forwarded homewards by the resident missionary at this place, who has kindly undertaken to receive it, and assures us that it will be promptly and safely delivered upon its arrival in England. . . . You will, I think, be pleased to hear that we have placed our two eldest girls out to school, with a very excellent person who has a seminary near Wellington. Our house is become so much a place of traffic, that we felt compelled to this step, and feel truly grateful that we can well afford it. . . . You have no doubt heard of the late serious disturbances in the colony; they have, happily for us, not come nearer than eighteen or twenty miles from Wellington; and though the excitement and alarm were at one time very great, things have now taken a peaceable turn, and we are confidently expecting a final settlement of all occasion of quarrel with the natives, who, if I know anything of their character, will readily be conciliated and satisfied with any really just and equitable arrangement. We know their language now quite well, and can discuss the subject with them in their own way.'

FROM MRS W——.

'WELLINGTON, *December* 21, 1846.

. . . . With this you will receive a box containing some articles of New Zealand workmanship, and other things, together with a sum of money in one of a pair of stockings of native knitting. Put the stockings on your feet; send the money to dear ——, and distribute the articles as you please among those of our friends who have not yet forgotten us.* Am happy to say that our business is, as usual, prosperous, and that there is now the best prospect of the well-doing of the colony. Peace is restored between the settlers and the natives, and the sale and cultivation of land are going on well. The parties who will bring this and the box to your house are friends of ours, and can tell you everything concerning us.'

The last letter from which I need make any extract is dated September 18, 1847. In this Mrs W—— says, 'Why do not M—— and A—— come out and join us? There would be an end to all their difficulties and anxieties at once. I have written to them repeatedly, to endeavour to prevail upon them to do so. Let me beg you to second our earnest request in this particular. It grieves me to think that those who are so dear to us should be struggling painfully to get a living at home, while we could make them so comfortable here, without injuring, but, on the contrary, benefiting ourselves. Do try all in your power to induce them to come out. I must tell you that since I wrote last I have had another little son, whom we have christened Richard William, after our two fathers, as we are resolved to keep up the family names. The new-comer is a merry, hearty, strong little rogue, and as healthy as can be. I have now two sons and two daughters, besides one in heaven. Mr R—— has returned, and intends settling in Auckland. He paid us a short visit. You cannot think with what delight I looked upon a face that had seen and conversed with you. In reply to your inquiry relative to our welfare and prospects, let me say that we continue to get on extremely well. It is true we do not save or lay by much money, because we find it more to our advantage here to expend our profits on land. We have bought a lot of land besides that we live on, and have a good and convenient house; and we are so united, happy, and comfortable in the enjoyment of the respect and kindness of those around us, that, with the exception of a longing after absent friends in old England, we have not, I believe, a single earthly wish beyond New Zealand. . . . You remember the Y—— s in Bath, who never could or would do anything praiseworthy or respectable at home. They are here—would you believe it!—neighbours, I had almost said friends, of ours. They have assuredly left their old character behind them, and have turned over a charming new leaf in their history. Ned, the borrower, is repaying his loans to a different community; his conduct is an example of honesty and good-will to all young men; and Tom, that dissolute madcap, is become sober as a judge, and (like Dame Partlett) "more industrious than the bee." Bob, who was never a very bad fellow, has suffered the least change. All three, however, bear an excellent character, and are just the sort of people we want in the colony, and are thriving fast.'

Since the date of the letter from which these last extracts are taken, we have received from the emigrant family no further news which would be of any interest to strangers. They continue in the enjoyment of health, prosperity, and good spirits, and seem fully and permanently to have adopted the country which, as having been the land of their success, is become that of their affection. While so much is being said and done in reference to the subject of emigration, I thought it might not be amiss to lay before the public the simple facts above re-

* Among the articles alluded to were saltcellars and small waiters, made of a remarkably solid and close-textured wood. This wood would do admirably, it struck me, for the purpose of engraving, not perhaps for the finest specimens of wood-engraving, where delicately-fine lines are used, but for any kind exclusive of the most highly finished, and particularly for such as are now daily used on placards, as pieces could be obtained of almost any size, the tree growing to an immense bulk. On trying it with the graver, it was found to cut perfectly clean, having a very slight tendency to crumble when hair lines were attempted The articles were the production of the natives, and were mostly turned in a lathe; still, the form of the saltcellars (whether copied, or of native design, I do not know) is elegant.

Digitized by Google

cited. One lesson of actual experience is better than a thousand speculations upon a subject of such importance, and such a lesson these brief memoranda may help to impart.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

Since Franklin's time numerous interesting discoveries have been made regarding this subtile fluid. The introduction of voltaic electricity has simplified many of our experiments, and it is now pretty clearly demonstrated that a thunder-cloud is composed of alternate rings, sections, or zones of positive and negative electricity, resembling the arrangement of the plates in a voltaic circuit.

Various are the phenomena displayed by atmospheric electricity besides those emitted in storms; namely, those lights known as Will-o'-the-wisp, those which are sometimes observed on the masts of ships at sea, meteors, and the peculiar lightning known as *sheet* or *heat* lightning, which is not accompanied by any report of thunder, at least by none which can be heard by the ear.

It would be out of place in this paper to enter into an explanation of the causes of these curious phenomena, although this may easily be done by means of the late magnificent improvements in electrical apparatus. The object of this communication is rather to mention some very curious facts which have been furnished to the writer by General Sir George Pollock, who commanded a division of the army in the famous operations carried on in the province of Cabul, and country of Affghanistan, in the year 1842.

The portion of the forces under Sir George Pollock's command was stationed at Jellalabad, a place of considerable size, situated between the 34th and 35th degrees of north latitude, at the foot of that extension of the Himaleh Mountains known as the Indian Caucasus, and at the north-east corner of the province of Cabul, which is surrounded by hills on all sides. Jellalabad stands on an elevated situation, being about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and is about forty miles from the Khyber Pass, now rendered famous in the history of our wars in India. The soil in this district was a vast plain of sand.

The particulars of the phenomena exhibited were as follow:—About the end of April, or the beginning of May 1842, the air being quite clear, not a cloud to be seen, while the European sentry on duty carried his arms, with fixed bayonet, sparks might be drawn from any part of the barrel of the musket by a second person bringing his knuckle near to it. Sir George Pollock has been witness to this, besides having often himself drawn sparks from the firelock. He states that a succession of sparks could be obtained from the same musket, and that it did not require any great interval of time to elapse before a second could be elicited after one had been felt.

The stocks of the muskets were made of the sipoo-tree, a peculiar wood which grows in the East Indies, and of which the musket-stocks of the Indian troops are usually made. There is generally a band of brass which goes round the lower end of the butt of a gun: this must have been touched by the sentry's hand while he carried his musket; but it is not connected with any other part of the metal.

From these facts, it would appear as if the electricity entered by the point of the bayonet, and was lodged in the barrel, until drawn off by the approach of some body having a connection with the earth. It is still difficult to conceive how the electricity could remain accumulated in the musket, without passing off by means of the butt into the hand of the sentry, and so to the ground. The wood of which the stock was made must have been very dry—almost in a baked state—and must thus have served as an insulator or non-conductor to the fluid.

That the air must have been highly charged with electricity there can be no doubt; and from the appearances indicated, may we not infer that the largest battery might have been charged in a short time, and the most intense physical effects produced? According to Mr Crosse, as stated in a pamphlet lately published,* 'Clouds with well-defined edges, and more condensed, are far more electrical than a large expanse of clouds with no edges visible.' But it is not easy to understand how the electricity can be so easily and plainly developed in the absence of clouds, as shown by the phenomena stated.

The question may hence arise, whether the agency of this species of electricity may not be made available in many of the operations which are every day carried on by men? It has hitherto been employed simply as the toy of the philosopher, or means have only been taken, and that most successfully, to guard us from its dangerous effects; but may there not be a method of training this terrific power, and of making it practically useful?

The associations connected with it are not of the most pleasurable nature; but the beautiful and interesting, as well as startling experiments of Mr Crosse, Sir William Snow Harris, and others, have shown that it may be subdued and guided wheresoever we list.

For the purpose of rending rocks, or exploding artillery, not a more terrific and powerful assistant could be employed; whilst, when not required, by a proper disposition of our arrangements, its effects might be made to pass harmlessly away. The application of *frictional* or ordinary electricity to the blasting of mines has already been attempted, but with little success; and it has given way to the greater advantages derived from the employment of voltaic electricity for the same purpose.

There does not exist a more universal agent in nature. Still and noiseless in its motion when judiciously conducted, it is yet susceptible of swelling, by induction and concentration, to produce results the most overwhelming and astonishing that the mind of man can conceive.

Physiological researches tend to show that this subtile fluid enters largely into the constitution of man and animals; and it would be interesting to study in how far a farther prosecution of this science and its laws may operate in enabling us either to prevent the generation, or to stay the progress of disease. For this purpose it would be necessary to learn the nature of the electricity developed by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter; whether it be positive or negative; and to find out also the exact nature of the electricity existing in the living subject. The late highly-interesting experiments of Professor Matteucci of Pisa have thrown much light upon this latter branch. The observations of Dr Pallas, principal physician of the French armies, and chief physician of the military hospital at Oran, as to the insulation of patients suffering under various disorders, and the results of whose experience have been just published in the 'Pharmaceutical Times,' are very useful and instructive.

It has already been clearly shown by many kite experiments, that the higher regions of the air are *positively* electrified with reference to those below them; and that, in the absence of clouds, the earth is negatively electrified, and therefore attracts the *positive* electricity from the atmosphere. In other words, the higher we rise above the earth, the more positively electrified do we find the atmosphere. It is generally found that in a clear condition of the air, men and animals enjoy a more healthy state of body; but when clouds or dull weather make their appearance, that healthy condition changes, and they are differently affected, according to the nature of what we call their nervous temperament. Clouds and foggy weather may therefore be considered as the effects of a change or disturbance in the electrical condition of the air, during

* Electrical Condition Applied to Facts. By Franklin Coxworthy.

Digitized by Google

which a portion of the earth may become *positively* electrified with reference to the air immediately above it. In this case a repulsive action would take place between the earth and the higher regions of the atmosphere; and the intermediate air, containing moisture, by absorbing a surplus of electricity, may be condensed, and be formed into ice; thus causing those clouds from which the rain descends when the earth again becomes negative. It may be said that, according to this doctrine, lightning should sometimes be sent upwards from the earth. This fact has been observed; and M. Arago, in his admirable treatise on thunder, inserted in the 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes' for 1838, quotes authors who have remarked this singular phenomenon.

It would thus appear to be desirable that, in order to promote a healthy tone in animal and vegetable life, the electrical condition both of the atmosphere and the earth should be preserved in as uniform a state as possible. The means of accomplishing this may yet be discovered. It must be the result of vigorous and careful experiment. Every day throws some new light upon this beautiful and captivating science; and from the great number of labourers now in the field, we may entertain the hope that ere long their combined exertions will be crowned with a brilliant success.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FEBRUARY 1848.

The newspapers have sufficiently informed us of the public events which occurred during the last week of February, but many a sad tale connected with these days of horror remains unknown, save to the few who acted in them. On one of these occasions, when the noise of firing and drum-beating sounded at a sufficient distance to lead me to suppose actual danger was equally far off, I set out to see a friend who lived about three-quarters of a mile farther from Paris than the street I then resided in. It was a fine fresh spring day, the lower branches of the lilac-trees began to burst their leafy buds; the snowdrop, crocus, hepatica, and gay yellow daffodil enlivened the gardens, and the wall-flower filled the air with fragrance. After the sleepless nights and anxious days I had lately passed, I was more than commonly susceptible to these sweet perfumes and sights, which seemed to speak of peace and quiet so strongly, that they almost induced a feeling of security for the moment; and I began to comfort myself with the hope that the worst was over, and that although it might be long ere commercial or social confidence was restored, still life and property would be safe, and by degrees those who lived out of the gay world, as I did, would return to the usual routine of their former quiet habits, and feel that to them at least a monarchy or republic made little difference, while political matters would in due time be settled and arranged on a new plan. Encouraging myself in these pleasing anticipations, though I then more than half feared they would turn out delusions, as they assuredly have done, I walked briskly forward, when all at once the peculiar tap, tap, tap of the drum, and the heavy unmeasured step of a large body of men, struck upon my practised ear, telling too plainly it was not military who were approaching. While deliberating which way to turn, I looked up, and saw there was no retreating, without showing the alarm which was always dangerous at this time. Making, therefore, a virtue of necessity, I walked boldly forward, and addressing a tall, fierce-looking, rather sullen young man in a blouse, I said that, sure of the politeness of Frenchmen, I ventured to request him to conduct me past the advancing body of *citoyens*, who perhaps—as the wit equalled the gallantry of his brave countrymen—might be led to make quizzing remarks on a lady walking alone amid so many men during such stirring times. At first he looked as if disposed to be insolent; but as I proceeded with my speech, his vanity was no doubt satisfied, for his countenance relaxed, and he smilingly assured me he would with pleasure accompany me, and accordingly we walked, unmolested, and almost unobserved, through this martial crowd. All were armed variously; some had swords drawn, many had their arms bared up to the elbows, ready for bloody work, and the red flag of the revolution waved every here and there, while shouts, cries, songs, and howls rent the air.

At length we arrived at clear ground, and I smilingly thanked my conductor.

'Salut, citoyenne,' said he.

'Vive la nation! Vive la république!' responded I, and walked on somewhat relieved.

I arrived at Madame de Vannion's house, and found her at work with her daughter Celestine—an only child of about nine years of age; a little girl of much family consequence, as she was heiress to an immense fortune on the death of her grandfather. We talked of the times, and I related what I had just passed through. 'Ah!' said she, 'many bands of insurgents have gone by this house, but we do not approach the windows, and none of them have ever molested us; but God knows when our turn may arrive. There you may hear their horrid revolutionary tap now at a distance!'

Shortly after it became more audible, nearer and nearer it approached, and we looked at each other with alarmed countenances. At last the pikes and flags became visible.

'Louis! Louis!' cried Madame de Vannion to the servant, 'bolt the doors, and at your peril look out of the window!'

The noise increased, and Celestine began to cry. Her mother tried to comfort her, and we talked of the unreasonableness of being frightened at a mere sound; but as there was some reason to apprehend a slight derangement in the action of the heart in her case, her mother, acting upon the advice of her medical attendant, rose to prepare a soothing draught they were in the habit of giving to the child when any unusual circumstance agitated her. I had heard of their alarms on this subject without myself sharing in their fears, for Celestine was sturdily made, bright complexioned, fond of play, and accustomed to live so much in the air, and to take so much exercise without ever appearing over-fatigued, that I almost inclined to think her parents were over-anxious about their precious charge, and used the doctor's name as an excuse for spoiling her a little, particularly as even he announced that by careful tending she would outgrow these symptoms.

At this moment, however, her unusual pallor struck me, and I drew her kindly towards me, while Madame de Vannion proceeded to the next room in search of a carafe of water. Upon opening the door, we discovered Monsieur Louis standing staring at the open window. 'Come back, Louis,' said Madame de Vannion quickly. 'Did I not tell you on no pretence to approach the window?'

'Be easy, madame; it will be nothing; they are past.' At this moment he started, and exclaimed, 'Ah! one of them looks back: he looks angry!'

'Leave the window!' cried we, striving to drag him from it. But he seemed spell-bound: he wrung his hands.

'They have turned: they are coming: it is over with us! Ah, madame, may Heaven have mercy on us!' The next minute thundering blows fell on the door of the house. 'Ouvres—ouvres!'

'Louis,' said his mistress with quiet dignity, 'open the door.'

The pale quaking coward answered, 'No, no: no such thing! To the cellar!' and he disappeared.

Digitized by Google

The knocking and kicking continued, and my friend advanced to the window. 'What do you want, mes amis?'

'Want! Everything — meat, money, bread, wine! Come, come, open the door, malheureuse.'

At that moment one of these madmen presented his musket at her and fired; but fortunately being quite drunk, the ball went on one side.

'Do not beat down my door,' said my friend; 'wait and I will open it.' And both of us advancing, keeping the poor child behind us, opened the door. The multitude poured in: they were drunk, and dirty, and filled the house with a horrible odour. They opened every closet, every door, every drawer, and three shots were fired in the drawing-room; however, they fortunately hit none of us. Wine and bread, and thirty francs, which were lying on the mantelpiece, were taken; and one ruffian seized a pendule, but the leader crying out at once, 'No robbery!' he replaced it.

'Are they going to kill us, mamma?' asked little Celestine.

'My child, I cannot tell; but if they do, we shall go to God, and in heaven there are no terrors.'

'I am saying my prayers, mamma.'

She shed no tear—she uttered no cry—but amid all the uproar of this fearful scene, the beating of her little heart was distinctly audible. We trembled, yet our words were calm, and our looks firm. At last there were signs of departure; the noise lulled; they bayoneted the bread, drank the wine, putting the bottles to their lips, and then breaking them afterwards; they pushed us rudely about, under pretence of shaking hands with us, saying they would on their return settle matters with the man who had only escaped a coward's death *that time* by running away to conceal himself. They then left us amid oaths, shouts, and laughter; and when the door was closed, and the fearful sounds had died in the distance, we began to feel a terror that during the scene I have just described we had not been conscious of. All was put in order by our own hands in silence, for we durst not speak; and we felt that active exertion alone could preserve us from fainting. On M. de Vannion's return to dinner, when his wife related to him the events of the morning, he appeared anxious about the effect such a fright must have had upon Celestine. The child assured him that she hardly remembered the scene. She recollected a first terror, and then a feeling of faintness, and that her heart had beat very quickly; but that she feared nothing now, that her own papa was beside her. Still, she did not regain her former cheerfulness, nor was she calm and gentle as heretofore: she became irritable with her companions, impatient with her *bonne*, and frequently left her plays, complaining of headache. This unsatisfactory state of her health ended in an attack of fever, from which in due time she recovered, although her complexion never regained the brilliant hue for which it had been remarkable, but remained pale as a marble statue. Another singularity was, that neither before nor during her illness, nor after her recovery, did she ever name the visit of the insurgents; and she showed so much uneasiness when any one else alluded to it, that her parents requested their friends to avoid the subject, and talk of other more cheerful matters before her. She soon returned to her toys, plays, lessons, and childish prattle, and seemed as happy and thoughtless as usual; though a drum, a shot, or a shout, always turned her paler. One evening, as there appeared to be more than common disturbance in the street, and Celestine appeared uneasy, her mother proposed that she should retire early to rest, hoping to get her to sleep before the uproar increased. She obeyed at once, and was soon in her little bed.

'Good-night, my child,' said her mother, kissing her. 'But stay, I will go and get you a chocolate bonbon.' On her return she held it out: 'Here, my love, here is the bonbon;' but Celestine's hand was not raised. 'Are you asleep already? Are you ill?—or are you playing me a trick? Come, take the bonbon, and give me another kiss. Speak, Celestine, to mamma; do not agitate me, my dear child.' . . . Little Celestine was dead!

THE WISDOM OF WAITING.

THE whole *theory* of a wise conduct in this world may be summed up in the knowledge of when to act and when to refrain from action; the whole *practice* consists in acting according to such knowledge. A complete mastery of both theory and practice is rarely attained by an individual. Some persons, like the Athenians in the old story, know very well what is right to be done, but do not do it; others there are who do right by instinct or habit, without knowing *why* they do it; and as M. Jourdain talked prose all his life without being aware of the fact, so they do the right thing, at the right moment, without any conscious premeditation or effort of judgment.

Although, as has just been said, the union of the theory and the practice of a wise conduct in worldly matters is rarely attained, that is no reason why we should not try to attain it. It is better to set our aim too high than too low. Failure in a great undertaking is often nearer to excellence, than success in a small one. People who can act quite up to their own ideas of virtue and wisdom, and whose practice is in all things adequate to their principles, are never very virtuous, very wise, or very high-principled people. We believe that the standard of virtue we erect for ourselves ought to be very high: by straining to reach unto it, there is hope that we may at least reach half-way, and thus be forced up beyond the low and the mediocre. We would offer a few words upon a branch of this important subject—that of the *wisdom of waiting*. 'Surely,' many persons may exclaim, 'it cannot require much intelligence to wait. It cannot require much skill, or prudence, or wisdom to do nothing.' On the contrary, we venture to affirm that it is often a very difficult thing to do nothing; that, in fact, there is no harder work in this world than to do nothing *judiciously*; or, to put our proposition in other words, it is often a much harder trial to a man's spirit to *wait* than to *work*. We do not for a moment dispute the superior dignity of action to inaction; but we wish to show that inactivity is sometimes wisdom. It is a great truth, that those who would properly use opportunities, must *make* them; but there is another truth we would insist on now—namely, that 'wise men bide their time,' knowing well that—

> 'Those also serve who only stand and wait.'

How often are we placed in critical circumstances which no action of our own is at all likely to improve—in which it is clearly most prudent to take no step—to do nothing, to say nothing; but to wait and see what the opposite party will do or say. Now this position is what *half-wise* people cannot maintain with patience, and often they cannot maintain it at all. Restless from temperament, or some other cause, they go and do something when it would be infinitely better that they had sat quietly at home and done nothing. How frequently are clever people the victims of this over-activity! They hasten away to buy stocks in railways, and other undertakings, when they should have kept their money in their pockets. They make proposals which reflection shows them they cannot fulfil without embarrassment or loss of credit. They entangle themselves with arrangements into which they ought on no account to have plunged. Is not much of the actual vice and crime, not to speak of common imprudences, a result of this inconsiderate activity? The young, in particular, are constantly getting themselves into scrapes, all through a headlong wish to be doing. They are not aware that the world is, on the whole, a very commonplace affair, in which he who jogs on imperturbably, and with a patient reliance on the natural current of events, will be pretty

Digitized by Google

sure of being ultimately successful. It is all very well and very proper to be enterprising, and to be ready to take advantage of circumstances; but, in the name of common sense, let them take care to be enterprising in the right direction, and not rush without foresight into imprudent undertakings, merely from a wish to be doing, or from a notion that the world is going to run away before they can get a hold of it. We say, let them take things coolly—let them have a reasonable degree of patience. Will anybody, however, in these days of high-pressure, listen to such grave admonitions? With the bulk of people, patience does not rank as a virtue at all; it is disregarded as a mere negative quality, useful enough as ballast to minds less richly freighted than their own; and it is precisely for the want of this ballast that many fine minds have been wrecked in the sea of life. The ancient philosophers were fully alive to the importance of patience in all things: their disciples were taught how to wait. Pythagoras made his followers learn to *wait* before they were allowed to plunge into action; he made them learn to be silent before they learned how to speak. It would be well for us of this advanced generation if we could serve a sort of Pythagorean apprenticeship to silence and patience, so that we might become adepts in the difficult art of waiting.

All cultivated persons at the present day are fully aware of the importance of work: it has been reiterated in a hundred different voices that labour is divine; therefore we deem it superfluous to repeat that truth now. Still, though every one knows that there is much wisdom in working, we are tolerably sure that many people have not considered how much wisdom there is in waiting. This is not at all surprising, because folly and vice so often show themselves in connection with idleness and passivity, that it is natural enough for casual observers to suppose that inaction is in all cases to be condemned. But more careful examination of the subject will prove that this is a great error. Because foolish persons will not take the trouble to work, but sit listlessly, ever waiting for something from without to stir them to action, it does not follow that it is not sometimes a very wise thing to wait. The difference between the two classes of *waiters* is exactly indicated in the parable of the 'Ten Virgins—' five of whom were wise, and five were foolish.' The wise waiters are prepared for action when the time for action comes; the foolish waiters are utterly unprepared.

Indolence is a slow-consuming disease; impatience is an unbroken horse, that bears away its rider to destruction, and both are equally opposed to the wise waiting which we would have united to wise working. To quote the beautiful verse of the American poet, let us, while this life lasts, go on cheerfully—

> 'Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to *labour*, and to *wait*.'

FEASTS.

The institution of feasts is one of the few customs current in all nations, savage and civilised, from the Loudoner's Christmas dinner to the Kamskatkadale's glorification over mushroom wine in the first days of September. Every people have their feasts. The details may and do differ considerably, as in the cases cited, but the principle of feasting appears to be the same throughout the world; its origin evidently rests among the peculiarities of human conduct and history, as no species but our own in the wide creation has been observed to appoint assemblies, or make preparations for the purpose. Some of them have indeed been too often feasted at the expense of man—such as wolves and ravens in great battle fields; and the old poets were accustomed to represent them as calculating the chances, and rejoicing in the prospect of war; but this was in the style of the court jester, who, when a quarrelsome prince of Hungary, just come to the throne, inquired why so many carrion crows appeared in the neighbourhood of Presburg, informed him that they were assembling to congratulate each other on his majesty's happy accession, as there would soon be plenty of provisions on either the German or Turkish frontier.

Religion, politics, and social habits have contributed to the number and variety of the world's feasts; and those of religious institution, however perverted from their original design, are generally found to have the most continuous hold on popular memory. A monk, some centuries ago, obliged the world with a treatise entitled 'The Feasts of All Times,' which he divided into the special and the stated. Under the first division were comprehended great banquets, for the celebration of particularly happy occasions, or at least those that were so considered; and under the last, the fixed and annual festivals that always return with their seasons. The monk's volume must have been entertaining, though its subject is now considerably out of date, for part of the book was occupied with directions, as the author said, for the government of feasts in general, according to the wisdom of the ancients, and the old approved rules of festivity. Whether it is that our times are too prudent and business-like to countenance the consequent expense of time and funds, that the daily wants and wishes of civilised mankind have increased to such a degree as to engross their entire energy and attention, till all work and no play has become the description of these latter days, or that the nations, having outgrown their childhood, no longer place their chief joy in plumcake and holidays, it were difficult to decide; but the glory of feast and festival has waned from among us, and, like the rest of the old world's customs, now presents but feeble and fading memorials, which every year diminishes.

The special feasts or banquets which formed such an important item in the expenses of earlier times, are indeed still worthily represented by our great public dinners. A French tourist has remarked that everything in England begins and ends with a dinner; and the zeal of no party could be satisfactorily demonstrated without the play of knives and forks, as if the highway to the sympathies of the nation led through the digestive organs of its people. These observations were never more strikingly verified than in the present day. The dinner is an affair of all-work, and does duty on every occasion: the tribute of admiration to the genius of a successful poet, of sympathy with a disappointed politician, and of confidence in a popular minister, is a dinner. By this events are commemorated, political parties strengthened, and mercantile companies cemented; in short, interest, resolution, and enthusiasm, all come out strong in the shape of a dinner. Balls are at times produced by the same causes, but they generally come as afterpieces, in consideration of the ladies, all of whom are not likely to be satisfied by seeing 'the lions feed' from the gallery, however curious or edifying the spectacle may be; but dining is the recognised demonstration of the modern Englishman. The more showy but unsubstantial fête has long been the favourite method in France, perhaps from its pageant-like character being better suited to the theatrical genius of the people; but even there the dinner-giving doctrine has recently gained ground; and it cannot be forgotten that government opposition to a reform banquet was the drop that overflowed the cup in the late revolution; and Louis-Philippe may be fairly said to have lost his crown for spoiling a dinner.

The greatest displays of this festive kind made in Britain of late years have originated in political zeal. The great banquet by which the passing of the Reform Bill was celebrated, and some of the dinners given to O'Connell in the zenith of his popularity, are remarkable examples. They had no rivals in their line, except one or two coronation banquets, and the fête given by George IV., when Prince Regent, to the allied sovereigns at Carlton House.

The preparations for this royal 'blow out' were completed some weeks previous to its occurrence, and ex-

Digitized by Google

hibited to the public, with no small profit to the regent's servants. "Are you been at Carlton 'Ouse?' is said to have become a standing inquiry among Cockney acquaintances, the sight being regarded as scarcely inferior to the Christmas pantomime. But even kings and princes no longer feast as of old. What are our modern dinners, with all their toasts and speeches (the latter, by the way, being a luxury or infliction unknown to our ancestors), compared to the banquets chronicled among the doings of past generations?

The coronation feast of Edward III. cost a sum in those days equivalent to about £40,000 of the present currency; and as the church came little behind the crown in either ability or expense in that feasting period, at the installation of Ralph, abbot of St Augustine, Canterbury, in 1309, six thousand guests were entertained with a dinner consisting of three thousand dishes. That these dishes must have been tolerably substantial, is presumable from the fact, recorded on most respectable authority, that at the marriage feast of Alexander III. of Scotland, and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England, which was solemnised at York, the archbishop of that city presented the English king with sixty fat oxen, which were all consumed on the occasion. Some portions of those profuse entertainments would create something more than surprise in the mind of a modern diner-out: for example, the flesh of cranes, herons, and hawks, prepared in various fashions, were accounted delicacies. Great pieces of whale and young porpoises are mentioned in terms much higher than those employed by a fishmonger of to-day in describing his new turtle even to a London alderman.

Though it does not appear that the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' so often referred to since its mention by the original poet, formed any considerable part of the great old banquets, provision for their mental refreshment was not entirely neglected; but the apparatus for that purpose now reads rather strangely, especially when we find mimics, and bards, and fools, together with morris-dances, tumblers, and moralities, described as appearing between the courses under the title of 'Interneats:' amusements so called were among the most expensive and peculiar supplies necessary for great feasts of the middle ages. The French particularly excelled in them. At a dinner given by their king, Charles V., to the emperor of Germany, towards the end of the fourteenth century, the following ingenious device was exhibited:—A ship with masts, sails, and rigging was seen first; she had for colours the arms of the city of Jerusalem; Godfrey de Bouillon appeared on deck, accompanied by several knights armed cap-a-pie; the ship advanced into the middle of the room or hall, without the machine which moved it being perceptible. Then the city of Jerusalem appeared, with all its towers lined with Saracens. The ship approached the city; the Christians landed, and began the assault; the besieged made a good defence; several scaling-ladders were thrown down; but at length the city was taken.

The difficulty of executing such a festive design in an age when mechanical science was so little understood may be imagined; but it is a proof to what expense and trouble the men of those days were willing to go for their feasts' sake, and, as the chronicler adds, 'made all who heard of it admire, and delighted the emperor between the two great courses of fish and fowl.' The feasts of old Europe in their most costly days were, however, but feeble imitations of those by which the Eastern monarchs rejoiced the hearts and lightened the purses of their subjects about the same period. The festive details in the 'Arabian Nights,' so dazzling to the early imaginations of most readers, are, incredible as it may seem, far outshone by some real affairs of the kind which have found place in authentic history. The marriage feast of the Caliph El-ma-Moon continued for nineteen days, the father of the bride entertaining on the banks of the Tigris crowds which no palace could contain; and by way of variety, between the courses showers of gold coins, bags of ambergris, and at length balls of musk, were scattered among them, the latter enclosing small papers, each of which was a ticket for some of the different kinds of disposable property most valued in Asia—lands, slaves, and horses; the fortunate scrambler being made aware by proclamation that immediate possession should be given of whatever was inscribed on the paper. The *chef d'œuvre* of this feast was a candle of ambergris, weighing eighty pounds, which burned in a golden lantern in front of the palace; and a trayful of pearls, which the bride's grandmother emptied upon her and the caliph as they sat in state. After this pattern wedding, we are informed that El-ma-Moon bestowed upon his father-in-law the revenue of a Persian province for a year, in order that that munificent satrap might have an opportunity of reimbursing himself, the taxes being completely in his power to increase or diminish; and it is not probable that he adopted the latter arrangement.

This present-making fashion was a frequent attendant on ancient feasts, and by no means unknown in Europe; but sums of money and rich dresses seem to have been the approved offerings in western lands, and are often mentioned as bestowed by sovereigns on their guests. A curious and somewhat characteristic mode of presentation was once adopted by a Chinese emperor at a great feast given to celebrate the birth of his son. The utensils with which each guest was provided for the occasion were according to the rank of the user; the lowest of gold, and those in the ascending scale ornamented with gems of more or less value; and a public crier in the midst of the entertainment announced that they had his majesty's permission to carry them home when the assembly broke up. Asia is indeed the native soil of feasts, where they have expanded to the greatest magnificence. The diminished power and wealth of its princes no longer enable them to emulate the wedding of El-ma-Moon; but they still maintain the feasting fashion of their ancestors, with all the remnants of expense and splendour they can muster; and so essential is a feast on felicitous occasions considered to the respectability of private life, that families of even the inferior castes in Hindoostan have been known to expend not only the savings of years, but their entire means of subsistence, in furnishing forth a single wedding. It has even been urged as an excuse for the infanticide of female children, in former times more frequent among them, that the expense of marriage feasts would thereby be spared to the family. So much for Eastern providence!

To use an American phrase, the further we 'advance backward' in civilisation, the importance and magnitude of feasts continually increase. Athenæus describes an entertainment given by an ancient Gaelic prince to his whole people, and all strangers who chose to attend: it lasted for a whole year, according to that author, and the bill of fare consumed, he states, was such as would astonish the world. A feast among the ancient Britons appears, by the following description, to have been a very different affair from the annual banquet at Apsley House, or even a great political dinner, not to mention the Lord Mayor's display. The dishes in which the meat was served up were either of wood, earthenware, or a kind of baskets made of osiers. The guests sat in a circle upon the ground: a low table or stool was set before each person, with a portion of the meat allotted to him upon it. In this distribution they never neglected to set the largest and best pieces before those who were most distinguished for their rank, their exploits, or their wealth.

There is a tradition in Ireland regarding a Celtic chief, whose pride and generosity are said to have been equally remarkable. He had made a feast, the last of many by which his rule was distinguished; but finding his funds utterly inadequate to go beyond the second day, and less than three being considered niggardly in his land and times, he contrived a hunt for the company

Digitized by Google

on the morning of the third, leaving orders with his servants to burn the castle in their absence, as the only possible apology for abridging the festivities. The legend adds—his command was executed, and the chief, with all his family, went to seek their fortune on the continent, whence none of them ever returned.

Dryden's well-known poem, 'Alexander's Feast,' records a similar, but far more deplorable event—the burning of a great city, the ancient capital of Persia, which was fired by Alexander and his officers in the frenzy of intoxication, at a feast held within its walls. Passing to pleasanter though ruder scenes of the festal order in the extreme north: a feast usually takes place on any part of the Greenland coast where a whale happens to be stranded, the fare being furnished by the great fish. The young men of whatever tribe has despatched or discovered it—for freshness is by no means a requisite to Greenland cheer—assemble and construct a long low house of snow, there being no scarcity of such building materials. A circular hole in the end, generally facing the south, is left for the entrance of the company; the interior is covered with skins till not a particle of the snow is visible, and heated with large earthen lamps, in which all manner of oily matter is kept constantly burning. Then the viands, prepared by the active hands of the ladies, and consisting of all the flesh of the whale, and as much train oil as could be conveniently extracted, are arranged on the centre of the floor in Esquimaux fashion—the solids in the middle, and the oil, accompanied with stronger liquids, if such can be procured from any trading whaler, set round in coarse earthen vessels by way of liquor. All being ready, the invitations are immediately given by the young men, who run for that purpose from family to family. They are as speedily accepted; and when all the guests have arrived, the entrance hole is closed with a strong barricade made of driftwood, to keep out the polar bears; but within, the revelry continues with little intermission, till the whale is entirely eaten up, and the snow house, in spite of the external cold, begins to melt away from its numerous inhabitants.

The feasts of former times have furnished some of the most striking subjects for modern poetry. The Holyrood banquet described in Scott's 'Marmion,' and that in the opening scene of the 'Lord of the Isles,' will occur to every reader. Mrs Hemans, in her 'Kaiser's Feast,' has epitomised the story of a German emperor, who, having warred with his only brother for years, and at length succeeded in dispossessing him of the throne, was informed of his death in exile and poverty, and presented with his orphan children in the midst of a splendid banquet. The old and much diversified legend of a spectral and uninvited guest appearing to claim broken promises, or announce retribution, at the banquet where successful treachery or injustice held the highest place, is familiar to the poets of Europe, and contains a sounder moral than those generally attributed to the rude and superstitious times in which it had its origin. Spectres may still appear at life's feasts, though not of the kind common in old stories, that made the lights burn blue. By a sort of contrast, these reflections recall a singular version of the Barmecide's feast, said to have been enacted by the notable Beau Brummell in his latter days. The beau lived to be old and paralytic, his fortune was considerably diminished, and those of his former friends or rivals whom he had not survived had forgotten him when no longer seen to reign over dinners, and legislate in ballrooms; but the ruling passion was still with Beau Brummell, and in the long winter evenings he was accustomed to indulge it with make-believe dinner-parties in the fashion of other days, every tittle of which was as exactly imitated as his most faithful memory could command; and there the old man sat, in his solitary room, pouring forth the ancient strain of compliment and salutation. 'My dear duchess, I have been dying to see you this fortnight!' 'Sir Robert, you look well in spite of politics.' 'Almost late, my lord; is it Lady Charlotte or the poet should account for it?' And so he went on, addressing beauties, ministers, and *littérateurs*, long dead, and mostly forgotten, as one after another they were announced, according to his directions, by the footman, who used to shudder years afterwards at the recollection of his own terrified expectations, as every name sounded through the lonely house.

In short, many and curious have been the varieties and accompaniments of feasts; but with the last-mentioned specimen we conclude for the present, proposing to return to the second division of our subject—Festivals and Holidays—in a succeeding article.

A WALK AMONG THE EAST OF LONDON JEWS.

We had occasion the other day to wait for a brief space near the India House, in Leadenhall Street. Time passes but slowly with the listless lounger of the pavement; so it did with us. We inspected ten times over the stores of nautical instruments, the masses of ready-made clothes for the hurried emigrant, the libraries of books of colonial interest, the plates of Indiamen in hurricanes off the Cape, and of apocryphal naval battles, wherewith most of the shop windows in that most maritime of the city thoroughfares are stocked; and at length, tired of what we saw, turned down St Mary Axe into the great Jewish colony of London.

It is not a savoury locality the city Ghetto. Picturesqueness and dirt, however, frequently go together, and here assuredly were both. For hundreds of years, the labyrinth of small crooked streets, blind lanes, and tortuous passages, ending in tiresome *cul de sacs*, which stretches away north of Leadenhall Street, has been inhabited, as it is inhabited now, by Jews. The ancestors of the bearded men you meet lived and died in those quaint, dirty, high-gavelled houses about you. For hundreds of years the Passover has been kept in these streets, and the probability is, that it will be observed there hundreds of years to come. Everything about you is entirely and essentially Jewish. Five minutes' walk has brought you from a Christian city to a Judaic colony. It is not a solitary example of such isolated colonies. Every now and then, in exploring the swarming regions of Eastern London, you come upon a cluster of Jewish lanes. You may know them by the almost universally-opened windows, by the men and women seated in chairs upon the pavement before their dwellings—perhaps a memorial of the patriarchal times when every man sat under his own fig-tree—by the dingy shops of second-hand wares, the clusters of dirty frippery hung from door-posts, the plates of oil-fried fish displayed in the cook-shops, and the masses of old iron and fusty rags, blurred phials with unwholesome breath, and all the chaos of grimey odds and ends which go to make up the stock in trade of the dealer in marine stores.

The West End Jews are few and less characteristic, being in general more or less fallen off from the nation. Many, in point of fact, are in noway distinguishable from the better classes of English gentry; they are in reality Englishmen, only of Jewish descent, and of the ancient Hebrew faith; and that such persons, not to speak of the Jews generally, do not possess all the ordinary privileges of British subjects, is by no means creditable to our national polity. To neither the Hebrew gentlemen, nor the Hebrew merchants and tradesmen in the central and western parts of the metropolis, can we refer for the true Jewish characteristics. We must look to the Jew in the East as the true object of interest. He lives where his father lived; he drives the trade his father drove; he marries a woman of his own race, and sends his children to the synagogue to do after him what he has done himself. Such is the class of people you meet about the 'Clothes Mart' off Leadenhall Street. To the eye accustomed to the polished Judaism of the Quadrant or the Haymarket, these East-End Caucasians appear exaggerated Jews. Noses seem more hooked, ringlets more greasily black, and eyes more piercingly lustrous.

Digitized by Google

Everything about their quarter wears a dirty, slovenly, yet bustling aspect. The houses are old and high, and appear crumbling and fading away. There is a damp, fusty odour lingering over the whole district. The glimpses you catch of old stained wooden panelings and musty moth-eaten window curtains, bring up unpleasant associations of spiders spinning undisturbed, of ancient hereditary black beetles, and other haunters of places unsavoury. These suspicious mansions are evidently crowded from the ground to the roof. Unshorn men, in their shirt sleeves, smoke at the opened windows; children go screaming about the doors; dirty drabs of women shout to each other from house to house; and knots of men, many of them bearded, all of them black haired and black eyed, lounge round the thresholds, bargaining and disputing in that harsh, snivelling, Jewish accent which makes you sometimes doubt whether those who use it be speaking English or no. And thus you fish your way along the guttery stones, amid rotting vegetables, fish offals, well-churned and trampled mud, and a host of other abominations, turning from one narrow dirty lane into another, catching glimpses of close-confined courts and narrow sodden wynds, with yellowish-hued linen fluttering aloft from poles, and everywhere surrounded by the same piles of high, grimey houses, smoke-hued, and reeking with hot fetid vapours.

At length, perhaps, you will turn unexpectedly into a small square. Instantly you feel that you are in a new hemisphere. Although still on Jewish ground, you have left behind you the smell of fish, and the frowzy odours of old clothes, to experience in exchange an intense effusion of the perfume of oranges. You tread on something soft, and perceive that you are trampling on a small mountain of orange-peel, mingled with mashy lumps of soft and decayed fruit. All round you are orange shops, or rather stalls—dark, dismal places—on which you can see piles of the fruit arranged upon low tables and counters, and superintended by dirty Jewish boys and as dirty Jewish matrons. You are in the Orange Change, where all the itinerant Hebrew dealers in the fruit come to purchase their stocks, and whence they roll it about on their barrows through all wide London. The houses of the square are of much the same class as those we have been describing. A tavern at the corner boasts a sign, decorated with Hebrew inscriptions and Jewish symbols; and if you look about, you will recognise, what you never see on the dead walls of any other part of London, placards couched partially, or altogether, in the Hebrew language, and addressed to 'the Jewish public.' Many of these documents refer to cakes, meats, and other viands in exclusive use amongst the Jews, principally at their times of religious festivity. You will be sure to see advertisements of 'Cosher Rum,' and 'Motsos'—the latter being, we believe, the appellation of the Passover cakes of unleavened bread. Here and there too you will observe a newsvender's or bookseller's shop, full of Hebrew literature, and generally displaying in the windows the extended sheets of Jewish journals, of which there were, until lately, two, now reduced to one; very little, if at all, known beyond the Israelitish community.

Leaving the Orange Mart, and proceeding some little way westward, we come upon another distinctive feature of the district—the Clothes Mart. Here is the very centre of the trade carried on throughout all London in old clothes. The tribe of shabby, black-muzzled hawkers, who wander from street to street, shouting their monotonous chant of 'Old clo!' bring their treasures of cast-off raiment here. Running along and across broad yards, are squares and rows of rickety old sheds, with benches and frames for exposing the peculiar merchandise to the best advantage; whole streets or avenues, it may be said, of shabby-genteel garments. Crowded by a multitude of shabbier-living men, chaffering over their wares, exalting or depreciating their merits, disputing about the texture of a stuff, accosting likely customers, pushing, bustling, laughing, and joking. The buyers and the sellers group, and swarm, and cluster around throngs of dark, mildewy-looking men, most of them with their professional black bags over their shoulders. Nor, outside the mart, is the activity and bustle less great: there venders and purchasers are seen going in groups to cement their bargains in the low-browed, dark publichouses; the narrow street is choked up by the carts and barrows of sellers of vegetables and fish; slatternly women scream and scold over slimy piles of flounders, and soft, sodden lumps of salmon; the cheap cookshops are crowded by amateurs of simmering, three-days-stewed meat, and pies of unknown materials; barefooted urchins drive hard bargains with apple-women and baked-potato men, or perhaps over the trays of whelks and periwinkles deposited upon hampers at every corner. Alternating with these cheap provision-shops and stands are magazines of old iron, brokers' establishments, and grimey coal and potato sheds; while, crowding backwards and forwards, chattering and hallooing, there swarms hither and thither the coarse, dirty, Jewish population, only broken here and there by the blue uniform of the policeman, who stands with all his eyes about him at the corner, or by the stately form and the long flowing robes of the rabbi, as he slowly picks his way amid his flock to the neighbouring synagogue.

Altogether, the scene is a strange, but not a pleasing one. Dirt is the prevailing feature—dirt in the street, dirt in the houses, dirt in the men and women. Pity it is that of all their Oriental customs, cleanliness should be almost the only one which the Jews have entirely forgotten. Yet they look content and happy in their foulness; reflecting, no doubt, that as good a bargain can be made in tainted air as in the wholesomest breeze. That important point settled, the Jews, although they may make an article of merchandise of soap, appear to consider it as a commodity with which they have no other necessary connection.*

THE WILL.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Oakwood Hall became, by purchase, the property of a gentleman named Willoughby. To the former owner—the last representative of an ancient family, who had dissipated a large fortune in extravagance—the new proprietor was a complete contrast, being parsimonious in the extreme. The halls which had once resounded with merriment were now deserted, except by the swallows and martins, which built their nests in the recesses of the richly-painted windows, and flew at pleasure through the many apertures which were suffered to remain unrepaired. Instead of the almost princely train of attendants the young marquis had in waiting, the new occupant hired but three domestics—an elderly woman, who performed the duties of housekeeper to this meagre establishment; a man who filled the several offices of butler, footman, and gardener; and his wife, who acted as both cook and housemaid. Mr Willoughby was a bachelor and a valetudinarian, and he had chosen this spot on account of its retirement and the salubrity of the air. The principal part of his life had been spent in India, where he had amassed considerable wealth, but his declining state of health had obliged him to return to his native land. He was one of those characters who may be said to be spoiled by prosperity. Having met with unusual success in his own undertakings, he had become ungenerous in his opinions of those to whom fortune had been less

* 'Constant readers' will readily understand that the writing and publishing of this paper are not prompted by anything like a wish to amuse, by ridicule of a depressed and everywhere unjustly treated race. It has seemed to us, however, that even a somewhat high-coloured sketch of the Jews' quarter of London might have a beneficial effect, in leading to improvement in those personal habits and domestic conditions on which health, and even morals, so intimately depend.—*Ed.*

Digitized by Google

kind; and towards his dependents he was exacting, tyrannical, and overbearing. The chief aim of his existence had been to accumulate wealth; but this accomplished, he was incapable of enjoying the blessings it might have purchased. The constant companion of this miserable old man was an orphan niece, the daughter of a deceased brother; and the adoption of this child was the only benevolent act he was ever known to perform. Some gleam of natural affection had warmed his sordid nature when his dying relative had intreated him to succour his friendless and portionless girl; but his subsequent conduct towards her proved that the protection he had for so many years afforded her was purely selfish. When he became the subject of a debilitating disease, no one else would endure his impatience and fretfulness, more especially as his domestics were but ill requited for the services they rendered him. The patience with which this gentle creature endured the ill-humour of her invalid uncle was by many attributed to interested views, it being generally supposed that she was to become his heiress; but such persons wrongly estimated the character of Gertrude Willoughby: her unremitting attentions and meek forbearance sprung from a deep sense of gratitude. Her aged relative had, she said, been a father to her in her utmost need, and she deemed it her duty to repay the debt by fulfilling a daughter's part.

Mr Willoughby was a bigoted professor of religion, though lamentably deficient in practical piety; and the Rev. Mr Virian, the rector of the parish, was the only person who was ever received as a guest at the inhospitable mansion. The young churchman was handsome, talented, and accomplished: it was therefore no matter of surprise that he should make an impression on the warm and susceptible heart of its fair inmate. From the hour when she was bereft of her natural protector, she had never till now met with a congenial mind. The attachment was mutual; and she was too little versed in the cold policy of the world, to take it once into consideration that her uncle might object to the union. Though Mr Virian was without personal property, he thought that, as his family was unexceptionable, and his talents were likely to gain him preferment, there could be no reasonable objections to the match. He calculated also on the favour with which the old man had hitherto regarded him. But love and the sanguine spirits of youth had deceived him; for no sooner did he propose himself as a suitor for the young lady, than her uncle, in a fit of ungovernable rage, peremptorily ordered him to quit the house, and never more to enter it. To the sordid heart of Willoughby all appeal was useless. It was his determination that if his niece ever married, it should be some wealthy person; and he was, moreover, too dependent upon her for his daily comforts, to make a sacrifice for her happiness. The unfortunate girl had therefore to endure an augmentation of spleen for what he termed the rector's temerity and her ingratitude.

Gertrude now found her position almost insupportable. A sense of duty had hitherto chained her to the sick couch of her relative; but now that he had acted so unkind a part, she began to question if any moral obligation really bound her to devote her life to his service. Her lover, meanwhile, importunately urged his suit by letters sent through the medium of one of the domestics. He could not but be aware that any step taken by Miss Willoughby against the wishes of her uncle would probably deprive her of his fortune; but he was too sincerely attached to her to allow any mercenary considerations to influence his conduct. He pleaded that his living was sufficient to provide them with all the comforts of life: its luxuries, he said, neither of them desired. The result of this correspondence was, that after a brief period of hesitation, Gertrude voluntarily left the Hall to become the wife of the young churchman, and mistress of the humble parsonage. The rage of the old man at the desertion of his niece knew no bounds, and it operated so powerfully upon his health, that he became a more confirmed invalid than before.

I must now introduce a new, but not unimportant personage, to the reader: this was Mary, or, as she was usually termed, Molly Hawkins, the housekeeper at the Hall. Strange stories were whispered in the cottages concerning this woman's early history; but all that was really known of her was, that she came with her daughter, then a young woman of two or three-and-twenty, to reside in the village, a few months prior to the purchase of the estate by Mr Willoughby, and that she was immediately engaged in his establishment. The powerful influence she appeared to have over a man who would permit no one else to oppose his wishes, was a matter of surprise. That influence had not been exerted to promote the interests of her master's protégée; and now that she had given him some grounds of complaint, she failed not to do her utmost to aggravate her young mistress's offence. So completely did her plan of separating the uncle and niece succeed, that the old man positively refused every solicitation made by Gertrude to be admitted again to his presence, though she had afterwards reason to believe that the letters containing these appeals had been intercepted by the wily attendant, who, now that Willoughby was wholly confined to his chamber, seldom quitted his side for an hour.

The continued displeasure of her relative was the only barrier to the young wife's happiness; for she entered on her new duties with delight, and fulfilled them in a manner which reflected the highest credit upon her character. Hers were the quiet unobtrusive virtues which shine most conspicuously within the hallowed circle of home; but as mistress of the rectory, she had a far wider sphere of usefulness than when the humble dependent of the niggardly master of the Hall. Her liberal hand was now open to relieve the temporal wants of her husband's poor parishioners, and she was no less willing to co-operate in administering to their spiritual necessities. How much good may be accomplished through the instrumentality of a pious and amiable woman, who devotes her days to offices of charity, the records of eternity will alone disclose.

Many years glided on thus tranquilly, when an incident occurred which effected an unlooked-for change in the rector's family.

The parsonage-house was situated on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country; the Hall was, however, only discernible from the window of one of the chambers. When Gertrude first became an inmate of the dwelling, she was wont to visit this apartment, that she might cast a glance towards her late abode. Long association had made her uncle more dear to her than she had herself deemed possible; but as year after year passed, and he took not the slightest notice of her, all hopes of a reconciliation ceased. It was the evening of the seventh anniversary of her wedding-day; she was now the mother of a little fairy, who made her home even more happy than heretofore. She felt, however, on this occasion some renewed yearnings of affection towards the protector of her helpless youth, and she escaped from the cheerful fireside, and the more than usually gay circle which were gathered there, to spend a few minutes in meditation at the little casement. The night was dark, and she could not discern the mansion, but she fixed her eyes in the direction, and called down a blessing on the head of its occupant. A sudden blaze of light here attracted her attention, and curiosity was changed to alarm when she observed that it increased in magnitude. 'The Hall is on fire!—the Hall is on fire!' she shrieked forth; and her cry brought her husband and children to the spot. Her surmise was too true: some combustible matter had by accident ignited in the servants' offices, and the left wing of the building was enveloped in flame and smoke.

Unpopular as Mr Willoughby's parsimonious spirit had made him amongst the villagers, they, for the sake of his amiable niece, were not slow in rendering

Digitized by Google

assistance. The man-servant came running to solicit it just as Mr Vivian was summoning them to the duty. The devastating element in the meantime destroyed nearly the whole of the wing; and the miserable old man, who was lying totally helpless in one of the chambers, was with difficulty conveyed by his two female domestics to a cottage in the vicinity. Here Gertrude and her husband found him in a state of terror which had almost bereft him of reason. The meeting was affecting in the extreme. Seven years had elapsed since they had seen each other, and those years had wrought a great change in the aspect of the invalid. He appeared more like some ghastly spectre than a living being. He survived the shock but a few days, and the only sane sentences he was heard to utter were violent self-accusations for having wronged his innocent niece.

These observations naturally led Mrs Vivian to suppose that the property had been willed away from her. Great, therefore, was her surprise, when, in a deed-box which had escaped the fire, a will, duly signed and sealed, was found, making her his sole heiress. This document bore the date of the year in which the testator had taken up his residence at the Hall.

It is here necessary to state, that after assisting her fellow-servant in conveying her master from the flaming mansion, Molly Hawkins had been seized with a fit of paralysis, which deprived her of speech and consciousness. She lay for some weeks in the cottage of her daughter, who was now married to a labourer, and still resided in the village; and here she breathed her last. Judith Hawkins, or rather Judith Dawson, was disliked and shunned if possible even more than her mother had been. The poor man who was so unhappy as to make her his wife was little better than an idiot, and she consequently exerted undisputed authority in the family. This woman violently and pertinaciously persisted that the Hall, and the immense wealth left by the late Mr Willoughby, was her mother's; that it had been willed to Molly by that gentleman in consideration of her long and faithful services; and that there was a document yet in existence (though it had been suppressed by the persons interested) which would prove the truth of her statements. These assertions greatly affected the sensitive mind of Gertrude. She thought it not improbable that her uncle had in a fit of anger willed away the property which he had previously designed for her. His dying words in a great measure corroborated the supposition; yet, as justice was certainly on her side, and the pretended heiress lay in a state which gave no prospect of light being thrown upon the subject, she hesitated not to take possession of the disputed wealth.

The Hall underwent partial rebuilding and thorough repair, and the rector's family subsequently left the little parsonage, and took up their abode in it. Mr Vivian was now a rich man; but he was too deeply interested in the profession to which he had devoted himself, to relinquish it because he no longer stood in need of its emoluments. He merely engaged a curate to assist, to whom he paid the whole of the proceeds of the living, and still dwelt amongst his flock, like a father amongst his beloved children. Gertrude had it now in her power to exercise benevolence without making those self-sacrifices which she had hitherto done, and she and her husband went hand in hand in works of love and charity.

Contrary to the wishes of Mrs Vivian, the two domestics who had resided so many years with Mr Willoughby left the house at his death, and removed into one of the northern shires. As these people had always shown great attachment to her, she was much surprised at their determination. No mention was made of them in the will; but deeming their services deserving a recompense, she presented them with a handsome sum ere she suffered them to depart.

Gertrude now filled up her establishment from her husband's parishioners; and strange as it may appear, amongst these was Susan Dawson, the daughter of her bitter foe. This girl had become attached to Mrs Vivian from having been a pupil in the village school at which that lady presided, and she now begged permission to become an under-servant in her nursery. Gertrude was too generous to permit the misconduct of the mother to affect her treatment of the daughter. She, moreover, saw that to remove her from the contaminating influence of evil example would probably be to save her from ruin, and she therefore acceded to her request without hesitation.

Another seven years elapsed with little change, excepting that Mr Vivian's family increased in number, and, if possible, enjoyed an increase of happiness. A fresh vicissitude, however, now took place in Gertrude's eventful life. Great events frequently spring from *apparently* trifling causes, and we must here enter into the detail of some seemingly insignificant matters, in order to proceed with our story.

Some relatives of Mr Vivian, who had been abroad for several years, wrote to intimate an intention to visit him *en route* on their return to their residence in England. As this family consisted of the master and mistress, servants and children, much preparation was necessary for their accommodation. Mrs Vivian, therefore, proposed that some chambers, which had not been made use of since the death of her uncle, should be comfortably furnished for the reception of her own domestics, and that they should give up their apartments for the time to the strangers. This proposition met with general approval, with but one exception, and that was to the room which had been occupied by Molly Hawkins. A superstitious dread of they knew not what made the ignorant people shrink from the thought of sleeping in a chamber which she had tenanted. Susan Dawson, who was superior to such fears, volunteered, however, to become the occupant. The old woman was her grandmother, and perhaps she was a little indignant at the odium cast upon her character. The servants were loud in their opposition to what they termed her folly. They were sure, they said, some evil would happen to her: and, by a singular coincidence, the girl had not occupied the chamber many nights, ere she was taken suddenly and seriously ill. The cause did not certainly originate in the apartment, or anything connected with it, but no reasoning could persuade the superstitious people out of their preconceived opinions on the subject.

Judith, bad as she was, was not wholly without natural affection; and hearing that her child was lying ill at the Hall, she broke a vow she had made, never to enter a house in which Mrs Vivian was mistress, and even solicited permission to attend her daughter in the capacity of nurse. Gertrude could not refuse so reasonable a request, though it was far from agreeable to her to have a person of Judith Dawson's habits as an inmate of her quiet dwelling.

The crisis of Susan's malady proved favourable; but as she was for some weeks in a state of extreme weakness, and unable to leave her chamber, her mother still continued to attend her. Judith was one day reaching down a book from a closet, in compliance with the request of the invalid, when her hand unconsciously touched a secret opening, which disclosed a small aperture in the wall, wherein something lay concealed; she seized on it with the eagerness of a vulture lighting on unexpected prey.

'Cannot you find the book, mother?' asked the sick girl, drawing aside the curtain as she spoke. The almost fiendish expression which sat upon the countenance of her parent terrified her. 'What is the matter?' she demanded, scarcely knowing whether to believe she was in a state of sanity or not.

'Nothing—nothing,' was the woman's reply; and she strove to conceal the parchment, for such it was, which she had purloined, in her apron.

'Mother, you have taken something from that closet; whatever it may be, it is neither yours nor mine. I intreat of you to restore it to its place.'

Judith answered by a burst of wild laughter. Finding all attempts at concealment vain, she resolved

Digitized by Google

to terrify her daughter into silence. 'I have found that which will show who is mistress of this mansion,' she exultingly said, holding up the scroll to Susan's view; 'but I charge you to speak of it at your peril. Mrs Vivian will learn her downfall soon enough.'

The menacing words which fell from the lips of her parent, the horrible gestures which accompanied them, and a presentiment that some evil was impending, operated so powerfully on the feelings of the sick girl, that she sunk back on her pillow in a state of insensibility. A relapse of the disorder was the result. But though her life was now in imminent danger, Judith did not scruple to leave her, and set out that very night on a journey to London, that she might have legal advice on the matter which was uppermost in her thoughts.

Dread of her mother's resentment, and disinclination to expose her faults, induced Susan to regard her injunction to silence; but the concealment preyed on her mind, and affected her already enfeebled frame to such a degree, that though the malady was subdued, it was apprehended that she would sink into a decline. Susan's fondness for the children, and her general good conduct, had much endeared her to her mistress, and Mrs Vivian proposed visiting an adjacent watering-place, for the sole purpose of affording her the benefit of change of air and sea-bathing. The family were on the eve of departure, when apprised, through the medium of a man of law, that proceedings would forthwith be commenced against Gertrude Vivian for the unlawful possession of certain property, which could be proved to belong to one Judith Dawson, in right of her mother Mary Hawkins, whom he affirmed to have been the lawful heiress to the said property.

This letter threw the Vivians into consternation. The matter had remained quiet so long, that they had almost forgotten that their right had been disputed. The rector was willing to hope that no positive document had been found; but Susan, to whom the intelligence was tenderly communicated by her gentle mistress, now felt it to be her duty to reveal all she knew on the subject. This confession threw a fresh aspect on the affair: still Mrs Vivian hoped it could be proved that the testator was in a state of imbecility when the more recent will was dictated and signed; on this ground his wife could maintain her own right to be inviolate. The visit to the watering-place was of course set aside, and Susan earnestly begged permission to accompany them to London. She felt herself placed in a most painful position. Her conscience, judgment, and every sentiment of affection and gratitude, induced her to espouse the cause of the Vivians—to espouse it in opposition to a parent.

We will not dwell upon the process of law: suffice it to say, that when the new will was brought before the court, it was found to be legal. It had been duly signed by the late Mr Willoughby's two domestics, John and Margaret Webb; and these persons, having been subpœnaed by Judith Dawson, were obliged to confess, when put to their oath, though it was with evident reluctance, that their late master was to all appearance perfectly sane when the will received his signature.

The fact was, that Webb and his wife had been prevailed on to give their sanction to what they felt to be an unjust act; and they had left the neighbourhood on the death of their master, with the hope of escaping any further involvement in the unhappy affair, should the will in favour of the old woman ever come to light.

By these means Gertrude was dispossessed of her uncle's property, and, with her family, once again returned to the rectory. Mrs Dawson did not make, as may be supposed, a very good use of the wealth she had acquired by such means. She launched out into the most reckless extravagance, and gathered together a number of dissolute and unprincipled people, whose persuasions and intemperate example had so powerful an effect on the weak mind of her husband, that he fell a victim to the excesses in which he was induced to indulge. No words can give an adequate idea of the distress endured by Susan. The holy influences of such a home as she shared in the rector's family had naturally tended to elevate her character, as well as refine her manners; and she now positively refused to share any part of the ill-gotten wealth. As Mrs Vivian could no longer afford to keep up her former establishment, she sought a situation in a distant town, that she might be removed from the more immediate knowledge of what was passing in her native village.

Growing weary at length of the amusements which a country village afforded, Mrs Dawson purchased a handsome house in one of the principal squares in the metropolis. She here spent her time in frequenting places of public resort, or in giving expensive entertainments. There are always a set of persons to be met with who will flutter around the wealthy, be their pretensions to respectability or their moral worth what it may. The widow, therefore, found it an easy matter to fill her spacious drawing-rooms with guests who wore at least a fashionable appearance. If their characters had been investigated, it would have been discovered that not one of them could bear a very strict scrutiny.

A career of reckless vice is not often of long duration. Such was the case with the course pursued by this worthless woman. In less than three years after she became possessed of Mr Willoughby's property, she met with an accident which suddenly terminated her miserable life.

The dreadful intelligence was communicated to Susan by the attorney who had acted for her mother in the late law affair; and he made it known in so abrupt and unfeeling a manner, that her sensitive mind for a time sunk under it, and she was again thrown upon a bed of sickness. The first shock over, however, she made a strong effort to undertake a journey to her native village, with the view of paying a visit to her late master and mistress.

It was the winter season, and night had closed in ere the chaise in which she travelled reached the place of its destination. She was an unexpected guest, but not on that account unwelcome. The family group, collected around a blazing fire in the little parlour, now consisted of eight smiling faces. Mr Vivian was reading aloud from an amusing and instructive volume, whilst his wife and elder daughters were engaged with the needle. It was a beautiful picture of domestic harmony and happiness, and it so powerfully affected the mind of the visitor, that she could not utter a word in reply to the various questions put to her regarding her health, and whether, judging from her haggard aspect, any misfortune had befallen her.

'It is not in the power of wealth to purchase such peace as I find here,' she mentally soliloquised, 'nor can it, I think, even add to it.'

The family had not heard of the death of Mrs Dawson. Great was therefore their surprise when Susan, on recovering her self-possession, put into the rector's hands a paper signed by herself, giving up all claim to the property, which, she affirmed, had been legally, but nevertheless unjustly, held by her late mother. Astonishment for some moments chained Mr Vivian's lips; but when he did speak, it was to express the admiration he felt for this noble act. Gertrude embraced her as she would have done a sister or a daughter. 'Dear Susan,' she said, 'your exemplary conduct has conferred more real honour upon you than a coronet could have bestowed. You love us, and you imagine that you owe us a debt of gratitude, but I am convinced that a higher motive has instigated you to this self-sacrifice. A deep sense of justice, which the laws of man cannot controvert, though they may render it nugatory, has been the leading spring of your actions, and you would have relinquished a claim you felt to be *unjust* had we been total strangers to you.'

'You have rightly judged me, dear Mrs Vivian,' Susan made answer.

Digitized by Google

Gertrude, with the perfect concurrence of her husband, would have forced a considerable sum on the noble-minded girl, who was thus the means of reinstating them in their former affluence, but she positively refused its acceptance. It was her wish to resume her former position in the family, but they would not hear of her being received otherwise than as a friend. Another offer was, however, made her, which was, to become the mistress of an establishment of her own. A young farmer in the neighbourhood, charmed with the part she had taken in the affair, now came forward as a suitor for her hand, and was accepted.

It need scarcely be told that Mr and Mrs Vivian did all in their power to advance the interests and promote the happiness of the young couple. They educated their children, and advanced their interests in life. Nearly threescore years have passed since the above-related transactions occurred. The inhabitants of the Hall and the inmates of the farm now lie in the little churchyard, but the name of Susan Dawson is remembered in her native village, and her moral worth is still the theme of panegyric among its inhabitants.

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts is, beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen; and I may be excused for digressing from the immediate thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge, which is considered in eastern and southern countries the most unfailing manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and ten thousands around us and upon us, along the sands on which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet; yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great, that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm, that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honours of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavonred to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column, throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.—*Lord Carnarvon's 'Portugal and Galicia.'*

SCARCITY OF YOUNG CELEBRITIES.

It is rather curious at first, to one unfamiliar with the artistic world, to see how little youth is to be met with amongst the celebrities. Our young poets are middle-aged men; our rising authors are bald; our distinguished painters are passing into the 'sere and yellow leaf;' our very 'young Englanders' are getting gray and pursy. The truth is, life is short, and art is long; and although a privileged man does sometimes, in the ardour of youth, reach the summit of reputation by a bound, either from the prodigal richness of his genius, or from having hit the favour of the movement, yet, as a general rule, celebrity is slowly gained, and not without many years of toilsome effort.—*Leaves.*

YESTERDAY.

I see it now, through bygone years,
As plainly as of yore!
Though grief and age have worn life's page
And stained its traces o'er,
That fairy home of boyhood's time,
When the world was pure and gay,
Comes sweeping back o'er memory's track
As fresh as yesterday.

I see again the well-known scene—
I tread the path anew
Where lily, rose, and eglantine,
Commingling fragrance threw:
You cannot say I'm weak and old,
Or that my locks are gray—
I'm hale and young—I stand among
The scenes of yesterday!

Thou reverend, old, and hallowed oak,
I hail thee once again!
The stately wave thy branches gave
Is solemn now as then,
When underneath thy charméd shade
I mused the hours away,
Nor thought too bright the dreams I made
In sunny yesterday.

Thou creeping vine, that lov'st to twine
Around the cottage door,
And weave thy slender, netty arms
My chamber lattice o'er—
I've clapped my little hands for glee,
And thought no vine so gay
As the vine that clustered fruits for me
In childhood's yesterday!

Ye tinted flowers of varied hue,
That fringe the walks along—
Ye modest plants that hide from view
Amidst the blooming throng—
I'm bounding down your garden slope
With my long-forgot 'Hurra!'
I'm shouting loud the song of Hope
You taught me yesterday!.....

Alas! alas! that boyish song,
For me, is hushed and still;
The blood that danced so light along
Creeps slowly now and chill;
My sight grows dim—my limbs grow old—
The vision fades away;
Though bright it seem, 'tis but the dream
Of bygone yesterday!

CHARLES WILTON.

—*From the Cottage Gardener.*

CONFESSION.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; and more grace to correct it.—*Seed.*

MARRIAGE OF MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

We have received a letter from a lady belonging to the Moravian Communion, informing us that the author of an article in No. 244 of this Journal, entitled 'A Ride in South Africa,' is mistaken as to the marriage of the missionaries. It seems they do not invariably go out unmarried, and some are married at the Cape. The 'lot,' our correspondent adds, is a religious ceremony, performed occasionally by the elders of the congregations for the purpose of ascertaining 'whether it is the Lord's will that such and such a thing be done,' and unless 'cast,' as she phrases it, at the desire of the individual affected by the result, it is not binding.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 258. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848. Price 1½d.

NATIONALITY.

Nationality is one of the most mischievous words in the dictionary. It has occasioned the bitterest wars related in history, and at this moment is setting all Europe by the ears. Peace—wealth—home—family: these trifles may go, and their moan is soon made, but let us fight to the last for our nationality! I wonder what nationality means?

A nation being an aggregate of individuals, its mind must be formed of numerous different opinions and shades of opinion, and its manners exhibit the same variety. One would think that there could be no common rallying-point here; but the fact is otherwise. One aggregate is different from another aggregate, just as one individual is different from another individual; and climate, soil, government, and a thousand other and more obscure circumstances, give a distinguishing tone even to the diversities of a nation. Among these circumstances, not the least, perhaps, is physical constitution, transmitted, as regards a people, in the same way as family likeness, moral and personal. It matters not what difference there may be in the social condition of the members of the community; rich and poor, noble and mean, all bear a certain resemblance to each other, and all have done so from the first period of their congregation. The fighting Roman of ancient times was not more different from the trading Carthaginian, than is the volatile Frenchman of to-day from the steady Englishman. Nationality, therefore, or nationalness, as it used to be written, is the expression of the common idiosyncrasy; it is, in fact, the egotism of a nation.

An individual who does not assert his own rights, cannot love right for itself; and if he is tender of the rights of others, this can only spring from fear or temporary interest. It is not the assertion of right, however, that constitutes egotism, but the assertion of self in totality. An egotist values a thing because it is his; an opinion, because it is he who holds it; and not on account of any intrinsic worth or wisdom in what he values. Such a character is devoted to ridicule by the common consent of mankind; and perhaps it is time to inquire whether there is anything that should exempt the egotism of a nation from being placed in the same category. May not the reverence with which we view nationality arise in some degree from our moral perceptions being confused by its complication?

When a smaller nation is absorbed in a greater, before weeping over ruined nationality, or girding on our sword to fight in its rescue, we should inquire what general civilisation has gained by the revolution, and what the individual sufferer has lost. Perhaps it has lost a bad government; perhaps it has been freed from feudal oppression; perhaps it has been removed from a position in which society made, and could make, no progress. In this case nationality is mistaken; as mistaken as the Scotch at Culloden; as mistaken as the Highlanders when they refused to abandon their unseemly costume and antiquated language, because these were their own. But nationality rarely reasons. A serf fights for his collar as bitterly as a noble for his estate. At the famous partition of Poland, the country was the property of a handful of landowners, and the masses of the people were merely animals of burden belonging to the soil. But what of that? The serfs were Poles, and they rallied round the national flag, and fought and died in thousands for a cause to which they could not give even the *name* of liberty. Such is Irish nationality at this hour. The people, starved or neglected by a body of incompetent and generally heartless landlords, desire to have a king and a parliament of these landlords, as a panacea for all their ills!

If there is a mistake, it may be possible to discover what it is. Let us at least stir up the subject. Let us look behind the folds of that worn and clotted standard, beneath which so much blood has been shed, and try to find out what they hide.

The Spartans, in a moral point of view, were perhaps the most distinguished people of antiquity, and they had likewise the most nationality. Their little state was the object of universal admiration: contemporary historians conceded to them the superiority over all the Greeks; they carried on for ages a career of unexampled prosperity; and when ancient Sparta was at an end, and they had entered into the régime of the modern world, the remains of their impetus carried them on through the system of states that perished under the Macedonian rule, and afterwards through those of the Achæan league, till they were the last community of Greece which sunk into village insignificance in the empire of Rome. During a great part of their long and lofty career, the nationality of the Spartans must have been of the true sort; and it must have been only by slow degrees that it became diluted or travestied by the contaminations of the vulgar world. Here, then, we may obtain some light. Let us inquire what this peculiar nationality was, and in what it differed from the obviously mistaken nationalities of our own time.

But do not be alarmed. There is no occasion for a dissertation on the institutions of ancient Sparta. The Spartans were not half so proud of their red or purple garments as the Highlanders were of their kilts. They were a little partial, perhaps, to black broth (the national kail or parritch), but even this they would not have made the watchword of liberty. They would not have died for the soup on which they lived, turning away with sickness from turtle and mulligatawney. Their pride was in matters of quite a different sort; and how could it have been otherwise with a people to whom the neighbouring communities sent for

Digitized by Google

counsellors and commanders, as to a general nursery of statesmen and warriors? Would these governments have sent in the hour of their need to invoke the aid of men who wore red coats, or who were adepts in eating black broth? The nationality of the Spartans was no materialism like this. It was moral and intellectual. It prided itself on energy, penetration, bravery, generosity, and self-denial; and a devotion of this kind was found in practice to withstand the revolutions of Greece, and the wear and tear of ages.

'When I observed,' says Xenophon, 'that this nation, though not the most populous, was the most powerful state of Greece, I was seized with wonder, and with an earnest desire to know by what arts it attained its pre-eminence; but when I came to the knowledge of its institutions, my wonder ceased. As one man excels another, and as he who is at pains to cultivate his mind must surpass the person who neglects it, so the Spartans should excel every nation, being the only state in which virtue is studied as the object of government.' What the virtue of that people was, it is foreign to my present purpose to inquire. Let us be satisfied with knowing that it belonged to the character, not the position; that it was moral, not physical; that it did not depend on forms, or dynasties, or native localities, but that, if dispossessed, by force of arms, of their country, the retreating sound of the Spartan fife would have led its unchanged denizens to found a new empire upon new ground, and radiate freedom and wisdom over a new circle of admiring neighbours.

To come from aggregates to individuals: what do we think of the man whose egotism refers only to his coat, or his horse, or his house, or his estate? Do we think much better of him in whom it points to family antiquity, going back perhaps to the progenitor whose talent and valour won those advantages of which his descendant can only boast? In fact, in the case of individuals we have no difficulty. It is when we come to national complications that we are puzzled, and confound names with things. When a man loses in speculation a house for which he has a high value, either because it was his own acquisition, or because it had been the seat of his family for centuries—or if the house is forcibly removed, to make way for a road or other public benefit—we may pity him for the misfortune, but we never suppose that he has been injured in his moral self. He is the same man as before, with the same moral qualities, the same intellectual powers. Nothing has been changed but those external things in which the experience of the world shows their possessors have no perpetual property. A new shifting of places has occurred, a new arrangement been made—and that is all; perhaps the small revolution turns out for the general good, and we console ourselves with the idea, that private losses are public gains.

The fortunes of nations, or aggregates of individuals, are looked upon with a different eye. With them everything is to be permanent. Institutions good, bad, and indifferent, must remain intact. The territory lost in the chances of war, or swallowed up in a new system of states, having been once theirs, must be theirs in right for ever. Discontent with the changed order of things is virtue; insurrection, however utterly hopeless, heroism; and when the masses of the people wilfully remain, age after age, idle, filthy, and starving, we lament their misfortunes, and honour their patriotism.

There can be no watchwords more respectable or more glorious, when properly used, than 'country' and 'liberty;' but under these names we fight as often for shadows as realities. When called upon to lament a thing that is lost, we should inquire, in the case of nations, just as we do in that of individuals, what is its value? The answer will be received in both cases from the manner and aspect of those who demand our sympathy; for if they have no qualities worthy of respect, they can have lost nothing that deserves to be deplored. It is needless to apply these observations at present to any case in particular. We would rather wait till the grand shuffling of the cards is over which is now going on in Europe, and then look at the state of the game.

In the meantime, we would confine ourselves to protesting against the abuse of the word 'nationality,' which really refers to those qualities of a people which defeat cannot take away, and not to external circumstances, perpetually changing in the onward movement of society. Misconception on this point is full of practical mischief. It hinders us from understanding history, and therefore from benefiting by its lessons. It distorts and travesties contemporary events, and fills the world with illusions. Even in private life it obscures our perceptions, and prevents us from distinguishing right from wrong. It invests *our own* country and *our own* countrymen with a fantastic and unreal eminence which provincialises and vulgarises us. If our particular nation is distinguished for anything good or great, let us unite the ideas of the thing and its qualities, and form of that union the standard of our nationality. Thus we shall no longer be confused by associations, and swindled by names, but possess a test whereby to know whom to recognise as compatriots or reject as aliens. L. R.

STORY OF NICHOLAS DECHAMP.

It was towards the close of the year 1685, at a time when many of the fairest districts of France were being abandoned by thousands of their most industrious inhabitants, in consequence of the persecutions engendered by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that a small trading vessel, which had sailed ten days previously from the coast of Bretagne, came to an anchor off the harbour of Greenock. At that period, any arrival from a foreign country was an event of universal interest to the population of this then modest little seaport; but in the present instance, that interest was greatly enhanced when it became known that the vessel in question had sailed from the shores of France, and that she conveyed as passengers some of the individuals who were obliged to flee from their native land in consequence of the impolitic bigotry of Louis XIV.

These, however, were but two in number—one a man rather under the middle stature, who had evidently long passed the meridian of life, but who still appeared to possess much energy of character and physical activity; the other a little black-eyed brunette of seven or eight years of age, naturally, it could be observed, of a lively and happy disposition, but upon whose youthful features there lingered the marked traces of recent sorrow or fatigue. It was evident to the beholder that they were parent and child.

The first-mentioned was Nicholas Dechamp, an ardent member of the Protestant party in France. He had been for many years established as a paper-manufacturer in the vicinity of the Loire, and had by honest industry succeeded in acquiring a little fortune, when every sense of security, either for himself or his property, was dissipated by that blighting act of intolerance to which we have just referred. At this period he had been for some time a widower; and of a once numerous family, all that now remained to him was one solitary flower—the last come, and the last preserved—his youthful daughter Elise. Obliged to abandon his home and business, he had hastily realised a small portion of his property and had with his child secured a passage in a vessel bound for the Clyde—a destination to which he was directed in a great measure by accident.

It may easily be conceived that this sudden reverse of fortune was felt as a severe infliction by Dechamp, especially when he looked on his young companion, and thought of the hardships she might be required to undergo. But he was a man of a stout heart; he felt that he suffered in a good cause, and was buoyed up by the cheerful hope that he would not be altogether deserted in his calamity. His eye had not long rested

Digitized by Google

upon the rugged mountains of the north, when he began to dream over what might yet be his—a quiet home in the land of the stranger, of which his fondly-loved child should be the presiding genius, to sweeten with her affection the days of his declining age.

Despite the difficulties to be encountered by a foreigner, from his ignorance of the language of the inhabitants and other causes, Dechamp had not long set foot in Greenock before he had the good fortune to make several friends, by whom he was encouraged in the design which he had entertained, soon after his arrival, of endeavouring to prosecute his business in the west of Scotland. With this object in view he set out, accompanied by his young companion, from whom he could not part, on a tour of observation; and after having paid a visit, among other places, to the flourishing city of Glasgow, he eventually found himself in a secluded corner on the banks of the river Cart, at no great distance from the historically-celebrated field and village of Langside. Here it was that, after having made the necessary arrangements with the proprietor of the ground, he resolved to take up his abode, with the view of commencing what was almost an entirely new branch of industry in Scotland—the manufacture of paper; a commodity for which this country was at that period chiefly indebted to the Dutch.

Dechamp's beginnings were necessarily on a very limited scale, and, as was to be expected, he had many difficulties to overcome; but his perseverance and industry were unbounded, and these eventually led him on the way to success. Having succeeded in the first step requisite—that of procuring a residence, with adjoining premises, which, by a little alteration, were made available to his purpose—his next proceeding was to collect a supply of the raw material, as it may be called, necessary to his undertaking. With this view he was accustomed, as is still mentioned in oral records, to perambulate the neighbouring districts, visiting the guidwives of the farmers and cotters, and somewhat astonishing them by his inquiries for old rags, often telling them in his broken English that however soiled and apparently worthless, he would 'Buy dem all, and make dem very good for de lily-vite paper.'

It would appear that he was very soon successful in convincing the good people of the country around that it was their interest to follow his advice, and that in due time he was enabled to commence operations with a sufficient accumulation of materials, and a fair promise of future supplies. At first, his progress was slow and tedious, but having by degrees engaged a few assistants, who were willing to be instructed in the mysteries of this novel employment, he began gradually to experience the onward current of success; and so steadily did it bear him along, that in the course of a few years he found himself at the head of a very flourishing business, possessed of much enlarged manufacturing premises, and all that could be desired in a comfortable domestic establishment.

Ever since his settlement in the vicinity, he had become a regular attender in the parish church of Cathcart; yet he seems, while enjoying a certain measure of their respect, to have been for a considerable period regarded with some feelings of distrust by the majority of the simple-minded rustics who worshipped with him in that temple. He was a Frenchman, and had come from a 'popish country:' these were suspicious facts; and although it was generally known that he was an exile for conscience' sake, and that he led a sedate and blameless life, still this was not entirely sufficient to dispel occasional doubts as to his opinions being of a perfectly orthodox character. Sensible, apparently, of the existence of such a feeling, he had, in order to its removal, as well, perhaps, as from other and higher motives, made application, a year or two after his arrival, to be admitted a member of the Church of Scotland. After surmounting some difficulties which lay in the way he at length succeeded in effecting this object, but only, according to parish records, after he had publicly appeared before the congregation of Cathcart, and in its presence made a renunciation both of the Pope and the devil!

Meantime as years moved on, and as Dechamp found both his means and business on the increase—thanks, in some measure, to the energetic traders of the adjacent city of Glasgow—the young companion of his expatriation, the joyous-hearted Elise, had passed from the morning of girlhood into the more advanced day of life—acknowledged on every side to be one of the 'bonniest lassies' for many a mile around. The apple of her father's eye, she was in reality more to him than his sincerely religious spirit would allow him to believe, far less to acknowledge; while with the workpeople he employed, as well as with young and old among his more immediate neighbours, Peggy Dechamp, as she was familiarly styled, was an acknowledged favourite, to whom every one was ready to tender a kind word when occasion offered, or if by chance over-diffident for such an act, to doff at least in silent respect the in general well-worn 'bonnet of blue.' By the time when she was verging on her eighteenth year, the fondest expectations of the father may be said to have been realised. He had indeed secured to himself a peaceful home in the land of the stranger, and of that home his daughter was to him the solace and delight.

It may readily be surmised that a young person possessed of so many attractions as Peggy Dechamp was not likely to have attained the age in question without awakening in some hearts feelings of a rather tenderer nature than those of mere admiration: but hereby hangs a tale. Among those of his neighbours with whom Dechamp became more intimately acquainted soon after his settlement on the banks of the Cart was a person named Hall, who carried on the business of a miller at no great distance from where the former had taken up his quarters. Hall, a man of some property and of respectable standing in the parish, had at an early period shown considerable kindness to the lonely refugee and his child. He had at their first acquaintance made them heartily welcome to his fireside, which was enlivened by the presence of one of the most thrifty and good-natured wives in Clydesdale, and a family of two sons; the one an active youth, who took a part in the labours of the mill, and the other a fine boy about ten years of age, who, at the period in question, was attending the parish school.

The intimacy thus early formed between Dechamp and the miller's family gradually ripened into a steady friendship, and it was with sincere gratification that, in the course of a few years, John and Isabella Hall beheld the increase of their neighbour's prosperity. Meantime their youngest son 'Jamie' had finished his education—the plain education of a Scottish farmer's son—and it had become necessary for his parents to consider about his future employment. Jamie being a lad of a quiet disposition, with a rather studious turn of mind and very diffident manners, it had early been their intention to have him educated for the 'kirk;' but to the prospect of a ministerial life the boy himself had, probably from a want of self-confidence, a rooted objection; on which account the design had been abandoned. Now, however, something decided required to be fixed upon, and it was when Mr Hall was on one occasion referring to the subject in Dechamp's presence, that the lively Frenchman ejaculated, 'Why you not make him a papermaker? Put him with me, and I shall teach him a good trade.' Suffice it to say, this proposal was eventually approved of; and with Jamie's ready consent, he became Mr Dechamp's indentured apprentice. In this new position, let it be added, he soon gained the good opinion of his employer, equally by his steady attention to business and by his modest obliging disposition; in which, however, there prevailed what may be termed rather too much of reserve.

Young Hall was in the last year of his apprenticeship, and had nearly completed his twentieth year. He had been familiar with the presence of Peggy Dechamp

Digitized by Google

from the days of her girlhood; they had, in fact, grown up almost side by side. Was not he, then, one of those on whom the opening charms of the dark-eyed beauty had told with more than common effect? Alas! it was so; and Jamie deeply loved; but his love was in every sense a silent one, and so carefully concealed within his breast, that no one, not even the fair creature who had inspired the feeling, as yet knew of or suspected its existence. Kind and alike affable to all, she on her part did not appear to have imbibed any particular predilections; or if it could be said that she had ever exhibited the slightest trait of partiality more favourable to one individual than another, that partiality evidently pointed at her father's sedate apprentice Jamie Hall. But Jamie had never detected or dreamt of anything of this kind: he felt diffident of himself when compared with others of her known admirers; and this feeling no doubt increased the natural bashfulness which made him shrink from any of those little attentions which might have told his love.

Thus were matters situated—young Hall not altogether an object of indifference, it may be, to her on whom his secret thoughts were spent—when one fine summer afternoon, while his own people were still at work, and his friend the miller busied in his usual avocations, Mr Dechamp unexpectedly entered the clean tidy kitchen, where Mrs Hall was seated alone at her spinning-wheel, and after his usual cordial salutation, told her that he was come to have a little conversation with her. It was a frequent custom with him to 'look in' in this manner *en passant*, and after a few kind inquiries, or a little friendly chat, to pass upon his way; but on this occasion the good lady could perceive from his manner that he had something of more importance than usual to communicate; so, after a cheerful welcome, she smilingly added, 'Just tak' the guidman's chair, Mr Dechamp, and let me hear what it's a' about.'

The purport of her visitor's communication was this:—'He felt,' he said, 'that he was becoming an old man; that he could not expect to survive many additional years; and that he was, in consequence, very desirous of seeing his daughter respectably settled in life; for he grieved at the possibility of his child being left without a natural protector, in a land where, although possessed of many friends, she had not a single relation. She would inherit whatever property he left, and that, he was happy to think, would in all probability not be inconsiderable; and,' he continued, 'it had been for some time a cherished idea of his, that, if agreeable to Mr and Mrs Hall, it would be an excellent thing to have their "good boy Jamie" for a son-in-law. But *helas!*' added the worthy Frenchman with a shrug of the shoulders, 'I fear that your Jamie is very cold, and that he cares for my Peggy nothing at all.' With these views and impressions he had come, he said, to open the matter, leaving her to judge whether it would be advisable to mention it to her husband, or to endeavour to sound Jamie himself upon the subject.

Mrs Hall was not very much surprised at this disclosure, for it had often occurred to her that a match between her son and the papermaker's heiress would not prove by any means a bad arrangement. She even had a suspicion that Jamie was not entirely blind to the attractions of the merry-hearted Peggy Dechamp; but she was sensible that any attempt to pry into the matter would have an injurious effect, so she merely indulged in an occasional guess upon the subject, and kept her surmises entirely to herself. To Mr Dechamp she accordingly replied, that in so far as she was concerned, she could see nothing objectionable in what he proposed, but that she would of course consult her husband before saying anything further on the subject; and that, if it was his wish that she should do so, she would certainly take a mother's privilege of speaking to her son on a matter of so much importance to himself.

The 'outs and ins' of these matters it is unnecessary to follow. Mr Hall would appear to have entered very much into his wife's opinion on this *momentous* question, while the latter actually broached the whole affair to Jamie himself; but as to all that passed on the occasion we are unfortunately in the dark. It was, however, within about a week or so of the day of his visit to Mrs Hall, as Mr Dechamp was walking in the little garden adjoining, while his workpeople were absent at dinner, that he beheld, through an open window of his establishment—oh, astounding fact!—the hitherto bashful and retiring apprentice attempting to snatch a kiss from—could he believe his eyes?—yet it was so—his daughter Peggy; and there was Peggy herself, radiant with blushes, and struggling to escape from Jamie's embrace. This was quite enough—all that for the moment he could have desired to see. He was not one of those cruel fathers who would glory in dashing the cup from the lips of young and joyous love—not he! So quietly withdrawing from his accidentally-acquired post of observation, he mechanically continued on his way, occasionally rubbing his hands with the air of a man who had suddenly experienced some stroke of great good fortune, and now and then giving vent to some audible expression, that was ever accompanied by a quick sparkle of the eye and a sudden smile. He reached the little garden gate, but he stopped not there: it appeared to open of itself before him; and ere many minutes had elapsed, he might have been seen proceeding at something beyond his usual pace towards the miller's domicile. 'It is all well, very well,' said the now gray-haired but still mercurial Frenchman, as he stepped buoyantly into the presence of Mr Hall and his guidwife, who happened to be still at the dinner-table: 'your Jamie loves my daughter; he has kissed her; my own eyes saw it: I am very happy!'

Astounding and unexpected as all this had appeared to Mr Dechamp, the announcement made did not startle his auditors to any extent at all in correspondence with his own excited feelings: a cordial welcome, nevertheless, was given to the intelligence which he brought, and the horny hand of the miller grasped his own with a pressure that spoke of a gratification not less sincerely felt.

Need we lengthen out the tale? Assuredly not. At no distant period the lively Peggy Dechamp—the daughter of the expatriated foreigner—was joined in the bands which may be silken or otherwise, as circumstances determine, with Jamie Hall. As years rolled on, the worthy papermaker was gathered to his fathers, and the business was continued by his son-in-law for a considerable period—how long we cannot tell; but this we know, that within the last forty years the lineal descendants of Jamie Hall and Peggy Dechamp held a highly respectable position in the city of Glasgow.

It may be added, that the writer of this sketch, to whom the story of Nicholas Dechamp had been for some time familiar, was highly interested lately, when accidentally 'dipping' into the business-books of the 'Company trading to Africa and the Indies'—the famous Darien Association—now preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, to find that considerable quantities of paper had been purchased by the person who acted as the company's agent in Glasgow from Nicholas Dechamp.

FROM THE POD TO THE PIECE.

From Manchester to Stockport it is but nine miles, or fifteen minutes by rail, and from the three queen cities of Great Britain to Manchester is only a day's journey. Let those, then, who can, take up their carriages and pay the visit, if they would see the pod become the piece; but let the multitudes who cannot, travel with us along the lines of thought, as we bring the most wonderful combinations of human skill the world has ever seen before their eyes.

Behold us, then, note-book in hand, and with every faculty on the alert, set down in the steaming, smoking, buzzing town of Stockport. The factory people are

Digitized by Google

just returning from their dinners, and every house and every cottage pours out its tributary streams, until a great river of human beings, men, women, boys, girls, young men, and maidens, sets toward the factory gates. Waiting a while for the reception of this animate tide into the precincts of the huge structure before us, and joining company with one or two stragglers who are behind time, we enter the gate; but we fare better than the stragglers, for one of them, in going forward to his allotted part in the factory, has to pass through a little wicket by the side of the office. In vain he attempts to pass unseen; he steps on to a movable platform, and by some secret mechanism he is suddenly turned round with the box, and presented, greatly to his annoyance, at the office window, where he remains a fixture until his number is taken down, and he is released, abashed and confounded if he be a novice, to proceed to his duty. In many factories, by the side of the office is a small apartment in which two or three persons are engaged in a very peculiar task, covering small rollers with smooth leathern coverings. The stranger will probably wonder what connection this multitude of leathern-clad rollers, not larger than an average-sized reel of cotton, has with the cotton manufacture; but before he has concluded his survey, it will appear that one of the great secrets of the system is contained in the beautiful machines, called 'drawing-frames,' of which these rollers constitute an essential part. Producing our order of admission, we are let into the portals of the steam-hive; and with the very earth trembling under our feet, and the air vibrating with the whirring, clacking, and humming noises of the impetuous machinery within, the door is opened into the picking-room, and we become fairly afloat on our voyage from the pod to the piece.

The bales, each weighing on the average about three hundred pounds or so, are brought into this room, cast upon the floor, and with two or three blows of a sharp axe the cord around them is cut, and the elasticity of the cotton flings the bale open; the canvas covering is then stripped off, and the contents of the bale are spread out on the floor of the apartment to be picked. This operation is performed by a few persons, often women and children. Ordinarily the good and bad cotton are mixed together and cast upon a pile or stack, from one side of which they are dragged by a rake, applied from the top to the bottom, thus insuring a mixture of all the different strata. Sometimes, however, the very fine cotton is reserved, and placed separately, for the manufacture of lace, &c. In the next room is a small machine at one side, parts of which are in rapid motion, and produce a whirring sound. This machine is the 'willow,' and prepares the work for all the rest of the building. The cotton here first falls into those powerful hands of steel which part not with it until they have turned it off a finished fabric. And truly it is roughly handled in this initiatory proceeding: a man takes up his two armsful of the light material, and places it in a compartment on one end of the machine; the white masses tumble hastily in, and if you will step into the room beyond, you will see how they come out, looking whiter, cleaner, and infinitely more flocculent and downy than before, blown out with a powerful current from the mouth of the willow, which opens by a square opening into this room. In the intermediate process they have been caught by iron teeth of different lengths, revolving at a rate of six hundred revolutions per minute; the cotton has been thus repeatedly torn asunder; its impurities have dropped to the bottom; and it is wafted, like so many tumbling masses of sand before a strong wind, into the third room, from whence it is taken in proper quantities to the next floor. It is difficult to convey a just impression of the blowing-room, into which we are now brought. What with the noise caused by the 'beaters,' the deep-thrilling hum of the ventilating fans, and the heat developed by the friction of the roaring machines, and the beating of the cotton, the visitor will be glad to make his exit as quickly as possible; not to mention the awfully dusty state of the atmosphere of the room, which deposits in the most delicate but tenacious manner the floating filaments of cotton upon his apparel, until, if he went in in a black coat, he certainly emerges in a gray one. But such a rapid escape will not avail us, who have to track the filament completely through its fearful pilgrimage, to the last parting squeeze of—the hydrostatic press.

The 'blowing,' or 'batting,' or, as it is sometimes called, 'scutching' engine, is a beautiful thing when seen with all its most modern additions, as are those before us. Upon a moving feed-cloth, at one end, a certain weight of cotton wool is spread by the person in charge; this is seized by a pair of fluted rollers, which convey it into the interior of this terrible engine. As it is being delivered off by them, it receives the blows of a frame composed of flat bars revolving at an enormous rate—it is said four thousand in the minute; the fibres are thus effectually loosened, opened, and purified from dirt, which falls through an iron grid at the bottom; the wool proceeds on through the machine, and gets a second thrashing, as severe and tremendous as the first; proceeding further still, it is gently pressed, and spread into a flat loosely-coherent fleece; and at the end of this ingenious machine behold the cotton wool exhibit the first evidence of constructive skill, and, assuming the form of a soft fragile web, roll itself up, at the rate of about three feet in a minute, upon a self-acting roller, which, when filled, is removed by an attendant, in order to substitute an empty one for it. Thus, then, the cotton fibre is—1*st*, beaten; 2*d*, purified; 3*d*, beaten; 4*th*, purified; 5*th*, pressed; and 6*th*, rolled up. As this is a very dusty process, a peculiar contrivance is fitted to each engine, consisting of a pair of fans or blowers, which produce a very forcible draught of air up the machine, by which means all the dust is conveyed away through tubes, and blown out into the air. This operation being attended with some risk of fire, from the latent heat developed by the beaters, is often carried on in a separate building, which may always be recognised outside by the large ventilating cowls on its roof, through which a stream of cotton dust may be seen vehemently blowing. As these fans take about a horse-power each to drive, it seems to us worthy the consideration of our manufacturers whether a jet of high-pressure steam might not be applied to produce the requisite ventilation of the blowing-engine. The processes hitherto have all had for their object the thorough disentanglement of the fibres of the cotton; they have no mutual coherence, or but very little, and are therefore in a condition to obey the manufacturer's will as to their future disposition and arrangement.

Let the reader take a mass of cotton wool in his hand. Those multitudinous fibres, no two of which have the same direction, have to be further cleaned, and all laid straight and even, before they can receive the least assistance to their union into a firm texture. The problem may seem almost insoluble, but the carding-room, into which we next direct our steps, furnishes the first element in the solution. Other machines employed in the cotton manufacture have more science about them, and display more signal triumphs of mind over matter; but the carding-engine has the greatest beauty of appearance, and produces the most attractive and elegant results. There is not the least difficulty in fully comprehending this ingenious apparatus with a little attention. The rolled-up fleece coming from the blowing-room is placed upon proper supports, in a horizontal position, at the back of the carding-engine: it is partly unrolled by the 'tenter,' as the attendant is called, and the end introduced to the carding mechanism, which continues to unroll it until it is exhausted. The end is caught by a large circular brush, composed of short iron wires, set at a particular angle. This tears off the cotton wool into the finest filaments; and rubbing against a number of other circular brushes of the same kind, the filaments are again and again torn from each

other, until they are reduced to a delicate web, all the dirt and knots having fallen through in the process, or having been arrested by some stationary flat brushes at the top of the engine, against, or in almost contact with which, the great brush rubs. The separation of this web from the teeth of the great brush is effected in the simplest manner by a smaller circular brush, the teeth of which are set in another direction, rubbing against it. It remains still to remove the web from this brush also, and this is effected by an up-and-down movement of a long comb, which, sweeping over the face of the wires of the second brush, combs off in a homogeneous gauze, or gossamer-like web, the carded wool. This is then, as it were, poured through a funnel, or is, more properly speaking, drawn through by the carrying powers of two revolving rollers, and appears in a stream of a certain size, as soft as down and as white as milk, at the other end of the engine. This stream is a delicate, flat, and narrow ribbon, known as a 'sliver.' It is impossible to represent the beauty of this process, and the almost magical skill with which the different steps are conducted, with adequate colours; but it is believed that any one who will attentively read the above short description will be able to form a clear and satisfactory conception of the machine. The carding-room is a busy and a noisy place. Here are little boys running to and fro clearing the top cards of the engines from their cotton impurities—they are called 'strippers'—and then with an armful of down-like wool hurrying to the waste-baskets; whilst girls and women hasten to and fro, some with full cans of slivers, others with empty ones; add to this the continual daneing motion and sharp clicks of the comb-crank, and the ceaseless whirl of pulleys and straps, and the scene from the door of a room from two to three hundred feet long, full of these engines, may be readily conceived to be of no ordinary character and interest. What has now been done to the cottun? It has been—*1st*, cleaned; *2d*, partially straightened; and *3d*, collected into a flat ribbon or sliver. When the cotton is destined to be spun into very fine yarn, it is customary to card it twice; and the first machine is called a 'breaker,' and the second a 'finisher' card.

The filaments are by no means yet straightened and equalised to the degree necessary before commencing spinning; and now we come to see the use of the leathern rollers before-mentioned. Leaving the carding-room, we may as well save the walk up stairs by getting into the 'hoist'—the square box which rises and falls at the pleasure of the persons inside—and in a few seconds we are in the *drawing-room* floor. There is some true philosophy in the drawing-frame, although it is the most simple of the machines employed, at least in appearance. If we were to take a little flock of cotton wool between the thumb and finger of one hand, and holding one end in those of the other, were gently to *draw* it out, the effect would be to straighten the filaments of it. This is precisely the *modus operandi* of the drawing-frame. But how was a task of such delicacy to be accomplished by iron fingers? The slivers, in their cans, are brought together in sets of sixes, and arranged behind the 'drawing' machine. The six slivers are then collected together, and flow in a common stream between two pairs of rollers—the upper of leather, the under of iron. A little observation will show that one pair of these rollers revolves more rapidly than the other. In consequence of this, this pair, which is the front pair, drags out the stream of wool, and thus attenuates it, because the back pair of rollers will not allow as much of the cottony stream to emerge from their grasp as the front ones demand. There is therefore no alternative: the band of cotton must be stretched and elongated; and in this condition it is passed into the receiving-can, which, rotating on its axis, gives it a slight twist as it is deposited therein. Thus the six slivers, by their union and 'drawing out,' only form one common sliver at the other end of the machine. Thus, then, the action of the human fingers is successfully imitated; and with a thousandfold more precision than they does this inanimate machine execute this difficult task. The relative speed of the rollers, and the exact distances between each pair, are subjects of the nicest calculation, and may be adjusted by a simple method to the quality of the cotton. For instance, a short-fibred cotton requires the rollers to be nearer together than a long one, and the contrary. As the 'drawa' sliver fills the can rapidly, requiring a girl to thrust it often down, to prevent its falling on the floor, there is a peculiar contrivance attached to modern drawing-frames, which entirely obviates one person's employment, and plunges down gently the sliver, until the can is so full as to hold no more. The appearance of these falling weights in a long room is very curious. The next process is 'doubling;' that is, a still larger number of slivers are made to form only one, and thus still further to straighten and equalise the filaments. The steps of this process are precisely similar to those of the drawing-frame, and the doubling was carried to such an extent in a new factory visited by us, that it was calculated that the sliver was doubled nearly half-a-million times before proceeding to the future operations. The average rate at which the sliver proceeds from the rollers is about sixty feet a minute. In some of the most recent doubling and drawing engines there is a beautiful little contrivance, intended to insure the perfect uniformity of size in the sliver as it is being drawn. Suppose thirty-two slivers are collected into one stream, and by the drawing-rollers converted into only one; if one of these thirty-two were to break, and the machine continued to run, the resulting sliver would be of unequal thickness in its latter portion. In the elegant machines displayed to us at a large factory in Manchester this was exquisitely guarded against. The slivers were made to run over small forks; and immediately that one broke, slight though the impulse of rending asunder such a delicate and soft ribbon would be, the whole length of the machine was instantly stopped, as if by an electric shock, and refused to stir, until the 'tenter' ran up and repaired the broken ribbon, when, as if sensible that all was right again, it resumed work.

All is now ready for spinning. The filaments are nearly parallel; the sliver is of uniform thickness; and all that is now necessary for its conversion into thread, or, technically, yarn, is to give to the filaments that intertwist which will unite them into a coherent cord. No part of the process of the cotton manufacture has engaged so large an amount of attention as this, nor does any manufacturing process, of whatever nature, bear comparison with the amazing efforts of inventive skill exercised in this. The difficulties will appear as we proceed. It has been customary to consider the first step of the twisting process, which is called roving, apart from the 'spinning;' but the division is an incorrect one. The whole manufacture divides itself into two great classes of operations—the first of which is, to straighten the cotton fibres, and the second, to twist them. The spinning, therefore, begins at the roving-frames. But how shall we describe this great and noisy machine, with its hundreds of whirling spindles, and the complicated motions of its iron limbs? Its name is the 'bobbin and fly frame.' Let us say, then, what it has to do, and it will then be seen by what means its work is done. First, it has to elongate the sliver from the thickness of a finger to that of a quill-barrel of small size; next, it has to twist the 'drawing,' or 'roving,' as the attenuated slip is called, just enough to give it a little coherence; and lastly, it has to wind it up on a proper reel or bobbin. Beside these, a number of important functions must be fulfilled at the same time, which we shall immediately see are of no ordinary kind or difficulty. The machine is perhaps twenty feet long, and four or five feet high. At one end is the prime moving mechanism. Over the whole length of the top runs a rod, which stops it at the pleasure of the attendant; and in front are perhaps a hundred upright spindles, mounted with large reels, on which the roving is

Digitized by Google

being wound and twisted at the same time, and revolving at a vast velocity. The sliver starts from the can, into which it was poured by the drawing-frame, and is conducted again between rollers, and drawn out as before, only to a far greater extent, for it is here elongated to from four to five times its length. The thin cord then enters a hole in the top of an iron instrument called a 'flyer,' and resembling an inverted U. Thus Π goes down one of the arms of the Π which is hollow, and reappears at the end of a little cross piece, from whence it winds on to the reel, which revolves on its own axis, while the flyer also revolves around *it*, only at a little greater velocity; by which means the reel being always a *little behind*, in point of time and place, the arm of the flyer, the roving is wound up. To get a clear idea of this process, suppose a common two-pronged dinner-fork had one prong hollow, and at its end a little hollow arm, with an eye or hole at its extremity; cut off the shank of the fork almost close to the prongs; suppose *it* also hollow, and communicating with the hollow prong; pass a thread down the shank, and down the hollow prong, and bring it out at the eye-hole of the little arm; suppose, further, this two-pronged affair to be poised in the middle by an upright spindle, which, being put in motion, caused the two-pronged thing to revolve also—being, in fact, the axis of it. Here, then, is a regular 'flyer' for us. Now put a reel upon a hollow tube, inside which the spindle of the fork will move without touching, and let the reel be, as it were, half embraced by the fork; that is, half-way up the Π, inside its arms: let the tube which holds the reel, and the spindle which supports the fork, both be made to revolve on their long axes in the same direction, only the tube a very little slower than the spindle and fork, and you will find that a regular winding-up of the thread upon the reel will take place. This being clearly understood, and it being remembered also that the flyer necessarily, by its revolutions, twists the roving as it winds it, a difficulty occurs as to arranging the rovings regularly on the bobbin. If, for example, we were winding thread upon a cork, unless we directed it alternately to one and the other end of the cork, it would wind up all in a heap in the middle. This is obviated by causing the frame on which the bobbins rest to rise and fall alternately, and thus the stream of soft cord flows in regular alternations from the top to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top of the bobbin. But again, as more and more of the roving is wound upon the bobbin, of course it becomes, in homely terms, fatter and fatter, and therefore its diameter being increased, its circumference is increased, and consequently in one turn it can take up more roving than it could when it was thinner: but the machine cannot supply more roving in a given time than it did when the bobbin was first put on, and the roving would therefore be torn away as the bobbin increased in size, unless some contrivance could be thought of to diminish gradually the speed of the bobbin, so as to make the loss of speed in its revolutions compensate for the increase of its diameter, and consequent greater demand for roving. Here is a truly arduous undertaking, nor was it effected but with the lapse of time, and by the continued application of the most powerful minds to the task. It would be hopeless to dream of elucidating the intricate mechanism by which it is perfectly effected in our limited space; but an essential feature of it is what is called a 'speed-cone,' a sort of conical pulley, along which a strap is gradually moved as the bobbin fills, and the moving pulley-surface thus becoming smaller and smaller, a gradual and most gentle, but sufficient reduction is effected in the revolutions of the bobbin. Mr Houldsworth added to this an exquisitely-arranged invention, called the 'differential box,' by which the application of the principle was rendered easy to roving of every thickness, by the simplest adjustments.

Now comes the true spinning process. There are two kinds of spinning—the continuous and the discontinuous, which includes a stretching operation. In ordinary factory parlance, the first is throstle-spinning, the second is mule-spinning. Those who have comprehended the description of the bobbin and fly-frame will readily understand that of a throstle engine, for it is in some respects very similar. We are ushered into a large room full of these oddly-named machines. They consist of frames of considerable length mounted with a mighty host of spindles, bobbins, and flyers, in such enormously rapid movement, that they appear almost stationary; and it may even be necessary to touch them to be convinced that they are really moving, and their whirring sound is something quite oppressive to the ears. In these the roving goes through three pairs of rollers to be again elongated, and is thence drawn by the revolution of the flyer, which winds round the yarn as fast as it is twisted upon a smaller bobbin. The same rising and falling contrivance arranges the yarn in regular order upon the bobbin, as in the former instance; but the bobbin has no motion of its own, as in the last process, being merely dragged round by the thread or yarn as it is wound upon it. The resulting yarn is hard, strong, and well-twisted, in every respect a striking contrast to the soft and fragile roving out of which it is made. Throstle-yarn is, on account of these properties, generally preferred for the long threads of a cloth, or, in weavers' words, the 'warp,' but for finer purposes it is not sufficiently soft and delicate. This defect was the origin of another and yet more extraordinary process of spinning, called 'mule-spinning;' a process yielding to none in ingenuity, and equalled by none in the elegance and singularity of its appearance. Entering an upper room in the factory, one of the most extraordinary scenes the imagination can picture presents itself. Looking in the long direction of the apartment, it is impossible to get a definite conception of what is going on; but standing at the side, you behold two pairs of long iron frames, with thousands of delicate spindles advancing and retreating to and from each other, as though they were performing an Iron quadrille; and all this, thanks to the extraordinary skill of Mr Roberts of Manchester, without human intervention, excepting where here and there a little boy is seen crawling under them sweeping up the dust, or a girl is attending to a broken thread. Think of a machine one hundred feet long, carrying a thousand spindles, twisting, stretching out by its advance and retreat, and ultimately winding up, when these processes are finished, a thousand threads so delicate, as to be visible only in the mass of them, performing a variety of motions of adjustment, and capable of working incessantly without aid from man; and finally, actually counting up its own work; and after it has done sufficient on each spindle, ringing a bell, to inform the tenter that its task is done—and some mind-glimpse of this astonishing mechanism may be caught! The objects the mule accomplishes are—1*st*, To elongate the roving between rollers; 2*d*, To spin the yarn at the rate of about ten thousand revolutions to each length of fifty-six inches; 3*d*, To stretch out the yarn, and thus still further equalise its diameter; and 4*th*, To wind it up in 'cops' of convenient form for the weaver or for the winder. For a long time the mule was directed and controlled by a powerful man, called a 'spinner,' who received very high wages; but in consequence of the continual turn-outs, in which these men were always the most prominent, because possessed of the most power, and the bad conduct of the spinners as a class, manufacturers became extremely desirous of dispensing with their functions, and of substituting the stern obedience of machinery for the capricious one of these men, from which they had so repeatedly suffered the most serious inconvenience. Mr Roberts executed the difficult task, and the 'self-actor mule' appeared, to the dismay of a large body of the disaffected, who saw in it their abused power swept away. The self-actor is now largely used, and in every new factory is exclusively adopted, for it does its work not only more surely, but in a better style and method, and with greater precision, than the old

Digitized by Google

one. From the mule-spindles, or from the throstle-engine, the yarn is taken to that part of the factory where the weaving by power is carried on.

Let us follow it in this the concluding stage of the history of the cotton filament. In a room, the quietness of which forms an agreeable contrast to the noise of the preceding, and as we are soon to find, to the tremendous clatter of the succeeding, stands on one side the 'winding,' and on the other the 'warping frame.' The first of these is very simple: it is merely a long frame, on the top of which the yarn is placed as it comes from the mule or throstle, and is wound off by power on to a multitude of upright reels in rapid revolution. The warping frame is more complicated. It is all painted black, to render a broken thread readily discernible. In shape, it is something like a very large hand-printing press, when the fly leaves are thrown back. At one end is a large roller, on which the warp, or long threads of the cloth, are wound; at the other is a framework, on which are many hundreds of reels, each sending its thread to form one of the number rolled on the roller. It is moved by machinery, and the warp is rapidly laid on the roller by this means. Sometimes a thread breaks, the machine is then stopped, and the attendant, laying a long steel bar over the threads, causes the roller to unwind until the broken end is discovered and repaired without disturbing the parallelism of its threads. A door leads us from this room into one the atmosphere of which is at a very high temperature, and in which there is much more motion, noise, and bustle than the last, while every now and then the tinkle of a bell is heard in every direction. This is the 'dressing'-room! an apartment in which, as in others of a similar title, the natural defects of the cotton fibre are smoothened over, and prepared for public gaze. It is filled with a number of patent dressing-machines. These are in shape something like a large mangle; at the ends are the rollers which have come from the room we have just left; eight of them are required to furnish yarn for one warp, four of them are therefore arranged at one end, and four at the other. In the centre is an upright framework, at the top of which the roller rests, on which the dressed warp is wound by cog-wheels. In its passage from the end rollers to the warp-roller, the multitude of threads receives the dressing. The yarn passes first between two wooden cylinders, the lower of which revolves in a trough of size or paste; it is thus saturated with the dressing, but unevenly, and therefore the machine gives it first a brush on the upper, and next on the under surface, to lay the paste evenly on it, by means of a couple of brushes, which have an odd movement, connected with cranks. It is then passed up towards the warp-roller; but as it goes, it is perfectly dried by the action of a rapid vane, which blows hot air across the threads; it is then wound up and ready for the loom. As the process goes on, the machine counts the proper length for the 'piece,' and by a bell summons the tenter to mark the place in red paste, as a guide to the weaver in his operations. Some of these machines will dress a mile of warp in an hour!

Of all the tremendously noisy, deafening places in the whole factory, the weaving-room or power-loom-department is the most so. As for conversation, it is altogether impossible; hearing a person bawling into your ear with all his force is about as much as is to be expected here. Conceive an enormous room containing one thousand power-looms arranged in long rows, and all helping to raise the most awful din that can salute mortal ears. Each loom consists of a number of complex mechanisms driven by straps and pulleys from the ceiling in endless multitudes. The warp-roller being placed at the back of them, is gradually unwound, and by the assistance of the shuttle, and other contrivances, the yarn assumes at length the woven texture of the piece of calico-cloth, the preliminary steps in the formation of which have occupied so much of our time. From the loom the piece is conveyed into the storehouses, is measured by being alternately hung on a couple of hooks a yard apart, is then folded smooth, put in the packing-press, receives its last embrace from machinery, to the weight of eight or ten tons, and is sent off to market, or to the wholesale dealers.

Before leaving the factory, we were shown the room where the size is prepared for dressing the goods. Several large tubs heated by steam are arranged round the sides for boiling the paste, while it is agitated by an iron agitator in the interior; and upon the floor, in the centre, were a number of large casks full of paste, covered with the fungi in a coating a quarter of an inch thick. One would suppose it was all spoiled, but the manager assured us it was just at the prime, and ready for use. In the operations of one firm, eight hundred barrels of flour are used every year for this purpose; but it is necessary to mention that it is of a quality unfit for human consumption. Each loom has been calculated to consume three pounds of flour a week.

It is not an easy task to give the average number of yards of calico made in a day at one of these immense places; nor, if it were, is it easy to estimate it at its due amount. It is said that one manufacturer declared, if a slip were to fasten to her stern one end of a piece of cloth, and sail away therewith, he could supply sufficient to keep up with her, sail as fast as she might!

Such is a short account of our visit, and it presents, as we believe, a succinct statement of the present state of the cotton manufacture, at least from the Pod to the Piece.

JOHN KEATS.

The works of Keats have two classes of admirers: those who consider them as a promise, and those who consider them as an accomplishment. By the one he is revered as a great poet; and by the other he is lamented as a victim of some caprice of nature, which, after having implanted in him the rare seeds of genius, cut him down in the spring. For our part, we are not of opinion that nature, who is so chary in her production of true artists, is so prodigal of her work when it does appear. The promise of Keats, if rightly considered, will be found, we think, to apply not to the individual, but to the general artistic mind. The accomplishment is his own; and it must be estimated partly according to its intrinsic merits, and partly according to its action in transmitting and diffusing the light of poetry along the ever-flowing stream of time. In the former point of view it is wonderful, but imperfect: it gives us much fine and prodigiously rich poetry, but no great poem. In the latter, its inspiration is greater than is perhaps yet suspected, and its influence more widely spread over the young mind of genius throughout the English world.

We have no faith in what Keats, had he lived, *might* have done in the way of accomplishment. Poetry is neither a trade nor a science, to be studied by rule, and learned by induction. The old adage is worthy of all acceptation—*Poeta nascitur non fit:* his art is inborn; and when he has mastered the forms of the language, he is ready to pour forth what is in him, and to teach what he cannot learn. We doubt whether Chatterton or Henry Kirke White (with whom Keats is usually associated, for no other intelligible reason than that they all three happened to die young) would have produced anything better in after life, either the one by his genius, or the other by his indomitable mediocrity. No example of this has ever occurred; for Byron's early copies of verses should be classed with school exercises. Keats did not die till his 26th year: his mind from boyhood had fed upon poetry; he had been cheered on in his devotion to the Muses by sanguine and intellectual

Digitized by Google

friends: and without overturning all experience and all analogy, we must perforce conclude that the world had received from him what was his to bestow, before he sank into his early and lamented tomb.

His early fate is the more lamentable, that he died before his fame had begun to live. He carried with him to the grave only ruined hopes and disappointed love; desiring his friends to inscribe upon his stone, 'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.' From that humble tomb, however, there has now come a light to which the eyes of rising genius are turned from the ends of the earth. Keats is one of the great teachers of the new world, and of new spirits in the old; and already, besides numerous editions of the works, imperfect as they may be, of this once despised poet, we have two volumes of his 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains.'*

We do not think that Mr Milnes has stated completely the case between his author and the public. 'The reviewers of "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly,"' he tells us, 'were persons evidently destitute of all poetic perception, directing an unrefined and unscrupulous satire against political opponents, whose intellectual merits they had no means of understanding. This, indeed, was no combat of literary principles, no struggle of thoughts, no competition of modes of expression; it was simply the judgment of the policeman and the beadle over mental efforts and spiritual emanations.' Now it appears to us to be quite clear that Keats's poetry was not abused, and the abuse acquiesced in by the public, on account of his politics, but simply because neither critics nor public felt and understood it. The hostility of the critics may have been imbittered by politics, and the political principles of the Cockney school used against its leaders, just like the pinioles of Hallt or the criminal addiction of Leigh Hunt to toasts and muffins. But if politics had been the sole motive of the critics, it would have worked in two ways, and the object of their acrimony would have enjoyed the fame as well as endured the torments of a martyr. The Lake school, with politics diametrically opposite, was the object of as much critical objurgation and popular neglect as the school of Hampstead; and Keats himself is noticed by our editor as having been daringly singular in his admiration of Wordsworth.

The truth appears to be, that the public mind was at that time in the transition state from a kind of poetical materialism, in which it was satisfied with the sensuous images of such writers as Scott, to the more metaphysical taste that followed, uniting the kingdoms of matter and mind, and recognising the spirit of nature even in the meanest of her external forms. Keats was one of the prophets who helped forward this movement, and was stoned for his pains; but the stones have now become at once his own monument and a memorial of the fruitless zeal with which his critics strove unconsciously to impede the progress of mind. This zeal, however, was fruitless only as regards the cause: it was fatal to the individual. It is absurd to deny the temporary power of contemporary criticism. 'If the frank acknowledgment,' says Mr Milnes, 'of the respect with which Keats had inspired Mr Jeffrey had been made in 1818 instead of 1820, the tide of public opinion would probably have been at once turned in his favour, and the imbecile abuse of his political, rather than literary antagonists, been completely exposed.' Would this have saved Keats? Yes. We talk not of his life. That is unimportant, for one must die some time or other. But it was hard for this young man to die before knowing that he had lived; it was hard for him to think that all his proud hopes and lofty aspirations had been vain; it was hard for him to believe that it was empty air he had felt stirring like a god within his gallant heart; it was hard for him to read in imagination the legend on his unhonoured grave: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water!'

* Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. Moxon: London. 1848.

Mr Milnes has discharged his duty as an editor with great ability, but too timidly. If Keats is not what he represents him to be, then there was no need for the book at all; if he was, then biographical facts were of too great value to be concealed for the purpose of sparing private sensibilities. 'These pages,' he tells us, 'concern one whose whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death.' This passion, which must have been, and was, an essential part in the life of a poet, receives not the smallest illustration from the editor; and here was a point, we think, in which private feelings should have yielded.

Keats was born on the 29th October 1795. His father was in the service of Mr Jennings, the proprietor of livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields, whose daughter, the mother of the poet, he married. The family consisted of George, John, Thomas, and a daughter; and the boys were distinguished at school for their furious pugnacity. In John, however, this disposition was combined 'with a passionate sensibility which exhibited itself in the strangest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval.' He cared nothing about the character of a 'good boy:' bravery, energy, generosity, these were his great qualities; and they impressed his schoolfellows with the idea that he was destined to succeed in some active sphere in life. He was at times laborious and attentive to his studies, and then carried off all the first prizes in literature. He learned French, and translated much of the Æneid, but was indebted to English works for the knowledge of the Greek mythology, which afterwards, distilled in the alembic of his own imagination, produced something more spiritual than the Greeks ever fancied.

At the death of his parents, about £8000 was left to be divided among the four children; and in 1810 John was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton. In 1812 the reading of the 'Fairy Queen' formed an era in his intellectual existence; Chaucer following, he inhaled 'the pure breath of nature in the morning of English literature;' and at the end of 1814, Byron inspired him with an indifferent sonnet. Later, a much better sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' might seem to indicate how early his taste disavowed the school of Pope. After the termination of his apprenticeship, he removed to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. He now became intimate with Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, and others; and Mr Ollier published for him his first volume of poems, which attracted no attention. He passed his examination at Apothecaries' Hall with some credit; but as soon as he entered on the practical part of his business, he saw that his sensibility rendered him unfit for it, and he was thus thrown upon the world arm in arm between poetry and poverty.

He now went to the Isle of Wight and other parts of the country, and began seriously to labour at his poem of 'Endymion.' His correspondence (May 1817) is full of this work, and of his doubts and fears. 'I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is, how great things are to be gained by it, what a thing to be in the mouth of fame, that at last the idea has grown so monstrously beyond my seeming power of attainment, that the other day I nearly consented with myself to drop into a Phaeton.... Does Shelley go on telling "strange stories of the deaths of kings?" Tell him there are strange stories of the deaths of poets. Some have died before they were conceived. "How do you make that out, Master Vellum?" His personal appearance about this time is thus described by a lady:—'His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness—it had an ex-

Digitized by Google

pression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen —it was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him.' Mr Milnes says—'His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost terrible: on one occasion, when a gross falsehood respecting the young artist Severn was repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, declaring "He should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things." On another occasion, hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out—"Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?"' This quickness of feeling was evidenced on the occasion of his repeating to Wordsworth the hymn to Pan in 'Endymion.' The Christian poet merely remarked that 'It was a pretty piece of paganism;' and Keats took the seeming contempt more to heart than the after abuse of the 'Quarterly' or the ridicule of 'Blackwood.'

In 1818 his independence of spirit is thus finely shown in a remonstrance to the objections of his friends to his having a preface to the 'Endymion.' 'I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. When I am writing for myself, for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a preface is written to the public—a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. If I write a preface in a supple or subdued style, it will not be in character with me as a public speaker. I would be subdued before my friends, and thank them for subduing me; but among multitudes of men I have no feel of stooping—I hate the idea of humility to them. I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought.' After all, 'this first sustained work,' says Mr Milnes, 'of a man whose undoubted genius was idolised by a circle of affectionate friends, whose weaknesses were rather encouraged than repressed by the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, who had rarely been enabled to measure his spiritual stature with that of persons of other schools of thought and habits of mind, appears to have been produced with a humility that the severest criticism might not have engendered.' Jeffrey, when too late (in 1820), pronounced the poem to be as full of genius as absurdity, and described it as 'a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm.' Byron was thrown into a fever of jealous rage by this encomium, in which he talked of 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin Keats;' but in after years, when the poor youth was no longer in his way, he made the *amende honorable*, and pronounced the fragment of 'Hyperion' to seem 'actually inspired by the Titans,' and to be 'as sublime as Æschylus.'

This noble poem was begun at the close of 1818, but never finished. The ode 'to the Nightingale' and 'to a Grecian Urn' followed; and in 1819 the 'Eve of St Agnes' and other pieces. While occupied in this way, he received a L.25 note in a letter by the post, the sender of which he never discovered. This year he determined to endeavour to subsist by writing for the periodicals; and taking lodgings in London, he plunged into work and into dreams from which he was soon to be awakened. 'One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement —it might have appeared to those who did not know him one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little feverish, but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood." He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend's face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, "I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood: I cannot be deceived in that colour: that drop is my death-warrant. I must die!"' He got better—worse—better—worse again—alas! in the old rontine; and then he was recommended to go to Italy. When Haydon went to bid him farewell, he 'recorded in his journal the terrible impression of this visit: the very colouring of the scene struck forcibly on the painter's imagination; the white curtains, the white sheets, the white shirt, and the white skin of his friend, all contrasted with the bright hectic flush on his cheek, and heightened the sinister effect: he went away hardly hoping.'

Before following him abroad, we must advert to a passage which throws a romantic yet terrible hue upon the last year of the poet's life. At his first interview with the nameless lady we have alluded to, he describes her thus:—'She is not a Cleopatra, but is at least a Charmian: she has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes, and fine manners. When she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself to repulse any man who may address her: from habit, she thinks that *nothing particular*. I always find myself more at ease with such a woman: the picture before me always gives me a life and animation which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am at such times too much occupied in admiring, to be awkward or in a tremble: I forget myself entirely, because I live in her. You will by this time think I am in love with her; so, before I go any farther, I will tell you I am not. She kept me awake one night, as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very "yes" and "no" of whose life is to me a banquet.' This was in October 1818; and in this same month in the following year Mr Milnes describes the irresistible influence she exercised over him. 'She, whose name

> "Was ever on his lips,
> But never on his tongue,"

exercised too mighty a control over his being for him to remain at a distance, which was neither absence nor presence, and he soon returned to where at least he could rest his eyes on her habitation, and enjoy each chance opportunity of her society.' When in the vessel which was about to carry him from the shores of England, Keats writes thus to his true friend and patron Mr Brown:—'There is one I must mention, and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for, will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health, it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare-say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house? I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators; but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is past. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss —— when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake, think she has not one. If there is anything you can do for her by word or deed, I know you will do it.'

And again he writes from Naples, where he had arrived with his friend Severn:—'The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—

Digitized by Google

I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her. I see her!—I hear her! There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England: I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now!—oh that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her: to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow: to see her name written would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*)—if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if'——

Keats did not like Naples. He felt that he was dying, and appears to have laboured under the restlessness which so often induces persons in this state to change even their bedroom. Arrived at Rome, a letter of introduction to Dr (now Sir James) Clark obtained from him and his lady the affectionate attention which might have been expected from the character of these estimable persons. In a letter to Mr Brown—supposed to be his last letter—he declares that he has a habitual feeling of his real life being past, and that he is leading a posthumous existence. After this, the melancholy news is from the pen of his devoted friend Severn. On the 14th December 1820 the patient was seized anew with an alarming vomiting of blood. 'Not a single thing will he digest, yet he keeps on craving for food. Every day he raves he will die from hunger, and I've been obliged to give him more than was allowed. His imagination and memory present every thought to him in horror: the recollection of "his good friend Brown," of "his four happy weeks spent under *her* care," of his sister and brother. Oh, he will mourn over all to me whilst I cool his burning forehead, till I tremble for his intellects.'

'*Jan. 15th*, 1821, *half-past eleven*.—Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him, and read to him, to his very last wink; he has been saying to me—"Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention: you don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. Oh that my last hour was come!"' Then came the misery of want of money, which it was necessary to conceal from Keats, 'as that would kill him at a word.' His letters were now unopened: 'they tear him to pieces—he dare not look on the outside of any more.'

'He would not bear that he was better: the thought of recovery is beyond everything dreadful to him: we now dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have.... Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats, supposing it to be one of yours, but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then, he has told me *not* to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair.... Last night I thought he was going; I could hear the phlegm in his throat; he bade me lift him up in the bed, or he would die with pain. I watched him all night, expecting him to be suffocated at every cough. This morning, by the pale daylight, the change in him frightened me: he has sunk in the last three days to a most ghastly look. Though Dr Clark has prepared me for the worst, I shall be ill able to bear it. I cannot bear to be set free, even from this my horrible situation by the loss of him. I am still quite precluded from painting, which may be of consequence to me. Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me, they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies: and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation.' And now all is over. '*Feb. 27th*.—He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease: he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on. "Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come." I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet, that I still thought he slept.'

The Protestant cemetery of Rome where Keats was laid is on a grassy slope among the ruins of the Honorian walls of the city. He had a passion for flowers, and there they grow, violets and daisies covering his resting-place the whole year through. What a blessed change! There, in that lonely spot, sleeps the dust of the immortal, while the living world is filled, as before, with withered hopes, vain aspirations, white quivering lips, and breaking hearts.

> 'Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise,
> The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
> And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
> And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
> The bones of Desolation's nakedness:
> Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
> Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
> Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
> A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,
>
> And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
> Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
> And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
> Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
> This refuge for his memory, doth stand
> Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
> A field is spread, on which a newer band
> Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
> Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.
>
> Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
> To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
> Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
> Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
> Break it not thou! Too surely shalt thou find
> Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
> Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
> Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
> What Adonaïs is, why fear we to become?'

Thus the Adonaïs; and a few years after this exquisite elegy was written, there was placed near the grave of Keats another tombstone, recording that below rested the passionate and world-worn heart of the author, Shelley, in these expressive words, '*Cor Cordium*.' We must now force ourselves away from this strangely fascinating subject, concluding too brief an article with the eloquent words in which Mr Milnes has brought to an end his labour of love. 'Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence, must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue—these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few: still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series

Digitized by Google

of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for, if they once coincided, the problem of Life would be solved, and the hope, which we call heaven, would be realised on earth. And therefore men

> "Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

THE NOBLE COOKS.

'We never know what we can do till we try,' and 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' are two time-honoured adages, which, contrary to the usual fate of ancient saws, are fully as often practised as preached. Certainly if there be truth in the latter one, poor Necessity is the parent of a very queer and incongruous progeny; and if 'the age of miracles' be past, 'the age of inventions' is surely present. Our business just now, however, is not with such lofty excursions up the hill of science as are every day undertaken by the master-spirits of the age, but rather with a lowly, though adventurous descent, into the culinary regions, accomplished by knights, and lords, and ladies fair.

It happened some years ago that a lady of the highest rank in Paris, named Madame B——, had assembled in her château sixty distinguished personages. The entertainment was given in honour of the Prussian ambassador; and the Luxembourg, the Palais-Bourbon, and the diplomatic body, all had their representatives among the guests. Every one had arrived; and 'the trying half-hour' before dinner passed in brilliant chat. A consul-general recounted some scenes in the private life of Ibrahim Pacha; while a deputy from Languedoc drew laughter—loud as ever came from lips polite—from the group who surrounded him, as he read aloud a letter just received from one of his electors. The worthy informed him he had two camels, which he knew not what to do with, and modestly requested the deputy to sell them at a high price to government for the Garden of Plants. 'It won't cost the country much,' he added, 'and will secure you my vote!'

Madame B—— was passing from one to another of her guests with the most bewitching grace, when suddenly she perceived her head butler making telegraphic signals towards her from behind the door.

'What's the matter?' said she, approaching him.

'Ah, madame, a great mishap!' cried he, clasping his hands.

'What is it?'

'The cook is tipsy—indeed so very drunk, that he has not even caused fires to be lighted. If he could even set about preparing dinner now, it would take four hours to make ready.'

By this time the guests' appetite had become sharp, and diplomatic stomachs were in question. Madame B—— remained calm and serene. It was impossible to avoid the difficulty; so she met it with a smiling face.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said she, addressing the company, 'I invited you to dinner, but there is no dinner to be had: I have this moment learned that my cook is intoxicated; and if we want to have the table covered, we must turn cooks ourselves.'

The proposal was received with enthusiastic applause. The Prussian ambassador immediately turned up his sleeves; all the others followed his example, and avoid merry peals of laughter they descended *en masse* to the kitchen.

The cook was seated in an arm-chair, looking as red as a turkey-cock, and as immovable as a sphinx. Around him were plenty of saucepans and stewpans, but not a vestige of anything eatable. 'Conquer or die!' was their motto; and they conquered.

A peer of the realm was placed in charge of the spit; two ministerial deputies watched the frying-pans; three secretaries to the embassy were promoted to mix the sauces; and two presidents of the courts-royal were set to skim the pot. Seven or eight admirals and generals waged valiant warfare on the poultry-yard, and came off victorious with twenty dozen eggs, and chickens and ducks innumerable.

All the ladies declared that they were perfectly versed in making omelets; accordingly there was no end to those dainties. The most remarkable were, an omelet with rum by a duchess, an omelet with truffles by a marchioness, an omelet with asparagus by a viscountess, and a sweet omelet by a baroness.

Madame B—— maintained order in all departments of the service; she reserved to herself the seasoning of the ragouts.

And how they did laugh!

'Where's the vinegar?' cried a consul.

'A little parsley for my capon!' shouted a chargé-d'affaires.

'Salt and pepper, if you please!' demanded a secretary of state.

'Flour for me!' vociferated the attorney-general.

After the omelets, there still remained so many eggs, that the ladies set to work and prepared fried eggs, boiled eggs, sliced eggs, and eggs beaten up in froth.

While these active preparations were progressing, the cook tried now and then to rise, but sank down again with a heavy sigh. Then he would follow with his drooping eyes the gentlemen in black coats, and the ladies in satin robes, all protected with napkins, feeling totally unable to comprehend this invasion of his empire.

At ten o'clock Madame B—— announced, in the midst of general enthusiasm, that dinner was ready; and shortly after they all sat down to table.

Every one had earned a dinner and an appetite, and the dishes were pronounced by acclamation excellent. Seldom was a banquet so thoroughly enjoyed; and, at a late hour the illustrious guests separated, in good-humour with each other, with their hostess, and with themselves.

Next morning, when the valet of Madame B—— awoke from his lethargy, he called for a sword to pierce his breast; but being able to find nothing better than a carving-knife, that professional implement seemed to him an ignoble instrument of death; and on second thoughts, he resolved to live.

THE WAKALAHS, OR COMMERCIAL HOTELS OF EGYPT.

EVERY one who writes about the East, thinks it incumbent on him to say something of the bazaars, or *business-quarters* of the great towns, but rarely, if ever, is any notice taken of the *wakalahs*. It is very easy to mount a donkey, and, riding through the streets of Cairo, for example, examine in a cursory manner the aspect of the shops, the nature of the goods exposed for sale, the appearance of the traders, who seem sitting for their portraits within them, and the varied costumes of the crowds that stream by. The picture is a striking one, and easy to paint. First, grocers, with their piles of sugar, and coffee, and sweetmeats, and yellow and red and white tapers; then pipe-sellers, with their cherry-sticks, and their jasmines, and their cheap maples, plain, or ornamented with silk coverings and tassels, and with cases of costly mouthpieces; next come the dealers in manufactures, as cotton-prints, muslins, shawls, swinging flauntingly from poles thrust out overhead; farther on we see carpets, and silks and brocades in odd juxtaposition with Damascus swords; afterwards Morocco shoes or Stamboul slippers; here Fez caps, there burnooses, with now and then a money-changer watching over his strong chest of old carved wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Generally speaking, the persons who sit in the bazaars are men of small capital, with stocks that can be taken in at one single glance, but which are constantly re-

Digitized by Google

plenished by dealings with the wealthier traders, who are to be found in the wakálahs. The plan is, to take a shop—often a mere recess, some six feet broad by four or five deep—furnish it with an assortment of goods more or less meagre, and gradually to increase the stock as profits come in. It often happens that a wealthy merchant finds it his interest to give credit to a young man entering on business, in which case he considers himself as a sort of joint proprietor, comes in to see how his protégé is getting on, watches how sales progress, interferes in every bargain, sometimes praising the articles on sale with the indifference of a mere spectator, sometimes recommending a reduction of price, sometimes fomenting a wordy war between the dealer and an obstinate customer, who will neither pay the price asked nor go elsewhere. In this way the men of the bazaars frequently sink down into the mere agents of the men of the wakálahs; and these latter deserve, consequently, some notice, if we would form a correct idea of the way in which commerce is carried on in the East.

The wakálahs are, properly speaking, places of resort for *tajirs*, or merchants—as all persons travelling with a view to business are called in the East—and combine the advantages of a warehouse and a hotel. They are always built round a quadrangular court. In general the ground-floor, or rather basement, is allotted to the reception of merchandise, whilst above are lodging-houses and suites of apartments of all sizes. Cairo possesses nearly two hundred of these establishments—many, however, no longer retaining their original character—distributed through its various quarters. They are easily recognised in passing along the streets, the usual line of shops being broken by a vast portal, disclosing an extensive courtyard, and generally obstructed with merchandise, upon or near which a few strangers may be seen sitting smoking their pipes, and enjoying the sight of the busy crowds going by. These are generally new-comers from Arabia, from Barbary, or from Turkey, and are more numerous about the time of the departure or return of the pilgrim caravan.

Either in the doorway, or in a little recess, you may generally see the *kéyass*, or large mat made of palm branches, on which the *bawab*, or porter, spreads his carpet at night. It is ten to one, also, that the old gentleman will himself be there, exchanging whiffs out of a dingy jasmine pipe with some grinning black, or handsome Berberi, or sullen Moghrebbi. Farther on you may see the narrow entrance of a gloomy passage, where you stumble upon a set of steps of all heights, breadths, and inclinations, leading to the upper part of the wakálah.

Let us, however, first enter the courtyard, which the great portal has disclosed to us. It is surrounded by a colonnade below and an open gallery above—the intercommunications, if I may use the word, terminating for the most part in a pointed arch. Higher up, the building is very irregular—lofty here, low there, with one, two, or three storeys, a *kiosk* hanging over one corner, a hencoop rising at another. In Alexandria, it is common to observe massive pillars and capitals of rose-coloured granite—the fragments of the ancient city—used to support the gallery, and contrasting strikingly with the rough hasty work of the rest of the structure. In the centre of the court, beneath a graceful cupola, there is often a basin of water, used by the lodgers and hangers-on for their ablutions. The interior view of a wakálah, therefore, is not at all unpicturesque. The recesses, the doorways of various heights and sizes, the galleries, the irregular projections, the fantastic architectural ornaments, the latticed windows, the balconies, form a far from disagreeable whole, especially when animated by groups in great variety of costume—merchants exhibiting the contents of their bales to a crowd of competing shopkeepers; porters hanging about ready for a job; camels kneeling here, a richly-caparisoned horse or mule pawing the ground there; a veiled lady, followed by her *fellaha*, or servant, sailing by in a cloud of fluttering silks and satins; Abyssinian or Galla girls, with broad grins upon their faces, leaning over the parapets above. In a country where an attempt is made to conceal the most elegant women, there must ever be an air of mystery about the houses. However common the white veils, and henna-dyed fingers, and flashing eyes may be in the streets, one always imagines there must be something inexpressibly lovely hid behind each jealously-closed shutter. The fancy in such cases works powerfully, at least it did with me; and perhaps this is the reason why the old tumble-down houses of Cairo, which lean all ways, but never deviate into the perpendicular, were invested in my eyes with a romantic character which some persons seem totally to have missed.

As I have said, the ground-floor of the wakálah is entirely occupied by warehouses and magazines, generally vaulted, and very secure. If possible, each of these is allotted to some particular merchant, who takes it for a certain time, and sometimes affixes his seal; but several stocks are often accumulated in one chamber, and it happens, though rarely, that depredation and pilfering take place. In summer, the poorer merchants spread their mats under the colonnade, and thus achieve the double object of saving and of watching their property; others go outside to lodge, and put up at coffee-shops, or with friends; others, again, take houses in the wakálah itself, establishing themselves there with their harems, and often staying a considerable time, either until the whole of their stock is sold, or until they determine to try their fortune at another place.

The classes of people who frequent these establishments are very various. Some are mere Egyptians, engaged in the trade between the villages and the towns. These bring wheat, barley, beans, cotton, flax, &c. all in small quantities; for the principal part of the trade is a monopoly. Others come from Upper Egypt, from Nubia, from Dorgola; others again from Sennaar, Kordofan, Abyssinia, and Darfur, and bring senna, precious gums, gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, koorbashes, tamarind cakes, and slaves. All the towns on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea have also their representatives in the wakálahs of Cairo: the coffee trade is of course an important one, employing many merchants, and there is a considerable importation of spices, frankincense, &c. The Syrian silk manufactures and tobacco are chiefly distributed by Levantines, of whom there are always immense numbers in Egypt, some settled, others merely on business visits. The majority of the latter, however, do not put up in the wakálahs; but, like the Jews, generally bring letters of introduction to some private family. From Constantinople, and all the principal towns of Asia Minor, numerous Turks come to Egypt with great varieties of merchandise—as amber, swords, and other arms; white-lead, copper, ropes, charcoal, firewood, timber; drugs, as opium and hasheesh; gold thread, dried fruits, mastic, olive-oil, silk, salt provisions, soap, yellow slippers and red shoes, pipe-bowls, tobacco and cigars, *seggadehs*, or prayer-carpets, embroidered napkins, dye-stuffs, wines and arrack, sulphur, &c. Vessels laden with cattle often come from Karamania; and from Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, and most of the islands of the Archipelago, little Greek schooners run over occasionally, with their decks crowded with bearded tajirs, each owning a few parcels of dried fruits or skins of oil. From Barbary a great number of traders bring about twelve thousand dozens of tarbooshes, or red caps, annually, a small quantity of other manufactures, shoes and slippers of Morocco leather, some wool, with *ihrams*, or blankets, *burnooses*, white and black, carpets, dye-stuffs, saffron, and sulphur: Persians with costly shawls; Hindoos with precious stones, silks, and muslins; and even Chinese, are sometimes to be encountered in the wakálahs.

This is not the place to give an account of the formation and progress of the caravans. It will be sufli-

Digitized by Google

cient to state, that after traversing perhaps thousands of miles of desert in a comparatively compact mass, they generally break up on their arrival in Cairo, each trader repairing to the locality where the articles he brings are usually stored. Thus, although the wakálahs were intended to be miscellaneous depôts, many of them have gradually become set apart for particular classes of merchandise: so that there are rice wakálahs, and wheat wakálahs, and date wakálahs, and manufacture wakálahs; and especially slave wakálahs. All sorts of articles, however, are temporarily stowed away in the courtyards of these buildings, which are often encumbered with bales, barrels, and especially with huge millstones, cut from the quarries of Gebel-el-Ahmar. Many are no longer resorted to by commerce; and long rows of tailors' and shoemakers' shops may be seen under the colonnades.

I have already hinted that the time when the greatest quantity of merchandise is brought to be stored in the wakálahs is on the arrival of the pilgrim caravan, especially the outward-bound one. The Orientals continue to reconcile their interests with their devotions; and it is very rarely that they do not enter into speculations both in going to the sacred city and in returning. At anyrate they think it proper that they should reimburse the expenses of the journey, and bring home some presents for their friends. The dangers to which they expose their lives they consider sufficiently meritorious without any pecuniary sacrifice. It is vulgarly believed in Egypt that the pilgrims are always well provided with money; and I have often sat with the native merchants, and observed those holy men, though poor and ragged in appearance, making extensive purchases, generally without the furious bargaining which distinguishes the Egyptians. These are of course not the regular traders, but people who, according to the established custom, wish to indemnify themselves by a little investment for the cost of their pilgrimage. Some of the more uncivilised Moghrebbis bring nothing but jars of oil, which they will only sell for Spanish dollars; others barter their wares for shawls and silks, which they dispose of no doubt at an enormous profit in their own country.

The portion of the wakálah buildings which may be compared to a hotel is situated over the magazines, and is sometimes divided into as many as thirty or forty houses, all of which have separate entrances from the gallery, which, as I have said, runs round the whole quadrangle, and receives light and air from the courtyard. This gallery is seldom regular or handsomely built, though its proportions are sometimes majestic. Many of the wakálahs belong to a single proprietor, others are divided amongst several. Rent is very low, but is always paid in advance. The houses are never furnished, but all that is required is generally bought by the travellers, who are satisfied with a few mats, carpets, blankets, and rugs, cooking utensils, boxes, &c. Those who find it necessary, on account of their having their women with them, take a whole house to themselves, setting apart the upper rooms, often reached by a steep, tortuous staircase, ending in a sort of trap-door, for the harem and their more portable and precious articles of merchandise, whilst they reserve the lower portion for their own use. A seggadeh, and a few cushions arranged in a raised recess, or upon a kafass, form the divan upon which the merchant, often a man of considerable wealth, receives visits of compliment or business. A slave or servant is always at hand to present coffee and pipes; and in these matters alone is any luxury displayed. Not uncommonly a party fortuitously collected take a house in common, each spreading his mat in a different room, whilst some coffee-shop awhile serves as a place of *réunion*. To this they repair very early in the morning—all Orientals rise betimes—and obtain for ten *paras* (little more than a halfpenny) a cup of coffee, and a *shisheh* or *gozeh*—the first the regular water-pipe, like the hookah; the second the Egyptian *narghileh*, with a cocoa-nut instead of a glass or metal bell, and a straight tube formed of cane instead of a flexible tube or snake. The luxurious Syrians pass the smoke through iced water; but this is a refinement unknown in Cairo.

After partaking of the morning meal, the denizens of the wakálah disperse through the bazaars, in order to buy and sell, visit their debtors, receive money, or ascertain the state of the market. At noon, the more prosperous or extravagant return to enjoy a *pilau* or a dish of *bamias*; whilst others sit down wherever they may find themselves, and are content with bread and cheese, perhaps with a water-melon or a handful of dates. A siesta generally follows, and then business occupies them until sunset, when the great meal of the day takes place. In the evening, nearly all repair to a coffee-shop, where they end, as they began, with Mokka and Gebeli, talk about money or merchandise, brag of the wealth of their fathers, and of their own poverty, or listen to the performances of some professional singer or story-teller.

An incident that came under my own observation may be selected as an illustration of the accidents which strangers who put up in the wakálahs are in the way of encountering. Near the entrance gate of one of these buildings there was a coffee-shop, kept by one Ibn Daood, whose good *tumbak* (the tobacco smoked in shishehs) used often to lure me into spending half an hour with him. Close at hand was a little cobbler's stall. It was a dull season, and the wakálah was nearly deserted; so that almost the only customers for the half-dozen shishehs and gozehs of the coffee-shops were chance passengers; and the cobbler lacked a regular demand for his labours, there being no red shoes worn with travel requiring his attension. The consequence was, that the cobbler passed half his time in the coffee-shop, spending his savings, and having his ears tickled by the interested sympathy of Ibn Daood, who pocketed several *khamseh*, or five-para pieces, daily by the circumstance. Whenever I stepped in and took my seat on a kafass within ear-shot of these two worthies, I invariably found that their talk was of wealth, and I heard their tongues discourse glibly of sums which it never entered into my imagination to covet. The whole worldly possessions of one seemed to be a few pipes, a coffee-pot or two, some small palm branch kafasses, and a huge earthen pot, that, standing in one corner of the shop, with a cooling bottle beside it, was daily filled with water, sometimes flavoured with mastic, for the gratuitous use of any passer-by who chose to step in. The cobbler's stock in trade was smaller still. He had a sharp knife, an iron block to cut out leather upon, a few red sheep-skins, a couple of awls, and the clothes he stood up in; and he used to sleep sometimes on one of Ibn Daood's benches, sometimes with the bawab of the wakálah, sometimes in his own little stall. And yet these two miserable beings dared to raise their hopes to millions of golden pieces, to spend them in imagination, and, with remarkable consciousness of their own Arab characters, to contemplate a return in their old age to their primitive humble employments. It did not strike me at the moment that these enervating aspirations might lead to the commission of crime; but I amused myself by listening to their wild speculation, and sometimes joined in the dialogue. My Frank scepticism, however, was not at all pleasing to their heated fancies. At length a third dreamer joined the party. This was a coffee-pounder, who used to stop, with his pestle and mortar, to ask for work, and generally to get none.

Things were going on in this way when, one day, three camels heavily laden, and one with a *tachterwan*, or awning, covered closely with carpets, were seen slowly turning into the wakálah. The whole party happened to be collected, and by an instinctive movement of curiosity went to stare at the new arrival. '*Aysh fee khubar?*'—['What is the news?'] I inquired of Ibn Daood on his return. 'A merchant from the Moghreb (west),' said he, 'with his harem; four bales

Digitized by Google

of turbooshes; some carpets, worth each two hundred dollars; and pearls and precious stones.'

Nearly all this was gratuitous assumption on the part of Ibn Daood; but the cobbler and the coffee-pounder supported his asseverations; so I had nothing to say, and not feeling particularly interested in the matter, went about my business. Two or three days afterwards, again passing that way, I saw a stranger in the coffee-shop. He had a large white turban, a good-humoured, handsome countenance, and a curly black beard; but his clothes were rather seedy, and his feet were bare. Ibn Daood was boiling a small pot of coffee, which he held in one hand, whilst his face was turned eagerly towards the stranger, who was holding forth; the cobbler and the coffee-pounder sat near, also attentively listening. I went in, made my salaam, and soon found that this was the merchant from the west. He had preceded by some days the great caravan from Tripoli, and was of course bound for Mecca. It now appeared that Ibn Daood had originally come from the same country—the same town, in fact, as the stranger; had claimed acquaintance with him; and was listening to a pompous promise of protection. I did not like the looks of the trio as the good gentleman dilated, with verdant simplicity, on his mercantile good luck, but of course held my peace.

It was some time before I went that way again. When I did so, I found a crowd collected round the door of the wakálah; and working my way through it, saw the coffee-shop and the stall deserted, the furniture broken and scattered, a soldier mounting guard in each, and numerous groups in eager conversation around. I asked what was the matter; but could only learn that something evil had happened. At length a Jew money-changer, who was sitting in his little shop opposite, beckoned to me; and when I had seated myself by his side, spoke as follows:—

'Young sir, I perceive you are interested in what has taken place; I will tell you the news. Ibn Daood is the greatest rascal in the world, and the cobbler and the coffee-pounder are greater rascals than he.'

'That is a misfortune,' I threw in, 'for I have often sat talking with them.'

'Very true,' said my new friend, 'I have seen you do so; but you will not talk with them again. You remember the merchant that arrived from the west before the new moon?'

'I do.'

'Well, you must know that he was a fool, and boasted of having monies. God knows, *I* should not boast of riches if I were rich! He arrived with two thousand piastres worth of merchandise, besides a beautiful slave. He used to go into the *sooq* (bazaar) every day, and sit with the merchants, and sell his goods in small parcels for ready money, putting what he received into his belt, and boasting of it to Ibn Daood, and to the cobbler, and to the coffee-pounder. The other day he sold the slave—her name was Nefeesa, and she was like the moon—for ten thousand piastres, all which he put into his belt. Now you must know that Ibn Daood had gained his confidence because he came from the same town; and the day before yesterday, as they were sitting together after sunset, spoke to him about a hidden treasure, the locality of which is known, but which can only be got at by an incantation. The Moghrebbis are very famous magicians, and the merchant Abdallah said he knew seven verses which could not be resisted. Being a learned man, too, he could write *tarsheem*, and all the other charms. So last night the four went out together to the tomb of Sultan Berkook, near which they opened a trench and lighted a fire; and the merchant, having written and burnt the necessary papers, began to chant. But it will never be known whether or not there was a treasure; for he had scarcely uttered ten words, when the coffee-pounder hit him with his pestle over the head, and knocked him down.'

'They killed him!' I exclaimed.

'They thought they had, and were about to take his belt, when two Greeks came up and frightened them away. The guard of the gates was then called; Abdallah recovered and denounced the assassins; and this morning they have been arrested, and their chattels destroyed. May misfortune come to them!'

I afterwards heard that the three criminals were taken before the kadi, and pleaded a whisper from Satan as an excuse for their attempt at murder. They were all sent to the galleys; whilst the merchant Abdallah, who, it is to be hoped, learned a little prudence by this adventure, proceeded on his journey to the Holy City.

CANCER SAID TO BE CURED BY MESMERISM.

THE October number of a periodical work called the *Zoist* contains an account by Dr Elliotson of a case of cancer alleged to be cured by mesmerism. The patient, Miss Harber, presented herself to Dr E. in March 1843, with an intensely hard tumour in the breast, of about a year and a-half's standing. The doctor commenced subjecting her to mesmeric treatment, with a view to her being rendered insensible to the pain of the operation which he then thought inevitable. After daily 'passes' for a month, she attained a slight degree of 'susceptibility;' her pains during this time and for some months after lessened, and she improved in complexion; but the disease still went on; and many surgeons who saw the breast declared it a case of decided cancer, for which nothing could be done but excision of the part. Dr Elliotson continued to throw her into the mesmeric sleep every day during the ensuing winter, and she at length became liable to fall into a state of perfect rigidity, during which her arms, unconsciously on her part, would follow those of the operator, from whose fingers on those occasions she beheld a stream of colourless fluid passing towards her. The summer of 1844 saw her pain diminished, her strength increased, the cancerous sallowness gone, and a warty-looking substance had dropped from the breast, leaving a sound smooth surface.

In autumn, Dr Elliotson being abroad on a tour, the operations were performed by another person, but less regularly. The bad symptoms then returned with great virulence, and the diseased mass was found to have adhered to the ribs. Regular operations being resumed, an improvement recommenced; and in the summer of 1846 the pain had entirely ceased. During 1847 the disease steadily gave way. The mass had not only become much less, but detached from the ribs. At length, during the present year, under the constant daily practice of the mesmeric passes, the cancer has been pronounced to be '*entirely dissipated:* the breast is perfectly flat; the skin rather thicker and firmer than before the disease existed. Not the smallest lump is now to be found; nor is there the slightest tenderness of the bosom or armpit.' The quondam patient lives at Mrs Gower's, No. 12 New Street, Dorset Square, open to any examination or interrogation on the subject.

Assuming that the account of the case is correct, it is certainly a remarkable one. Here, fortunately for the mesmerists, there ought to be no dubiety about the means of the cure; for cancer is universally regarded by the profession as incurable by anything but the knife, and the knife, as we see, has not been employed. The doctors will scoff; but is scoffing in such a case strictly rational? Would it not be better to investigate, and ascertain if there be not, in certain operations inferring a nervous intercommunication, a sanatory influence capable of effecting great good for suffering humanity? It is surely but the simplest dictate of common sense, as well as benevolent feeling, which would prompt an unprofessional person to point out this course as preferable to the eternal gabble of a barren scepticism.

Digitized by Google

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

'In the course of a ramble in Banffshire in 1843,' says the editor of the Inverness Conrier, we noticed a rural improvement then commenced by the late Sir George Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch—the reclamation of a tract of waste land about 200 acres in extent, which in some parts was covered with several feet of moss. Last week we revisited the spot, and saw the ground in full occupation as a farm, all thoroughly drained, and producing abundant crops. The works were finished in 1844, and since then, Marypark, as the farm is called, has produced 1400 quarters of grain, exclusive of the present year's crop, besides having each year about forty acres under turnip, and maintaining from seventy to eighty head of cattle. The spirit of agricultural improvement characteristic of the late proprietor has descended to his son, Sir John Macpherson Grant, who has already laid off a farm adjoining Marypark of about 100 acres, one-fifth of which will be in crop next year. He has also improved forty-five other acres by trenching and thorough-draining. The tenants on the estate have caught the contagion, and one of the, number (Mr Robertson, Burnside) has 120 acres marked for improvement, two-thirds of which are to be trenched, thorough-drained, and enclosed. He expects the whole to be completed in about two years from the present time. These tenants' improvements are effected by advances made under the drainage act, the government inspector and the proprietor together selecting the portions most likely to yield a good return. Small crofters paying only L.2 of rent share in this advantage the same as large tenants. All is done by contract, and in many cases the tenant or his sons contract for portions of the work, thus earning the means of liming or manuring the land, and putting it into a productive state. The interest demanded by the proprietor is six per cent., but it is not chargeable till after the first crop at Martinmas. These rural improvements have made the estate of Ballindalloch a scene of busy industry for the last year or two. Above two hundred persons were at work, and the general aspect, the amenity, and productiveness of the soil will be all altered for the better. We have occasionally,' says the same paper, 'called attention to the spirited improvements carried on by Mr Rose, farmer, Kirkton on the lands of Leanachs, rented by him from Culloden, and situated close by the battle-field; and have just learned with very great pleasure that Mr Forbes has marked in a most flattering way his sense of the importance of the labours of Mr Rose. On Saturday, Mr Rose was invited to Culloden House, where an elegant piece of silver plate, valued at fully L.30, was presented to him by his young but excellent landlord. In eight years Mr Rose expended L.6000 on his improvements, and reclaimed two hundred acres of land! His operations were upon Drummossie Muir, but he has carefully abstained from any intrusion upon the graves of those who fell on that fatal field. He has cut on the farms 63,000 yards of drains, or about thirty-six miles!—has erected 5000 yards of double stone dike, and 2700 yards of feal dike, which will be faced with stone; and has laid upon these reclaimed lands 10,000 bolls of lime. In addition to all this, he erected at his own expense, in 1845, a splendid slated farm-steading. When one contrasts such a record as this with the miserable accounts daily received from Ireland, of ejectments, of seizures of crop, of burnings of houses, and of murders that almost invariably follow; and of the poverty and distress prevailing generally wherever the tenant-at-will system exists, it surely says something not only for the spirit of the tenant and the excellence of the landlord, but also something for the superiority of the legal relation betwixt landlord and tenant now general in all the more forward districts of Scotland. No tenant would peril such an amount of money, or carry on plans of improvement so extensive, unless backed and sheltered by a lease. We have little doubt that already Mr Rose has reaped a portion of the reward which is his due.'

MORAL SEASONS.

With many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing these vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.—*D'Argonne.*

DO OR DON'T.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*

TO AN OLD VOLUME OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

My ancient favourite! while I bend
On thee my fascinated gaze,
The voice of some old pleasant friend
Seems talking of my childish days.

Such sweet and mingling memories cling
About the dear familiar page;
Back to my mind they freshly bring
The joys of that light-hearted age.

Time shakes not thine established sway
So long as boys and girls there be;
Forgotten tasks, neglected play,
Will prove thy changeless witchery.

To me what real life they seemed,
While yet thy graphic scenes were new!
Admiring childhood never dreamed
They could be otherwise than true.

I read till twilight's gradual shade
The letters to confusion turned,
Then stooping to the fire I read,
Till eyes and forehead ached and burned.

When bedtime came, the volume lay
Beneath my pillow closed in vain—
I spent the hours till dawn of day
With Crusoe in his lone domain.

Girt as I was, I felt thy spell,
My cherished day-dream for a while,
How I, like thee, should one day dwell
On some far-off unpeopled isle!

Since then, old friend! I've learned too well
How desert islands there may be,
Surrounded by the roar and swell
Of human life's great restless sea.

To be shut out from sympathy,
Unloved, and little understood,
The heart feels all too bitterly
How deep that *real solitude!*

For 'cast away' I too have been;
Just such a lonely spot was mine;
As desolate, although I ween
Not half *so beneficial* as thine.

Its culture was a sickening toil,
For the green things I planted there
Refused to grow in such a soil,
Or withered in the chilling air.

I had my *cats* and *parrots* too,
Bright flutterers with plumage gay,
Who not, like thine, attached and true,
Chattered of love, and flew away.

And those sleek silky *friends* whose stay
Lingered till they could wound no more,
While the rough billows washed away
The few strange footsteps on the shore.

I watched till hope itself was spent,
While some fair bark went heedless by,
And signal after signal sent,
Till distance mocked my straining eye.

Love's language, all unused, grew strange,
Not even a *Friday* turned to me,
I had but God, whose eye can range
O'er field and desert equally.

And now that those dark days are gone,
And that I am at home again,
A life in Eden's bowers *alone*
I feel would be a life of pain.

The loving tone, the kindly glance,
Must be the spirit's longed-for food,
Despite the rose-hue of romance
Which sheds such charms o'er solitude.

Had *we no* love, *no* friend to greet,
What would our human nature be?
Sure Heaven's rich anthems rise more sweet
Because they're sung in company!

E. A. G.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 259. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1848. Price 1½d.

THE CROSSCAUSEWAY CLUB.

Early in the winter of 1787, a few lads who had been schoolfellows and playmates in the Crosscauseway, a humble street in the suburbs of Edinburgh, celebrated by Walter Scott as the residence of his hero *Greenbreeks*, met together one evening in the house of a friend. It was a pleasant and not particularly silent assemblage; the enjoyment of a social chat was the object which drew them together, and their merriment was not the less that the place of meeting was a small garret room at the top of a house seven storeys high, and lighted by a penny candle, which had been as good as begged for the occasion.

'What would you think of instituting a club?' said one of the party during an interval of laughter.

'Capital!' said another. 'By all means let us get up a club. What shall it be called?'

'I am not talking in jest,' added the first speaker. 'I do not mean any sort of convivial affair, but a society for reading and instruction. I have an idea that we might do a great deal in the way of teaching and improving each other. One knows one thing, and another knows something else. Would it not be an excellent plan to melt down into a lump, as it were, all that we individually know, and then distribute a fair share of the whole to each?'

'First-rate idea!' was the general declaration. 'When shall we set the thing on foot?'

'I vote for meetings twice a week as long as we can hold together,' said a lad of shrewd parts; 'and that Hogmanay evening, the last night of December, shall be our anniversary.'

The proposition was carried. Without reflecting on the nature of the engagement, all pledged themselves to meet, if in their power, on the last night of every year during the whole term of their lives; and that, in the event of inability to attend, the absentee should forward a letter explaining the cause of absence. The purpose of the annual meeting was to talk over young days; to relate matters of personal adventure to each other; and to ask and give mutual counsel and assistance.

From the whimsicality of the proposition, it might be inferred that the impossibility of carrying it out would soon be apparent, and that after one or two years, the whole thing would dissolve, and be no more heard of. Such, however, was not the case. In this cluster of youngsters there was something more than usual. A congeniality of disposition seemed to unite them in close friendship, and they stuck together with amazing tenacity. Perhaps something was due to the clannish spirit which has always distinguished the Crosscauseway boys; but after all, a general desire for mutual improvement was the primary cementing principle of the society. The club began with five or six, but subsequently was increased to thirteen members. At the time they commenced operations, books were not easily got. There were no cheap publications in those days, and few even at a moderate price. The only way of obtaining a book at a cost within ordinary bounds of possibility, was to pick it up at a stall; and from the keeper of one of these venerable depositories of literature, at the foot of the High School Wynd, our party of self-improvers managed to secure a decayed copy of Euclid, an English grammar, and a Latin Rudiments.

With these aids to study, the business of mutual teaching was begun; and in about six months afterwards a French grammar was added. A poor student of divinity for the Latin, and an old soldier who could smatter a little French, helped to forward the scheme of instruction; but beyond this no external aid was sought. As time went on, the members found their mental capacities not a little expanded; and they undertook the writing of essays for debate at their evening meetings. Little superior to the ordinary compositions of young men of indifferent education, these essays nevertheless evinced that their authors were thoroughly in earnest in their pursuit of mental improvement. Being at the mercy of general criticism, any tendency to superficiality, carelessness of diction, or unsoundness of logic, was peremptorily checked. A material benefit which arose from the practice of essay writing, was the degree of self-reliance it imposed. It compelled the writers to think; and though they might not always think rightly, the mind was exercised—a point of no little importance to the young and aspiring. Probably the practice was also negatively advantageous; for it occupied attention during leisure hours, and may have prevented indulgence in profitless or unworthy pursuits.

We need say no more of the mutual-instruction part of the plan, than that it contributed to advance in life several members of the society. It also gave to nearly all a greater zest in their respective occupations, for the pleasures derived from the pursuit of knowledge are independent of mere worldly station. A mentally-trained artisan has an infinitely greater enjoyment of life than one who is acquainted with little more than animal sensations. How sped, meanwhile, the anniversary meetings? It is of these we would chiefly speak, because it must be curious to know how long the association remained without a break in its membership, or rather how long any were left to meet on the appointed Hogmanay evening. The imagination was excited with the idea of an annual assemblage which should stretch on till the extinction of thirteen individuals; and many a laugh was raised among the young men, as the members pictured to themselves one hobbling into the meeting on a crutch, another carried in a sedan, and all

Digitized by Google

bearing at least wrinkles and gray hairs. Then they would raise the mysterious questions—who should be the last?—what would be the feelings of that one man when no longer any of his twelve early compeers remained on earth to greet him? This thought as to the last survivor, as well as who should be the first to go, naturally imparted melancholy feelings. There was a double problem to be solved.

Five anniversaries took place in succession, and still there was no break: there was not even a removal from the town. But as all were now pushing out in life, the club could not expect to remain much longer entire. Before the sixth Hogmanay elapsed, an unexpected and sudden casualty occurred, which reduced the numbers to twelve. The youngest of the party, having received an appointment to a situation in India, set out with two of his fellow-members to take leave of some friends, at a few miles' distance in the country. Duddingstone Loch was in the way, and the season was winter. In the evening, on their return, the party, to shorten the road, attempted to cross the lake on the ice; but a thaw having commenced, the surface gave way, and the whole were instantaneously plunged into the water at the point where it is deepest. Two had the good fortune to scramble out; but the third, the youngest, got below the ice, and his body was not recovered till life was extinct. The feelings of the two survivors need not be dwelt on.

Now reduced to twelve, the members at next annual meeting were somewhat less hilarious than usual. He whose death was the least expected, and who promised to be the longest liver, was no more. Such a circumstance had a certain sobering effect. Death, they had reason to observe, was exceedingly unceremonious and capricious in his visits.

In the course of the seventh year there may be said to have been a visible divarication in the standing which the members were respectively to assume in society. They had all started pretty equally as to position. Some had become apprentices to handicraft professions, others had gone into places of business, one had entered the church, and one had gone to sea. Now, the remarkable thing was, that success did not seem to depend on the nature of the pursuit. Some did not appear to be able to keep pace with others who were not a whit better off as to profession. It was observed with regret that nothing could brisk up the energies of two or three members. All the instruction and counsels lavished on them seemed as if thrown away. Not that at first there was anything positively bad about them. Their defect was a want of proper self-denial and foresight; in short, of a determined wish to get forward, with the virtues which such a wish never fails to inspire. We shall take the case of two members. Each was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and they therefore started fairly in the race. One of the two had a great taste for botany, and he contrived to advance himself so considerably in that delightful science by dint of private study and practical examinations, that he was taken from his last, and after a few transitions, raised to be the keeper of one of the largest public gardens in England. The other of the two, Peter ——, preferred loitering away his evenings in the High Street, with a pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pocket, and finally he settled his destiny by marrying the widow of an old clothesman in the Cowgate, with a family of half-a-dozen children. What came of this wayward personage we shall afterwards see.

On the whole, the party, dispersing abroad in the world, did credit to the early and united effort at self-improvement. One, who had begun as a carpenter, rose to be a professor of natural philosophy in one of the universities. Another, who commenced as a coach-painter, became a considerable wood-merchant. Another started as a printer, but afterwards was taken into partnership in a country solicitor's office; here he finally became the sole proprietor of the business, and was, in addition, made manager of a bank. Another, who began as a linendraper's shopman, removed to Manchester, where he rose to be at the head of a large manufacturing concern. He who started for the church never obtained a living, and died in somewhat pinched circumstances, universally regretted. Among the party, at least nine attained highly-respectable positions in society.

The life of the young man who went to sea was perhaps the most romantic of the whole. He began as a cabin-boy in a Leith smack, was afterwards pressed as a seaman into the royal navy, fought with great gallantry in an engagement off the coast of Holland, and when, some time afterwards, he was discharged, he was appointed to the command of a merchant vessel trading to St Petersburg. Now he experienced the benefit of having studied Euclid in early life; for a knowledge of mathematics, with his experience in seamanship, recommended him to the Emperor of Russia, by whom he was raised to an admiral's command in the Russian service. The intelligence of this promotion imparted great satisfaction to the Crosscauseway Club, which doubtless felt that it was no small matter to have produced an admiral. But the club was still more delighted when, at its next meeting in the Archers' Hall, a letter was read from Admiral ——, detailing an amusing interview with the emperor when presented at court. The account recalled an incident of old times—a *bicker*, or battle with stones, which had taken place between the youthful democracy of the Crosscauseway and the more aristocratic boys of George Square; on which occasion the great man, now an admiral, had received a wound that left an ugly scar over one of his eyebrows. The jocular part of the story must be given in the admiral's own words:—

'I observe,' said the emperor sympathisingly, speaking in French, and pointing at the same time to the deep scar over my eyebrow, 'that you have suffered severely in some affair: may I ask the name of the engagement?

'*La bataille de Crosscauseway!*' said I, with becoming gravity.

'*Ah!*' said his majesty in reply, with his usual politeness, bowing with much dignity, '*C'était une grande affaire que la bataille de Crosscauseway!*'

A joke is as good as an endowment to a club. This one about the *bataille de Crosscauseway* told admirably, and furnished the members with a never-failing resource. Admiral —— died in the Russian service, in which his son now holds a high appointment.

To go on with the history of the club: the anniversary meetings, as may be supposed, fell wofully off. When the ninth came round, only five members mustered. Two had been cut off by death, one could not show face, and five had left the town. When the twelfth anniversary arrived, one of the absentees had died, and now only ten were alive. At the seventeenth annual meeting only four were present, and what rendered this assemblage particularly dismal, was the fact of the ne'er-do-weel who had made the unhappy marriage having been transported for a by no means light

Digitized by Google

offence. For the credit of the club, it must be mentioned that Peter had not been suffered to sink without an attempt at recovery. He had been frequently talked to as to his conduct; and in his difficulties many a pound-note and half-crown had been administered. On one occasion his friends in the club got him appointed to a post in the excise-office, suitable, one would have thought, to his capacities. It consisted of nothing more than sitting in a lobby reading the 'Edinburgh Courant,' and attending to bell No. 29. Peter, however, possessed an unfortunate tendency downwards, which could not be resisted. One day he answered bell No. 29 in a condition approaching *ebrius*, which the ringer of the said bell, a very peremptory sort of gentleman, considered so unpardonable a piece of eccentricity, that he forthwith dismissed the luckless Peter. After this affair, he wandered out of one mischief into another, and, as has been said, was at length sentenced to transportation. Unfortunate being! he lived not to be an exile. Before the eighteenth Hogmanay, intelligence arrived of the wreck of the convict ship which was carrying Peter to his destination, and that he had perished in the billows.

It would be useless to dwell minutely on the succeeding anniversaries, and we pass on to the fiftieth Hogmanay, the 31st of December 1837. What a change had come over the club! Only four were alive, and of these three made their appearance; two having travelled some hundreds of miles in order to be present at what they called the jubilee. Such a jubilee! Three old men, two with their gray hairs, and the third bald—voices no longer sonorous and confident, but sobered down to gravity and decorum. Still there were pleasant congratulations and inquiries after the welfare of sons and grandsons, which were quite cheering to their old hearts. When the parting came, there was a moment of real sadness. One of the three observed that he had a presentiment that they should never meet again—it could not be expected in the course of nature, even if other circumstances permitted. And from reflections on the possibility of a further diminution of numbers, he passed on to remark how singularly happy had been the fortune of the party generally—that in almost every instance the welldoing of the respective members, as far as temporal means were concerned, had been in a great degree imputable to the mutual improvement classes; while of the few who had been unsuccessful in their career, each had clearly himself to blame, because everything which friendship could suggest had been done for them. 'I end with this reflection, which I make after long experience,' concluded the old man, 'that those who will not take some pains themselves to get up in the world, cannot be dragged up!'

The presentiment of the aged member proved too true. Ere the fifty-first anniversary, he had joined the great majority of the dead. The Hogmanay of 1847 was the sixtieth anniversary of the club. Will it be credited? There was a meeting. The two survivors met, but it was for the last time. A short time ago one was removed after a long and well-spent life, and now sleeps with his fathers in the south-west corner of the Greyfriars' Churchyard.

Loiterers in Princes Street may observe on fine forenoons a handsome carriage rolling along at a more than usually gentle pace. It is driven by an old coachman in a flaxen wig, but inside there is a man still older; his face is sunken, his eyes are dim, and his figure is seen reclining in a corner, as if unconscious that he pertained to a living and breathing world. Do not envy that poor old gentleman his apparently luxurious indulgence. He has seen twelve of his dearest friends, the joyous companions of his youth, disappear from the stage of existence. He has the misfortune to be the sole remaining member—the last man of the Cross-causeway Club!

CHEMISTRY OF WINTER.

Spring and autumn are the two seasons that poets love: in summer the Castalian fount is dried up—in winter it is frozen. But in winter the delights of the earlier year are reproduced in memory, and not unfrequently enhanced by imagination. Shivering in bed, or clustering round the fire, we recall the songs, flowers, and sunshine of vanished months, till we feel as if we could really

> 'Wallow naked in December's snows
> By bare remembrance of the summer's heat.'

Science, however, although suggestive of poetical ideas, has nothing to do with imagination; and while the dreamer sees all sorts of fantastic resemblances in the white mantle that covers the earth, the philosopher takes up a portion of it in his hand, inquires into its formation, and traces its objects and effects in the economy of nature. Yet science, though unimaginative herself, so far from repressing, regulates and sustains the flights of imagination, and is thus to a certain extent the handmaid of poetry.

Water is subject to a remarkable anomaly. There is a point in its temperature—about 40 degrees in our common thermometer—at which it is most dense or compact, and from which it expands in heating till it becomes steam, and expands in cooling till it becomes ice, which takes place at 32 degrees. This is a beautiful provision of nature. By being less dense than water, ice floats on the top, and, by forming a hard crust, prevents the mass of less cold liquid beneath from being greatly affected by the intensely-cold atmosphere. Thus the lower stratum of water in lakes and rivers continues to maintain a temperature from six to eight degrees above the freezing-point; and in this comparatively warm stratum fishes dwell as usual, till the return of spring brings them to the surface, to look out upon a new heaven and a new earth. Running streams resist congelation longer than lakes, and the ocean in temperate climates longest of all, partly from its depth, and partly from the quantity of saline matter it contains. This latter circumstance may be illustrated by mixing common salt and water so as to form brine, which will remain liquid at many degrees below the freezing-point of fresh water. Salt water is so much denser than fresh water, that a person may swim more easily in the sea than in a river.

When a bottle is 'broken by the frost,' this is occasioned by the expansion of the water during congelation; but iron water pipes are burst in the same way, and an experiment is tried with a bottle of wrought iron, which is found to be no more capable than glass of resisting the occult power of the congealing process. In Canada, bomb-shells of cast-iron, 13 inches in diameter, and 2 inches thick, filled with water, and firmly plugged with iron bolts, have been split asunder when exposed to the cold of winter. But this formidable force is used by nature for the most beneficent purpose. The water imbibed by the soil by capillary attraction, separates the particles during its expansion; and these, when the thaw of spring takes place, crumble down into a soil fit for the reception of seed.

Digitized by Google

In the same way is explained the rounded or weather-worn aspect of many rocks; for instance, limestone and sandstone, and the ruinous heaps that lie at the base of slate rocks, the strata of which, separated by this agency, glide down the sides of the mass. When the winter is very severe, the sap of trees is frozen, and the same effect takes place—the tree being rent asunder with a loud explosion. Acquainted practically with this law, the mason never uses mortar or cement during frost; and when frost is likely to come on after his work is done, he always covers it carefully with straw, the non-conducting power of which prevents the mortar from freezing. For the same reason, the service-pipe which runs across a kitchen area is usually covered with bands of hay or straw during frost. The part of the pipe under ground runs little risk of freezing, except in very severe weather; but when it comes into the open air, the metal, owing to its good conducting power, is in danger of bursting. To preserve ice, substances of bad conducting power are of course chosen. A small quantity, for instance, may be kept for a considerable time by being wrapped in folds of flannel, or placed in a wooden box, enclosed within another wooden box, in such a way so as to leave stagnant air between them—air being, as well as wood, a bad conductor.

When fish-ponds, or other small collections of water, are *completely* frozen over, it must not be supposed that the fish live very comfortably at the bottom in their 40 degrees temperature. They can stand the cold very well, perhaps as well as the warmth of summer; but, like human beings shut up in a close room, they are poisoned by their own breath. The wintry sun is too feeble, after its passage through the ice, to exercise much influence on the aquatic plants, which would otherwise decompose the carbonic acid; and this accumulating, would prove fatal to the fish, if we did not break holes at the surface to admit the air, and let out the mephitic vapour. On this friendly service being rendered, the fish are seen rushing up to the aperture, as dancers in a crowded room, when the exhalations become stifling, fly to the open window to gasp. They often rush to their own destruction; for the fishermen know what they are about.

Nature is as beneficent as man on such occasions, and less selfish. Although the ice on a large pond or lake prevents the admission of heat from the top, and would therefore become of a uniform thickness, there are agencies at work below to counteract the danger. The springs by which the lake is fed, coming from the comparatively warm earth, throw up a column of water, which gradually thaws the ice on the surface, or renders it thin enough for the fainting fishes themselves to throw open their sash. When the cold is too intense for this process—when the very springs are frozen, and the covering of ice rests like a sheet of solid iron on the lake—what becomes of its inhabitants? The earth, unable to emit, exercises its power in attracting water into its bosom, and thus a vacuum is formed beneath the ice, which, unable longer to sustain the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere, gives way, and admits air, and light, and life, into the waters beneath. Were it not for their danger of suffocation, the fishes in keen frosts would be better off as regards temperature than land animals; and indeed persons who have accidentally fallen through the ice usually remark that the water felt much warmer than the air.

When the air is at zero, a warm vapour rises through a hole broken in the ice, and condenses into crystals so minute, that they have the appearance of smoke. In like manner the vapour from our lungs becomes visible on a frosty day; and in cold climates, such as that of Lapland, when a blast of air is suddenly admitted into a room, the breath of the inmates turns into snow. Another beautiful and less obvious effect of condensation is seen in the footprints of men and animals in a field. These are covered in some cases with a thin sheet of ice, and in others with a delicate network of frost; but in neither is there found a single drop of water in the cavity below—the hard surface crumbling into powder beneath our feet. The explanation of chemistry is, that the water which originally filled the footprints was wholly or partially frozen on the surface, and the remainder sucked by capillary attraction into the earth.

Snow is supposed to be formed by the gradual congelation of the thin watery vapour in the upper regions of the air. As this becomes solidified, it descends to the earth by the natural law of gravitation; and if immediately examined with a high magnifier, exhibits crystals with figures as regular and beautiful as those of a kaleidoscope. Snow as well as ice is a bad conductor of cold; and as a covering of the latter preserves the water beneath at a temperature in which fish can live, so the snowy mantle with which winter wraps the fields protects the seeds and roots of the earth from the killing frost. Snow is actually 'given like wool,' as the Scripture says; and not only as regards whiteness, but warmth; for the fleecy coverings respectively serve the same purpose both for plants, and men, and animals. Under the surface, the temperature of snow is little colder than 32 degrees, while above it is not unfrequently 20 or 15 degrees; and thus wheat will continue growing beneath at a time when every blade would be killed that was exposed to the air. This accounts for the phenomena of spring in northern countries, where the plants are no sooner released from their covering of snow, than they burst suddenly into strength and beauty; and this although the temperature of the region during winter was many degrees below zero.

Hail is supposed to be formed from the sudden congelation of rain drops; but, unlike snow, it is found in all the other seasons as well as winter, and we have already had occasion to describe it.

Connected by contrast with the subject of congelation is the process so familiar in winter of boiling water, and between the two there are some curious analogies. Cold freezes the surface of a pond, and water being a bad conductor of cold, the ice thus formed keeps the rest of the water comparatively warm. For the same reason heat will cause the surface of water to boil, while the rest of the liquid remains perfectly cold. This is why we place the fire under rather than over the kettle. If we placed it over, the portions constituting the surface would boil, and the boiling film being lighter than the portions below, would float upon them. When, on the other hand, we place the fire under, the water it first reaches is expanded by the heat, or, in other words, becomes lighter, and rises in the vessel, while the heavier portions, obeying the same law, sink and take its place. These, again, are operated upon in turn by the heat, and so on till the whole mass receives the desired temperature. When this reaches the point when water can no longer remain liquid, vapour rises and flies off—or, in other words, the kettle boils. The boiling-point of water is not fixed and definite like the freezing-point. It is 212 degrees at the level of the sea, but in consequence of the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, becomes lower as we ascend, till on a summit 15,781 feet high it is 180 degrees. At the bottom of a mine 1650 feet below the level of the sea, water will boil at 216 degrees.

'Fire,' says Professor Griffiths, 'was anciently regarded as a peculiar, distinct principle or element, having a specific or inherent power of destruction; and in this sense it repeatedly occurs in many of the most sublime and forcible passages of Holy Writ. But science has been permitted to discover that fire, so far from being an element, is the invariable result of intense chemical attraction between two or more substances.

'During ordinary combustion, the elements of the combustible or inflammable substance exert affinity for the oxygen of the air, and produce compounds which, in the generality of cases, are gaseous or vaporous, and therefore elude observation; but they admit of detection by the chemist, and from them he can educe or draw forth elements, the sum-total of which exactly

Digitized by Google

equals the original weight of the combustible substance: therefore when a substance is burned, or apparently destroyed by fire, its physical form alone is changed; but its elements are perfectly unchanged, or, in other words, the elements of the combustible have been induced by elevation of temperature to relinquish their original affinities, and to assume new but definite arrangements. These, in all ordinary cases, are carbonic acid and watery vapour.

'Such compounds are ordained to travel throughout the creation; and under the recondite powers of vitality, are decomposed, and their elements secreted into the form of woody fibre, and other organic matters, and thus again presented as fuel, which again produces the same compounds; and so on, perpetually travelling and illustrating at every change of their affinities the indestructibility of matter, and the wisdom and power of the Creator.'

All substances of organic origin are combustible, but all are not equally calculated for the evolution of light or heat. For these purposes substances are chosen that are without nitrogen. Animal and vegetable oils are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; wood likewise is entirely free from nitrogen, and so is the best kind of coal. Fat or oil, we have all observed, does not burn of itself. The wick of the lamp or candle must be first lighted, and this drawing up the liquid oil or melted fat by capillary attraction, it vaporises, and then burns with a brilliant flame.

If we suppose, in the midst of summer, when the earth is fainting with heat, when the flowers are in their deepest dye and richest fragrance, and the animal creation, according to habit, are biding in luxurious shadows, or basking or fluttering in the sun—if we suppose a sudden rush of winter to break in upon the gorgeous scene, what confusion, what dismay, what destruction, what horror, would ensue! The streams, already attenuated by heat, would be chained up in frost, the flowers would wither, the leaves would fall, the insects would perish, and man himself would feel as if struck to the heart by the deadly and unnatural chill. How, then, is a winter of months, perhaps of many months, a season of positive enjoyment?—how are both vegetable and animal life preserved throughout all its rigours?—and how do human beings, with elastic step and buoyant spirits, pursue their ordinary avocations amid the frozen waste?

These questions are suggestive of grand, happy, and yet awful ideas. We are lost in the mysteries of creation; we are overwhelmed by the might, yet reassured and softened by the mercies of Providence; we are angry with ourselves for the stolid indifference with which we view the wonders by which we are surrounded, and yet a proud though terrifying feeling is superinduced by the thought, that we ourselves are seen and watched over by an Arm so mighty, an Intelligence so vast.

We have already shown how the lives of fish are preserved throughout the severest frosts of winter; but the same care extends to the whole of organised creation. Exceptions sometimes occur—just to remind us of the rule: the sap of a tree, for instance, as we have already remarked, is frozen, and as it expands, the trunk explodes, and is rent in pieces. What, then, becomes, in ordinary cases, of the tender buds, from which new leaves are to issue in the following spring? The chemist has discovered that in autumn they are covered with a resinous substance, which protects them from frost, and in this state of security the tree goes to sleep for the winter. And this is not a figurative expression; for it is a true sleep, in which the usual functions of the tree are suspended, and in which it may be removed from its native soil without injury. The provision here mentioned is made only in the case of the trees and shrubs that require it: in the tropical regions, where it is unnecessary, there is no such thing. That the tree is 'not dead, but sleepeth,' is proved by these very buds thus wrapped up in their winter cerements; for if you cut off one of them, and hang it to the branch during a severe frost, it will be frozen through, while its *living* brethren remain uninjured. We may even say that during this vegetable torpidity there is a mystical process of preparation going on for a new term of active existence. How else can we account for the fact, that after an unusually late spring, the plants rush forth into leaf, and flower with a rapidity that appears to bespeak some principle within which is impatient of delay? It would seem as if the plant knew its season, and was in haste to make up for lost time! In regions where the summer is extremely short, this adaptation is still more wonderful. In Siberia, according to a well-known register, the snow and ice begin to melt on the 23d June; on the 1st July, the fields are clear; by the 9th they are quite green; by the 17th the plants are at full growth, and by the 25th in flower; by the 2d August the fruit is ripe; and by the 18th the reign of snow is resumed.

Similar to the protection afforded to the buds of trees, but still more wonderful, is the glutinous matter which at this season covers the eggs of various insects. This is insoluble by all the rains, and unchanged by all the frosts of winter. Such eggs have been exposed to a temperature of 22 degrees below zero, and then the substance within found in a liquid state, and wholly uninjured. The mucous with which the garden-snail surrounds itself in its winter quarters has properties of a similar kind; but the fur with which various caterpillars are clothed as the cold season advances is perhaps a still more curious provision of nature; associating them in this respect with the larger animals, whose coats of hair become thick and shaggy on the approach of the hyperborean snows. The white colour of these winter coats, however, although we cannot dwell upon it here, is a subject more within the province of chemistry. White is said, in common parlance, to be a cold colour, but that means that it does not radiate heat freely; and thus, although its power of absorbing warmth from the surrounding atmosphere may be small, it is the best calculated to retain the heat generated in the bodies of the animals by the vital principle.

Man has no provision of this kind, no instincts of hybernation. Naked and helpless he comes into the world, with no defence against the seasons, and no armour against enemies. His is not a species—although the vulgar still follow this classification of the old naturalists—but a genus, distinct, alone, supreme. By means of the reason with which the Almighty has endowed him, he adapts himself to all circumstances, invents artificial weapons, makes the lower animals his slaves or his food, and wrests from external nature the means of subsistence, comfort, and enjoyment. Wherever he finds, or can transport the materials with which he works, he is at home. With this condition, he is as much at home on the shores of the Frozen Sea as the polar bear—as much at home as the embryo in its egg, which no cold can kill—as much at home as the hybernating snail in its elaborate sarcophagus.

It is familiar to the experience of us all, that during keen frost we eat more than in hot weather; and this would seem to be as natural as that we should desire to wear heavier and thicker clothing. Our food is not intended merely to form bone and muscle, or supply the physical waste of our bodies, but likewise to keep up the vital heat; and for this reason it is not uncommon for an Esquimaux, within the polar circle, to eat twenty pounds of salmon at a meal without special injury. What this vital heat may be, chemistry has not ascertained; but at the present moment great excitement prevails in the scientific world, from the idea that stupendous discoveries are on the eve of being made, which will connect, if not identify, various hitherto unexplained phenomena with electricity. The dryness of the atmosphere in the polar regions may be supposed to be the great cause of the elasticity of spirits, and regularity of health, maintained there even by natives of temperate climates. At home, in a much less degree of cold, wet feet occasion disease; and they are sup-

Digitized by Google

posed to do so because the water acts as a powerful conductor, and causes a sudden loss of the electricity with which our bodies are charged, and the due equilibrium of which is necessary for the maintenance of health. The use of flannel next the skin, summer and winter, is explained in the same way by its absorption of moisture, and by the wool of which it is made being a *non*-conductor. But science, however wonderful its discoveries may seem to our ignorance, has yet much to do: when men are better chemists, their residence on the earth will be both longer and happier.

SAYING AND DOING.

A TALE.

THE post-house at Oberhausberg had just been thrown into confusion by the arrival of a travelling carriage on its way from Saverna to Strasburg. Master Töpfer, the innkeeper, was running hither and thither, giving orders to his servants and postilions, whilst the carriage, which stood before the door of the courtyard, was surrounded by a group of children and idlers, who amused themselves by passing their remarks on the new-comer and his handsome equipage. Amongst the lookers-on might have been especially remarked one man with a keen quick eye and sunburnt countenance, whose Provençal accent contrasted strongly with the language of the other spectators. M. Bardanou was, in fact, a native of the south. Chance alone had led him to Oberhausberg, where he had set up, exactly opposite the inn, a hairdresser's shop, on the blue window-shutters of which were inscribed, in words which we may translate, 'Hair-cutting and shaving done here at *all* prices;' and 'Shaving performed after the fashion of Marseilles.'

Mingling among the inquisitive group of idlers who had gathered around the door of the inn, the hairdresser bore his part in the general conversation, in a species of German which we can best describe by saying that it was the Alsatian dialect spoken with a strong Provençal accent.

'Have *you* seen the traveller, Monsieur Bardanou?' inquired an old woman, whose basket, laden with thread, needles, and laces, designated her trade as pedlar.

'Of course I have, Mother Hartmann,' replied the hairdresser; 'he is a very grand-looking man, but I have some doubts as to his brains—more money than wit, I suspect.'

Now Bardanou was critic-general of the neighbourhood, and had a fancy for saying ill-natured things, merely to show his cleverness—for it always looks clever to find fault.

'Hold your tongue, Bardanou; he is a baron!' interrupted a merry laughing voice.

Bardanou looked around, and perceived the god-daughter of Master Töpfer, who had just made her appearance at the door of the inn. 'A baron!' he repeated: 'who told you that, Nicette?'

'The tall footman who accompanies him,' replied the young girl. 'He declared that Monsieur le Baron could not dine in the common eating-room, and that he must have everything carried up to the large baleonied sitting-room.'

The gossips raised their heads: the room of which Nicette spoke was directly above them, and the window was open, but the closed curtains prevented the indulgence of idle curiosity.

'So it is in that room you have laid the cover for him?' inquired Mother Hartmann, pointing to the balconied apartment.

'No, *I* did not lay it,' replied the young girl. 'Monsieur le Baron did not choose to have anything to say either to our porcelain ware or our crystal glasses. He always carries about with him a service of plate; and I have just seen his valet taking it out of an ebony chest.'

A murmur of surprise and admiration arose amongst the crowd; the Provençal alone shrugged his shoulders. 'That is to say that Monsieur le Baron cannot either eat or drink like other Christians,' he ironically rejoined: 'he must have a room to himself, and a service of plate! The great King Solomon might well say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."'

'Come now, Bardanou, you are again going to speak ill of your neighbour,' interrupted Nicette with a smile.

'Of my neighbour!' repeated the hairdresser. 'And do you call this baron, then, my neighbour? I know him well enough already: your great man! he is like all the nobles whom we see passing this way. Did you hear how he called to his valet, who had stayed behind to speak to Master Töpfer. Depend upon it that baron is a regular tyrant.'

'Ah! what makes you say that, Bardanou?' exclaimed Nicette. 'I hope you may be mistaken! Do you know what is bringing him into the duchy of Baden?'

'Not at all.'

'His servant told me,' replied Nicette, lowering her voice: 'he is going to be married.'

'To be married?'

'Yes: to the richest heiress in the country—a widow'——

'With whom doubtless he is not acquainted.'

'I know nothing about that.'

'You may be sure he is not acquainted with her. Those kind of people marry, as one carries on commerce, by a correspondence: they only think of satisfying their avarice.'

'Hold your tongue, Bardanou,' exclaimed Nicette impatiently; 'you are always ready to think evil of others without knowing them.'

'And I generally think worse of them when I do know them,' added the southern.

'You know, however, very well, that *all* the world do not marry for the sake of enriching themselves,' replied the young girl, slightly colouring and turning away: 'there are yet some to be found who only consult their feelings.'

'Like me, for instance,' added Bardanou gaily, as he took her hand and drew her towards him.

'That has nothing to say to it,' hastily replied the young maiden.

'Pardon me, though, but it has,' exclaimed the Provençal. 'You know very well, Nicette, that *I* am no seeker after wealth, and that I do not admire you one whit the less because Master Töpfer has declared that he cannot give you any portion. But then I am an original, my dear; as your godfather says, a philosopher. I have ideas upon all these matters which are quite different from those of other people. And so surely my blood boils when I see men like your fine baron there, in whose hands fortune is only an instrument of vanity, tyranny, and avarice, and I cannot help thinking that if I were in their place, I should do more credit to the arrangements of Providence.'

'That remains to be proved, Monsieur Bardanou,' observed the old pedlar woman; 'fortune alters characters strangely sometimes.'

'When one has no solid principles,' exclaimed the Provençal; 'when one allows one's self to be driven about like a shuttlecock by every passing wind. But I know my own mind, and how things ought to be, Mother Hartmann: I have a philosophy of my own. If I were to become rich in a single moment now, you see I should no more be changed by it than the church clock. You would always see me as just, as disinterested, and as friendly as I am now.'

Bardanou was interrupted in this imaginary catalogue of his own virtues by the appearance at the door of the hotel of the identical traveller who had given rise to the above conversation. He was a man of about forty years of age, stout, somewhat bald, and whose heavy features would have revealed his German descent, even if his strong accent had allowed of the

Digitized by Google

slightest doubt remaining on the subject. But notwithstanding this, his clear blue eye burned with intelligence; and prejudice alone could have prompted the judgment which the hairdresser had so hastily passed upon him. The baron bowed in a courteous manner to the group assembled around the door, and said with a cheerful smile—'A pretty spot, gentlemen; a pretty spot, and a fine day too!' Those whom he addressed contented themselves with returning his salutation, but made no reply. The German appeared, however, to be in nowise disconcerted by this silence. 'I hope,' he continued, still smiling, 'that the country here is fruitful, and the people happy?'

'When contentment dwells within, one can be happy anywhere,' sententiously replied Bardanou.

The baron nodded assent. 'The sentiment, sir, which you have now expressed, is one of deep import,' he replied in a tone of deference; 'and I trust that this remark is the fruit of your own experience: he who understands so well the secret of happiness, ought himself to possess it.'

'I make the best of my position,' said Bardanou. 'I never complain, Monsieur le Baron, seeing that when one sows complaints, one seldom reaps anything but discouragements. I cut hair, shave beards, and dress fronts, and live in hopes of some lucky chance turning up.'

'And so it will,' said the baron; 'be sure it will come: fate has not imitated the example of your government; it has not abolished its lottery, and a good number is always to be hoped for.'

'*A propos* to lottery tickets; we have two of them,' exclaimed Nicette. 'What if we were to gain the château!'

'A château!' exclaimed the stranger, becoming suddenly attentive.

'Yes; with lands and forests,' added Bardanou. 'There was a travelling clerk who came here about three months ago from Frankfort to sell the lottery tickets, and Nicette persuaded me to take one.'

'Do you mean by any chance the domain of Rovembourg?'

'Indeed I cannot tell, for I know nothing about it. I neither looked at the name nor the number; but doubtless I have it all written down here.'

The hairdresser took out an old pocket-book, and drew from it a prospectus and a lottery ticket. 'That is the very name,' he said, when he had glanced at the paper. 'Domain of Rovembourg, situated about two miles from Badenwiller, at the entrance of the Black Forest. The prize was to be drawn on the 20th July.'

'And it *has* been drawn,' the stranger quietly replied.

'And do you know which it is?'

'Yes; 66.'

Bardanou looked at his ticket, and became deadly pale. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and repeated in an anxious tone, '66! Did you say 66?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'Then the domain of Rovembourg is mine!' cried the hairdresser, almost beside himself with delight.

'Yours!' repeated the baron with surprise.

'Look, only look! I have No. 66!'

He held up his ticket triumphantly, showing it to all the neighbours. The stranger's countenance changed, and he approached hastily; but when he had looked at the number, he seemed again at ease, and was evidently on the point of speaking, when suddenly he stopped, as if a thought had flashed across his mind, and looking at Bardanou with that air of good-natured archness which seemed habitual to him, he bowed in token of congratulation.

The news of Bardanou's good fortune spread quickly through the village, and he was quickly followed to his shop by a host of neighbours, who almost overwhelmed him with their congratulations. The Provençal bore this marvellous change at first pretty well; the only difference at all perceptible was, that his voice was somewhat louder than ordinary, and his affability was more dignified. The *hairdresser* was evidently becoming transformed into the *grand seigneur*. His first step in his new character was to send for the village notary, who strongly recommended him to proceed immediately to Rovembourg. Bardanou readily assented to this proposal, and requested Master Töpfer to prepare his best postchaise and finest horses for the journey, at the same time inviting him and Nicette to accompany him, as well as the notary, whose services would be required on the occasion. As the carriage rolled on towards its destination, Bardanou felt more and more the certainty of his bliss, and his mind began gradually to lose its equilibrium. At the last inn at which the party stopped on the road he complained of everything: the linen was coarse, the dishes chipped, the knives and forks not fit for a gentleman to use.

At length the dark avenue of pines leading to the Château of Rovembourg appeared above the horizon, and towering amidst them arose the pointed turrets of the château itself. Nicette uttered cries of admiration at the sight of the meadows, so richly spangled with flowers; the notary seemed occupied in calculating, half aloud, the income which the woods and fields would bring in; and Master Töpfer was in ecstasies at seeing the fine horses which were gallopping about in the pasturages: Bardanou alone was silent. When the turrets of Rovembourg first met his eyes, a new anxiety took possession of his mind. The acquisition of a title now seemed to him a necessary appendage to his new possessions; without it, Monsieur Bardanou would never be anything more than a wealthy plebeian. The reflections of the hairdresser had reached their culminating point when his equipage drew up at the gate of the château. Nicette proposed that they should get out; but Bardanou was resolved to enter his new dwelling in style. They must wait till the porter, who was absent, should return to open the gate for the postchaise to enter the courtyard amidst the cracking of whips and the tingling of the bells. Bardanou had learned from the porter that the family man-of-business was not expected from Frankfort for a couple of days, but that Madame de Randoux, niece of the former proprietor, was in the château. This lady soon made her appearance on the steps, where she received the Provençal with all the ready grace of an accomplished woman of the world, and at the same time with all the simple friendliness of a *bourgeoise*. Madame de Randoux was a widow of about twenty-five years of age, with a pleasing rather than handsome countenance, with elegant manners, and her conversation full of interest. She was equally courteous to the companions of Bardanou as to himself, and led the whole party into a rich saloon adorned in the style of Louis XIV. Here the hairdresser found the baron, who had preceded them by some hours, and whom the widow presented to him as an old friend. Refreshments were served, and Bardanou did full justice to them, with a certain ease of manner which showed that he felt he was only partaking of his own. Madame de Randoux afterwards proposed that they should visit the demesne, and ordered horses to her carriage, inviting Nicette and the baron to accompany them. Her offer was joyfully accepted; and Bardanou expressed himself tolerably well satisfied with the property, talked of improvements, embellishments, &c.; and ended by declaring that he wished to make Rovembourg a truly princely residence.

As they drove round the place, Madame de Randoux gaily expressed her approbation of his plans; the baron gave his assent in a more reserved manner. Bardanou began to suspect that he was jealous of him, and made up his mind that he would by no means spare so unworthy a feeling. Consequently he continued to affect the airs of a grand seigneur, complained of the roads, the bad state of the fences, and the negligence of the foresters. Nicette continually interrupted him by pleading some excuse for those concerned; but

Digitized by Google

Bardanou, who thought that a systematic course of complaint gave a certain air of dignity, stopped her mouth by an injunction not to interfere about matters which were above her comprehension, and the frightened girl dared not say another word upon the subject. On their return to the castle things were still worse. The *ci-devant* hairdresser found the furniture poor, the attendance inefficient. When the hour of repose drew on, he was conducted to the finest apartment of the castle, where an alcoved bed had been prepared for him. The walls were hung with portraits representing the successive lords of the castle. Bardanou saluted them with a respect amounting almost to veneration, such as he would have felt for his ancestors. In fact he was almost beginning to feel himself the legitimate descendant of the House of Rovembourg. It was late in the night before he fell asleep; and then in dreams he saw himself at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, his breast covered with crosses and ribbons. When he awoke, the day was already far advanced. He was about to rise in haste, when he suddenly remembered that it was not suitable for a man of his quality to dress himself without assistance. He rung for the valet-de-chambre, who immediately appeared, and began to perform all the duties of the toilet, according to the established rules of etiquette. Bardanou, who was not willing to appear ignorant of the habits of a seigneur, bore the whole operation patiently; only, when it came to the hairdressing part of the arrangement, the remembrance of his former trade overcame his sense of dignity, and snatching the comb out of the hands of his German valet, he gave him a practical lesson on the *coiffure* of a gentleman. At length, his toilet being completed, he went down to the garden, where he perceived Madame de Randoux, who was returning from a morning walk. The young widow was dressed in an elegant *négligée*, and wore on her head one of the Black Forest hats, whose wide brim reached to her shoulders. She advanced, holding in her hand a little bouquet of wild flowers, and singing, half aloud, an old Swabian melody. Bardanou hastened forward to salute her, and kissed her hands, as he had seen it done at the theatre. The pretty widow received him very graciously, and gave him an account of her rambles through the adjoining copse. In the course of her conversation Madame de Randoux gave him to understand that she was deeply grieved at her uncle having consented before his death to dispose by lottery of Rovembourg, which had hitherto been an heirloom in their family. The 200,000 florins which this speculation added to her dowry was far from appearing to her a sufficient recompense for her loss. She would infinitely rather *sacrifice* 20,000 florins out of her own fortune to enter again into the possession of Bovembourg and its dependencies.

Bardanou understood that this statement of her wishes was meant as an indirect hint to himself; but he had already acquired too great a taste for playing the part of lord of the manor, to be willing to exchange his newly-acquired privilege for a sum of money.

He replied to Madame de Randoux with a smile, that although Rovembourg had changed proprietors, it was not the less entirely at her service, and that he hoped she would continue to dispose of it as freely as she had hitherto done. The widow bowed with a graceful but impatient air.

'I see you do not choose to understand me,' she said with a smile: 'you wish *me* to be your guest at Rovembourg, whilst I rather desire you to be mine.'

'Of what consequence is it which is the host,' gallantly observed the Provençal, 'provided only you feel yourself at home?'

'At home!' gaily replied Madame de Randoux: 'you would be well punished if I were to take you at your word.'

'How so, madame?'

'Because a stranger is always in the way with a newly-married couple.'

Bardanou made a movement of surprise.

'Pardon me,' she added; 'perhaps it is a secret, but Mademoiselle Nicette has been the first to betray it.'

'Why, really,' exclaimed the hairdresser, somewhat embarrassed, 'it was as yet only a project'——

'Which there is now nothing to prevent you from putting in execution?'

'That is true.'

'And I think that Mademoiselle Nicette would remind you, if it were necessary, of your engagement; for she would find it difficult to replace you, Monsieur *de* Bardanou?'

The hairdresser bowed, colouring with joy. It was the first time that this glorious little word (which designated him as noble) had been added to his name. At this moment Madame de Randoux appeared to him radiant with beauty.

'The end of the whole matter is,' continued she, 'that I must now abandon all hope of ever again returning to my beloved Rovembourg; and yet Heaven knows how much I would have sacrificed to retain it. What would you say, Monsieur Bardanou, if I were to own to you that I was on the point of sacrificing the whole happiness of my future life to this one object?'

The Provençal felt almost bewildered, and could only stammer out a few disjointed sentences.

'Yes,' resumed the widow, as if she were replying to his unuttered thoughts, 'the happiness of my whole life. You have seen the Baron de Robach—the gentleman whose arrival here preceded yours by a few hours?'

Bardanou replied in the affirmative.

'Well, he is an old family friend, who has always been much attached to me, and who even seemed somewhat annoyed at my union with Monsieur de Randoux. Since my widowhood, he has rendered me many services, and has repeatedly made me an offer of his hand; but liberty was sweet to me; I shrank from the thought of a second marriage, and constantly refused him. At length, however, when Rovembourg was put up to lottery, he perceived my distress at the prospect of leaving it, and playfully urged me to marry him if he won the château. I consented to do so; and he consequently took tickets to the amount of 50,000 florins. Until the day of drawing I feared his being the winner; but now I am foolish enough to regret its having passed into other hands, and feel as if I should hardly have purchased it too dearly, even at the price of my hand.'

A sudden thought flashed across Bardanou's mind: he saw his fortune tripled, his position in life established—it was a second prize in the lottery—it would be madness not to take advantage of such an opportunity. He ventured, at first tremblingly, then with more confidence, to hint his wishes to the widow. She listened to him with hesitation, but apparently not altogether with indifference. Intoxicated by the visions of greatness which floated before his mind, he forgot the attachement of the innkeeper's daughter, and the ties which bound them together. He hastened into the château, and sought Nicette; but he did not seem to consider himself called upon even to offer any justification of his conduct.

Forgetting all that had passed between them, he spoke to Nicette as to a protégée whose happiness he would gladly insure. He had no desire to be the only one to profit by the happy chance which had enriched him; he was resolved to give her a liberal portion, and to provide for the happy man whom she might select as her partner for life. The poor young girl listened at first with perplexity; but by degrees, as Bardanou continued speaking, light broke in upon her mind, and with it came a grief so poignant, that she was totally unprepared for it. Still she was silent. With quivering lips and tearful eyes she listened patiently to all the fine promises of the Provençal; and when he had finished, she calmly rose and walked towards the door.

'Where are you going, Nicette?' inquired Bardanou, startled by her silence.

Digitized by Google

'I am going to return home with my godfather,' was her only reply.

'And why must you go so soon?' continued the hairdresser.

Nicette made no reply, but she left the room. Bardanou felt heavy at heart. However he might seek to blind himself, the silent reproaches of conscience made themselves heard within, and his *feelings* protested against the casuistry of his reasoning. He rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty strides, vainly striving to recover his wonted calmness. Each moment he grew sadder and more discontented. It seemed a relief to him when he remembered, all on a sudden, that he had not yet tasted any food. He rung the bell; but when the footman appeared, he informed him that every one in the house had already breakfasted. Bardanou, who only wanted some pretext to vent his ill-humour, expressed his displeasure at not having been duly summoned to the morning repast. The footman replied that Monsieur le Baron had given him no orders on the subject. This was the signal for an explosion of anger on the part of our Provençal friend.

'The baron!' he exclaimed. 'And since when, may I ask, sir, have you learnt that you must await the commands of the baron to attend on me? Which is master here—he or I? To whom does Rovembourg belong?'

'I know nothing about it as yet,' the footman brusquely replied.

'Ah, so you know nothing about it!' repeated Bardanou exasperated. 'Well, then, I will soon teach you to know, you blackguard. Leave this place; leave it directly, and never venture to let me set eyes on you again.'

The footman was about to make some reply, but the baron, who entered at that moment, made a sign to him, and he retired.

'You treat this poor fellow very roughly, Monsieur Bardanou,' said he, closing the door behind him.

'I shall treat him in whatever way I choose,' proudly replied the Provençal; 'and I think I have some ground for astonishment that any one should venture to give orders here besides myself.'

'In the first place,' politely replied the baron, 'I would beg of you to observe that, as executor of the former proprietor of Rovembourg, the administration of the affairs of the château was placed in my hands until the arrival of the new possessor.'

'And I would beg of *you* to observe,' remarked the hairdresser, 'that the new possessor is here.'

'And from thence you come to the conclusion'——

'That every one should be master in his own house.'

The baron bowed. 'Incontestably so,' he replied. 'It only remains to be seen in *whose* house we are.'

'In whose house?' repeated the astonished Bardanou. 'Surely Monsieur de Robach cannot pretend ignorance on that head, since it was he who first informed me what number drew the prize?'

'I remember it perfectly.'

'And most probably you have not forgotten either that this number was 66; and that here it is, Monsieur le Baron, in my possession.'

The latter bent forward to look at the ticket which the hairdresser presented for his inspection. 'Pardon me,' said he, 'but I think Monsieur Bardanou has made a slight mistake.'

'How so?'

'I fancy that he has not noticed that on his ticket the dots precede the ciphers instead of following them.'

'Well, and what of that?'

'Only that Monsieur Bardanou has unfortunately read his number upside down, and that this number is 99!'

'99!' repeated the terrified hairdresser. 'What are you saying? But then what of 66?'

'Here it is,' replied the baron, showing another ticket.

'What! yours?'

'Yes; the authenticity of the ticket has been recognised by the administration at Frankfort itself; all the formalities have been gone through: here is the deed which places me in full possession of the demesne of Rovembourg.'

He handed to the Provençal a paper covered with stamps, seals, and signatures. Bardanou tried to peruse it, but a cloud obscured his sight; his whole frame trembled with emotion; he was obliged to sit down. The fall had been as sudden as the previous elevation, and he felt his strength failing him. However, when the first moment of bewilderment had passed away, he started up; his depression was succeeded by anger and doubt. He looked the baron full in the face. 'Then you deceived me at Oberhausberg?' he exclaimed.

'Say rather that I left you undisturbed in your error,' replied M. de Robach.

'It was treacherous and cruel,' interrupted Bardanou.

'No,' interposed the baron quietly; 'only a chastisement and a lesson. Seated in the balcony of the hotel, behind a curtain which concealed me, I heard you pronouncing judgment on me without knowing me, and accusing the rich in general of vanity, tyranny, ingratitude, and cupidity, and boasting that you would not yourself fall into these errors if fortune were to favour you in your turn. A curious chance led you to suppose that your desire was actually accomplished. I wished to see whether your principles were as strong as you believed them to be, and therefore suffered the illusion to continue.'

'And so, then, it *was* a delusion after all?' repeated Bardanou in a tone of despair, whilst he kept his eyes fixed upon the ticket.

'Yes,' replied M. de Robach more seriously; 'but what is *not* an illusion, is the line of conduct you have pursued from the moment in which you imagined yourself to be the proprietor of Rovembourg. Since yesterday, tell me, I pray you, which of us has been himself the most full of pride? Which has been most imperious and hard towards his inferiors? In which of us did Madame de Randoux's position awaken feelings of cupidity? And by whom has Nicette been cast off with cold ingratitude because she was poor?' The hairdresser hung down his head, overwhelmed with shame. 'You now see,' continued the baron, 'that one must learn to be more indulgent towards others, and more distrustful of one's self. All men bear within themselves the germs of the same weaknesses, but different positions may develop them under different forms. You must learn to excuse the rich man when he forgets himself so far as to become hardened by prosperity; and he must forgive his poorer brother if adversity sometimes sours his temper, and excites in him feelings of envy or ill-will. The best means of improving the different classes of society is, not by opposing them to each other, but by seeking to enlighten each according to its respective needs.'

'And it was to convey to me this lesson that Monsieur le Baron has exposed me to this reverse of fortune?' bitterly exclaimed Bardanou. 'He has been pleased to make me a subject for his observations: he desired to perform an experiment upon living flesh and blood, without disturbing himself about the results to which such an essay might lead.'

'Pardon me, Monsieur Bardanou,' said M. de Robach; 'Madame de Randoux, who bore a part in this mystification, has already repaired the misery you might have brought upon yourself; and the best proof of her success is, that here she is bringing you back Nicette.'

The god-daughter of old Töpfer made her appearance at this moment with the widow. The latter had found no difficulty in consoling the simple girl by persuading her that Bardanou's rupture with her was only a trial of her love, that the demesne of Rovembourg

Digitized by Google

did not belong to him, and that he loved her better than ever. Nicette believed everything that was told her; and the Provençal, ashamed of his conduct, received her with a tenderness so full of humility, that it affected her even to tears. Whilst this explanation was taking place, the baron was speaking to Master Töpfer, and inducing him to consent to the marriage of Nicette, whom he expressed his intention to portion with a dowry of 8000 florins.

The newly-betrothed couple set off the same evening on their return to Oberhausberg, where their marriage was duly celebrated about a month later. The lesson he had received proved of essential service to Bardanou, without, however, altogether curing him of his disposition to criticise. He was still at times disposed to give way to violent declamations against the rich and the powerful; but at such moments the thought of Rovembourg would suddenly flash across his mind, and at the remembrance of his own weakness he became more lenient in his judgment of others, and would cheerfully return to the duties of his appointed station.

LIBERIA NOW AN INDEPENDENT STATE.

The newspapers have lately announced that the colony of Liberia has been recognised as an independent republic by France and England, and that between these countries and the republic a treaty of commerce, favourable to all the parties concerned, has been agreed to. So little is generally known respecting Liberia, that in making this announcement, it was considered necessary to explain where and what Liberia is, and an interesting notice has accordingly appeared on the subject in the 'Times' newspaper of November 16.

Liberia cannot be unknown to the reader of these pages. It may be recollected that the settlement of the colony was described by us as long ago as 1832, and that its remarkable and gratifying progress formed the matter of comment in an article in 1841. With no little pleasure we revert to this subject. Having noticed it in its infancy and youth, we are now enabled to refer to it in its manhood, when apparently it is about to run a course of prosperity and social happiness.

Liberia is the most interesting colony in existence, and from its history we may draw some useful lessons in social economics. It is a settlement of pure negroes, speaking the English language, imbued with the Anglo-American civilisation, and influenced by Christian belief and ethics. Placed on the African coast facing the Atlantic, it may be said to present a cheering spot on that great waste—a frontier of intelligence to what has been hitherto a wide-spread and hopeless world of savagery. The origin of Liberia is curious. In 1817, an association was formed in the United States called the American Colonisation Society, the professed object of which was, 'the final and entire abolition of slavery, providing for the best interests of the blacks, by establishing them in independence on the coast of Africa—thus constituting them the protectors of the unfortunate natives against the ravages of the slaver, and seeking through them to spread the lights of civilisation and Christianity among the many millions who inhabit those dark regions.' The Society commenced by buying a tract of land on the coast of Guinea, and some years were spent in adapting it for settlement. All necessary arrangements being completed, the colony was begun in 1820, and a governor was appointed by the Society. The United States claimed no sovereignty over Liberia, which owed allegiance only to its founders—a method of colonising which we believe would not be consistent with English polity unless sanctioned by royal charter.

The project of the Colonisation Society was successful from the first. By means of subscriptions, it purchased the liberty of slaves within the States, and despatched them along with free persons of colour to the colony. No force was employed. Every one emigrated with his free consent. The proposal of clearing the United States of slaves by a slow process of buying them up individually may be admitted to have been visionary; and so it has proved. One can understand how the Society to this extent should have exposed itself to a degree of ridicule; but for its whole scope and tendency to have been indiscriminately attacked by parties assuming to be Abolitionists, is calculated to excite more surprise. The colonisation of Liberia met with uncompromising hostility from those who usually affect to mourn over slavery and pine for its abolition. They detected in it a groundwork of selfishness and illiberality. It was a plan of deporting negroes from America, where they had as good a right to live as the whites: it was the beginning of a wholesale riddance of the coloured population. Let it be granted that it was convenient for the Americans that the blacks should remove from their country, it must surely have been quite as convenient and agreeable to the blacks to be removed, otherwise they would not have gone. It is convenient for many parishes and men of fortune in this country to induce the surplus population to emigrate; but who thinks of opposing emigration on that account, so long as it is obviously for the benefit of those surplus labourers that they should settle in distant countries, where there is a greater demand for their services, and where their whole condition is improved? Besides, what better means could be devised for the moral regeneration of Africa, and the repression of the slave-trade, than belting round that continent with a coast-guard of civilised men of the native race, capable of enduring the climate, and able and willing to use great exertions for the enlightenment of their benighted brethren? If the free blacks were disposed to enter on this good work, assuredly no third party had a right to say one word against the Liberian scheme.

Arguments of this nature did not occur to the opponents of the plan, who saw in it only a base attempt to exile the coloured population. The Colonisation Society, however, persevered in the face of obloquy, matured its plans, and set the colony on foot. The labour of thirty years is now rewarded: Liberia is a populous and independent state. The account of the progress and present condition of this young negro nation may be given in the language of the 'Times:'—'Since its commencement in 1820, its population, including the aborigines who have incorporated themselves with the immigrants, has increased to upwards of 80,000, while the land they occupy extends along 320 miles of coast, and reaches on an average about eighty miles into the interior. The proportion of the population born in America, or of American descent, is estimated at about 10,000; and such has been the effect of their example and influence, that out of the remaining 70,000, consisting of aborigines, or of captives released from slavers, at least 50,000 can speak the English language, so that any one would perfectly understand them, while their habits are rapidly becoming those of civilised and steady agriculturists. The desire for education is also manifested by the surrounding tribes, and instances are not uncommon of natives sending their children 400 or 500 miles from the interior to be instructed in the primary schools established in the republic. Of these

Digitized by Google

there are thirty-six in operation, with an average attendance in each of about forty aboriginal pupils.

'The whole of the territory of Liberia has been purchased from time to time from the aboriginal owners, and in this way at least twenty petty sovereignties have been extinguished. In its former condition, the coast was the constant resort of slavers, but the traffic is now effectually suppressed as far as the jurisdiction of the republic extends, and its entire abandonment is an invariable stipulation in every treaty of trade and protection into which the republic may consent to enter with neighbouring states. The disposition to avail themselves of treaties of this description is plainly on the increase on the part of the surrounding natives; and it is estimated that not less than 2,000,000 of persons in the interior now obtain their supply of European goods from the republic and from the kindred colony of Cape Palmas. Last year eighty-two foreign vessels visited Liberia, and exchanged merchandise for articles of African production to the amount of 600,000 dollars.

'The natural resources of Liberia are immense, and are steadily in process of development. The principal articles of export are ivory, palm oil (of which 150,000 dollars' worth was shipped in 1847), camwood, gold dust, &c. Coffee is indigenous, and of excellent quality, and is now being cultivated extensively. It yields more than in the West Indies, and the belief is entertained that it may be produced so as to compete with slave-labour. Sugar also thrives well, but enough only is grown for home consumption, and there is no present hope of competing with Cuba or Brazil. Cocoa has just been introduced, and promises well. Cotton, it is expected, will soon become an article of export. Indigo, ginger, arrowroot, and various other articles of commerce, likewise grow luxuriantly. Rich metallic mines exist in the country, and only require capital to open them up.

'The population is, upon the whole, well disposed to work, and the rate of wages per day is about 1s. sterling. It is an extraordinary feature of this part of the coast, that horses and other draught animals will not live, and hence every kind of transport, except that upon the rivers, is performed by manual labour. Much of the camwood which is exported from Liberia is brought a distance of 200 miles on men's backs. It is seen, however, that this difficulty, which appears a great one at first, may have the effect not only of inuring the people to labour, but of stimulating them to every kind of mechanical contrivance by which it may be overcome. The climate of Liberia, although more healthy than Sierra Leone, is still deadly to the European; but the improvement it has undergone during the last ten years, from the effect of clearing, drainage, &c. is stated to have been most remarkable. The coloured immigrants from America, who used invariably to suffer from fever on their arrival, are now able to go to work at once. The duration of life amongst the colonists is considered to be about the same as in England.

'At Monrovia, the port and capital, the population amounts to about 9000. A large portion of the territory has been accurately surveyed, and is sold in sections by the government, at from 58 cents to 1 dollar per acre. The government of the country is precisely on the American model, consisting of a president, a vice-president, a Senate, and a House of Representatives, the number of members in the former being six, and in the latter twenty-eight. The possession of real estate to the value of 30 dollars is the electoral qualification. The revenue, which was last year about 20,000 dollars, is derived entirely from an *ad valorem* duty of 6 per cent. on imports, and the produce of land sales. Ardent spirits, the use of which it is sought to discourage, form an exception, and are taxed 25 cents per gallon. The principal trade is carried on by barter, but there is a small paper circulation of about 6000 dollars, redeemable on demand.

'The organisation of the republic as an independent state took place in July last year, when Mr Roberts, who had formerly acted as governor under the Colonisation Society, was elected president. Speaking of his qualifications, Commodore Perry, of the United States navy, says in a report to the American government, dated in 1844:—

"Governor Roberts of Liberia, and Russworm of Cape Palmas, are intelligent and estimable men, executing their responsible functions with wisdom and dignity; and we have in the example of these two gentlemen irrefragable proof of the capability of coloured people to govern themselves." While with regard to the advantages of the colony he adds—"So far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave-trade. Their endeavours have been eminently successful; and it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verde to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented."'

The success of this experiment at colonising is in many respects interesting. In the first place, it is, we think, conclusively shown that the negro races may be impressed with all the ordinary characteristics of a civilised people, and that they are thus capable of that species of self-government which marks a high state of intellectual advancement. Of their capacities for assuming this condition, after due culture and experience in orderly habits, we, indeed, never entertained any doubt. It is very pleasing to find that out of the rude and unshapely mass of negroism, there has at length arisen a people who, in the eye of the world, vindicate their claim to humanity—their full and fair title to be treated as men and brothers. It is true that an experiment of the same nature has been less successful in Hayti, greatly to the damage of arguments in favour of negro self-government, and some may fear that the present effort in Liberia may terminate as ingloriously; but the two cases are scarcely parallel. Hayti commenced its career in blood and violence, and its civilisation never appears to have been anything but a French polish, beneath which there was neither intellectual culture nor moral or religious restraints. The basis of Liberian independence is very different. The nation was begun in Christian love, was fostered with the parental tenderness of superior intellect, and attaining strength and self-confidence, has at last been committed to its own experienced guidance. Besides, its civilisation is essentially Anglo-Saxon, and with the English tongue and the English Bible, not to speak of a spirit of English industry, we may suppose it possesses a power of endurance, and skill in management, which unhappily never distinguished the imperfect nationality of Hayti.

Of the vast use which Liberia may be in suppressing the slave-trade much could be said. Its success, to all appearance, solves a difficulty which has hitherto set philanthropy at defiance. The slave-trade, in short, is only to be extinguished by planting colonies of civilised negroes on the African coast—not colonies under an expensive and impossible system of government centering in Westminster, but settlements, like that of Liberia, charged with their own management, and responsible for their own maintenance.

Only one word may be added respecting the objections which were formerly raised against the scheme of colonising Liberia. The results of the project as now before the public, show how unsafe and uncharitable it is to cavil at a great general good, because, to appearance or in reality, there is involved in it something of individual selfishness. What can it signify whether the proposer of a scheme of broad public utility may be suspected of contemplating something more than the common share of benefit? Let the scheme be discussed

Digitized by Google

entirely on its own merits, and adopted or dismissed accordingly. So far from joining in the cry against the Colonisation Society, because it may have had an end of its own to serve, we give it the highest credit for its sagacity; and to the Anti-Slavery Societies of Britain we feel much inclined to say—*Go ye and do likewise!*

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

FIFTH AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.—AFTER CHRISTMAS.

THE fun which usually distinguishes the church festivals in Italy is poorly imitated in Pau, and the Carnival and *Mardi Gras* passed off with only some third-rate frolics. Even Easter did not excite any great commotion—the air of these plains having, it is said, the effect of diminishing the circulation, and so composing the nerves. However, on Palm-Sunday there was more stir, many parties walking about with green branches in their hands; and on Holy Thursday every one was abroad, high and low—it being the duty of each individual to visit every church, and leave an offering on every altar. This kept the streets crowded all the early part of the day. Good-Friday was quiet. Saturday—all was bustle again: immense nosegays, and baskets full of flowers, were progressing in hands and on heads, from the country to the churches, for the purpose of assisting to decorate the altars next day. Little children had little chairs at the corners of all the streets, covered with aprons or petticoats, like miniature altars, stuck all over with such trifling ornaments as they had been able to collect—bits of looking-glass, common prints, faded flowers, beads, ribbons, pinchbeck trinkets, and such things; and they stayed beside these treasures all the long day, with small saucers in their hands, begging for sous. The merriest scene we saw during our residence here was on Easter Monday, under the trees in the Place Royale—the population quite alive for once. A stage was erected about the middle of this handsome space, on which sat an orchestra of three musicians. The instruments performed on were a violin, a horn, and a drum. A fourth person acted master of the ceremonies, and called out the figures of the *contre-dances*, which went on with spirit, all on the gravel, in the open air. The crowd was very tight packed, but very orderly; and room was always made for the dancers, several sets of whom were dispersed over the place. The people were all well-dressed. The women wore plenty of dark, full petticoats; the handkerchief upon the head was frequently of silk; and the apron was of a gay colour. Full half of the men were in the blouse—a *clean* one; and all had thick-soled shoes. The men paid the piper a sou a-piece for self and partner every dance, and they take out the value in good earnest—cutting every kind of caper—heeling, toeing, shuffling, double-shuffling, cutting, *entrechatting*, and swinging themselves and their partners round with an air of audacity only to be equalled by the Reel of Tulloch among our own Highlanders. It was a sort of a hornpipe style, and the tunes were very jiggish, though the figures were the same as those in fashion in the drawing-rooms. Having unlimited command of space, they did not crowd the sets—seldom more than two couples standing up together, *vis-à-vis*, like a reel, or four at the most, to form the *centre*. The women moved very modestly, with little exertion, their eyes on the ground—quite a contrast to their desperate associates. Good-humour and perfect decorum prevailed; all seemed thoroughly happy in their quiet way, content with their condition, and perfectly satisfied with such a dance as this on Easter Monday.

The next remarkable fête that had was on the great day of the year, the 1st of May, the king's birthday. Five cannon were fired off as a salute in the morning; the soldiers were all marched to church, this being one of the days on which it is etiquette for them to appear there; they were afterwards reviewed, and an extraordinary quantity of orders were given away among them. Merit must abound in this fair land, for almost every man we met in any dress beyond the blouse exhibited a bit of red ribbon at a button-hole; the want of this decoration was the distinction. The loyalty of the town was displayed by such quantities of little flags waving from every window, as put all the streets into a flutter; the upper storeys of the old castle looked really gay with the red and the tricolor streaming from the old turrets. The bells were set a-ringing, too, and melancholy bells they were; not like the joy-bells of merry England—the sharp, quick-repeated, heart-stirring sound, that welcomes home friends, or wakes up the bridal parties. At night the houses were all illuminated, at no great cost, but the effect was good. Little earthenware gallipots filled with grease, and a bit of rag in them for wick, were set in rows on frames of different sizes, all in pyramid form, and placed in the windows, on the walls about the old castle, and in the various open spaces; and this looked particularly well at a distance, from the nature of the ground, the buildings being clustered up and round the sides of the hill, which is crowned by the castle. But it did not do to approach these brilliant objects; no nose could stand it—no delicate nose. The populace moved about through all this perfume, expressing nothing but pleasure on this lovely spring night, able for once in the year to find their way without difficulty after sunset; a matter impossible except on moonlight nights, for little trouble was expended in the ordinary lighting of the town. In a long street there were no more than two lamps, suspended of course at a great distance from each other. They were of a large size, certainly; unnecessarily large, for the flame within was very small, and it burned very languidly. These ponderous machines were slung upon a rope, which swung across the street from house to house, fastened at each end into iron loops, and only graced the larger streets, the smaller being left in utter darkness.

Besides the fêtes, there were other sights to see in and around Pau all these pleasant months of spring; sights too common for the notice of the natives, although interesting to strangers. One of these we encountered, or might have encountered, every Thursday afternoon, which, being a half holiday all over France in the educational department, was enjoyed by the pupils of the academy in a very sensible way. About two o'clock in the afternoon they walked out of the town in procession, all in their uniform, two and two together, directed by one of the masters, and followed by a boy carrying a large tray of refreshments, principally cakes and fruit; and away they went, far out into the country, to botanise, or geologise, or may be merely to lounge up a quiet valley, and repose after their long walk near a fountain. Those young men who were fortunate enough to have friends at hand, spent the time with their acquaintance. We often saw the neat uniform mounted on one of a group of ponies, or attending among a party of pleasure on foot. They were all happy-looking healthy boys, evidently of respectable parentage, their dress always in good order, which gave them an air of superiority. It is a remarkably neat attire—dark-blue cloth trousers, and single-breasted frock-coat closely buttoned, black hat, black stock, boots, and gloves. They moved well, as if accustomed both to drill and dancing; and we understood that the course of study embraced all that was useful, and much that was ornamental, as well as the usual classics. The pupils are relieved by sufficient recreation within the walls of the college grounds; and their diet must agree with them, for they never have illness of any kind among them; but we should not consider it exactly calculated to develop the powers of a British constitution.

The next sight that struck us was the file of conscripts setting out for head-quarters, nearly five hundred very young men, some little better than boys; the contribution, we supposed, of the department. They marched on in pairs, with a few drums before them. There is

Digitized by Google

no merry life know; and a few soldiers behind, looking dull enough; leaving home, and the pure air of their mountains, to sink under the vices of a military life; pressing onwards to a moral and an earthly grave; the new recruits, after being drilled, getting orders generally to proceed to Algiers, where the climate soon delivers the regiment from the charge of the weakly. Why this thinning of the ranks should be more desirable than the more humane method of embodying a lesser number, I could never hear explained. Some of these young soldiers were decently clothed, and carried on their backs a knapsack containing their few valuables; others, of inferior appearance, had only a small parcel of the merest necessaries tied up in a coloured handkerchief, swinging from the hand. They are generally encouraged to sing as they march away. On this occasion they were silent, stepping wearily on up the steep street from the bridge, cheered only by the roll of the drum. It takes place now but once a year this sad procession. In the Emperor's day it was much more frequent, and the numbers were greater, and the ages less, and death before them certainly. How much misery then must have been caused far and wide! Algiers terrifies no one. Strange to say, both men and officers like the idea of service in Africa. Nor do their families grieve when they are ordered upon this duty. The commandant of the garrison got his promotion this spring, and was ordered with his regiment to Algiers. His delight was perfect; his countenance was radiant when receiving the congratulations of his friends, who all flocked to wish him joy of his good fortune. The two bands of the two regiments stationed themselves beneath his windows, and played alternately for a couple of hours, surrounded by a crowd in high spirits; the company thus honoured showing themselves in joyful mood upon the balcony. After this the two colonels mounted their chargers, and headed the troops, who all marched out in beautiful order; drums, little women, little boys, and all, for a four-hours' tramp over the country.

After parting with the conscripts, we met a much more diverting group on the edge of an adjoining common: a herd of swine, such as might have been led by Gurth, the born thrall of Cedric, grubbing away under the leafless chestnut-trees, in charge of a boyherd, whose business it was to attend them, to watch them in the plains, to lead them up the valleys, to take them to the woods, to bring them home at night, and keep his temper with them ever. One of these daintily-nurtured animals, handed over at a fit age to the tender-hearted lady in the lane, was either coaxed into the excellent pork for which this locality is famous, or else still further elevated into the much-prized hams, which are certainly excellent, even as it is this country fashion to dress them; but are first-rate when cooked in our way. The Bearnais mode is to stew them slowly, with vegetables and wine or beer as we do, but for eight or ten hours. They are then boned, and pressed into the shape of a Twelfth-day cake, and cut up when cold in slices, on little stalls in the streets. They eat short, like potted meat, and lose much of their flavour. Our hot ham, with fowl accompaniment, was much admired by the favoured few invited to partake of it; and I am quite persuaded that, were the meat and poultry really good, much less disguise would be used in the dressing of them: lean stringy beef and tasteless chickens require some condiment.

Another very pretty procession was the return to the mountain valleys of all the flocks and herds which had been pasturing on the Landes during the winter. We met them every evening, about the end of April and the beginning of May, slowly moving over the plain; a lagging few in every drove lingering among the sweet grass by the wayside; a tired lamb often nestled in the shepherd's bosom. At this season, too, the streets became noisy with the stir made by the porters wheeling luggage from almost every door to the *roulage*, where it was weighed and despatched; for the society was all dispersing. Pau is quite deserted during the hot months, more out of fashion than necessity; although it certainly is very agreeable to exchange the still languid air of the plains for the pure breezes among the mountains. We had resumed all the gaieties of the place as soon as Lent was over; but as the season advanced, the style of amusement was very pleasantly varied. Pic-nic parties to the many interesting scenes around us, riding excursions to a greater distance, or *dejeuners* in some of the nearer country-houses, kept us almost continually out of doors during the fine weather. When these entertainments were *impromptu*, we sent our provisions out before us, in a basket of pretty large proportions, on a female porter's head; and I remember once when an over-liberal supply of wine had been provided, there was no small difficulty in getting back the remainder through the *octroi* free of duty. The more formal parties in the French country-houses were on a grander scale. The ladies dressed after a rural fashion, the rooms were prepared with some care for company, and the luncheon or early dinner was a great affair. Salmon dressed with oil, every sort of *entremet*, game, poultry; beef-steaks soaked in oiled batter, and plum-pudding for the English; fruit, confectionary, a variety of wines, black coffee, and brandy; tea, and a quantity of aniseed water, kirschwasser, and other warming liqueurs afterwards. The amusement was to walk up and down a gravel path, bordered with China roses, till it was time to set out the card-tables, unless there were young Britons enough in the company to get up a Polka.

I must not forget a visit we paid to the old castle, or rather many visits, for there was an irresistible attraction about its 'time-coloured walls,' independent of the beauty of part of the building and its picturesque situation. It dates from three eras: a very old tower and dangerous-looking bit of steep-roofed house is supposed to have been built either by the Moors, or for protection against them. The principal part of the remainder only goes back to Gaston de Foix, whose arms are still attached to the corners of the cornices, and the ends of the groined ceilings of the royal apartment. Louis-Philippe added a little at one end, and repaired, and improved, and considerably altered the whole at his own expense. It contains many more rooms, and they are much more magnificent, both as to size and decorations, than the defaced appearance of part of the outside would lead any one to suppose. A newly-arranged dining-room, contrived out of many small chambers, and hung with old tapestry discovered in old chests, is quite kingly in its proportions and its furniture. A drawing-room of large size would have been cheerful but for its emptiness. The many windows reach to the ground, and open on a new stone balcony, admirably adapted to the style of building; and they look upon the beautiful river, the plain, the mountains, on which the sun almost ever shines. There were pictures, and vases, and marble tables, and handsome chandeliers, all for one only seat—the king's; so we passed on to the family drawing-room, where I could with pleasure have seated myself, drawn in my chair among the royal family, and arranged my wools beside the queen; it all looked so very comfortable, like my own sitting-room at home. Louis-Philippe had sent here from the Louvre all the furniture that could be certified to have once belonged to the castle of Pau; and some of nearly equal antiquity, which well suits the sort of old-age air belonging to the suite of state-rooms. A great deal of marble from the neighbouring quarries is worked up into ornamental furniture, and two vases of Swedish marble—a present from its French sovereign—we thought beautiful. The modern antique is perfectly preserved throughout all the alterations. The curiosities pointed out are mostly connected with the adored of all Bearnais hearts—their Henri IV. His mother's bed, and chest, and *prie-dieu*—they do not say much about his father—his own cradle; a large turtle-shell; his statue, that of a little man, sturdily made, and handsome; his spear; all sorts of things, in

Digitized by Google

fact, which may or which may not have belonged to him. The four celebrated pictures of Gobeline's tapestry represent some of his pastimes: they quite deceived even my practised eye, framed as they are, and hung up on the walls of a small closet; I took them for old paintings faded. There was a pretty little old chapel, and a painted glass window in it, much valued; the table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, next to a worm-eaten coffer mounted in silver, which carried the wardrobe of St Louis on his African crusade; with many more such relics of the past; and more ancient than all, rolled the river through that plain of beauty, as if smiling in its ever-renewing youth at these vestiges of decay.

No account of Pau would convey a correct idea of the comfort of a residence in it without some serious allusion to the climate, the variations of which from heat to cold, from wet to dry, are so sudden, so extreme, and yet so little dangerous. The near neighbourhood of the Pyrenees probably causes these unceasing changes, which were so remarkable, particularly during the spring months, that I made regular entries of them up to May, as a meteorological curiosity. Immediately after Christmas came a fog so thick, that we were reminded of London. It lasted some days, during which time cattle strayed, people mistook their way, a man and horse were near being drowned, and the diligences were overturned. Then came some very wet weather, which rendered the roads impassable for foot travellers. We had to confine our walks to the castle terrace and the *parc*, where the gravel was always sufficiently dry to allow of our getting hurried airings between the showers. At this time fevers much prevailed, and influenza, and they continued till a cold week set in, with fresh snow on the Pyrenees, so deep in all the valleys, that the wolves wandered in search of food as low down as a spot four miles only from the river. The fog had been very cold, the rain was mild; it ended in a hurricane—a rare occurrence, as wind is not common in this sheltered town: when it does blow, it is in earnest, scattering tiles, carrying off Venetians, levelling trees, and so on. Torrents of rain accompanied this tempest—rain which turned the steep streets into rivulets: the quantity that fell in a few minutes was surprising. We had a fine week or two after this, quite settled weather, and warm again till towards the end of February, when we had a faint repetition of the January outbreak, followed by a longer lull. Then there came a chill: the bise blew—a sharp dreadful wind from the north-east, almost as blighting as our own easterly scourge: it blew fiercest in the mornings, which yet we found the only time for taking exercise, as the afternoons generally turned to rain. The spring was backward: no such early 'delicacies of the season' to be had here as are to be obtained at home: a few flowers towards the end of March, but no young vegetables, no precocious lamb or poultry. Provisions became dearer, Lent even failing to influence the market in this respect. Summer broke on us by surprise upon the 2d of April; fires became insupportable; walks under the burning sun oppressive: we had to return to our hot-weather hours—go out early in the mornings and late in the evenings, and occupy ourselves quietly in the house during the middle of the day; the mountains all the while well covered with snow; the trees still leafless. In a fortnight after, we were glad to sit by the fire again; but only for a few days while it rained. Another waterspout then poured down, which made more noise than the former one. Then came the May of the poets—open windows, green trees and fields, bright flowers, and carpets discarded; with one chilly week, just to verify an old proverb, which promises an abundant harvest any year that old women and horses have shivered during May. It was so hot during the greater part of May, that I feared my son might lose some of the strength he had gained, so we resolved to wind up all our Pau affairs, and set out without delay for the mountains. We had our servants to part with, our apartment to give up, and a carriage to hire for our journey.

We began with the apartment. The two leases and the two inventories were produced with due formality, and conned over with punctilious deliberation, for we found our civil landlord most remarkably particular in going over his items. The furniture had suffered no damage, but all the glass and china, and a good deal of the kitchen buttory, had to be renewed, the servants invariably breaking everything breakable, and nothing ever so trifling escaping the sharp eyes of monsieur. It was all very right; we could not complain; but I had a little pleasure in accurately replacing all missing articles, and myself repairing all ill-used locks, and bolts, and hinges, that we might leave as few *dégradations* as possible to lighten the purse of our successors; for certainly, had we made as careful a survey as we underwent, we would have had better order established before entering on possession of premises by no means faultless. The search after an equipage was a long one; we had to make a tour among all the *voituriers* in Pau before we could quite suit ourselves with a sufficiently good pair of horses, and safe carriage, and comparatively honest driver. We were in stables, and in kitchens and bedrooms attached to stables, all comfortably furnished, and occupied by industrious families. We chose a sharp-looking little man, who lived within the ruins of the old cathedral, and having made our bargain, we wrote it down. The love of money-making is so strong with all these people, that they are sadly unscrupulous about the ways and means of getting it: the constant watchfulness necessary to guard against being extravagantly imposed upon is one of the greatest drawbacks to a residence in their country. It was well we had a written testimony of our contract, for at the moment of starting, M. Pierre announced that, on minute calculation, he found the price agreed on was too low. In the beginning of our travels we should have been angry; we had now become used to the customs of the land, and merely ordered the trunks to be carried back into the house. M. Pierre scratched his head, abated about half of his new demand; madame shook hers, and smiled: it was quite a pantomime. 'A trifling addition?' suggested M. Pierre. 'The old bargain, or none,' said madame. 'As madame pleases,' said M. Pierre; and the trunks were very good-humouredly corded on to the carriage. He knew his trade this little *voiturier*; for though he cheated us in the matter of a third horse, which had been hired for the hilly stage, and which he swore had gone on to be in readiness—and is going on yet, I suppose, for we never came up with it—he was so civil, so attentive, so useful, that we never parted company while we remained among the mountains, and felt ourselves bound to add a grateful gift at the close of the bargain.

On parting with the maids, we were made acquainted with the peculiar ceremonies in use on occasion of the dismissal of servants. They brought me the keys of their boxes, and very prettily informed me their effects were ready for inspection. It seems this is regularly done by all masters; and that, after the scrutiny, the boxes are locked and corded, and despatched with their owners at once; a useless trouble, we should suppose: a dishonest servant could dispose of stolen property much more securely than by placing it in a trunk. We were really sorry to take leave of our two attendants: they had done their utmost to serve us agreeably, and we had grown quite attached to their well-bred manners. Provided people are reasonable enough not to expect the inhabitants of other countries to possess all the customs of their own, masters and servants can live very happily together in France. Housekeeping is an easy business there, always supposing no Dutch neatness be expected. One thing which much contributes to the lightening of the burden of these little domestic arrangements, is the simplicity with which accounts are kept: the francs and centimes all divided or multiplied by ten with the most delightful rapidity;

Digitized by Google

and the equalisation of weights and measures; the magic ten ruling yards, and feet, and pounds, and pints so perfectly, that there is no sort of chance of confusion. I felt I should never again be reconciled to our own perplexing varieties of money and market tables.

Our few preparations made, our adieux over, we entered M. Pierre's *calèche*, and turning away from Pau, not without regret, we took the road up along the Gâve to Betterâm.

BEARING OF RAILWAYS ON AGRICULTURE.

UNTIL very lately, railways were generally opposed by landowners and agriculturists, less, perhaps, on account of the probable damage to lands and an encroachment on private domains—for all that was well paid for—than from a notion that railways would be injurious to road trusts, and somehow upset the present order of things. Experience has, however, shown that no class in the community is so likely to be benefited by railways as the proprietors of lands. The benefit, it is true, will first be felt by tenant farmers; but it cannot be doubted that what improves the value of a farm, will ultimately advance the rent. So much is this the case, that lands situated near railways are rising in their market value, while those which are left out of the sphere of railway influence are necessarily declining, or at least not advancing in value. The effect of railways is to put lands distant from a great centre of population nearly on an equality with those situated nearer towns. This has been ably demonstrated in a paper on the Progress of the Railway System, by Mr Wyndham Harding, and lately read before the Statistical Section of the British Association at Swansea. From this paper we make the following selections respecting the bearing of railways on agriculture:—

'First, As to the saving in driving live stock. The loss in weight of stock in driving has been calculated, as on the average, for driving beasts 100 miles, 5 lbs. per quarter, or 20 lbs. per beast, equal to about 2 per cent. of the weight. For sheep, at 2 lbs. per quarter, or 8 lbs. per head, 10 per cent. of weight. For pigs, at 2½ lbs. per quarter, or 10 lbs. per head, 5 per cent. of weight.

'This loss will of course vary according to different circumstances. I have had no opportunity of determining if the above is a fair average result, but the estimate of Mr Smith (of Deanston) as regards beasts is higher. Very nearly all this is saved by railway conveyance. What railways can do in this respect may be inferred from the fact, that cattle were lately sent from Carlisle to Norwich, 250 miles, as the crow flies, in a day and night, without taking them out of the truck.'

Railways are useful 'in the facilities of sending meat, as is already done on a large scale; in the conveyance of manure, lime, coal, and all the various appliances of modern agriculture; in the transport of the produce of a farm; in giving the farmer the command of more markets, and the opportunity of taking advantage of a turn in the market; the uses of railway communication are acknowledged by all agriculturists who have experienced their effects.

'As illustrating some of the points, the following extract from the evidence of Mr Smith of Deanston before the Railway Acts Enactment Committee in 1846 is curious:—

Statement of the probable Exports and Imports from a farm of 200 acres on a Six-Course Shift:—

	Tons.	cwt.	lbs.
IMPORTS.—Lime, Guano, Oilcakes, Coals, &c.	197	15	63
EXPORTS.—Wheat, Turnips, &c. &c.	148	19	36
	346	14	104

Comparative Estimate of Expenses by Railway and by Common Road.

Expense of transmitting the probable Exports and Imports for a year from a farm of 200 acres, 15 miles by Railway:—

347 tons, at 1d. per ton per mile,	L.21	13	9
Say one person travelling by rail for 300 days, at 4d. per mile, 15 miles per day,	18	15	0
	L.40	8	9
Expense of transmitting the above by common road, with the exception of 291 tons of cattle, 317½ tons, at 6d. per ton per mile,	119	1	3
Expense of cattle travelling by common road,	3	15	0
Say one person travelling per day for 300 days, at 2s. per day,	20	0	0
	L.142	16	3
Saving effected by railway per annum,	L.102	7	6

'Consequently the rental of such a farm would be, without a railway, L.400 per annum, and with a railway, 10s. per acre more, or L.500 per annum.

'The following calculations are also added to illustrate the saving effected by substituting railway conveyance for road conveyance in the exports and imports of one square mile of land. It will be seen that, according to this estimate, this saving is equivalent to L.14 per acre.

One Square Mile.

Expense of transmitting the probable Exports and Imports from one square mile, or 640 acres, deducting 40 acres for fences, &c.:—

By railway,	L.121	6	3
By common road,	423	8	9
Saving effected by railway,	L.307	2	6

Thirty years' purchase of the above saving, L.9213 15 0

'Such calculations as these are sometimes exaggerated, and must always be modified according to local circumstances, but they are not without use in indicating the manner in which the saving may be estimated.

'It is satisfactory also to find that those who have had the opportunity of observation, as, for instance, Mr Peto, M.P., appear to think well of agricultural traffic as profitable to the railway; an opinion which is confirmed by the investigation of Mr Desart, into whose hands the Belgian government placed the statistics of their railways, and who found, from examination, that the traffic of the small towns and villages along a line is proportionately greater than the traffic between two large cities at its termini.

'These facts appear to be calculated to impart confidence as to railways in agricultural districts, always supposing they are made cheaply.'

ANFREDI, THE MERCHANT OF ROCHELLE.

IN the thirteenth century, a merchant of La Rochelle, Anfredi by name, had acquired by laborious and honest industry considerable wealth. The continued prosperity of his affairs had enabled him to engage in large speculations, and on the most distant seas were to be seen his vessels, laden with valuable cargoes. The merchants of Rochelle during this period almost exclusive masters of the trade of the Mediterranean. The principal amongst these was Anfredi, who was so constantly favoured by fortune, that, like too many, success inspired him with a blind confidence, a rash braving of all chances of reverse. The merchant of La Rochelle was soon to receive a terrible lesson from that Providence whom he was forgetting or tempting. He had risked nearly the whole of his capital in cargoes of merchandise to different parts of the Levant, and was now expecting the return of his vessels with that capital doubled. But a year elapsed since the ships had quitted the port of La Rochelle, and no news of them had reached Anfredi. Insensibly his confident security gave place to the tortures of anxiety. Suspense was soon terminated by news which deprived him of all hope. His ships were lost with their whole cargoes; and of all his immense wealth, there remained to him but heavy engagements which he had contracted, and in meeting which his honour was involved.

In such a situation, many, sinking under adverse fortune, might have abandoned themselves to despair, or yielded to the temptation to want of integrity. But Anfredi, of quite another stamp, thought only of the resources he could command to save—not the wrecks of his fortune, but a good a thousand times more precious to him—the honour of his name. In the strength of a noble fortitude, he assembled his creditors, and made a formal surrender in their favour of all that yet remained to him. This step completed his commercial ruin; but he was thus enabled to meet all his engagements, and to preserve a calm conscience and an unsullied reputation. And can that be called ruin in which a man is able to enjoy such treasures as peace of mind, spotless character, and a fortitude prepared to bear all that is preparing for him?

How unjust are men in general in their judgments of others! The conduct of Anfredi was not appreciated as it deserved; no friendly hand was extended to enable him to resume, even on a small scale, his career as a merchant. He had the grief of seeing himself basely forsaken even by the friends who had been frequent guests at his hospitable board, by familiar associates, whom he had frequently aided by his wealth or forwarded by his influence. This was the most bitter ingredient in Anfredi's cup of misfortune; but far from suffering himself to be depressed by it, he endured

Digitized by Google

it with manly firmness, and adopted a course of proceeding which makes him indeed a model worthy of imitation. He now left La Rochelle with all his family. Though he had no cause to blush for his poverty, yet he was glad to spare the feelings of his countrymen as well as his own. He repaired to Marseilles, and there, in the dress of a common sailor, mingled with the porters on the quay, prepared to earn, like them, his bread and that of his children by the sweat of his brow.

In embracing this novel employment, the former merchant had the good sense to prevent his mind from dwelling upon past prosperity. As he had never abused his authority, it now cost him less to submit to that of others. In no way did he seek to distinguish himself from his new comrades; rude and unpolished as they almost all were, he mixed with them as their equal, not only in their labours—rolling with them heavy casks, or bearing on his shoulders large bales of goods—but in the interchange of social conversation. He told them his misfortunes, and found in them a pity, and a sympathy, and a respect, which his more civilised townsmen had denied to him.

Three years had Anfredi passed thus, not without toils, and cares, and privations, but—is there any to whom this will sound strange?—not without happiness, when one day signals from the Tower of St Jean announced that vessels were coming into port. Anfredi, wearied with the labour of the day, was resting himself on the quay.

'Huzza! huzza!' cried one of the sailors, 'here is a job for us. Mr Anfredi, from what place would you say these vessels were coming?'

'They are too far off yet to distinguish,' answered the native of La Rochelle. 'However, it matters little to us; for whatever they are, these vessels only bring to us a day's work; and if they belonged even to the king of France, our wages would not be a penny higher.'

'That is quite true,' said the sailor; 'our rations are always the same size: we have not more to eat one day than another.'

'It is the order of things, and we must conform to it,' said Anfredi; 'nay, we must endeavour to be satisfied with it.'

'That is easily said,' cried a third interlocutor; 'but'——

'Not quite so easily done,' continued Anfredi, 'I grant you; but this it is that makes the merit of submission and content. But stay!' he suddenly exclaimed, as the vessels approached. 'Can it be? Do I dream? Is it delusion? No, I am not mistaken; I have known them too well: there is no doubt. Dear comrades and friends, rejoice with me: here are the very vessels so long believed to be lost.'

'Take care that it is not the sun that is in your eyes, Mr Anfredi,' said one of the sailors, who could not credit so unexpected a return. 'It would be too bad to be mistaken; it would be a terrible disappointment!'

'No, no, I am not mistaken,' replied Anfredi, now giving way to transports of joy: 'these are my own dear ships: the closer they come, the more I am persuaded they are my long-lost vessels. I thank thee, oh my God; thy providence has not then abandoned me.'

And soon all the companions of Anfredi gathered round him, with cordial shake of the hand and warm congratulations. Meanwhile the vessels that had called forth such demonstrations of honest joy entered majestically the port. They were indeed Anfredi's ships, returning laden with immense wealth. A few hours later, Anfredi was again become one of the richest merchants of France. His first care was to endeavour to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-labourers on the quay; he distributed amongst them the sum of four thousand pounds, and then took his way to his native town, whither the news of the return of his vessels had preceded him.

The inhabitants poured out to meet him, and led him in triumph into the town; those even who had treated him with so much ingratitude a few years before, were amongst the most eager in their civilities and congratulations. The house of one was at his service, and another overwhelmed him with the most pressing invitations to dinner. In short, there could not be a more disgusting exhibition of meanness and servility. But Anfredi had many injuries to forgive, and was happy in forgiving them. He met with a generous indulgence all his former friends; he suffered not one upbraiding word or even look to escape him; but nevertheless he determined at once to set at rest any interested views or speculations his forbearing lenity might induce them to form. He therefore invited them all to a banquet; and when the guests were assembled, and building many flattering hopes of future advantage from this mark of renewed cordiality, he entered the room, accompanied by the Bishop of La Rochelle, two naval officers of distinction, and a notary, who brought with him a deed regularly drawn up.

'Gentlemen,' said Anfredi, 'in order that I may not be imposed upon by false friendships or interested selfishness, I have come to the resolution of dividing my fortune amongst men whom wealth has not rendered proud. I have determined to found an hospital for the poor; the sailors shall have the first place in it. It shall bear my name, and I shall live in the memory of those to whom it will be, I trust, a comfortable asylum.'

The deed was signed on the instant. The hospital received the name of Anfredi's Hospital, which name it still bears. During the days of his adversity he had lost his wife and daughter, who had pined away under the sad reverse of fortune, and now he was resolved to have no other heirs but the poor men in the midst of whom he had lived so long. It was to this interesting family of his adoption, in whom he had found kindness, and generous feeling, and compassionate sympathy, that he devoted, as the offering of pious gratitude, the riches which had been so unexpectedly restored to him.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Vain are his labours who is never idle!'
So hath a wise man said, and truly too;
For when we brush aside the morning dew,
Or mount the cliff, with steps no task doth bridle,
And follow greenwood paths and lanes all new,
Without one other object to pursue
Than intercourse with nature, and desire
Of leisure and repose—the worn attire
Of Thought within us renovates; and true
Embryos of action breed within the mind,
From which, in future days, the pen, the lyre,
The pencil or the chisel—all—shall find
That labours lose no whit of worth or measure,
But rather gain, by moods of prudent leisure!

SONNET TO BEN LOMOND.

COPIED FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK AT BOWERDINNAN INN.

Proud and repulsive, as some conquering knight
Who, loaded with his country's praise and gold,
'Neath adulation's wings grows very bold,
And thinks himself sole hero of each fight,
Forgetting all the thousands, in the might
And burning hopes of youth, untimely slain,
To fatten with their limbs the battle-plain:
Like him thou art. For, haughty sire! how trite
Thy over-lauded beauties would appear
Wanting the auxiliation of steak-pie,
Cold fowl and ham, cognac and table-beer!
Graced with the glance of woman's witching eye!
Even then thy rugged grandeurs would be nil
Without thy smiles, sweet Naiad, of the illicit still!

EFFECT OF TRIFLES.

Mohammed, when pursued by his enemies, ere his religion had gained a footing in the world, took refuge in a certain cave. To the mouth of this retreat his pursuers traced him; but when they were on the very point of entering, their attention was arrested by a little bird darting from an adjoining thicket. Had it not been for this circumstance, the most trivial that can well be conceived, which convinced them that here the fugitive could not be concealed, Mohammed would have been discovered, and he and his imposture would have perished together. As it was, he effected his escape, gained the protection of his friends, and by a most artful course of conduct, succeeded in laying the foundation of a religion which now prevails over a large portion of the world.—*Dr Duncan.*

INSTRUCTION.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.—*Cicero.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 260. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848. Price 1½d.

DILEMMAS OF HUMANITY.

Selfish people feel a wicked pleasure in pointing out the bad effects which arise from inconsiderate beneficence, and in twitting their kind-hearted neighbours with the disappointments which so often befall their well-meant efforts. The most familiar case is that put into a proverbial form, 'I lent my money to my friend,' &c. We may deplore the triumph which facts often give to those who are so wise for themselves; but we cannot deny that there are some perverse tendencies about human nature which do make it difficult to be beneficent and liberal without injury to those whom we design to benefit. It assuredly is a truth that a friend is in danger of being lost after he has become a borrower; all experience attests it. Still more imperilled is the friendship of those who receive gifts. It seems as if not only were the inequalities of fortune, by which so many suffer, a determined part of nature, but as if every special effort to remedy them, by an imparting from the prosperous to the unfortunate, were fated only to make matters worse.

If there is one amiable feeling in human nature, it is that from which alms-giving springs. The act has been in a sort of doubt for some years among political economists. We sometimes see very wise heads shaken at it. In spite of everything, it is a heavenly act, well worthy of being placed among religious virtues. There cannot, however, be a doubt that, as matters stand, while it is an elevating act for the giver, it is a deterioration for the receiver. Relieving, as it may be, from the pressure of immediate pains, and justifiable as it may thus be, it also, as we well know, saps still further the moral state of the party relieved. The condition of mendicants everywhere attests the certainty of this effect, so that it fully appears as if that which is a virtue in its motive, were really something like a vice in its consequences. It is a strange dilemma, seeming to imply that heaven itself commands the desertion of the stricken deer. Such, we may be well assured, cannot be the case; but yet, as far as we can readily see, such a thing as unmixed good from beneficence is not in the world.

Some years ago, a poor, but reputedly honest tinsmith, living in a country town in Berkshire, was burnt out, and utterly ruined. It was suggested that he should go about amongst the townsfolk with a subscription paper, in order that he might be re-established in his little business. A gentleman conspicuous in the management of public charities gave him a certificate for this purpose. So furnished, the tinsmith commenced his rounds, and in one week collected five pounds, being probably about the amount of his losses. Surprised, however, at the facility with which money was thus to be obtained, he persevered till he had completed the round of the town, which he effected in about a month. Being now reimbursed four times over, it might have been expected that he would contentedly settle to his business, and beg no more. He was by this time, however, completely fascinated by the new profession he had adopted; so he went with his wife into the country to prosecute his subscription, out of which he is supposed to have made about two hundred a year ever since. The gentleman who gave the certificate, telling us the story, said in conclusion, 'My writing that bit of paper was one of the worst actions I ever committed, because it has utterly corrupted two of my fellow-creatures.'

A state provision for the poor is, properly speaking, only a regulated mode of alms-giving, an effort towards equalising matters between the fortunate and unfortunate. We all know, however, how endangered, if not lost, is the moral state of those who accept of this succour. It is everywhere reported that, from the moment an independent labourer tastes of public charity, his self-respect is lost, and he is never after so good a man. It is the universally-confessed dilemma of the administrators how to relieve pressing and real want, without holding out an inducement to the independent labourer to relax in his industry and frugality, under the certainty of sharing at the worst in this public benefaction. The common saying of some is, that the poors' fund makes the poor; and the most generous must allow that there is too much truth in the remark. It is also true that the fund undergoes a continual siege on the part of worthless impostors, who ought to have no business with it. Novelists persist in describing the sufferings of genuine wretchedness at the hands of charity officials; they do not see that incessant deception makes men suspicious, and that nothing but supernatural wisdom could distinguish at a glance between solitary cases of virtuous poverty and the multitude of impostures. A gentleman of perfect humanity, who once took charge of a charitable establishment in a large city, told us that he had had occasion, while in that duty, to examine into ten thousand cases brought before him, and there was not one free from deception! In Glasgow, at the present time, the annual expenditure for the poor is L.118,000, mostly in the form of out-door relief. Now, as we have heard much of the misery pent up in that city, this seems comfortable news; but stop till we hear a few facts. A single spirit-dealer relates that his receipts for whisky on the pay-day are always L.10 above the average. Shoals of the tickets establishing the right to a monthly aliment are pledged to pawnbrokers—how the results are bestowed may be imagined. It has become common for married couples to separate under a paction, that the apparently deserted wife may receive an allowance, part of which she gives to her husband. 'The mortifying fact is,' says a

Digitized by Google

gentleman officially concerned, 'that the paupers abuse the charity to an enormous extent, and notwithstanding all we spend on them, and all our unwearied labours in their behalf, poverty, disease, and death are multiplying their victims, and are not anywise subdued by our exertions.'*

Humanity is in a similar dilemma regarding criminal prisoners. It desires to treat them leniently, and to win them back, if possible, to better courses. It has therefore dictated the total abolition of those dens of misery which Howard described, and which were such a terror to the well-doing, and has substituted in their place good comfortable houses, where indeed there is restraint, and solitary life, but no want of physical comfort, and nothing that can be felt as very degrading. At the same time, persons of education and humane feelings go to the prisoners, converse with them kindly, and endeavour to fortify them with moral and religious sentiment for their re-encounter with the world out of doors. And what is the consequence?—that jails have ceased to operate so well in deterring from the commission of crime. We may well re-quote the declaration of the chief criminal judge of Scotland upon this subject:—'Even on the separate system, imprisonment has really no terror for the bulk of offenders; and the better the system, it is an undoubted result, that the dread of imprisonment will and must be diminished. After these offenders are all taught to read, and get books to read at extra hours, if reformation is not produced, at least the *oppression* of imprisonment is never felt by people of coarse minds, and living a life of wretchedness out of prison. And hence I am sorry to say, that with those who are not reclaimed in our prison, the dread of imprisonment seems to have entirely vanished. And I understand that among the community at large in Scotland, and with magistrates and police officers, the feeling is very general that, owing to the comforts *necessarily* attending a *good* jail, the separate system, looked on first with alarm, has now no effect in deterring from crime those who are not reformed.' What a triumph, to all appearance, for the old harsh flogging system! To it we cannot return—we are too refinedly mild now-a-days for that; endless newspaper articles would din the public sin into our ears continually, till the philanthropic plan was resunted. But the inappropriateness of this plan to its object remains nevertheless palpable. We leave the poor man's home undisturbed in its wretchedness, and hold out a comfortable jail, as if to wile him from the paths of rectitude. Even our efforts to reform the prisoners, the best-meant part of the whole system, are attended with difficulties. The poor independent man out of doors sees the criminal thus obtaining a degree of attention from his superiors, and exciting an interest in them, which must have something agreeable about it. It cannot be encouraging for his virtue to reflect that, while he remains virtuous, no such care is taken of him, and no such interest expressed about his fate.

Is there a solution for these dilemmas of humanity? We think there must be, for otherwise, we should have to deny that predominating rule of good which appears in the whole of the providential arrangements of the world. These difficulties, it appears to us, are only inseparable from a system in which man's nature remains unregenerate in its native selfishness. Were the Christian aim realised, and we all did really love our neighbour as ourselves, there would be no exaltation in the rendering of a favour, and no debasement in receiving it. The selfhood extinguished on both sides, we should feel in these matters exactly as parents and children do in their intercommunication of good offices. The very idea of gratitude would be extirpated, as something not necessary to the case. The giver and the receiver of common charity would alike feel that they were working out the will of God, and it would be as blessed to take as to give, because both acts were essential to the realisation of the Divine decree. Probe all humane dilemmas, and you will find that selfishness is at the bottom of them. If we were not each so much for ourselves, there would be less of crime, and no such problem as that of the jails would exist. The remedy is a change of our feelings to the effect of making all others' interests as dear to us as our own. A remote one, you will say. True, but it may not be the less certain that, till it is realised, dilemmas must continue to beset all benevolent designs.

* Common Sense, being Right Letters on the Administration of Relief to the Poor of Glasgow. By David Maclure. Glasgow: D. Chambers. 1848.

JAQUES CALLOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The ancient town of Nancy slumbers peacefully amid the pretty landscape which surrounds it, scarcely recalling to the traveller the glories of its earlier days; but the villages embosomed in trees, the vineyards varied by cherry orchards, the bright green of the meadows, the sombre depth of the forests, the sparkling river, and the clear, ever-changing sky—all at once remind us that Nancy was the birthplace of Claude Lorraine; that from these forests, these hamlets, these flowery fields and sparkling waters, he drew inspiration for those pictures which charm alike the accomplished artist and the simple child. Remembering this, and that the efforts of genius, both in painting and in poetry, generally take their colour from first impressions, we might wonder how so peaceful and gentle a landscape can have been the cradle of Jaques Callot; and we ask where he found the originals of the soldiers, conjurors, and gipsies, which form the subjects of his pencil. The history of his early life will enlighten us.

In the town of Nancy, near the old Hôtel de Marque, let us picture to ourselves an old house with a high roof, its door and windows ornamented with weather-beaten carvings. Below is a stone bench, used by travellers and beggars; on the first floor are two windows, encased in stone; and in the roof, above the gutter, are two others, surrounded by moss, tufts of grass, and here and there a flower, planted by the wind or the birds; above all rises a tall chimney, with its never-ceasing smoke-wreath. At the lower windows may occasionally be seen a gentle and anxious woman, or a grave and worthy man, the parents of Callot—Jean Callot and Renée Brunehault; at the upper windows might be seen a young and happy family, among whom we recognise Jaques by his inquisitive and fearless look, always seeking subjects for his pencil.

The interior of this house corresponds with its exterior. There are chairs sculptured in oak; Gothic tables, with twisted legs; a devotional chair; an ebony crucifix, on which the spider has never been suffered to hang a thread; a wide chimney, decorated with a lozenge-shaped glass, a timepiece, and silver goblets of elegant form and good workmanship; while on the shelves are vessels of pewter and stoneware—all dimly lighted by the little lozenge-shaped panes which compose the window. Our first glance shows us Jean Callot in a showy dress, walking up and down the room to aid his thoughts, and Renée sitting in the chimney-corner spinning.

In this house was born, in 1593, Jaques Callot, of a family originally Flemish, but afterwards attached to the Burgundian family. Claude, the grandfather of Jaques, was ennobled by Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, for his bravery and loyal services: he married a grand-niece of the Maid of Orleans. Jean, the father of Jaques, was herald-at-arms to the Duke of Lorraine, and Renée his wife was daughter to the physician to Christina of Denmark. She was a good, quiet woman; and having lost all her daughters, placed her warmest affection upon her youngest son Jaques, who never forgot her tender care of him. Jean Callot, prouder of his title of principal herald-at-arms than the Duke of Lor-

Digitized by Google

raine was of his duchy, fixed upon his youngest son for his successor, his elder ones having already embarked in other callings; and from the age of eight years Jaques was taught by his father how to draw and paint armorial bearings. His passion for drawing was such, that at his writing-school he made a sketch of each letter of the alphabet. A was the pointed roof of his house; B the weathercock of his neighbour's; and thus with the rest. There had been painters in his mother's family, and Renée herself loved the arts, unconsciously giving the same taste to her youngest son. She could not comprehend how any one could pass a whole life in clearing away the dust from old coats of arms, as her grave and austere husband did; and whenever she was alone with Jaques, she roused his young fancy by lively tales of the adventures of men of genius. Well acquainted was this good woman with the strange histories of the old painters; and after hearing these, Jaques would go up to his own chamber, and with pen or pencil make sketches at random. When his ardour cooled, he would lean out of his attic window, and while feeding the sparrows with the bread which he had used for his drawings, he would ponder upon his mother's tales, and gaze upon the streets, or into his neighbours' windows. From his window he saw before him a beautiful landscape, hemmed in by mountains and forests, variegated by groves and villages, and cultivated fields, among which the Meurthe meandered. But Jaques cared little for the beauties of scenery: man had far greater attraction for him; and he studied all that he saw of singular, extravagant, or original in his fellow-creatures. He delighted in bullying soldiers; street singers, with mouths wider than the wooden bowls out of which they ate; quack doctors, who sang and danced; beggars in picturesque rags; pilgrims with their doublets slashed with the tents of time, and carrying about boxwood rosaries, artificial flowers, leaden medallions—all the devotional gewgaws of the saints. In 1600 there were no theatres in the provinces; thus it was a rich age for dancing-bears, fortune-tellers, and tumblers on fête-days. Jaques early attempted to sketch all these grotesque figures, either from his own window or in the open street; and he has been seen sitting carelessly on the pavement quietly drawing in his schoolbook some conjuror who struck his fancy. Once his father found him seated upon the edge of a fountain in Nancy, his naked feet in the water, earnestly sketching the great nose and wide mouth of a clown who was grinning at some distance.

Even when these sights were wanting, Jaques knew how to amuse himself with his pencil in sketching his schoolmaster, sometimes grave to absurdity, sometimes inflamed by the worship of Bacchus; and when tired of reading, he would play the truant, rush into the first open church, and pass hours there contemplating the sculptured altars and monuments, the frescos, the Gothic windows, the religious paintings of the old artists. He made his way wherever anything curious was to be seen—into churches, monasteries, hotels, even into the ducal palace; and, thanks to his handsome face, half hidden by fair curls, thanks to the fine Flemish lace with which his mother ornamented his throat and wrists, no one stopped him.

One Sunday morning Jaques was attracted to his window by the sounds of the life and drum of a band of gipsies, who were setting up their tents before the Hôtel de Marque. The beams of a spring sun fell brightly upon the group, and Jaques, enchanted, crept down to the gutter to watch them; he next mounted to the chimney, and there, with his eye fixed, his mouth half open, but silent, his ear listening, he beheld the curtain raised, and preparations made for the play: he saw the decorations taken out of a little cart drawn by an ass, which ass and cart were themselves among the actors. Spangled dresses, faded long ago, shone in the sun; while three infants were deposited among lions and serpents of pasteboard, which served them as playthings. In the space of a quarter of an hour Jaques saw so many things, natural and unnatural, come forth from the cart, that he imagined the chief of the party must have the power of creation. Hastening down to the spot, he stood aside for a little while; but as his astonishment increased, he approached close to the curtain, and to obtain pardon for his boldness, he offered the first gipsy who passed near him a wild sunflower which he had gathered on the house roof.

'By the saints!' said the gipsy, smelling the flower, 'here is a handsome child! Do not blush, boy. Did your mother sew on this rich lace? She may well kiss your fine curls. Come, do not be afraid: I am not the red woman.'

Saying this, the gipsy embraced Jaques tenderly, adding, 'This face foretells us a lucky day, so I shall tell the pretty child his fortune. Come, look at me with those blue eyes; they will recommend you to the ladies, and you will make your way, my child.'

'My way! my way!' murmured Jaques sighing. Then he asked, 'Have you people ever been in Italy?'

'Many times. Do you wish to travel? Yes indeed; I read it in your countenance. You shall travel so much, and to so good purpose, that when you die, your bones shall be shrouded in your cradle. If that proud lip is to be believed, you will be a valiant soldier.'

'Never!' cried Jaques.

'What, then, could you better like to be?'

'A painter.'

'A painter! That is a low trade: do not try it if you wish always to wear such lace as this. I know more than one who is obliged to live upon chance. Nevertheless, if it amuses you, forward! But it is not your destiny.'

'When do you set off for Italy?' asked Jaques.

'In November; for in winter the sun of Naples is warm enough for us.'

'Since you know everything,' said Jaques, hesitating, 'tell me at what age I shall die?'

The gipsy took his little hand. By a chance with which his after-fate agreed, the line of life was broken in the middle; and the gipsy turned away her head sorrowfully. 'The line is not yet formed; at our next meeting, I will tell you how long you will live.'

'If I live to be forty years old, like my Uncle Brunehault, I shall be content.'

At this moment Jaques saw his father coming from the ducal palace, and he hastened into the house.

'A good journey, and good-luck!' cried the gipsy to him, touching her lips with the sunflower.

Jaques hoped his father had not seen him; but the first thing the latter did on entering the house was to call his son and wring his ears, crying out, 'Go along: you are only a mountebank, unworthy of bearing either my name or my shield; above all, unworthy of my dignity of herald. I had reckoned upon you; but do you think the grand duke will confide his great genealogical book to you after my death? Instead of learning the old histories of the nobility of our land, in order to do justice to each according to his arms and his deeds, you should make sketches of jugglers: the greatest prince to you should be the best rope-dancer. Go; I despair of you, disobedient child! With your vagabond habits, you will end your days at the galleys.'

Thus speaking, the venerable Jean Callot walked with a dignified air into his closet; Jaques went to hide his tears on the bosom of his mother, who also wept while rebuking her son.

'You are going to be more prudent, my dear child; these are repentant tears; from this day you will study earnestly the noble science of heraldry. Go—go, the bell is ringing for mass; do not be the last at church, as usual.'

When Jaques had dressed himself, he thought with a smile of hope, 'This costume will do well for my journey to Italy.' Till this moment he had not thought of Italy but with trembling; he now gave himself up to the dream with more confidence; and at church his

Digitized by Google

imagination wandered to the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The music, the sun streaming through the Gothic windows upon the altar, the incense, raised his fancy to the utmost, and a strange voice seemed to cry out to him, 'Italy! Italy!' All the splendours of the Eternal city arose bewitchingly before his eyes; the Madonas of Raphael smiled and extended their angelic arms to him. Even if the dangers of such a pilgrimage crossed his mind, his courage returned again instantly. 'Am I not almost twelve years old?' said he, drawing himself up. When mass was ended, he remained behind in the church, to beseech God to bless his journey, and to console his mother; after which he arose, wiped away his tears, and without looking behind him, took the road to Luneville, believing that his slender purse would carry him to the end of the world. We must not mistake; the love of art was doubtless the motive for this journey; but was not the journey itself something towards the bold determination of this capricious and independent spirit?

We have not the whole history of Jaques Callot's journey: we only know that he went straight on, resting at a farm or public-house, like a young pilgrim, after having eaten of what fruit he could find, refreshing himself by the lonely fountain, and praying before each crucifix that he passed. Although accustomed to a certain degree of luxury, to a good bed, a delicate table, and, above all, to a mother's care, he slept soundly upon the truckle-bed at a public-house, upon clean straw at a farm, and often in bad company; he ate, without grumbling, porridge and vegetables from the earthen plates of the peasants; and even in his worst days, never regretted the paternal roof, so severe and unkind did the worthy herald-at-arms appear to him. While pursuing a glorious aim, Jaques did not forget the pleasures of his age, wild liberty, and a thirst for adventure. If he saw an ass feeding, he jumped gaily upon its back, and without caring what became of it, gave it liberty again after riding two or three leagues: if he saw a boat upon a river, he untied it, jumped in, and rowed away till he was breathless. When taken in the act, his pleasing appearance soon gained him pardon. In this manner he reached a village near Lucerne. Although he had been very sparing, his purse was nearly empty; in two days it would be quite so; but he thought he could live upon fruit, and as it was hay-season, every stroke of the scythe would provide him a bed. He had resigned himself to a prospect more poetical than agreeable, when he heard some bawling music, which reminded him of his friends the mountebanks: it may be guessed that he went towards it. It was evening; the roofs of the hamlet were gilded by the setting sun; the cows, returning to their sheds, answered the shrill fife by their lowings, the bulls by the tinkling of their little bells, and the herdsman by his stunning horn. Jaques presently reached the church, near which a band of gipsies were performing an uncouth dance, to the great wonderment of a noisy circle of villagers; and Jaques seated himself on the churchyard wall, that he might enjoy the scene at his ease. He beheld twenty gipsies of all ages, from the grandmother to the cradled infant, dressed in rags covered with spangles; some of them dancing, others playing on the viol or fife, some telling fortunes, and some carrying round their wooden cups among the spectators. The sun shone brightly on their wretched attire, giving it an appearance of magnificence befitting fairy gambols. Among the dancers, two young girls of fifteen or sixteen attracted general attention by their beauty and grace; and Jaques, whose eyes followed all their movements, could not resist drawing their portraits. Taking out the paper and pencils which he always kept about him, he had succeeded pretty well in grouping together the two handsome dancers, when he was surprised to find himself surrounded by several peasants, who were regarding with silent wonder his strange occupation. Without troubling himself at this, he continued his work till the dancers, understanding that he was drawing them, wished in their turn to see whether he had done them justice; and Jaques, beholding his charming models each leaning over a shoulder with their faces close to his, let his pencil fall from his hand.

'How pretty he is, sister!' said one of them.

'How clever he is!' replied the other.

'Whence did he come? Who is he? Where is he going?'

'I am going to Rome,' said Jaques, not knowing well what he ought to say.

'To Rome! To Italy! We are going to Florence. What a lucky companion, if he would go with us! All roads lead to Rome!'

'Yes, a lucky companion!' said Jaques, drawing out his purse. 'Here is all I have for my journey, and I have eaten scarcely anything to-day.'

'Poor child! I shall take him to the Red Inn, where we are to have some beans and milk for supper, and oat-straw in the barn to sleep on. Come, the sun has set, and our cups are full. Kiss my pearl necklace, and give me your hand.'

Saying this, she bent her throat towards the unwilling lips of Jaques, who, however, kissed the necklace; and each of the sisters taking a hand, they led him towards the troop who were just going away. They soon reached the Red Inn, and before supper, Jaques was formally admitted into the band; and for what little money he had, was promised escort to Florence, on strict condition that he should take portraits of the whole party, beasts included. The scent of the beans made him promise everything required. The supper was joyous and noisy; it was washed down with several cups of common wine, and finished with a roundelay which Callot remembered to the day of his death.

On the following day they passed through Lucerne, where they made but a poor harvest; and then they fixed their tents in a neighbouring forest, where they lived for a week upon what they could steal, resting themselves and their beasts, mending and washing their clothes, polishing their spangles, coining false money, working at small articles of jewellery, necklaces, copper and leaden rings, buckles, and other ornaments used by the peasants. They lived well upon game, which the older women cooked, while Jaques went with the girls to find birds' feathers to make finery of, and bunches of service-tree for necklaces; he also gathered wild cherries, strawberries, and gooseberries for the general dessert. He likewise cut figures upon the bark of the trees. The two young girls took good care of Jaques, and even hid from his view the scandalous scenes which were passing around him.

When they resumed their journey, they did so by easy stages, begging in villages, stealing from lonely huts, leaving everywhere their evil traces. They crossed the Alps by the wildest paths, living by the convents. At length, after six months of strange and perilous adventures, Jaques Callot hailed the soil of Italy, the holy land of art. It was time, for among these wild people the poor child was in great danger of being ruined. 'Italy! Italy!' he cried, throwing up his hands, while he thanked God with tears. From this moment he seemed to breathe a purer air. 'Adieu, Pepa! adieu, Miji! you are both beautiful, but Italy is more beautiful.'

Such is Callot's early history. Some years later, he immortalised his friends the gipsies in his works of 'Gipsies Travelling,' and 'the Halt of Gipsies.'

The troop went to Florence, not allowing their guest time to satisfy his curiosity at Milan, Parma, and Bologna; but his hasty glance at palaces, obeliskes, fountains, and statues, dazzled and enchanted him more and more. He was in a state of mental intoxication, which made him forget the presence of his companions even when they made an exhibition.

At Florence, a Piedmontese gentleman, in the service of the grand duke, met Callot among the gipsies, and was at once struck with the delicate features and gen-

Digitized by Google

teel movements of the child, whom he could not imagine to belong to the people in whose company he found him. The manner in which Callot was gazing enraptured upon the sculpture of a fountain, taking no part in the grotesque dance and begging manœuvres of the troop, convinced the gentleman; and calling Jaques to him, he questioned him kindly. Finding that the boy did not understand Italian, he spoke to him in French, and soon learned the little history of his leaving Nancy, his meeting with his companions, and his intention of studying the great masters at Rome, that he might, if it pleased God, become a great master also. This high resolve in a child of twelve or thirteen interested the gentleman greatly; and taking Callot by the hand, he led him at once to an engraver and painter with whom he was acquainted—Gauta Gallina—saying, 'Treat this child as if he were mine; make him worthy of me and yourself.'

Callot was received at once, but at the end of six weeks, he told his protector that he wished to go to Rome, to study where Raphael had studied. The gentleman feared that he had befriended a vagabond rather than a young artist; however, as he loved Jaques, he did not desert him. He bought him a mule and some clothes, gave him excellent advice, with a promise to visit him at Rome, and parted with him affectionately, and with tears. Jaques, proudly seated on the mule, also shed tears; but once set off, the brilliant future occupied all his thoughts. At Sienna, he stopped to visit the church, and learned a lesson in engraving from the splendid mosaic of the pavement under the dome, the work of Duccio. He thought if he was ever an engraver, he would give effect by the breadth of single lines, without using hatching. Arrived at the gates of Rome, he left his mule to take its course, and the beast trotted along after an ass laden with vegetables, of which he now and then took a mouthful, unobserved by Jaques, whose bewildered eye wandered over the Eternal city, now clothed by the setting sun with a golden garment. At length he had gained his desire; but, as it often happens, that very moment he was foiled. Some merchants of Nancy, on their return to their city, met Jaques Callot perched on his mule. 'Oh, ho! Master Jaques Callot, where are you going in this style?' The young traveller saw his danger, and spurred his mule; but escape was impossible with an Italian mule which was feeding so agreeably; and the merchants seized the fugitive. As these good folks had witnessed the grief of the Callot family, they declared their resolution to reconduct him safely to his paternal roof; and notwithstanding his tears, his prayers, and his anger, Jaques was obliged to submit. He bade adieu to Rome without having set his foot in her streets.

In vain did Callot repeatedly attempt to escape from the travelling merchants; they never let him go out of their sight, keeping him on his mule in the middle of the party; and he arrived at Nancy after a month of tedious travelling, in which he heartily regretted his gipsy friends. His father received him with a lecture upon truanting, and a discourse upon heraldic science, which made Callot secretly determine to be off again; the tears of his mother alone restrained him for a short time.

However, he soon went off, with a purse light enough, and skirting the Lake of Geneva, entered Italy by Savoy; but at Turin he was again stopped by his brother the lawyer, who happened to be there, and who forced him back to Nancy a second time.

His third departure was more prosperous, for his father, with tears, gave his consent to it, and Jaques set off in the train of the ambassador from Lorraine to the Pope, to acquaint the latter with the accession of Henry II. Callot was now fifteen, and had still time enough before him to study at Rome. His enthusiasm at the wonders of the ancient city cannot be described; he worked under several masters, but followed his own genius only, and he soon felt that painting was not his forte. He entered warmly into engraving, and placed himself under Thomassin, an old French engraver residing at Rome. This art was then in its infancy, and Thomassin had made his fortune by it. His subjects were principally religious ones, of which Callot was soon weary. Young as he was, he discovered at each attempt some new resource; and he soon gave way to his fancy, recalling to his mind the beggars, strolling players, mountebanks, and other human curiosities whom he had seen. Under Thomassin he used the graver; but this process was too slow for his imagination, and he soon left it for that of etching.

One day when the pencil had fallen from his hand, as he was sadly thinking of those charming young gipsies who had loved him as their child, the figure of the Lady Bianca, Thomassin's young and handsome wife, rose before him. She often visited Callot when he was at work, and unconsciously he made her his study. Thomassin encouraged this, requesting Callot to be his wife's companion to church and to the public promenade when he could not accompany her; but at length, taking alarm at the result to which this might lead in a young and imaginative man, he desired him to leave the house. Callot did so, taking with him only his works, and bade adieu to Rome, leaving behind him his dreams. He never saw Madame Thomassin again—he never revisited Rome. After this, the history of Callot loses its adventurous and exciting character, offering little more than a succession of undisturbed days and a laborious end.

Jaques Callot went to Florence, undecided whether to remain there; but he hoped to establish himself with his first master. He was almost penniless, and what was worse, his courage had left him. At the city gate he was stopped as a stranger, and, careless of his fate, he fell into a passion, and resisted, demanding to be conducted to the ducal palace without delay. On telling his griefs and his pretensions to Cosmo II., who patronised art of all kinds, the grand duke congratulated himself on what had occurred, and told Callot that he should remain at his palace, where he had a grand school of painting, engraving, and sculpture. Callot was delighted at the accident, and set to work in the palace with even more ardour than when with Thomassin. Besides his former master, he met there a painter and engraver who was of great service to him, Alphonso Parigi, who prepared the scenery for the duke's theatre. Callot passed some time at this work, and also painted some subjects in the Flemish style, of which one remains in the Florentine Gallery. It is the half-length of a Spanish soldier, and has the same bold yet delicate touch—the same grace of composition as his engravings.

Callot remained ten years at Florence, enjoying the same patronage under Ferdinand that he had done under Cosmo II., and receiving the gold medal which was bestowed upon native talent. During these ten years he produced his best works, creating a new world under his touch, and seeing all through the prism of his fancy. His art became his sole passion, enchaining him more and more without relaxation, till it conducted him to the grave, young in years, but bowed, foiled, exhausted like a noble horse, which has run too long a race. He had no longer eyes except for his work; if he went out of his studio, it was but to seek for subjects for his etching needle—a beggar, a soldier, or some other extraordinary actor on the scene of human life. He never allowed himself time to admire the grandeur or beauty of creation; neither the sun nor the stars, neither the flowers nor the streams: heart and mind were dead, as it were, and the sheet of copper was his only joy.

He returned to Nancy. One evening the aged herald-at-arms, leaning at his window, seeing a carriage stop at the door of his house, asked his wife if it belonged to the court. The good woman Renée, whose heart and eyes saw more clearly, cried, almost fainting upon the window-sill, 'It is Jaques!—it is thy son!' The aged herald went down instantly, asking himself whether it

Digitized by Google

could be possible that his son, the engraver of silly pictures, was come back in a carriage? After a hearty but grave embrace, he hastened to see whether the Callot arms were painted on the coach. Putting on his spectacles, he discovered with pride and joy the shield of his son—five stars crosswise: 'the cross of labour,' it is said; 'for the stars indicate the nightly labour of Callot, and his hopes of fame.'

Fatigued with his wanderings, Callot resolved to end his days at Nancy, so he bought a house and married. We know nothing of his wife Catherine Kuttinger, except that she was a widow, and had a daughter. It was certainly a marriage of prudence. Callot became religious, going to mass every morning, and passing an hour every evening in prayer. He resumed his work; but adieu to wild inspirations, to satire and gaiety: he only undertook grave and religious subjects. At Paris his fame was known, and Louis XIII. desired him to follow in his suite to the siege of Rochelle, as he alone was worthy to immortalise his victories. Callot obeyed reluctantly, and after the siege, returned to Paris to finish his sketches. He was lodged at the Luxembourg, where he found his friend Sylvaster Israel, and where he assisted with Rubens, Poussin, and other great painters in decorating the palace. But in spite of these illustrious friendships—the protection of Louis XIII., and the thousand attractions of Paris—Callot returned to Nancy as soon as he had leisure. He loved quiet, and he left the care of editing his works to his friend Israel. Besides, Callot loved his family, his native city, and his country, whose history he studied in his leisure hours. He had been born when Lorraine was independent, and had lived in the reigns of Charles III. and Henry II., when the nobility were illustrious by their deeds, the burghers industrious and intelligent, the people happy under a light yoke, when art was worthily represented in each of its departments, when religion stood firm upon ancestral faith, when industry produced its manufactures, and the workman blessed the peace he enjoyed. But Jaques Callot also witnessed the fall of his country when, under the rule of Charles IV., she lost everything but honour.

Instigated by the enmity of Cardinal Richelieu to Gaston of Orleans, who had married the sister of Charles IV., Louis XIII. went to besiege Nancy, which he expected would fall as easily as Rochelle had done. But the weather was bad, Louis lost courage, and the siege was about to be raised, when the cardinal bethought himself of a stratagem. The Duke of Lorraine was drawn into the French camp, in the hope of signing articles of peace, and held prisoner, while the king, at the cardinal's instigation, obliged him to sign an order to the governor of Nancy to open its gates. The Princess of Phalsbourg in vain urged the governor not to obey the order of a captive sovereign; the gates were opened, and the enemy admitted. Callot seeing that all was lost, shut himself up in his chamber to conceal his anger, and when the thoughtless artists of the place went to pay their court to Louis XIII., the latter was surprised at not seeing Callot among them.

'Has he forgotten my benefits, then?' said the king to Claude de Ruet; and the painter repeated to Callot what the king had said.

'Yes,' replied the brave artist indignantly; 'yes, I have forgotten his benefits since he entered the open gates of Nancy fully armed.'

Claude de Ruet urged his friend to accompany him to the ducal palace, where the king was holding his court.

'Never!' said Callot; and the painter left him to his pride and grief. But presently an order came signed by the Duke Charles, 'Jaques Callot is summoned to the palace to the king's presence.'

'Well, then, I shall go; but without bending my head to him.'

The king received him very graciously, and said, 'Master Callot, we have not forgotten that you placed your talent at the service of our glory; you have drawn for the benefit of future times the taking of the Isle of Rhé and the siege of Rochelle, now you must draw the siege of Nancy.'

Callot, feeling the insult, drew up his head proudly, saying, 'Sir, I am a Lorrainer: I would cut off my finger sooner!'

When he had said it, Jaques expected to pay dearly for his audacious reply. All present cried out, swords were drawn, and at a sign made, soldiers with halberds appeared at the door. On the other side, the nobility of Lorraine, faithful to their country, formed a circle round Callot, resolved to defend him, when Louis XIII., who had sometimes the soul of a king and a man, to the great surprise of all the court and of the artist himself, said to Callot, 'Callot, your reply does you honour;' and turning to his courtiers, added, 'the Duke of Lorraine is very happy in having such subjects.'

In this year Jaques felt the beginning of the disease which slowly carried him to the grave. Laying aside his work, he passed the summer at Villers, where his father had an estate. He was amused by the playfulness of his wife's daughter; but his illness increased, and his disordered imagination continually dwelt upon Satan and the infernal regions. When the grave was open for him, he executed his great work, 'The Temptation of St Anthony;' a work worthy of the poet who inspired it—Dante. His physicians desired him to relinquish his labour, to live idly in the open air of the country; but he would not obey them; and having finished the above work under a depression of mind for which no outward cause is assigned, he again seized his graving tool, and in a dream of his youthful days, with all the fire of his best efforts, accomplished the plate known as 'The Little Vine Arbour'—a representation of peasants dancing and drinking.

Callot died March 25, 1635, and was buried in the cloister of the Cordeliers. A handsome monument was erected among those of the Dukes of Lorraine, with his portrait by his friend Michael Lasne; but in 1793 the republicans, believing this the burial-place of a noble, defaced the portrait, and destroyed the tomb. However, in 1825, the remains of Callot were replaced in the church, and a tomb built over them.

'FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.'

A handsome octavo volume, embellished with a considerable number of beautiful engravings, invites our attention under the above title.* Supposing it to be designed as a Christmas book, for which the work seems eminently fitted, alike from its elegance and originality of design, we can recommend it to persons looking about for something superior to the fictions which used to form the material of New Year's gifts. 'Forty Days in the Desert' is the account of a journey from Cairo across the wilderness to Suez, thence to Sinai, and so on by way of Akabah to Petra, from which the author retraces his steps to the banks of the Nile. This route has lately been so frequently and well described, that we are familiar with almost everything which falls under notice; and yet from the author, Mr Bartlett, being an artist, and possessing a keen perception of scenery and costume, as well as a power of graphic, though somewhat diffuse narration, his work has a novelty which renders it acceptable to general readers. Besides, such is the depth of interest in the countries referred to, that accounts of them never seem to exhaust the subject. Mr Bartlett's description of Petra, for instance, amidst the rugged solitudes of Wady Mousa, reads as freshly as if we heard of it only for the first time.

The author set out for Cairo on the last day of September, his party consisting of a faithful and intrepid attendant, Hadji Komeh, hired for the occasion, and

* London: Hall and Co., Paternoster Row. 1848.

Digitized by Google

three other Arab servants; the whole mounted on five camels, one of these useful animals carrying a tent and baggage. A plentiful supply of provisions—as sugar, biscuit, rice, coffee, &c.—was also taken; for in the desert no species of food is to be had, except occasionally a sheep or kid from tribes of wandering Arabs. Four skin-sacks of water completed the provisionary department; and last of all were included cooking and table utensils, and a supply of charcoal. The English costume is recommended as preferable for travelling, on account of a certain fear which even the remote inhabitants of the desert have come to entertain of our power. The author, however, was on divers occasions saved from the rapacious extortions of native chiefs only by his own firmness and the never-failing address of his servant Komeh, whose qualities of browbeating and intimidation were invaluable.

All things being ready for the journey, each man mounted his camel, and the little cavalcade turning its face towards the east, went off in its 'noiseless track over the broad expanse, as a vessel spreads its sail, and slips quietly to sea; while the minarets of Cairo grew fainter and fainter, till we lost them in the red and dusky hue of an Egyptian atmosphere.' The sensations on first riding a camel are 'singular and half-dreamy,' but after a time, the position on a broad pile of carpets, along with the see-saw motion, becomes painfully fatiguing, and the traveller longs for repose. The route followed was that now taken by the overland mails to Suez, and the party encamped for the night near the first station. Off again next morning—and the same route continued. The practice is to start early, before the sun has gained his power. The mornings are described as delicious. While the sun is not yet up, but under the light of a growing radiance in the east, 'it is for some time delightful to walk over the fine shining gravel surface of the silent desert, my cheerful Komeh by my side, with his pipe, and the Arabs in straggling groups coming up slowly behind. What most surprised me was the elasticity of spirits I generally experienced in the wilderness. The dry pure air probably had much to do with this. Sometimes the sense of free movement over the boundless expanse was indescribably and wildly ecstatic; in general, the incidents of our little caravan seemed sufficient stimulus, and a universal cheerfulness prevailed among us in those hours of dawn.'

Very different was the feeling when the sun had gained a noontide ascendancy, and every living thing was overcome with the intolerably heated glare. 'The camels,' says our author, in his vividly pictorial style, 'now groan with distress; the Arabs are silent, slipping from time to time alongside the water-skins, and, with their mouths to the orifice, catching a few gulps without stopping; then burying their head in the ample bernous, pace on again quietly, hour after hour. The water, which smacks of the leathern bottle, or zemzemia, in which it is contained, warm, insipid, and even nauseous, seems but to increase the parching thirst; the brain is clouded and paralysed by the intolerable sultriness; and with the eyes protected by a handkerchief from the reflected glare of the sand, and swaying listlessly to and fro, I keep at the same horrible pace along the burning sand. The hot film, like the glow of a kiln, now trembles over the glittering sands, and plays the most fantastic tricks with the traveller, cheating his vision with an illusory supply of what his senses madly crave. Half-dozing, half-dreaming, as I advanced, lulled into vague reverie, the startling MIRAGE, shifting with magic play, expands in gleaming blue lakes, whose cool borders are adorned with waving groves, and on whose shining banks the mimic waves, with wonderful illusion, break in long glittering lines of transparent water—bright, fresh water, so different from the leathery decoction of the zemzemia. On our approach the vision recedes, dissolves, combines again into new forms, all fancifully beautiful; then slowly fades, and leaves but the burning horizon, upon which, at rude intervals, is seen perhaps a dim black speck, appearing over the rolling sandy swell like a ship far out at sea. The film of the desert gives it gigantic dimensions as it approaches: it proves, as it nears us, to be a caravan of camels from Suez, coming along with a noiseless tread; a few laconic words are exchanged between the Arabs without stopping; in another hour it is left far behind, until again it disappears from vision. Thus pass the sultry and silent hours of noon. There is a terrible and triumphant power of the sun upon this wide region of sterility and death, like that of a despot over a realm blighted by his destructive sway; no trace of verdure is there but the stunted shrub, which struggles at wide intervals about the sandy bed of some dried water-course; no sign of living thing but the burrow of the rat, the slimy trail of the serpent, or the carcase of the camel, who makes his grave as well as his home in the wilderness, met with in every stage of decay; from the moment when the vultures have but just fleshed their beaks in his fallen corpse, till, stripped of every integument, the wind whistles through the ghastly framework of his naked ribs, and his bones, falling asunder, and bleached by heat and wind, serve to mark the appointed track upon which his strength was spent.' After a day of this kind, how grateful the cool of evening, and how entrancing the spectacle of the great clear firmament, studded with sparkling orbs! 'No wonder that of old the shepherds of the desert were worshippers of the stars!'

After reaching Suez, the traveller pursued a route on the eastern side of the gulf of the same name towards the rocky district of Sinai, which occupies the narrow part of the peninsula formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east. The track pursued was pretty nearly that followed by the Israelites after their escape from Egypt, and led into a mountainous region, rocky, grand, and generally sterile, but interspersed with sweet little valleys, ravine-like water-courses, or *wadys*, and spots rendered fertile by springs. In wandering through these solitudes, the mind is awed, not more by the rugged grandeur of the scenery, than by historical associations, and the visible traces of a civilised people long since extirpated. As a traveller in search of what could derive aid from the pencil, Mr Bartlett, with much toil and danger among precipitous rocks, sought for certain hieroglyphical carvings which have engaged the inquiries of the learned. His search was rewarded; and under an umbrella, to shelter him from the scorching heat of the sun, he was able to copy these remarkable tablets, which are accordingly represented in his volume. 'I looked at them,' says he, 'with a feeling which more than rewarded me for my previous chagrin and toil.' The tablets, which are cut in the face of different rocks, and near, as is said, the exhausted workings of a copper mine, are Egyptian, and consist of figures of men, birds, and creatures of a combined fantastic character, the whole referring to an early period of Egyptian history, probably coeval with Suphis, the builder of the Great Pyramid, 2120 years before the Christian era. They are believed to indicate the conquest of the country by one of the Egyptian sovereigns. Besides those visited by Mr Bartlett, there are others of later date, which exhaustion prevented him from examining. In conclusion, he observes, 'Is it not almost too marvellous for belief that these tablets existed before the exodus of the Israelites, when Moses, with all his host, actually passed, beyond question, down the valley Mokatteb, or

Digitized by Google

a short distance below, on his way towards Wady Feiran and Sinai? They must be regarded, I presume, as among the most ancient sculptures in existence; and yet it is evident that when they were executed, the arts were by no means in their infancy, but that centuries at least had elapsed since their unknown and remote origin.'

In Waly Maghara, through which the traveller immediately afterwards went, a vast number of inscriptions occur on the rocks, some of which could have been executed only by the aid of ladders. All, including figures of camels and other animals, are rude in figure, and from the most careful examination, they appear to be comparatively modern; a reasonable conjecture making them out to be memorials of the passage of early Christian pilgrims to the heights of Sinai. To the towering and jagged peaks of the celebrated mountain Mr Bartlett was now bound, and we must leave to the imagination his account of the magnificent scenery which was here unfolded to his view. With regard to which is the true Sinai of the Bible, there are various opinions; some contending for Mount Serbal, which is 6342 feet above the Red Sea; while others favour the claims of Mount St Catherine, 1700 feet higher. On the summit of the Serbal is a huge block of granite, to which the traveller clambered, and found on it a Sinaitic inscription. The view from the top of this exposed protuberance extended from the Red Sea to Egypt, and across the desert north-eastward to the hills of Edom and Palestine; embracing, indeed, the whole scene of the Israelitish wanderings, and in whose wild bosom an entire generation was entombed.

Travellers through the region of Sinai frequently observe the ruins of chapels, cells, convents, and other places of devotional resort in past times. Some of these date their origin from an early period in the history of the church, while others were established during the fervour of the Crusades, and the possession of Palestine by the Christians. A few survived the Saracenic reconquests, being tolerated on payment of a certain annual tribute; but all are now deserted except the convent of St Catherine, which is occupied by a reduced establishment of Greek monks under a superior. The convent of St Catherine, which is situated in a valley on one of the slopes of the mountain of that name, forms a useful and hospitable place of reception for travellers, who, however, as at an inn, are expected to leave a sum (100 piastres, equal to a pound) for several days' living. The convent is a collection of buildings walled round like a fort; and for security, the only access is by a door at the height of thirty feet, to which travellers are drawn up by a windlass.

By the superior of the convent Mr Bartlett was kindly received and entertained; and here enjoying repose for a few days, he was able to observe the nature of the establishment and the appearance of its environs, and by favour was permitted to dine in the old vaulted refectory with the monks. The most interesting building within the enclosure is the church. 'On entering it for the first time, I was both pleased and surprised: although somewhat spoiled by tasteless and gaudy decoration, it is a fine simple solemn basilica, built in the time of Justinian, and is kept with the nicest care by the brethren. Leaning against a carved seat, I waited through the service, of which I understood nothing, but which is described by a previous traveller as "simple, dignified, and solemn, consisting in great part in the reading of the Gospels, with the touching responses and chants of the Greek ritual." It was affecting to see some very old men come tottering in from a side-passage during the service, whose beards, long to their girdles, as they knelt down, swept the marble pavement; and who, after a brief but earnest prostration in prayer, withdrew, failing nature being apparently unequal to the fatigues of an entire service. The floor is of inlaid marble. The altar-skreen is highly, but not tastefully decorated; and, like the rest of the building, is ornamented with pictures of saints, male and female, painted in the Byzantine style, on a ground of gold. Numerous silver lamps add to the richness of the effect. Behind the altar is the chapel, over the spot where the Burning Bush is supposed to have stood: upon it the utmost richness of decoration has been lavished; and the floor is covered with costly carpets. This holy spot may not be visited without taking off one's shoes. The relics of St Catherine, whose body, after martyrdom at Alexandria, was conveyed, according to tradition, to the summit of the neighbouring mountain, to which she has given her name, are also preserved with great veneration in another chapel.' The library of the convent contains, according to Burckhardt, fifteen hundred Greek books, and seven hundred Arabic manuscripts: the inmates are not described as literary.

Our traveller visited the garden of the convent, an enclosure which, by care, produces some useful fruits and herbs. In the midst of the garden, and partly below the ground, is situated the cemetery or charnel-house, where the earthly remains of the monks are consigned to their repose. Here was shown a large collection of bones arranged in 'ghastly symmetry, arm-bone to arm-bone, thigh-bone to thigh-bone, in a compact pile, with a mass of upheaped skulls;' but this spectacle was less ghastly than a sight which presented itself in an inner vault. This was 'the skeleton of an anchorite, who appeared to have been conveyed from the solitary cell in the mountains, just as he was found after encountering alone the terrors of the last enemy, fixed in the convulsive form that nature took in the parting struggle: the close-clenched hands, the emaciated head sunk on the bony chest, the attitude of agonizing supplication—with some few rags of his hair-shirt yet clinging to his frame—all gave to this skeleton the ghastliness of life in death, and told of long years of self-inflicted penance and solitary agony endured by its parted tenant.' What a picture! But adjoining there was a fully more extraordinary exhibition. 'In a box close by were the remains of two hermits, traditionally brothers, of exalted station, who, binding themselves by the leg with a chain, also wore out a life of penitence and prayer in the adjacent mountain. Could we know the histories of those whose mouldering relics lie here before us, how often, indeed, might truth appear stranger than fiction, reality beyond the wildest visions of romance!'

We have now, we think, presented a sufficient specimen of the contents of this pleasing book of travel, and shall hasten to a conclusion. From Sinai Mr Bartlett and his party proceeded to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, where, procuring an escort of Arabs, he proceeded to Petra, a deserted city, abounding in elegant rock carvings, in the recesses of the land of Edom. Petra, which has latterly been frequently described, did not fall short of the traveller's expectations. During the occupancy of Syria by the Romans, it was an entrepôt of commerce between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as it had been centuries before; and now it became enriched with those Greek and Roman monuments which survive till the present day. By the Saracens the place was utterly sacked, and rendered desolate. Mr Bartlett's sketches of the defaced but still magnificent sculptures in Petra are the most valuable in the book; while his descriptions convey a good general idea of the locality and its singular appearance. Prophecy, as is well known, points to the desolation of Edom, and its present condition closely accords with the fate which was said to await it. But our author takes leave to say that 'a minute application of particular passages in a well-known work [Keith ?] on the subject is not borne out by facts. The passage, "None shall pass through it for ever," alluded, doubtless, to the total breaking up of the great commercial routes, as well as its general abandonment and ruin; and not, as is fancifully supposed in the work in question, to the utter exclusion even of a single passenger or traveller, inasmuch as caravans of Arabs are, and probably ever have been, in the habit of going to and fro in different directions; and

Digitized by Google

numerous travellers also of late years passed unharmed through the length and breadth of the land.'

Here we take leave of Mr Bartlett, again recommending his volume to attention at this festive season, and venturing a hope that he will next year present us with an equally agreeable production of his pen and pencil.

ROBERT BLUM.

Among the remarkable characters thrown up from the depths to the surface of society by the recent continental revolutions, not one perhaps is more remarkable than Robert Blum, one of the leaders of the German republican party. The following is an outline of the fortunes of this individual, as given in the newspapers; and it will be admitted that if the history were fully written, it would indeed 'furnish one of the most remarkable of biographies, full of vicissitude and suffering, but showing an energy of mind continually rising superior amid every struggle, and crowned at last by success and fame, only to close by a bloody death.'

He was born on the 10th of November 1807 (the birthday of Luther, it is remarked) at Cologne, on the Rhine. His father was a student, who failed in his examination for the church, and became first a cooper, and afterwards a needle-maker, but could scarcely earn his bread in either trade from bad health. He died, leaving three children; and the mother contracted a second marriage with a day-labourer, one of the class that lives by loading and unloading the barges on the Rhine. This man had children by a former marriage, and the union of the two families increased the misery of both. In the disastrous years 1816 and 1817 they were brought down to absolute starvation, and the boy Robert was obliged to contribute to the existence of all by his talents for—begging! Even at this early age he had a certain gift of language, a power of persuasion that was difficult to resist; and it is recorded that, by his pathetic description of the dreadful condition of the family, he opened the heart of an old miserly uncle, who had never before been known to part with a penny, but who sent him home loaded with a supply of food, and enriched with a piece of silver!

A sister of his father subsequently paid the small sum required for his attendance at the Jésuits' school, and his progress was so rapid as to excite wonder. He then became one of the boys who attend the priest during the celebration of mass, having in the intervals of the services to watch the open church. In these solitary hours, instead of becoming impressed with the solemnity of the place, he fell into religious doubts, especially on one of the principal tenets of the Catholic church. He explained them to the priest, and was enjoined a penance for his presumption. He refused to perform it, and left church and priest to seek his fortune elsewhere. He did not possess the 'letter of recommendation'—a good countenance; but, among his other fatalities, had to struggle against the unfavourable impressions made by his ungainly, not to say repulsive, appearance. He became first the shop-boy of a tinman, and then the general servant and candle-snuffer of a theatre—exhibited talents and honesty, and was made cashier and money-taker. He followed the manager from town to town for some years, collected books, read, and at last wrote for the annuals and journals with great success. At length he fixed himself in Leipsic as a bookseller, plunged into politics, and showed that he possessed unequalled powers of eloquence—powers that not even his opponents could deny, and which frequently they could not resist.

His influence over the people became immense, and more than once he proved it by restraining them within the bounds of peace and order. He was chosen a member of the municipality; and when the German Diet was summoned at Frankfort, under the new system, he was immediately elected one of the deputies for Saxony. In it he was the recognised leader of the extreme Left, or Liberals. When the emperor of Austria fled from Vienna the last time, Blum was deputed by the Frankfort Assembly to bear to the Viennese the resolution of the Assembly, that Vienna had deserved well of Germany. Unfortunately for him (but whether it will prove to be unfortunate for the country at large remains to be seen), he was taken prisoner, tried by a court-martial, and his life has been the sacrifice. A violent protest against his imprisonment, signed by Blum, and handed in to the military authorities, expedited, if it did not occasion his execution. The protest was delivered in at four o'clock the 8th November; at six o'clock M. Blum was tried, and at half-past seven he was led out to be shot. About an hour and a-half before the time of execution, a chaplain was deputed to visit him, and prepare him for death, of which he had as yet had no notice. At first he *could* not believe the messenger of death, but the gloomy tidings were soon corroborated by official intelligence. He afterwards appeared quite calm and collected, remarking to the chaplain, 'You know, perhaps, that I am a German Catholic; I trust, therefore, you will exempt me from auricular confession.' The minister, being of his own persuasion, of course assented. Blum then begged a little time to write to his wife, children, and mother, which was granted. Afterwards the chaplain and he conversed a good deal together. Blum was still very calm, and expressed his pleasure that he had become acquainted with such a 'worthy and truly Christian man.' 'I wish,' said he, 'to leave you a remembrance, but I have only my hair-brush left; will you accept that from me, and thereby afford me my last pleasure?'

He was now summoned to proceed to death. An officer approached to put him in irons, but he said, 'I will die as a free German; you will believe my word that I will not make a ridiculous attempt to escape; spare me your chains.' His request was granted, and the procession moved on, guarded by *two thousand* military. As they proceeded, Blum was much affected, and wept. But he was soon calm again, and remarked to those with him, 'Yes, Robert Blum has wept, but *not the delegate Blum—he* dies with a free conscience; but the husband, the father—I thought of my dear wife and children.'

About half-past seven they arrived at the place of execution. Blum stepped out of the carriage, and inquired who was to shoot him. The answer was, the *Jäger*.' Blum replied, 'I am glad of that; the Jäger mark well: on the 26th of October they wounded me in the shoulder.' As they were going to blindfold him, he expressed a wish to die 'looking death in the face;' but the commanding officer told him that the Jäger would aim better if they did not see his eyes. Blum answered, 'Since that is the case, I willingly submit.' He then spoke his last words: 'I die for German freedom: for that I have fought. My country, forget me not!' As is the custom, the provost begged three times for mercy; after which nine men stepped forward, and fired: the two first balls struck him—one in the eye, and the other on the left side of the breast.

On Monday the news arrived in Leipsic, and caused much sensation. In the evening, a great town's meeting was held in the Odéon, when many resolutions were passed, among which were—'That all friends of Blum should wear signs of mourning, either on their hats or on their breasts'—'That his corpse should be brought to Leipsic'—and that an anniversary of his death should be held.' After the meeting, the people marched in great numbers to the Austrian consul's residence, and pulled down his coat of arms, and carried it to the market-place, where they first hung it upon a lamp-post, and afterwards trampled upon it, and smashed it to pieces. Other riots took place in the evening, but were suppressed by the Communal Guard. A much more satisfactory demonstration was made by the formation of a subscription-committee for the benefit of Blum's widow and four children.

In the meantime, the Frankfort Assembly has almost unanimously passed a decree, in which it protests 'before all Germany against the arrest and execution of the

Digitized by Google

deputy Robert Blum, which took place in contempt of the law of the empire of the 30th of September, and summons the ministry of the empire to take the most energetic measures to cause those persons to be tried and punished who took part, directly or indirectly, in his arrest and execution.' So much for the beggar boy of Cologne!

THE MISSPENT GUINEA.

I AM blest, or sometimes I am tempted to say troubled, with a domestic, whose long service in the family of forty years and upwards entitles her, in her own estimation, to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of an actual member of it; and as she has not a known relative living, and not a friend that I am aware of, except ourselves, poor Dolly's claims to consideration and compassion are certainly paramount, and of these she takes due advantage, lecturing, schooling, domineering, and prophesying by turns. The last-mentioned accomplishment is combined with fortune-telling, by means of a pack of singularly dirty cards, and also by the grounds that remain at the bottom of tea-cups: she is an adept at this; and not a marriage or death takes place in the family, even to the fourteenth cousinships, without Dolly foretelling it. She still adheres to the ancient quaint style of costume, formerly permitted to persons in her class: the short jacket and looped-up petticoat, the linen caps with broad borders, the black worsted hose, and thick high-heeled shoes, which, together with checked aprons, and housewifely ponderous pockets, like a pair of panniers balancing each other at her sides, complete her attire. Dolly is a weird, witherednooking crone now; but if traditionary lore reports truthfully, in her youth Dolly Mayflower was a comely arch damsel, winning hearts heedlessly, until her own turn came at length, and her own heart was given away, and well-nigh broken into the bargain, for the gallant sailor to whom she was betrothed perished in the war. Years and years have glided by since then, and she never but once alluded to this passage in her history, when she also displayed the hoarded relic of her life—a bunch of blue ribbons, Jamie's last parting gift. Blue is her favourite colour, the navy her standing toast; and never does a beggar, who gives himself out for an unlucky tar, equipped in straw-hat and naval jacket, solicit relief, but Dolly's soft heart melts, the huge receptacles for odd pence are dived into, and though often imposed on, her eyes continue wilfully blind. Report also speaks of Dolly's having been one of a happy and respectable family; but dark shadows rest over the details, and I never heard them explained until within the last few months, from Dolly's own lips; the circumstances leading to the recital were as follows:—

A lady of my acquaintance, the wife of an officer in the army, completed a beautiful present of her own handiwork, which she designed as an offering for the Princess-Royal on her birthday; but understanding that her gracious Majesty had altogether forbidden the practice of sending gifts to the royal children, her chagrin was unbounded, and loud and long were her lamentations over wasted time and worsteds. Dolly, who is of course a privileged personage, and knew the lady extremely well, volunteered her opinion and remarks—all tending, as she supposed, to consolation.

For *her* part, she would rather have any gift *rejected* than *accept* one from royal hands, however great the benefit or honour conferred!

Dolly, in making this announcement, displayed unusual agitation and vehemence of demeanour, but declined to afford explanation *then*, merely affirming that royal gifts always brought ill-luck to the recipients. Knowing her invincible obstinacy on every point where her ignorant prejudices or opinions were concerned, I made no remark, but patiently awaited the elucidation which I foresaw was forthcoming. Nor was I wrong in my supposition, as of her own accord she narrated the circumstances piecemeal, which I will put together for the reader's benefit; merely premising that Dolly related them in corroboration of a favourite superstition, entirely setting aside the useful lesson inculcated.

About thirty-six years ago, Dolly's father had presented a fine hale specimen of the honest English woodman, a hewer of forest giants, living amid the sweet scenes of nature. He was employed in thinning and felling some ancient plantations bounding the Duchess of Brunswick's grounds, at a part where the wooden palings had given way, separating the grounds from the adjacent park, thus leaving a picturesque gap, which gave to view the woodland glades, and green savannas, and the graceful fawns darting across in all directions. His son was working in company with Saul Mayflower, and a young girl of about sixteen rested on the prostrate trunk of a fallen tree, having brought the labourers' dinner from the village, entering by the park and through the gap. She was now waiting until the hungry men had finished their welcome meal; but she did not long sit still, for, with the wild exuberance of youthful innocent spirits, she bounded hither and thither, her fair locks streaming on the wind, her frolic laugh re-echoing through the glades, and her blue eyes lit up with animation and delight. Presently she espied a plank lying directly across the tree on which she had been seated. 'Oh what a beautiful see-saw, if I had but a playfellow!' she exclaimed; and as if her wish had been heard, just at that moment a young lady, apparently ten or eleven years old, plainly attired in a white frock and coarse straw-bonnet, emerged from the surrounding shrubberies, and standing still for a space to contemplate the group before her, suddenly bounded forward, and seated herself on the vacant end of the inviting plank. With shouts of laughter that were perfectly heartfelt, as if such liberty was novel and enchanting to the last degree, and she was determined to make the most of it, the young lady began singing, 'Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, down!' and not behind-hand was her companion, nothing loath to be so congenially met. They romped, they sang, and were in the height of their glorious merriment, when two stately ladies, attended by a venerable gentleman, came quickly forward, evidently in search of the runaway; but though the young lady appeared startled, she was not in the least daunted, and it seemed clear there would be a struggle for her own way. There was somewhat in her noble and truly English countenance which savoured of high spirit and command; and though she too was fair, with brown hair and blue eyes, how marked the contrast between herself and her peasant playfellow! Yet both were pretty creatures, and the latter looked the happiest and least thoughtful. Respectful remonstrances, and a whispered communication from one of the ladies, seemed to influence the charming little lady into regaining her decorous propriety again; she in her turn gravely advanced to the old gentleman and whispered a request, the import of which may be guessed from the fact of his taking out a purse, and with a low reverence placing in her hand a bright golden guinea. She then turned towards her late companion, pleasantly asking, 'What is your name?' and when the answer was given of 'Alice Mayflower,' rejoining, 'Mine is Charlotte: keep this for my sake; and sometimes remember our happy moments in the woods together.'

This golden guinea was transferred to Alice Mayflower's hand, and the young lady led off by her attendants; but more than once she looked back, nodding her head; and when the last shred of her white robe had disappeared, then, and not till then, did those she had left recover speech, for, said Saul Mayflower, 'That was the Princess Charlotte! I saw her alight from her carriage this very morning when she came to visit her grandmamma. God bless her—God bless her sweet face and kind heart!'

What an immense sum this golden guinea appeared to Alice Mayflower—what inexhaustible riches! She

Digitized by Google

hung it round her neck, suspended by a gay ribbon; but she looked at it so often, that at length she thought it would be very pleasant to have something prettier than that, which she might still wear in honour of the gracious donor. In the village a new shop was opened, and such splendid things were sold there! earrings—'real gold earrings,' the ticket said—for 'half a guinea;' still she would have 'a half' left; and the earrings were '*so* lovely'—'such a bargain!' Why should not *she* have earrings? There was Nelly Smith had a pair of coral ones, and Sally Muggins had a necklace. Poor Alice Mayflower! she needed a mother's care: she had lost hers at her first entrance into the world. Her only sister, nearly fifteen years her senior, was in distant service, for Saul Mayflower could not support two daughters at home; and Alice cooked and washed for her father, and kept the cottage neat. And Saul loved her so tenderly—the youngest darling of his age, so fair and frolicsome she was too—that he fairly spoilt her, and could not bear to say *nay* when he ought to have done so.

When Alice sported her earrings, he chided her for changing the royal gift for such thriftless baubles; but when he saw how well she became them, as she tossed her head, shaking back the luxuriant curls to show them off better, what more could he say? It was an innocent wish to possess the finery after all. Alas! weak father, in after-days you looked back with bitter remorse and self-reproach for not having checked in the bud those first insidious approaches of the enemies to domestic purity and peace—female vanity, and the love of finery and display. Alice had still another half-guinea remaining; but she never rested till that was also gone: it seemed to burn her neck as it hung there. Bright colours would show off her earrings to better advantage; and having once given way to her ruling passion, and found that it reigned paramount to all other considerations, it was not long ere she found the means to gratify it more fully than she could ever hope to do in her poor father's cot, clad in the homely garb of her station. A lady of fashion, whose villa residence was situated in the vicinity of Alice Mayflower's native village, having just parted with her personal attendant, required a 'good-looking' young woman to fill the vacant situation; and many circumstances, all trivial in themselves, but tending towards the same conclusion, finally ended in the inexperienced Alice becoming lady's-maid on short notice, and after but little consideration.

Saul wished the lady with whom his Alice was to live had been older, and not quite so gay and flighty; but he had not the heart to prevent his dear child's aggrandizement, for she intreated his leave to go. She longed to see the world, and the wages promised were most liberal. Perhaps the father's strongest reason for consenting was, that he found times were 'not so good as they had been;' the woodman's employment must fail as age crept on, and it was as well Alice should make friends for herself. Alice would often, very often, come and see him when *they* (for already she classed herself with her mistress) were not in London; and so she departed, full of gaiety and pleasurable anticipations.

To follow poor Alice Mayflower's downward progress were needless, as well as painful. Suffice it to say, that the lady to whose care she was confided was one who, provided that her domestics were honest towards herself, and contributed to *her* comfort, inquired and concerned herself no further. Alice fell into evil company. Her associates were unprincipled, and her career of vanity and folly ended by her being detected in the act of secreting articles beneath her shawl in a lace-shop, whither she had been sent on a commission from her lady. A valuable piece of Mechlin lace was found in her possession on her trunks being searched; she was committed to prison; her mistress, horror-struck, would have nothing to say on her behalf, but utterly abandoned her; and she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Who may tell of the father's agony and despair? The poor honest man was utterly struck down: deprived of speech, and of the use of his limbs, the dreaded workhouse received him; for with all her exertions, his eldest daughter could not keep him from *that*, and soon his gray hairs were brought down in sorrow to the grave: and who could mourn when it closed over him? Misfortunes, it is commonly said, never come singly; and at the period when his aid was so much needed, Saul Mayflower's only son had been injured by the fall of a tree which he was engaged in felling. After he had lingered for many weeks in an hospital, death terminated his sufferings.

'And all this misery was accounted for,' sobbed Dolly, 'by my unhappy sister receiving that fatal royal gift of a golden guinea. Oh! wo the day when Alice hung it round her white neck, for it was an evil day for us all! But she died penitent, and sleeps in the convict's grave far, far away. Poor thing—poor thing!'

'Has it never struck you, my good, dear Dolly,' said I, 'that the fault existed in your sister's mind, and might have been brought out by a thousand other circumstances as well as the trifle you blame?'

'But would she ever have got the earrings, if it hadn't been for the guinea?' urged Dolly, indignant at my stupidity. 'Why, ma'am, if our own dear sovereign lady was to offer me, with her own fair hands, a bit o' gold with her beautiful likeness stamped on it, do you think I'd dare take it?'

'I do not think you will ever be tried, good Dolly,' answered I, 'or I wouldn't be *too* sure of the result, seeing that your capacious pockets often need replenishing; for begging sailors are singularly numerous at our gate, and snuff is a dear luxury—is it not, Dolly?'

THE DIFFERENT EUROPEAN RACES.

At a moment like the present, when the various contests now agitating this quarter of the globe are assuming an aspect of strife betwixt race and race, some short review of the different European races may not be uninteresting.

At the spread of the Roman power, two great nations occupied the greater part of western Europe—the Celts and Iberians. That event, and the subsequent irruption of the Teutonic tribes, which overran the Roman Empire, led at last to an amalgamation of the invaders and invaded, and thus those two races have to a considerable extent lost their individuality—the Iberians, indeed, almost wholly so. Their blood is still the prevailing element in the population of most of the countries of western Europe; but the unmixed nations of their lineage are now comparatively few. In the early days of Rome the Celts inhabited Gaul, the British islands, and parts of Spain and Italy. At present they are the natives of the greater part of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and Isle of Man, calling themselves 'Gael;' and the people of Wales, Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, who are termed 'Kymry.' Those two divisions of the Celtic family have distinct dialects of their ancient language, which they all still retain except the Cornish, who lost theirs in the beginning of the last century, after having been on the decline for generations. The last who spoke it were the fishermen and market-people about the Land's End. Celtic blood is much mingled in the nations of Spain and Italy; and in France, notwithstanding the many settlements of invaders, the main stock of the population is undoubtedly Celtic. On consideration this will not appear surprising: the Romans, the first conquerors of France, were partly of Celtic origin themselves, as is apparent from their language; and the Franks, the subsequent invaders, were never so numerous as the original inhabitants who remained. In the east and south of France, in the parts appropriated by the Burgundians and Visigoths, and in Normandy, the settlement of the Northmen, the Teutonic admixture is most obvious; in Brittany, as

Digitized by Google

before-mentioned, the inhabitants are pure Celts; in Gascony (so called from the Vascones), Iberian blood probably predominates. In person the Celts are spare and hardy. There have been many disputes as to their original complexion: Cæsar speaks of them as red-haired: they are now, however, much darker than their Teutonic brethren; their eyes are generally black or gray; they are active in mind and body, impetuous, imaginative, hospitable, from their old clan-customs more obedient to persons than principles, and more devoted to kindred than country. Their greatest evil is an unhappy proneness to intestine strife, which has been beyond doubt the most potent cause of their decline in those countries they once exclusively possessed.

Our earliest notices of the Iberians are as the inhabitants of the Spanish Peninsula, whence they pushed themselves into Southern Gaul, Sardinia, and Corsica. As a distinct people they have nearly disappeared. Modern investigation tends to prove that the Basques of Spain and France are their representatives. In all those countries where they once dwelt—Spain, Portugal, Gascony, Sardinia, &c.—they still form an important ingredient in the very diversified population; a diversity in appearance, temperament, language, and costume, which, visible all over southern Europe, is nowhere perhaps so strongly-marked as in Spain—diversity owing to the variety in surface and climate, and deficiency in internal communication keeping alive the characteristics of the many races who from age to age have colonised or conquered there—Celt and Iberian, Greek and Roman, Teuton and Moor. The tall Catalan, in long red cap, and long sash-girt trousers, with his rough manner and restless enterprise, is different from the sullen, listless Murcian: the affable but treacherous Valencian, with animated features, and loose mantle, chequered like the Scottish tartan, is the reverse of the grave, stately, high-minded Castilian: while the Andalusian—boastful, graceful, and gay, the dandy of Spain—is the very antipode of the simple, honest Gallego, in his coarse garb and hobnailed shoes. Teutonic blood is more evident in Galicia, Asturias, and Catalonia than elsewhere in the Peninsula; Moorish blood in the south; and Iberian, or Celt-Iberian, in the other provinces. The Basques, the representatives of the Iberians, are a bold, sturdy population. Their character comprises many valuable qualities—honesty, frugality, cheerfulness, industry, and a high spirit of independence. Of the origin of the older Italian nations—the Etruscans, Umbrians, &c.—we know nothing for certain. The Celts had undoubtedly large possessions in Italy, and the Iberians probably some colonies. The Greeks had also large settlements. Indeed Sicily and South Italy, called from this circumstance Magna Græcia, were to a great extent colonised by them. On the downfall of Rome, the Teutonic tribe of the Longobards settled in, and gave their name to, Lombardy. In the middle ages, the Normans and Spaniards conquered in the south, and the Saracens also in Sicily. From all these circumstances, and the subdivision of the country into independent states, the population is of almost as varied a character as in Spain. The steady, plodding Lombard shows his Teutonic origin; the Greek is the predominating element in the mercurial Piupolitan.

Germany and Scandinavia were the original countries of the Tentons, and in those countries they still continue unadulterated. The various proportions of their admixture with the population in southern Europe has been already noticed. The unmixed nations of this race are the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Icelanders, Dutch, and by far the greater proportion of the Swiss, English, Lowland Scotch, and British colonists in the north of Ireland. The Belgians are chiefly Teutons, too, with a mingling of French blood. The Teutons are the most widely-spread of all the European races. The qualities most prominent in their character, and which have contributed mainly to their present diffusion and progress, are enterprise, patience, and perseverance; generally speaking, they are more orderly and more industrious, more reserved and graver in demeanour than their neighbours. In person they are of good size and robust, light or brown haired, and blue or brown eyed. As they occupy almost exclusively their various countries, they require a briefer notice than has been bestowed on the more complicated races.

Another widely-diffused race, the Slavonians, is spread over eastern Europe. The nations of their stock are the Russians and Poles, the Bohemians, Moravians, Carinthians, Carniolans, and Wendes, in Germany; the Slovaks, in Hungary; the Crotts, Slavonians, Servians, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Bosniaks, and Bulgarians. With generally excellent qualities of head and heart, the Slavonians are in a much less advanced state of civilisation than the majority of the nations of western Europe. Feudalism prevails amongst them still. In the present day, the project of a Panslavonia, or great United Slavonic Empire, has been broached; but we fear such a powerful union of half-civilised states would be anything but favourable for the progress of European liberty and refinement.

Without reckoning the more mixed races—the French, Spaniards, &c.—the number of the comparatively pure races already enumerated has been estimated as follows:—

Celts, about	9,000,000
Iberians,	600,000
Teutons (in Europe and America),	82,000,000
Slavonians,	70,000,000

The other great families inhabiting Europe are the Asiatic race of the Magyars of Hungary, and the Fins who dwell in the north of Europe; though these two nations have a similar origin and cognate languages, there is no resemblance between them in manners or person. The Magyars are a handsome social people; the Fins, though honest and hospitable, are gloomy and repulsive in manner, and of sinister uncouth appearance, which was probably the cause of their old reputation for necromancy, which they retain even still with some of our own sailors. To the Finnish race belong the Laplanders, Livonians, Esthes, &c. The Vlaches of Wallachia and Moldavia (the former Dacia), and the fierce natives of Albania (the old Illyria), are supposed to be the aborigines of those countries. The once glorious nation of the Greeks is still a fine people, though now in a semi-civilised condition, very different from their former high estate. They are not confined to Greece, but spread largely over European Turkey, the coasts of Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and Levant.

And now that, in the present day, the project has been started by Germans and Slavonians of collecting the various nations of the same race under the same government, it may not be improper to consider a little its merits. Its objects are to confirm and strengthen nationality, and preserve a greater degree of peace. The preservation of nationality is both desirable and praiseworthy, and should be with every nation a primary care. In other respects we fear this plan will be less advantageous. An amalgamation of races has (in western Europe at least) been invariably found beneficial. The present progressive character of the British people has by many been attributed to the circumstance of their being so much mixed; and this will appear to have considerable show of reason, when we reflect that the Teutons and Celts are races so contrasted, that the deficiencies in one are almost invariably the prominent characteristics of the other—Teutonic perseverance and patience, and Celtic impetuosity and quickness of perception; Celtic social graces, and Teuton practical ability. Teutonic intellect is generally considered profounder and slower than the Celtic. The first people of the feudal days, in force of character and military prowess, was unquestionably the Normans. In the various countries of their conquests they exhibited a more enduring mental energy than the Celts, more mental activity than the Teutons, proceeding from their being a compound of the two races. In the present day,

Digitized by Google

the Provençals of France and the Catalans of Spain are the least unmixed nations of their respective countries, and both mentally and physically are certainly inferior to no other Spaniards or Frenchmen.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A loud and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells!
All hail! with happy gladness, to the well-known chant that swells:
We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
And lure the tidings that proclaim Old Christmas once again.
But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound,
A rich key-note whose echo runs through all the music round;
Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace dome,
For these alone are carol chimes that bless a Christmas home.
ELIZA COOK.

Amrost the disturbances of these agitated times, which have more or less affected every link in the chain of society, Christmas—merry Christmas—offers a delightful relief. With this high festival are associated joy, peace, and happiness. Those who have perhaps been separated during the rest of the year, meet then around the household altar, and thus a species of home religion is established which has a more beneficial effect than most people imagine. This social gathering creates and keeps alive bright sympathies in the heart—

> 'As 'mid the waste, an isle of fount and palm
> For ever green'——

From time immemorial Christmas has been the most prominent festival in the calendar of 'man's devotion,' and in all Christian countries it has been hailed as a season of holy joy and gladness. In the primitive church no holiday was so marked by ceremonies.

On the three first Thursdays of December, young people went round to the different houses, singing in honour of the approaching anniversary, and wishing the inhabitants 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year,' upon which they were presented with fruit and money. Our modern 'Waits' are in imitation of this custom; they are not always 'most musical,' and but indifferent substitutions for the joyous carols of early times. In many country places there yet exists a custom for the village choir to visit the houses of the principal residents, and perform a selection of music relative to the season, when their vocal and instrumental powers are in full force; and although the sounds may not be quite in unison with a delicate ear, yet they are expressive of good-feeling and kindliness of heart, and thus there is no small pleasure in listening to these rural musicians.

The Eve or Vigil of Christmas was formerly distinguished by various sports and observances, which commenced about eight o'clock in the evening, when hot cakes and ale were distributed, and carols were chanted. The singing was continued during the greater part of the night, whilst the Yule log and Christmas candles shed their cheerful glow in the lordly mansion and lowly cot. Although most of these antique customs have departed, burning the Yule log is still continued in some parts of England, more particularly in the north. Carol singing is of very ancient origin, and yet prevails on the Continent. In our island, the fashion is nearly discarded: where it is retained, it has lost much of its original character, and it is now confined to the humbler classes. Leland remarks, 'In the medell of the hall sat the deane and thoes of the king's chapell, whiche incontynently after the king's furst course singe a *carall*.' Instead of the psalms for Christmas day being read, it was customary, particularly during the evening service, for these festal hymns to be chanted, when the voices of the whole congregation were united, the clerk concluding by wishing in an audible voice, 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year' to all the parishioners. The earliest known collection of carols supposed to have been published is one of which the last leaf bears that it was printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1521. It is now in the Bodleian Library.*

In Queen's College, Oxford, it is customary for a boar's head to form part of the fare on Christmas day. It is decorated with a wreath of bays and rosemary, and a lemon is placed in the mouth. This dish is carried into the hall on the shoulders of two men, preceded by the scholars and taberders, one of the latter, who is considered to have the finest voice, singing the following carol, and all the members of the college assembled at dinner joining in the chorus:—

> The boar's head in hand bear I,
> Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
> And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
> *Quod estis in convivio.*
> *Caput Apri defero,*
> *Reddens laudes Domino.*
>
> The boar's head, as I understand,
> Is the rarest dish in all this land,
> Which thus bedecked with a gay garland,
> *Let us service contive.*
> *Caput Apri defero,*
> *Reddens laudes Domino.*
>
> Our steward hath provided this
> In honour of the King of Bliss,
> Which on this day to be served is
> In *regimento atrio.*
> *Caput Apri defero,*
> *Reddens laudes Domino.*

There is an older version of this carol given by Ritson in his book of Ancient Psalms. This ceremony has reference to an antiquated story of a boar having in days of yore been killed by a taberder of Queen's College with a Greek Testament.

In the Isle of Man, an absurd and cruel custom formerly existed. After divine service on Christmas eve, which was performed at night, the people hunted and killed a wren, which they carried in much state to the church, and buried with many superstitious rites. In Spain, the festivities of Christmas eve in the olden times were not of a very decorous character. All the shops, stalls, booths, and warehouses were illuminated and crowded with visitors—it was a time of general merriment. Every one who could afford it provided a supper, which invariably consisted of rice-milk, a turkey, a large tart, sweetmeats, and the best wines, according to the ability of the entertainer. The company spent much of the night in dancing and private theatricals. Before their separation, a manger was represented, containing the Virgin and the infant Jesus, surrounded by Joseph, the shepherds, an ox and an ass. These were arranged on a little stage brilliantly illuminated. Some of these mangers were very costly, and frequently brought into Spain from Bohemia a short time before Christmas. During the celebration of midnight mass, the greatest license prevailed. The congregation pelted the priests with apples and chestnuts, the *sequadilla* was played, and at the conclusion of the service the *fandango* was permitted. *Villancicos*, or Christmas staves, set to the most popular airs, were sung; but they bore no semblance of devotion, and were performed in all the theatres during the first four weeks after Christmas. These unseemly and irreverent proceedings have, however, been discontinued for very many years. The Council of Braga, A.D. 563, strictly enjoined the commemoration of the Nativity, and directed anathemas to be pronounced on all those who did not duly honour this day of rejoicing. It was imagined by some, that as the Holy Child was born in a manger, the day should be kept in fasting and humility; but one of the Fathers observes, 'The contempt of the place was took off by the glory of the attendance and ministrations of angels.'

In the days of our forefathers, Christmas-day was that on which not only relations assembled, but the

* New Curiosities of Literature, and Book of the Months. By George Soane.

Digitized by Google

baronial hall was filled with retainers of every degree, 'keeping their Christmas holiday;' all partook of the bounty of their lord, which was bestowed with no sparing hand. Besides the ponderous baron of beef, roasted kid, venison pasties, and innumerable other good things, the festive board was graced by a peacock, which, according to a manuscript in the possession of the Royal Society, was roasted, after which the feathers were replaced by a skilful *artiste*. This manuscript says, 'Let hym (the peacock) coole awhile, and take and sowe hym in hys skyn, and gilde his combe, and so serve hym for the last cours.' The wassail bowl, whose merits are the theme of many an old Saxon ballad, was garlanded with holly and divers-coloured ribbons, and duly honoured by the 'goodly companie;' the evergreens which decorated the groined roof of the 'bannered hall'

'Looked down while pledging draughts were poured;'

and metheglin and hippocras went freely round. After the feast entered morris dancers, and the Lord of Misrule, with his attendants gorgeously attired, exhibited their 'merrie disports' amidst minstrelsy and mirthful sounds. Then followed the dance, in which moved in measured steps the stately dame and knightly cavalier. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'brawls' were much in fashion. These were figure dances, in which Sir Christopher Hatton greatly excelled: to this circumstance, and to his graceful figure, much of his advancement in life has been attributed. Of this gentleman the poet Gray speaks in the following line:—

'My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls.'

Youth and age—rich and poor—all participated in the mirth attendant upon the season. It was truly a joyous time, and 'merriment was a matter of public concernment.' Huge logs blazed and crackled in the capacious chimney, and threw a bright glow over the old walls, wainscotted with black oak, which was almost hidden by the garniture of scarlet-berried holly and pearly mistletoe. A large piece of the latter was invariably suspended from the centre of the middle beam, beneath which many a young gallant saluted the blushing, maiden, as she rested for a moment beneath the mischievous branch.

In the olden times, the festivities of Christmas were such, that a nobleman's establishment was considered incomplete unless it included persons whose only duty was to arrange them. The sovereigns of England were wont to celebrate this glorious anniversary with great pomp: the royal castle of Windsor has not unfrequently been chosen as the scene of princely mirth; more particularly in the earlier days by William Rufus, Henry I., and John, and at a later period by Queen Elizabeth.

The 26th of December still retains the old appellation of 'Boxing-Day,' from the practice of giving money to domestics and the servants of different tradesmen. The origin of these Christmas-boxes is rather obscure; but it has been accounted for in the following manner, which explanation is perhaps as satisfactory as any that can be obtained:—'The Romish priests had masses said for almost everything. If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a box in her under the protection of some saint; and for masses to be said for them to that saint, &c. the poor people must put something into the priest's box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called *Christmass;* the box called *Christmass-box*, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be said by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this the servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the trick of the proverb, "No penny, no paternosters."'

Christmas is observed at present in Norway and Sweden much as it used to be in England. In the former country, on the morning of the festal day, the roads are thronged with sledges conveying visitors to their destinations; and the bells, which decorate the harness of the hardy little horses, make a merry tinkling in the clear frosty air. The day begins with divine service. The churches are remarkable for all absence of architectural ornament, which accords well with the simplicity of the Lutheran form of worship. The congregations are large, and evince the greatest devotion in their demeanour. The service being over, relations and neighbours assemble at different houses according to invitation, where refreshments are partaken of before dinner. This luncheon consists of a variety of viands and liqueurs; for those ladies who prefer them, sweet cordials and confectionary are provided.

This preliminary repast is scarcely ended, before dinner is announced, and the guests meet at a table supplied with

——'All eatable, cookable things,
That e'er tripped upon trotters or soared upon wings.'

Between the courses national songs are sung, and many toasts are given; the burden of them being prosperity and happiness to all.

In the evening, five boys attired in white mantles enter; the tallest holding a coloured lantern shaped like a star, and another bearing an illuminated glass box containing two wax dolls, one of which represents the Virgin, and the other the infant Jesus in a cradle. A bit of candle is moved by machinery from side to side over the cradle, signifying the Star in the East which guided the magi to the feet of the 'Young Child.' During this exhibition a carol is chanted, explanatory of the mystery. Another band of masked performers then appear, dressed *à la militaire;* their uniforms are generally rather tattered from long service, and are profusely covered with tinsel. These masquers perform a pantomime, and various antic sports, for the amusement of the lookers-on: they always meet with a welcome at every house, and are hospitably entertained. After numerous divertisements, the company are summoned to supper; that being over, and a short time spent in smoking by the gentlemen, and by the ladies in chatting, fur cloaks, boots, caps, and gloves are in great requisition; and sledges fly swiftly over the snow, glittering in the bright moonlight, bearing happy guests from the mansion of their hospitable entertainers to their own homes.

The Swedes likewise are remarkable for their sociality; and at this celebration every one unites in promoting the festivities of the season, which much resemble those of the *olden time* in England, when mere feasting was not deemed sufficient, unless accompanied by an interchange of kindly feelings. The churches are crowded; the service commences at six o'clock in the morning; at the conclusion, the minister reads from a manuscript entitled *Personalia* the names of those who have recently died in the parish; he makes some comments on their good or bad deeds, and ends by remarking on the uncertainty of life, or some other equally impressive subject. The dwellings of all classes are thoroughly renovated, and the rooms littered with straw, in memory of the birthplace of our Saviour being a stable. Every comfort and luxury, as far as means will permit, are provided; and in the midst of their own rejoicing, the peasants never forget the inferior order of the creation. An almost universal custom exists amongst them of tying an unthrashed sheaf of corn to a pole, which they place in their gardens, or some spot contiguous to their dwellings, for the benefit of the birds, which always suffer severely from the inclemency of the weather at this season. These kind-hearted and hospitable people assign as a reason for this act of charity, that on this great anniversary all creatures should have the means of rejoicing afforded to them. Supper is on this day the chief repast, after which masked figures enter the room dressed in a grotesque manner; one carries a little bell, the other a large basket, containing a variety of presents, which are conferred upon the family and guests. Throughout Sweden, the hearty good-feeling

Digitized by Google

and cordiality with which this festival is observed extends to all classes, and is the admiration of foreigners.

In England, many ancient customs are falling into disuse—scarcely more than a shadow remains; yet, as far as is consistent with innocent mirth and harmless enjoyment, let us rescue them from extinction, and encourage their observance, and may the spirit of festivity ever accompany the feast!

'Beautifully and truly is it said "work is worship," and in like measure and like manner enjoyment is thanksgiving;' therefore these celebrations should not be observed merely from custom, but from respect to the advent they are intended to commemorate, and from the gratitude which the holy season should awaken; and as our household walls glisten with cheerful holly—

'Oh let there be some hallowed bloom to garland with the rest—
All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowerets in the breast;
For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas home!'

Saddened spirits there may and will be as each revolving Christmas-day bears witness to the loss of some long-loved companion, and when memory calls up the forms of the dead or absent; untold cares too may 'rule the hour which seems to belong to the mirthful present;' but generally it is a happy season, and rightly so. We conclude with a wish that the Christmas peal may never fail to arouse the best sympathies of our hearts, inducing those who are blessed with the good things of this life to seek to render it also a season of rejoicing for the poor and needy.

Column for Young People.

THE JACKAL.

'Oh, papa,' said a little boy one evening, in India, entering in haste into the drawing-room, 'will you take me upon your knee, for I love to sit there, and then I will relate to you my adventure of this afternoon!'

'Certainly, dear Johnny,' said Mr Smith, stroking the white curly head of his little darling. 'Come: now you have your place upon "Old Dobbin," as you call my two legs, pray proceed with your wonderful adventure.'

'Oh, papa, it was not wonderful. Did I call it so? If you give it that name, I shall think that you are making fun of me.'

'No, no, my pet,' said Mr Smith encouragingly. 'Let us have your narrative: you know that I like to hear all your little tales and stories; that I like to be your confidant; so prattle on, and you will find a patient and delighted listener in your papa.'

Johnny had regained his self-possession by this time, and thus proceeded:—'You know, papa, that my uncle at Hourah promised me a drive this evening, because I said my lesson in grammar to-day to mamma without a single mistake; so about six o'clock he passed our house and took me up. We certainly had a delightful drive of a mile or two; and I enjoyed the cool breeze upon my face; I even took off my bonnet, and let my curls fly about my head hither and thither; for in this hot weather there is no fear of catching cold. I saw several carriages and buggys with fine ladies and gentlemen, and the ladies looked quite cool and comfortable without bonnets, and their snow-white veils just thrown over their heads, fluttering in the breeze. Well, after we had seen all this, and passed some pretty houses, fine gardens, dark-looking groves, and tall cocoa-nut trees, we were about ten minutes' drive from home; and in the middle of the street was a mob collected; "Johnny," said uncle, "what can this be!" and he drew in his horse, and made him proceed slowly to where the people were. As we came closer, we heard a great chattering, and the crying of an infant. Uncle gave the reins to Sadoo the groom, who, you know, meets us always on our way home from driving, and for a short distance can keep up wonderfully with the horse, and we walked into the midst of the crowd.

"Well, my friend," said uncle, addressing an old Brahmin, who was holding the squalling baby in his arms, "has any accident happened?"

"Yes, *maharaz* (or my lord): as I was in yonder grove plucking some wild flowers to strew upon the shrine of Mahadeo, I heard a plaintive cry of an infant, and lo and behold there was a thieving, prowling jackal dragging this child by the nape of the neck, and making all the haste he could to a hedge of Mysore thorn. See, here are all the marks of the rascal's teeth; and see also how he has made this tender cheek bleed. I of course made a great clamor, and brought around me a number of the neighbours, and we succeeded in rescuing the child; but who its unfortunate mother is we do not as yet know."

'The old man had scarcely stopped, when we saw a nice young woman coming up also. She approached, as we had done, from curiosity, and was carrying a *ghurrah*, or water-vessel, upon her hip. She almost covered her face, and respectfully asked the old Brahmin to let her also see the poor infant. But scarcely had she fixed her eyes upon it, when her ghurrah fell out of her arm, and broke into a hundred pieces; she rushed to the baby, pressed it to her bosom, beat her forehead, and began to cry out, "Why, oh why did I leave you? Oh my darling, my darling!"

"Be composed," said my uncle: "as you are the mother, the child is in good hands. Seat yourself, my good woman, upon the footboard of the buggy. I will drive you to my house, and we will do the needful for your child's injuries."

'So, after the mother and child were comfortably seated, away we drove; and as soon as uncle arrived at home, he sent for some warm water, and the child was carefully washed and dried, and uncle spread some plaster, and handed it to the woman.

"What am I to do with this, unharaz!—the baby cannot eat this!" We could hardly help laughing at her ignorance, although we were sorry for the baby; so uncle applied the plasters with his own hands; but the mother, although she seemed pleased and thankful, asked whether saffron and chunain or lime would not be better, as the Bengalees found that good for all sores and aches.

'Uncle smiled, and added, "Perhaps you may find my plasters better for *once*, my good woman; so continue them: and here is a rupee for you to buy a cradle and a piece of blanket; and do not again forget to close the door after you when you are obliged to leave your baby, and go to the tank for water." The poor mother seemed crying; she touched my uncle's feet with her forehead, and kissing and hugging her child, we watched her for a time as she slowly walked towards her hut amongst the neem trees.'

'Well, Johnny,' said Mr Smith, 'I must say you have told your adventure well and intelligibly; but you must not suppose now that jackals live *always* upon children: it is not often that they venture into the habitation of man to seize a living infant. A jackal is a great coward, and generally prowls about at night. Solitary jackals are constantly seen; but in the dark nights, as you know, they go in packs, and their cry is dismal. Much as we dislike these animals, they have their uses in creation. The jackal and the vulture may be named the chief scavengers of our Indian cline; but for their voracious and unfastidious appetite, many a dead carcase would remain, giving out unwholesome evaporations, and make this land of fever and cholera more unhealthy than it already is.

'It was only the other day that I was breakfasting with Mr F——, when the head of the police came to report that some pilgrims had arrived from Benares in a boat, and as their homes were in one of the villages a little in the interior, they bivouacked under that tree where the butcher displays his meat, intending to go home the next day. Most of them found their way to the bazaars during the night, and but one poor, old, emaciated, careworn, moneyless pilgrim, lay down under that tree, never to rise again, for the jackals attacked the sick, feeble woman in the depth of the night, and almost picked her bones clean. If she had been able

Digitized by Google

to bestir herself a little, she might have scared her voracious enemies away; but she seems to have been unable either to call out or defend herself.

'It occasionally happens that a jackal gets rabid; and not many years since, a number of the natives, who, you know, just lie down in these hot months in the open air, or in the sheds which serve as verandas to their shops, were bitten, and got the hydrophobia; and although a reward was offered for the mad jackal, he was never caught nor killed. Jackals are fond of fruit, and if they can get access to a garden, are troublesome, and will come and devour our melons and cucumbers: they like the peaches, too, for which they watch under the trees as the ripe ones fall to the ground. The jack-fruit is a particular favourite with them; and as *that* is a fruit which grows low on the thick branches and trunks of the trees, and occasionally at the very root, sometimes underground even, the jackal has frequently an opportunity of stealing a jack, or rather of sharing it with its lawful owner. Some of these fruits, you know, are a weight for a man, although the greater part do not weigh more than four or five pounds.

'I daresay that the jackal is the animal which is spoken of in Scripture as the wild dog; for instance, those who ate up poor Jezabel's body: although the Pariah dog of our land, a poor neglected wretch, almost a personification of hunger, will greedily join in the same banquet with the vulture and jackal.

'Jackals can be tamed: but this is but seldom attempted. A doctor in my regiment, I recollect, made a pet of one, having first killed its mother in a chase: she took to the earth, and three cubs were found by the sportsmen. This denizen of the wood was fond of sugar, knew his own name, and would come readily when called; yet he had none of the attachment of a dog, and eventually ran off to his wild woods and carrion.

'The fox is frequently confounded with the jackal in India, but certainly not by the natives, who have distinct names for them. The Bengal fox never feeds on carrion, but is a clean, smart-looking little animal, about half the size of the jackal. I have seen a fox in the governor-general's park at Barrackpoor so tame, that she had nestled under one of the bungalows, which was raised from the ground, and fixed to make it dry, and produce a circulation of air under it. This creature might be seen sneaking out of her shelter in the dusk of the evening, and giving out a kind of faint pleasing bark; she would hunt for hours for grubs, grasshoppers, and crickets, which abound upon the beautiful sward. No one ever thought of coveting this fox's brush, Johnny: her life was held sacred; and I daresay the careful mother reared many a brood undisturbed under the protection of the Marquis of Hastings; the noble lord, perhaps, all the time ignorant who was sharing his favour. Now, my child, go and take your supper, and do not dream that a jackal is coming to carry off little Mary.'

CURIOSITIES OF BOILING WATER.

The higher we ascend, the less the pressure of the atmosphere becomes, and consequently, being to a certain extent removed from its surface, water boils at a much lower temperature than below. Many remarkable facts are dependent on this, for the nutritious principles in many kinds of common animal and vegetable food cannot be extracted at a temperature lower than 212 degrees, therefore those who live in very elevated regions, such as the plains of Mexico, &c. are deprived of many luxuries which their more fortunate, because less elevated, neighbours are capable of procuring. This is rather remarkable as relates to the monks of St Bernard, who live at the Hospice on the Alps at an elevation of 8000 feet. They are obliged to live almost entirely on fried, roasted, and baked food, as water there boils at 203 degrees, which is an insufficient heat to extract the nutritious properties from the food which they procure. Hence that isolated community, situated at the boundary of the beautiful Swiss valleys on the north, and the fertile plains of Piedmont on the south, seem, as it were, cut off from participating in many comforts, from the simple fact, that they cannot make their boiling water so hot as that of their neighbours below.—*Isaiah Deck.*

THE 'FRIEDHOF,' OR COURT OF PEACE.*

'Sweet sister, come, and let us roam away o'er the fine-arched bridge,
And gaze on the sparkling water beneath from the parapet's dizzy ridge;
Where the boats are sailing rapidly by, laden with fruit and flowers:
Away to the city behind the woods, where we see the tall dark towers.'

'No,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer;
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

'Come, come, let us hie to the free broad road—the folks are all passing that way,
With cheerful voices and gaily decked—for you know it is festival-day.
The harps are twanging beneath the trees, and there's nothing save joy and singing:
And we shall hear o'er the valley lone all the bells so merrily ringing.'

'No,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer;
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

'There are whispering leaves down this green lane amid the old crofts and trees;
It is long and winding, but sweet scents float to allure the good honey-bees;
It leads to the solemn, cloistered pile, and over the beautiful plains
Soft musical winds for ever sweep past, as if murmuring anthem strains.

'So,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

This brother and sister were parted wide; but when fleeting years rolled by,
He returned to his native land, to breathe a last and penitent sigh.
Mid the chequered scenes of a roving life—in hut or 'neath gorgeous dome—
These words still haunted the brother's heart, and recalled the wanderer home:

'For,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

Home of the prodigal! rest for the weary! the path of the just below
Hath pleasures in store for returning sons that wanderers never can know:
A day in the court of God's holy house is better than a thousand passed
'Mid the vain world's show, and will onward lead to the court of Heaven at last.

'Thus,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

C. A. M. W.

* Or 'burial-place,' in German.

TRUE TOLERANCE.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.—*Pope.*

KNOWLEDGE OF IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 261. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1848. Price 1½d.

FIRESIDE GAMES.

A SKETCH FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME.

Who does not love the hour between daylight and candlelight, the best of the twenty-four?—the hour of ruddy dusk round the fire, when the sense of home and its comforts is borne in most strongly upon the mind, when the business of the day is ended, and the pleasures of the evening begin. This hour, which is neither day nor night, when people can no longer see to work, and yet are reluctant to ring for light, is a sort of overture to the full concert of family harmony at and after tea. The curtains are not yet drawn, perhaps, and the last streak of day lingers about the windows; or perhaps it is frosty weather, and the shutters are already shut, and the ample curtains drawn close. The father of the family, tired with the toils of the day, leans back in his easy-chair on one side of the fire, and the mother sits opposite to him. The little ones toddle or run down from nursery and school-room; a shuffling of tiny feet is heard outside, and they peep in at the drawing-room door to know if they may come in. In they come of course; and papa and mamma are assailed with caresses and questions; and then comes a heap of mighty trifles that have befallen the small fry during the past day. Elder sons or daughters crouch down on ottomans close before the fire, book in hand, to catch the flickering light from a noisy coal. Mamma conjures them not to try their eyes by reading at firelight. Oh, they have only a few more words to finish that paragraph, &c. No, no; it cannot be allowed; they must shut up their books, and make themselves sociable and agreeable to the cadets of the family. 'Yes, certainly!' exclaims one of these last; 'put away your tiresome books, and let us all sit round the fire and play. Shall we, mamma? Do let us, papa.'

Papa and mamma are very willing to consent; and the family circle is quickly formed. They begin with—'Cross questions and crooked answers;' 'I carry a basket;' or 'I love my Love with an *A*.' But these games are not sufficiently interesting to keep up attention long; and one of the company, in a kind of desperation, 'Forces a laugh.' 'Ha!' cries he, looking into his neighbour's face; 'Ha!' answers she instantaneously; 'Ha!' says the next as quickly; 'Ha! ha! ha!' say they all, one after another, like lightning, till the merriment, instead of artificial, becomes natural, and the forced laugh ends in a general roar.

Encouraged by this successful effort of genius, a little boy starts up from a footstool, and looking down upon an imaginary drum, seizes a couple of visionary drumsticks, and begins to beat the tattoo upon nothing. Another, darting out his left hand, moves his right swiftly across it, and thus discourses most eloquent no-music upon the violin; another converts his two hands into a trumpet, which he blows with all his might; a young girl plays the Polka upon a phantom piano, while her sister strum-strums the back of a chair for a guitar; and even the papa, fired with the enthusiasm of art, but choosing an easy instrument, for fear of marring the concert, turns round a fictitious hurdy-gurdy *con strepitu*. And all the while each of the band sings out while he plays—'Row-de-dow goes the drum; twang, twang, goes the harp; toot, too, hoo, goes the horn; tweedle dee, tweedle dee, goes the violin,' &c. till mamma stops her ears and the music.

These games are too uproarious to last; and so, as they are sitting quietly down to recover themselves, the youngest child picks up a very light feather from the carpet, and blows it to his neighbour. The latter, in turn, blows it from him; and although some are indignant at the trifling nature of the amusement, not one can refrain from giving the feather a puff as it passes; and at last, when a stronger breath makes it mount into the air, it is wonderful to see the keen eyes and pursed-up lips that await its descent, and the eager competition that at last sets the whole circle puff-puffing at the same time.

> ——'Ye smile,
> I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while'—

but yet that feather, that enticing spirit of imitation, that puff-puffing, and that competition, might be the subjects of a homily too grave for Christmas-time!

A reaction, however, takes place. Some of the party (neither the youngest nor the oldest) are ashamed of having been betrayed into such silly enjoyment, and set themselves to recall to memory a newer and better game; one that requires more skill, and affords scope for the exercise of ready talent or an active memory.

'Capping verses' is an old game that seldom fails to please young people who have a good store of poetry in their heads. Then there is, 'What is my thought like?'—'How, when, and where did you find it?'—'Proverbs'—and others of the kind.

The best of these, as requiring most cleverness to play it well, is decidedly, 'What is my thought like?' This is still a general favourite; and some thirty years ago it was a very fashionable game among the highest classes. If, dear reader, you have been so intently occupied with the *business* of life that you have had no time to become acquainted with such things, ask the first girl of sixteen you meet how people play at 'What is my thought like?' and she will tell you all about it; and, unless you are a very dull individual (which we are loath to believe), she will make you competent to distinguish yourself in the game on the first opportunity. In the meantime, you may imagine that in a circle of young, old, or middle-aged persons—for the number of our years is of no consequence, if we have only sense enough to enjoy—an individual has con-

Digitized by Google

ceived the important thought on which the amusement is to hinge. This thought he writes down in secret, and then demands peremptorily of the company, one by one, 'What is my thought like?' Who can tell what an unknown thought is like? One replies at random that it is like the table; another that it is like a lamp-post; a third that it is very like a whale; and so on; and when all have answered, the written document is produced, and the thought declared. It is then the business of each of the guessers, under pain of a forfeit, to prove the resemblance he has ventured to suppose; and it may be imagined that some merriment is produced by the striking contrasts and wild incongruities of the two objects. On one occasion, when a party in high life were deeply engaged in the game, the mystic thought, when disclosed, proved to be 'Lord Castlereagh.' How could Lord Castlereagh be like a table, or a lamp-post, or a whale? Plutarch himself, one would think, could not have told, capital as he was at parallels; but when Moore, who was among the players, was rigorously ordered to describe the resemblance between his lordship and the thing he had himself named—a pump—the whole company gathered round the poet, eager to witness his discomfiture. Thomas the Rhymer opened his oracular lips without a moment's hesitation, and replied—

> 'Because it is an awkward thing of wood,
> That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
> And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
> In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!'

But of all these fireside games, the most charming, fascinating, tantalising, and difficult to achieve, is the making of cento verses. *Bouts-rimés* is very easy indeed compared with it, and consequently far inferior to it as an art. In case our readers should not know what cento verses are, we will quote for their enlightenment the following passage on the subject from D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.' 'In the "Scriberiad" we find a good account of the cento. A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry, it denotes a work wholly compounded of verses or passages taken promiscuously from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two—one-half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere, but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeably to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. The Empress Eudosia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, and Proba Falconia from Virgil.'

After speaking of such very elaborate performances, we are almost ashamed to offer our readers a few cento verses, the product of our own family circle. But as they may give them a moment's amusement, and will serve as an example of the kind of thing, we will set them down here:—

> 'On Linden when the sun was low,'
> 'A frog he would a-wooing go;'
> 'He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer:'
> 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'
>
> 'A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,'
> 'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;'
> 'Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,'
> 'Or who would suffer being here below!'
>
> 'The youngest of the sister arts'
> 'Was born on the open sea,'
> 'The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase'
> 'Under the greenwood tree.'
>
> 'At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,'
> 'And says—remembrance saddening o'er each brow!—
> 'Awake my St John!—leave all meaner things!'
> 'Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!'
>
> 'It was a friar of orders gray,'
> 'Still harping on my daughter;'
> 'Sister spirit, come away!'
> 'Across this stormy water.'
>
> 'On the light fantastic toe,'
> 'Othello's occupation's gone,'
> 'Maid of Athens, ere I go,'
> 'Were the last words of Marmion.'
>
> 'There was a sound of revelry by night'
> 'In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,'
> 'And comely virgins came with garlands dight'
> 'To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego.'
>
> 'Oh! the young Lochinvar has come out of the west,'
> 'An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he;'
> 'A back dropping in, an expansion of chest,'
> 'Far more than I once could foresee.'

Now I daresay it seems a remarkably easy thing to the reader to make a cento verse: we can assure him that it is often a very difficult thing to make a legitimate one; but then it must be confessed that it is extremely interesting and amusing to chase a fitting line through all the poets of one's acquaintance, and catch it at last. Any person who is anxious to try the difficulties of cento verse-making may do so, and greatly oblige us by finding a fourth line to the following. It has baffled our skill and memory many times:—

> 'When Music, heavenly maid! was young,'
> 'And little to be trusted,'
> 'Then first the creature found a tongue,'

But if it is difficult to make cento verses, it would seem likewise to be difficult to recognise them when made. We remember hearing John Galt express some dissatisfaction with the verdict of the Edinburgh Reviewers upon his Five Tragedies, and more especially the one entitled 'Lady Macbeth.' This verdict, some of our readers may remember, went the length of a finding of insanity; and it is no wonder that the author was discontented, since the tragedy in question was, as he assured us, *a cento from Shakspeare!*

In making cento verses, when this is done as a game, the guiding association is the rhyme; but 'proverbs' exercise the ingenuity, and even require a certain degree of critical acumen. In the absence of an individual from the room, the party pitch upon some well-known proverb, and each person takes charge of one of the words it contains. When the one whose judgment is to be put to the proof re-enters, he is permitted to ask of each of the company a question on any indifferent subject that may occur to him; and in the answers, all must take care to introduce the *word* they have charge of. If these answers are ingeniously framed, and the proverb is of a reasonable length, the hunt for it is difficult and exciting; but very short proverbs are too easily discerned to afford much amusement. Let us suppose, for instance, that the one in question is, 'All is not gold that glitters.' In this case the words 'all—is—not—that' introduced into the respective answers give no clue; but if the person who undertakes 'gold' is not very careful to use it in such a way as to prevent its leaving any impression upon the memory of the questioner, it is easily connected with 'glitters,' and so 'the cat gets out of the bag' at once.

Some fireside games aspire to nothing higher than 'raising a laugh' by means of sheer absurdity. Of these the 'Newspaper' is perhaps the most amusing in practice, although but for this it would hardly be deserving of the dignity of print. The company, sitting in a semi-circle, assume various trades—such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c.; and when the reader of the newspaper—who usually selects an important despatch—pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or she must immediately help him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading, for instance, may take place:—

> 'Early in the morning the whole' (looking at one, who instantly continues)—
> Dinner-service
> 'was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in'—
> Vinegar;

Digitized by Google

'Armed citizens occupied the'—
Frying-pans;
'Others had taken possession of the'—
Cotton-balls;
'Planted the'—
Marrow bones;
'And surrounded the'—
Scissors.
'All were prepared to'—
Break tumblers.
'All the powder and lead which they found in the'—
Sugar hogsheads
'Were taken. The entire Polytechnic School came out to'—
Make gingerbread;
'The students of law and medicine imitated the'—
Worked muslin:
'In fact Paris appeared like a'—
Chopping block;
'All the shops were'—
Cut bias;
'And royal guards, lancers, Swiss, and'—
Teapots.
'Were drawn up on all sides.'

'I love my Love with an *A*' has been for many years considered as the exclusive property of children and childish persons. Strange as it may appear, that childish game was once a fashionable pastime with grown-up people; and people, too, belonging to lordly, court circles. Pepys, somewhere in his Diary, relates that he went one day into a room in Whitehall, which he supposed to be occupied by state officers transacting business, where he found instead a large party of the highest personages of the court in full dress sitting in a circle (*on the ground*, if our memory be not treacherous), playing with great animation at 'I love my Love with an *A*;' 'which,' adds that shrewd, lord-revering prig, 'did amaze me mightily.' The two merriest persons in that uproarious party were, it seems, the exclusive young Duke of Monmouth, then a mere boy, and his still younger bride, Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. Little did that light-hearted girl think of the melancholy fate which awaited her: of the cruel beheading of that beloved bridegroom, of the long, long years of dreary widowhood. Still less did she foresee that a poet of a later day would select her, in her lone retirement in 'Newark's stately tower,' as the fittest lady to figure in a romantic poem as the patroness of genius, 'neglected and oppressed.' But Scott's story might have been true, and the duchess might have listened to such a lay as that of the Last Minstrel, in the dim twilight, beside the great fire of the state-room at Newark; and a better fireside amusement she could not have had, for music is the very best amusement for that delicious hour between day and night. A simple ballad, well sung, with or without accompaniment, is, after all, better than the best fireside game.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE names of the discoverers of voltaic electricity are yet fresh on the page of history, while their discovery is already effecting some of the most remarkable changes upon the condition of human society. It is not long since we began to speak by the electricity of the pile; more recently we have learned to print, and later still to draw thereby; and we do all this at distances as far apart as the opposite extremities of our land—although, in fact, with the necessary appliances, our communications might circle the earth. Now we are told that the same swift-flying and versatile energy is to turn our darkness into light, and to introduce little artificial suns or moons to illumine our dwellings: in other words, we are to have among our sources of artificial light, that produced by the electric fluid, or the Electric Light. As this beautiful invention has been submitted by the patentee to our minute inspection, we conceive that a notice of it, accompanied with a general sketch of the subject, is likely, in our inventive era, to excite a lively interest among a large body of our readers.

The idea of producing artificial light by means of the electric energy developed by the solid and liquid elements of the voltaic circle, as combined in the varying forms of galvanic batteries, is not new. The celebrated and lamented chemical philosopher Professor Daniell, writes in his work on Chemical Philosophy—'When passing between two charcoal points, the duration of the disruptive discharge of the voltaic battery renders it the most splendid *source of light* which is under the command of art.' And in the works of most writers on this science, the dazzling intensity of the light produced by the method we shall have presently to describe is particularly noticed. The first practical exhibition of the electric light appears to have taken place in the year 1843 at Paris. For some time an ingenious person of the name of Achereau had been making applications to different individuals of superior fortune and influence for patronage and support in the introduction of a new description of artificial light. Succeeding at length in obtaining a sufficiently large apparatus, and permission to make his experiments in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, the day was fixed, and a large number of persons—it is said four or five thousand—were present to witness the spectacle. The hour appointed was nine in the evening, and the apparatus was fixed on the base of one of the statues. All that was visible was a glass globe of about 12 inches diameter, with a movable reflector attached to it; and a couple of wires descending from it to some galvanic apparatus at the foot of the erection. Until a little before nine o'clock in the evening all was in darkness, so far as the simple mechanism was concerned; but the Place was illuminated with its usual complement of 100 large-sized gas-burners. The proper signal being given, the galvanic circuit was completed by the junction of the wires, and almost instantly the light of day seemed to burst upon the entire area. Although all the gas-lights were burning, they seemed in the glare of this new source of light to 'pale their ineffectual fires,' as in the pure daylight itself. A large number of them were then put out; but the amount of light did not seem to be in the least diminished: at the distance of 100 yards it was possible to read moderate-sized print with great facility. The astonishment and applause of the populace were equally great, and the exhibition excited for some time much interest in the scientific circles of Paris. We believe that the scheme was afterwards taken up with a view to light the entire city of Paris by means of one vast light, to be called the 'artificial sun.' Owing, however, in all probability, to some defect in the mechanical arrangements of the light, the whole affair was dropped, and seems to have excited little or no attention until lately.

In the customary experiments of the laboratory upon the marvels of galvanic electricity, the phenomenon has long been familiar to us; and the experiment is commonly made by attaching to the extremities of the wires of the galvanic apparatus a couple of pencils of charcoal pared to a fine point. When the points are brought into contact, and the circuit thus completed, the electric agency passes through with such intense activity as to kindle them, and they may then be gently withdrawn, when the beautiful appearance of a brilliant and dazzling arc of light is seen somewhat in this form—supposing the straight lines to represent the charcoal points, and the half-curve the arc of light ——. The light is yet longer and more brilliant in a vacuum—a strong evidence that it is not due to any process of combustion. It is a remarkable circumstance connected with this experiment, that particles of the charcoal appear to fly from one pole, and to be *carried over* to the other. In some experiments made by an American philosopher, the one pole being charcoal, and the other plumbago, fused particles of the latter substance were transported to the charcoal point, which sensibly increased in length. It may save con-

Digitized by Google

fusion of ideas to state here, that we shall in the remainder of this article use the more correct expression *electrode* when it is necessary to speak of the 'poles' of the battery. Some splendid experiments on this subject were made some time since at the Royal Institution. Possessing a battery power of the enormous number of 2000 plates, the experimenters were enabled to display some of the most brilliant results of galvanic energy. The stream of light in their case extended to the length of 4 inches; and the decomposing and incandescent powers of the instrument have rarely been equalled. Professor Daniell, with a combination of seventy of his beautiful batteries, produced a dazzling flame to the extent of an inch in length. Mr Children has given an account of some of his experiments, which will be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' made with one of the most gigantic galvanic batteries ever constructed. The plates of this great apparatus exposed a surface of 32 square feet; there were twenty-one cells, the capacity of which was 945 gallons. Other experimenters have likewise been engaged upon this subject, but without bringing it to a successful practical issue. The principal difficulties have been—the want of a constant, equable, and continuously-acting galvanic battery of sufficient energy, and of a form of mechanical arrangement by which the steadiness of the light and the unvarying distance of the gradually-consuming electrodes should be maintained. The recent invention of Messrs Brett and Little, and the preceding one of Professor Daniell, have obviated much of the former difficulty; but the other remained unsurmounted until the present discovery solved the problem.

The electric light has recently been exhibited in several parts of London. It was first introduced, we believe, at the extensive rooms frequently employed for public meetings in Hanover Square. The rooms were, as usual, lighted with chandeliers of wax candles, with a considerable number of oil-lamps; the total amount of light being considered to be equal to 200 or 300 wax candles. On the lecture-table was the light apparatus, a rather elegant object, covered with a tall glass shade. All things being made ready, the galvanic circuit was completed, and in a few seconds the whole apartment was filled with such a blaze of diffusive light, as caused the now dimly-burning candles and lamps to assume the muddy and lack-lustre aspect they bear in ordinary sunlight. Every object in this large room was brightly illuminated, and as an assistant turned the light on and off at pleasure, the transition was as violent as from broad day to evening twilight. The paintings on the ceiling were displayed in a manner not often witnessed on one of our brightest London summer days; and, what was very remarkable, the tone of the colours was precisely similar to that which they are seen to possess in real daylight. All the delicate intershadings of the yellows, grays, flesh-tints, and even of *greens* and *blues*, were brilliantly defined, and in all respects conveyed the daylight impression to the eye. The light was about equal to that of 700 or 800 standard wax candles; yet a lady's bonnet might have covered the entire apparatus; and the actual source of light did not occupy an area of more than an inch in every direction, if so much. The rays were then concentrated by a powerful lens, and directed upon some pictures, which were placed for that purpose on the side of the room. The effect was as if a sunbeam had been snatched from the long-retired luminary himself, and thrown in all its pure radiance on the painted canvas: so brilliant was the illumination, that in the surrounding mirrors it was perfectly easy to see the pure colours of the pictures reflected as if by day. By means of a glass prism, a spectacle yet more beautiful was shown: this was the display of the *prismatic spectrum*, the entire number of the rays being present, and in brilliancy not to be distinguished from the same as shown by the decomposition of the true solar light. Perhaps one of the most striking displays of the character of the electric light followed. The electrodes were immersed in a globe of water, and still the light continued gleaming forth in all its brilliancy. Those who are familiar with the oxyhydrogen light, and the peculiarly white, and somewhat intense light of the camphine lamp, might have felt doubtful of the result of a contrast with these, but the electric effulgence outshone both to a remarkable degree. It was stated at the time that a volume of light equal to that of 10,000 wax candles could be evolved by the apparatus from a square inch of actual illuminating surface. The light *burned*, to use in this case an expressive, but incorrect phrase, with great steadiness and uniformity for a considerable time, but with the interruption of a temporary flickering, arising from some metallic impurities in the charcoal electrodes. It was said that a light of from 1 candle to 100,000 might be obtained and sustained by this new system; and with regard to the cost of production, the light of 100 wax candles was obtainable at the rate of a penny an hour, or about, as it is stated by the inventor, one-twelfth less than the cost of gas for the same period, and producing the same degree of illumination.

Through the kindness of the inventor, we were permitted a private examination of the light apparatus, which we shall now proceed to describe. It consists of an upright stand, about 12 or 14 inches high, and 5 or 6 in diameter. The lower part is devoted, for about the height of three inches, to the necessary mechanism connected with the movements of the electrodes. This is covered with a brass plate, and the apparatus is concealed from view by being surrounded either with a casing of wood, or by entering into some part of an ornamental pedestal of an ordinary table-lamp. From the brass plate three curved pieces of iron rise, meeting at the top in the form of the ribs of a cupola. One of these is connected with one of the wires of the galvanic battery, and the electrode is held in contact with it and the others by little screws, being so placed as to hang like a pendant from the point where the three curves of iron meet. From the centre of this plate the lower electrode is seen to rise, carried by an upright piece of brass, which works up and down in the plate, so as to bring the lower electrode either nearer to, or to remove it to a greater distance from, the upper one; or, when necessary, to make both touch one another.

On removing the case, the simple and beautiful contrivance by which the electric-light problem is considered to be solved is exposed to view. It is a combination of electro-magnetic motion and clockwork. The latter is very simple. It consists merely of a spring-barrel, actuating a 'fly' to regulate its speed, and setting in motion a little wheel, near the circumference of which a small pin is fixed, which communicates an eccentric motion to a short bar, working in a straight slit in its upper part. What is required is to produce a movement of the lower electrode either up or down; but the clockwork movements are all in one direction—say from left to right, or so as to turn the rod carrying the electrode upwards only. This rod is connected at its lower part with a rack, or toothed portion, into which a small ratchet-wheel works, which is placed on a horizontal axis, likewise carrying a toothed wheel of a larger size, so that when this horizontal axis turns round, the little ratchet-wheel raises or depresses the toothed rack, and consequently the electrode connected with its upper end. It is in the manner by which motion is communicated to this horizontal axis that the alternate rising or falling movement is effected. We have already mentioned the little eccentric wheel as in connection with a flat bar or lever, and thus communicating to the latter a movement from side to side. This lever has attached to its centre a little curved piece of brass, having a hook at each end, very similar in form to the part called, we believe, the 'escapement' of a clock pendulum, only with these remarkable differences—*1st*, That it moves on a little pivot, so as, by its being either raised or depressed, it

Digitized by Google

would bring one or other of its hooked extremities into the cogs of the toothed wheel on the horizontal axis; and 2d, That these hooks act in opposition to one another, so that when one falls into the cogs of the wheel, it causes it to turn round in one direction, and the other is raised up so as not to act; or when the other falls into connection with the same wheel, it pushes it round in the opposite direction, the hook which was formerly acting being now in its turn made inactive. Now, from this description, it becomes manifest that all we want, in order to send the electrode up or down, is some delicate contrivance which should cause this hooked piece to be either raised or depressed; for if we raise one of its hooked ends, the opposite one immediately works the wheel round one way, and drives the electrode up; while, if we raise the other, a precisely opposite result takes place, and the electrode falls. Here lies the grand secret of the apparatus, and it is here that the electro-magnetic motion of which we spoke comes into play, and not only holds in check, but, with absolute will, directs the movements of the entire portion of the rest of the apparatus. A delicate bar of thin metal is attached to this movable hooked piece which plays such an important part. According as this bar is raised or depressed, so does it either cause one or other of the hooked ends to drop into the teeth of the wheel, and so turn it round in one or other direction.

The last requisite is a motor power, by which this bar should be affected so as to produce whichever of these movements (up or down) is rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case. At one side of the portion of the stand in which this mechanism is contained will be seen a circular box, around which a coil or two of copper wire is wound; this contains a bar of soft iron; and in its centre a little rod moves up and down, to the lower end of which a piece of iron is connected, and to the upper the bar moving the hooked piece of which we have spoken. Now when a current of electricity passes along the copper wire, it renders the bar of iron around which it is coiled a magnet,* and therefore capable of attracting the piece of iron at the bottom of the little upright rod. In so doing, the latter is made to rise; and in consequence the bar rises, and the hooked piece is raised at one end; this brings the clockwork into immediate motion, and the electrode is moved by it in one direction. Should the current become feeble, the piece of iron is no longer sustained by the electro-magnet, and the little rod falls, causing the bar to fall, and making the opposite hook now to act upon the wheel; so that the electrode is moved in precisely the opposite direction. Thus a beautiful principle of self-regulation is established; for as it is a law of the electric energy not to be able to leap beyond a certain distance from one electrode to the other, it follows that the greater the distance of separation, the greater will be the difficulty of the passage of the current from one electrode to the other; and thus a retarding power is exercised over the battery, which may be putting forth too much energy at the time. Should, however, the current become feeble, as has just been remarked, the soft iron bar ceases to be a magnet, the little rod drops, and the distance between the electrodes is lessened, until they may actually touch one another, thus facilitating the passage of the enfeebled current from one electrode to the other. The principle, in fact, is precisely that of the 'governor' invented by Watt for the regulation of the steam-engine; too much force and too little being equally made to regulate and counteract themselves. It is hoped this description of this most beautiful contrivance will be fully intelligible to all who will go carefully through it, endeavouring, as they read, to realise the things spoken of; but it may be some help to the mind to know that in some of the illustrated papers a very clear sketch of the apparatus may be found, and deserves attentive examination. We believe that the application of the self-regulating principle just explained, which must be considered among the most clever and mind-indicative mechanical ingenuities of our day, is the principal basis on which the patent right is founded.

The character of the electric light presents several remarkably interesting features, most of which belong to no other artificial light whatever, and assimilate it to that of the sun itself. Some of these have been already mentioned. The heat evolved is vastly disproportionate to the light produced, as may be conceived from the fact, that the lamp, when pouring forth a volume of light equal to 800 candles, did not emit more heat than that of one Argand lamp, equal to 6 or 7 candles. The light is independent of combustion; hence it neither adds to, nor takes from, the air of the room in which it is used; and this is sufficiently evident from the fact, that it is made to burn in a close reservoir. How great an advantage this must prove may be well imagined by those whose lungs have suffered from the products of gas combustion! It appears, in fact, to be a pure light of incandescence, and something more, depending upon a peculiarity of the electric energy; certainly incandescence alone will not account for the intense brilliancy of the light, nor, indeed, for other and more striking circumstances. The light has been displayed not only in air and under water, but also in alcohol, ether, sulphuret of carbon, and in atmospheres of carbonic acid, nitrogen, and hydrogen. Strange to say, this extraordinary light reveals its kindred nature with that of day by its being found to possess those chemical powers of decomposition which are known under the name of *actinism*.* Preparations of silver, which turn black when exposed to daylight, blacken also in the glare of the electric effulgence; and the chemical union of the mixed gases hydrogen and chlorine has been effected by placing a jar containing them in the light of the lamp. These results must surprise every one, and we have scarcely a doubt that by their means some light will be reflected upon that obscure subject—the cause of solar light. The consumption of carbon in the electrodes is about half an inch an hour.

Among the advantages which it is said to be calculated to produce, the patentees say, 'It will be eminently valuable for lighthouses, railway stations, signal lights, dockyards, theatres, public buildings, &c.; for large shops where the exposure of delicate-coloured fabrics is necessary; together with its application for the lighting of private houses, as it requires no ventilation, and can be put in operation anywhere at a comparatively small cost, and with perfect safety. The wires might be arranged as neatly as bell-wires. For lighthouses it deserves to be separately noticed, on account of the immense benefit of its penetrating and powerful character, the remarkable economy of its adoption, and the facility of working such a light by *submarine wires* from any station that might be selected, without the necessity of erecting a building exactly at the spot where the beacon may be required to be set up.' If these can be all realised, the discovery will indeed be a boon to science and to man of no ordinary kind.

In conclusion, there can be no question as to the immeasurable superiority of the light itself: in pure and brilliant lustre, and in far-penetrating power, it is comparable only with solar light. But it is equally certain that there are some arduous difficulties in the way of its adoption, particularly for in-door use. The tardy manner in which gas—a source of light so easy, and so readily intelligible to the humblest capacities—has been admitted into our houses, causes us to speak with circumspection as to the ingress of a new artificial light absolutely demanding the sharp attention of a pretty clearly-informed mind for its permanence and power. In the case of carburetted hydrogen, all the trouble of

* The writer of this article here presupposes that the reader is acquainted with the phenomena of 'induced magnetism.'

* See Journal, No. 52, new series.

Digitized by Google

the manufacture is spared us: on turning a tap, we have a perpetual light if we please without further trouble. This can never be said of the electric light, since each light requires a separate system of battery cells; and these must be looked after, cleaned, and renewed from time to time. On such points, however, experience will supply the best decision; and we sincerely trust it may be favourable. For signal lights, or for public illumination, as in large buildings, where it is an attendant's especial duty to look to the lights, we have little hesitation in expressing our hope and belief that this new and splendid light will eventually supersede every other.

THERE ARE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

A TALE.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.*

PERHAPS there are no disagreements in which the contending parties are so hard to be reconciled as those designated 'family quarrels.' *Why* this is the case is a question involving a multitude of considerations, on only one or two of which we can briefly touch at present. It may proceed in some degree from the same principle on which is grounded the old adage, 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' 'He is my own relation; surely I have a right to advise him.' 'She is my cousin; it is hard if one cannot speak one's mind freely to so near a connection;' forgetting that the very indissoluble nature of the tie existing between the parties is, as in a marriage, an extra reason for that forbearance which should ever be practised between man and man. Again, there are often in families clashing interests, requiring the exercise of justice, kindness, and impartiality, to adjust them satisfactorily, and these qualities are by no means so common as some less amiable ones. No small portion of the quarrels in families begin from this source. But if family quarrels are bitter and vindictive, there is another less open species of warfare perpetually going on in some families, which is not so easily defined or even so easily reconciled. 'A shyness,' 'a coldness'—these are the terms by which it is designated; and it consists in a thousand little uncharitable acts and feelings, in which both parties are generally pretty equally to blame. The fact of who was the original aggressor, or what the aggression was, is lost in the distance; but each has a multitude of complaints to make of the other, and this continued unpleasantness is thus kept up and fomented by the commission of numerous faults on both sides. In illustration take the following true story.

James and William Bolton were brothers, residing in a flourishing manufacturing town — the eldest and youngest of a large family, the intermediate branches of which were scattered through the four quarters of the world. James, the elder, had also passed a good portion of his early life abroad, and returning to his native country with a considerable property, had been drawn by the strength of natural affection, first to visit, and secondly to settle in the locality where his only near relative now in England was already residing. William had been married for two or three years, and was the father of two children, a boy and a girl. He had married a lady of small ready-money property, which had been very useful to him in a business requiring a more extensive capital than he had himself possessed; and she, being what is usually called a 'clever manager'—a shrewd, active, domestic personage—it was considered that William Bolton had made an excellent match. Whether it was the sight of his brother's domestic happiness, or that he thought a house of his own would be preferable to the lodgings he now occupied, I know not, but before he had been at home many months, James Bolton announced to his brother that he was disposed to marry; and within a year after his return to England, he led to the hymeneal altar a lady, not so young as to be denominated a girl, yet scarcely so old as to be reported of a certain age. Mrs William Bolton, who, for various reasons, was not fully satisfied with the match, was quite sure that five years might without injustice be added to the thirty the lady owned to, and wondered she did not wear caps. 'It would look so much more respectable, my dear, considering your brother's age,' as she remarked to her husband.

Be this as it may, in the course of a few years Mrs James became the mother of a numerous and thriving family, whilst Mrs William's, with the addition of a little girl, born in the same year with Mrs James's second, remained unenlarged. But by the time ten years of matrimony had gone over the head of the elder brother, one of the *shynesses*, the *unpleasantnesses*, so unaccountable, so apparently incurable, to which I alluded in the beginning of this story, had arisen between the families, and seemed rather to increase than to diminish with each succeeding year. Not between the brothers: their affection was undiminished; their greetings as kind and cordial as ever. But they seldom met; and, as if secretly conscious of the disunion amidst the allied powers, never alluded to the circumstance.

Mrs William Bolton was indeed a curious compound. She was, as we said, shrewd, managing, and active; she was tolerably well informed; had been a good daughter to infirm parents, was an affectionate wife, and a doting mother. Besides this, she had a kind and warm heart, and would have given, to use a common expression, the very clothes off her back to succour the distressed for whom her feelings were interested. But she was full of prejudices, social, moral, and political, and given to express herself on many occasions far more strongly than the occasion warranted: this she called an honest speaking of her mind, while many considered it as rude and abrupt. She was of a good family; her husband, indeed, was the only trader in it; they had all been in professions before; and she had rather a lowering idea of trade. She kept little company—*first*, because she said a woman who had a family to look after had something else to do than gad about; *secondly*, because there were few in her own sphere whom she liked well enough to put herself out of the way to visit; and she had not the least idea of any duty she owed to society, which should make her spend her time with those she did not care for. There were, however, a chosen few, who ran nearly parallel to herself in prejudices, which they dignified with the name of *principle*; and these formed almost her only associates. Mrs James Bolton she never liked: her father, it turned out, had been a pawnbroker; and Mrs William affected a charitable hushing-up of the circumstance whenever it happened to be alluded to, while at the same time she indulged in many a strong hint at *upstarts* and low-born people while in the presence of James Bolton's family—especially the elder children, who being, poor things, in blessed ignorance of their mamma's origin, could only vainly wonder at their aunt's vehemence. Then Mrs James was accused by Mrs William of being thoroughly idle; and that she was of a less active turn than her sister-in-law, nobody could deny. She was a fair, plump, composed-looking dame, who took the world easily, trusted to washerwomen to darn stockings, and to servants to dress her children; and in the midst of a domestic Babel, which Mrs William would have talked and commanded into worse confusion in no time, might often be seen quietly lounging on a sofa, with her mind engaged with the last new novel. Then both James Bolton and his lady liked to keep a more sumptuous table than Mrs William approved of; were fond of high-seasoned dainties, and so forth; and Mrs William chose to set them down as gluttons. 'I really dread asking your brother to dinner, my dear,' Mrs William would remark; 'one has to be so particular, and make such a fuss.' Now the truth was, that some soup, a good joint of meat, and a pudding, would have furnished

* This paper is communicated by Mr Gray.

Digitized by Google

quite a sufficient dinner for the occasion, and all parties would have been satisfied; but Mrs William made her fatigue evident, as she sat down at the head of her well-furnished board. The children, as little children, played together, but, with the singular instincts of children, soon felt the coldness of their parents extending to themselves. Indeed their mammas did not spare their invectives on each other's progeny before their own. Mrs James pronounced Mrs William's the rudest and most forward brats in the universe; Mrs William thanked Heaven her children were honest and independent—she would not have them so artful and deceitful as their cousins for the world.

As the families grew up, matters did not mend, for the daughters (Mrs James had four to Mrs William's two) were as distasteful to the latter as ever the mother had been. 'Empty, affected, artful creatures,' Mrs William designated them: 'to be sure what better could be expected from their bringing up?' Now the four Misses Bolton were neither better nor worse than the generality of young ladies; they were moderately good-looking, moderately accomplished, reasonably fond of each other, and delighted in gaiety, and dress, and beaux. Here Mrs William had a great triumph; her Jane was decidedly beautiful; her Millicent pretty and extremely clever—the only blot in her mother's eyes being, that she seemed to love her aunt, her uncle, her cousins, and all her relations next to her own parents, with the most perfect and child-like confidence; and they loved her. Millicent was as completely a family pet as ever was heroine of romance. She seemed to have come into the world without a spot in her mind where pride or prejudice could grow—loving her parents, her brother and sister supremely, yet with love enough to extend to all besides: a lovely, happy, loving creature indeed was little Milly Bolton.

Jane, the elder sister, was even more beautiful; her mind was well cultivated; her manners elegant; her nature extremely affectionate. But she inherited much of her mother's prejudice and pride, and in her the family dislike did not seem likely to be softened. Jane was exceedingly polite to her cousins, and was by them treated with politeness in return; but little, loving Milly was their idol. If their mother would have permitted it, they would have had her amongst them every day, and all day long; but Mrs William was always ready with an excuse to prevent her going amongst them; and they delighted to tease their aunt by showing her every possible preference over her own pet Jane.

As the families advanced in age, new opportunities for difference and mutual censure arose. The four 'Misses Bolton' of the Priory—I should have said before that, some years previously, James had purchased a house and garden in the outskirts of the town which bore that dignified epithet, though the new mansion, built on the site of an old monastic ruin, had as much resemblance to a priory as a county jail—the four Misses Bolton were all dressy, showy girls, inclined to be gay, and often as circumstances would permit enjoying a ball, enraptured with a pic-nic, and flirting merrily when opportunity offered. Mrs William did not allow danglers at her house; and when young gentlemen came there, it was not to sit by her daughters' work-table, or hang over their harp: they came to dinner or tea, and saw the young ladies only in her presence. Some girls might have felt this as a restraint, but Mrs William's daughters did not. Jane had been so completely trained in her mother's way, and so thoroughly inherited her spirit, that she would have wished no other arrangement had a choice been allowed her; and besides that Millicent would never have dreamt of a rebellious thought, her heart was so far preoccupied by an unconscious love of her cousin Charles Bolton, the eldest of the Priory flock, that she cared very little for any other. Her Cousin Sophia was her chief friend, a circumstance causing a good deal of annoyance to Mrs William, who, however, strove to counteract the influence of 'that giddy Sophia' by keeping Milly as much as possible away, and never allowing her to join in the parties which included her cousins when she could prevent it. She saw nothing of Milly's innocent attachment to Charles, for Charles did not like his aunt, and seldom visited her; but she was by no means blind to that which her own son Henry had formed suddenly and unexpectedly for Sophia. Henry had been absent from home except at short intervals; and having completed his college course, came home, as it seemed to Mrs William, just to fall in love with Sophia, whom, of all the four Boltons, she disliked the most; but the young man was headstrong, and she knew too well the danger of open opposition to his will. She contented herself with making little cutting remarks, and passing censure on Sophia whenever opportunity offered; a course of conduct which sometimes elicited a laugh from her dutiful son when he was in a good humour—when in an ill humour, a surly contradiction. Meanwhile Sophia, who delighted to tease her aunt, encouraged Henry's attentions on all occasions, still declining to enter into a positive engagement with him, on the grounds that she was aware his mother disliked her—that she was above forming a clandestine engagement—that she never would marry into a family where she was not a favourite, &c. adroitly managing at the same time to keep the young man in play, so that if nothing better should offer within a reasonable time, he would still be a *dernier ressort*. Though silent on the subject to her son, Mrs William exercised no such restraint amongst the few chosen friends to whom we have before alluded, representing Sophia as an artful girl, who, under the guidance of a designing mother (poor Mrs James), had entrapped the affections of her beloved son. She forgot, in the heat of her anger, that, all things considered, the match would be a pretty equal one—that Sophia would have a small fortune; that Henry's expectations were not so brilliant as to make him a peculiarly desirable match.

To Mrs William's mingled delight and vexation she was soon delivered from her fears regarding her son; and she was annoyed at having to confess they were groundless. A coldness took place between the parties, arising in the attentions of a certain Mr Aldred to Sophia; and at length her public engagement to him being announced, put an end to one source of Mrs William's uneasiness. Mr Aldred was neither very young nor very handsome, nor was he immensely rich; but as Sophia was five-and-twenty, and not strikingly handsome, and as no other eligible offer just now shone in the horizon, she, and her mother, and her sisters, agreed in full conclave that he might do, and Sophia accordingly became his wife. A very good, obedient wife she made after all, to a somewhat exacting and fretful husband; but as he allowed her to dress as handsomely as she pleased, and, while he sometimes grumbled at her gaieties, did not prevent her entering into them, she, not being troubled by any very killing sensibilities, managed to get on with him quite as smoothly as she could have expected to do.

Meanwhile Jane Bolton had attracted the regards of a young man of good family, who had lately entered into partnership with her father; and as he was a great favourite with her mother, somewhat aristocratic in appearance, and exceedingly in love, the lady surrendered, on condition that two years should be permitted to elapse before they were married. '*My* daughter,' said Mrs William, 'is not in such a hurry to make sure of her lover as certain young ladies she could name. *She* would not disgrace herself as some young ladies would do, by engaging themselves one month, and marrying the next.' But just at this crisis a new turn was given to the attention of the family in all its branches, by the receipt of letters from abroad, which informed James and William Bolton that their brother Charles, who had resided in Spain from his boyhood, and having married the daughter of a resident English merchant who had settled there, was

Digitized by Google

dead, and that his widow and her only daughter intended to go to England early in the ensuing spring, that the latter might make the acquaintance of those relatives, to whose care she would naturally be consigned, should the decease of her mother, who was in delicate health, leave her otherwise unprotected. Letters of condolence and invitation were written, and despatched by both the family at the Priory and at William Bolton's; and it was already beginning to be matter of dispute and jealousy as to which invitation she would accept, or which family she would visit first, when an end was put to the controversy by the receipt of further letters from the widow, who, after warmly thanking her relatives for their kind invitations, declined them *in toto*. 'If my friends will kindly exert themselves to procure me a small furnished house or comfortable lodgings, I shall be truly obliged to them; but as I feel that I shall have a better chance of securing their affections thus, than by becoming an inmate with either, I feel more at liberty to do as I please; and believe me, the habits of an invalid, to say nothing of those of a foreigner, do not add to the comforts of another person's establishment. I shall, on my arrival in London, which will be next month, wait there until I hear that such lodgings have been procured for me.'

Here, again, was farther cause for rivalry and disagreement. Aunt Helen had not appointed either branch of the family to act as her agents in the matter, but left it amongst them, thinking, doubtless, good easy woman, that all would unite in endeavouring to find out the most comfortable *locale* for her and her daughter. What heartburnings, what stifled bickerings, were occasioned by her omission! Mrs William and Jane discovered spacious and airy lodgings; the very thing for the widow: so cheap too! The Priory misses hit on a love of a cottage half a mile beyond their own, the prettiest and sweetest place possible in summer, and with no disadvantages to *speak of*—a stagnant pond, a want of proper furniture, and so forth excepted; these seeming to be but trifling drawbacks. In this emergency, fortunately, James and William did for once exert themselves—found a more eligible house than the young ladies, and jointly supplied what was wanting in furniture; and as the lady had declined their offered hospitalities, agreed to pay the rent betwixt them, should it appear, on investigation, that the circumstances of the widow would render such attention acceptable.

The widow arrived in London; and her request that all would be assembled at her new home to receive her on a certain day, as she wished to make the acquaintance of all her husband's relatives at once, settled another delicate question of precedence, which had already begun to agitate the fair breasts of the contending parties. Even to the last moment the spirit of rivalry prevailed; both parties brought to the house certain necessary articles of provision; both went over all the rooms to see that nothing was omitted which ought to have been provided; and neither would for one moment, or in one particular, trust to the other!

Mrs Charles Bolton, or Aunt Helen, as we shall call the new-comer, was one of the most prepossessing and lovely beings that could well be imagined. She had been married at sixteen, and her present age was not more than six-and-thirty. Her exceedingly slight figure, fair skin, and blue eyes, made her appear still younger; and she looked far more like the sister than the mother of the beautiful girl who, in all the bloom of early womanhood, stood by her side. The deep mourning habits of the strangers, and the circumstance that dark hair and eyes predominated in the other members of the family, rendered them still more striking. Yet though no studied dress or attitude would have made them more picturesque, the Widow Bolton and her daughter were the least affected and the simplest of human beings. They had lived much alone, and were friends and companions from the hour of Madeline's birth; for Aunt Helen's own connections abroad were all either dead or dispersed. The gentle stranger, born of English parents, had little in common with the ladies of Spain; and in her husband and daughter Aunt Helen had found her world. She had read much, for she had undertaken, with some small assistance from masters, the education of her daughter herself; and teaching, had been herself taught. She dropt into the little world of her English relatives, with all their bickerings and jealousies, like a creature from another sphere, prepared to love them all; and yet so simple, so guileless, so free from prejudice, that she might have put them to shame, as the presence of an angel would have done. They could not differ about Aunt Helen. They had only to admire, and wonder, and love, both her and her gentle loving girl, whose blue eyes looked as if asking to love her. Wonderful to say, for at least six weeks after her arrival at W——, Aunt Helen gave no cause of offence to either party by any apparent preference for the other. The Priory misses, indeed, monopolised Madeline a good deal; but Mrs William was charitable enough to say that Madeline was not in fault. 'They had more idle time,' she said, 'than Jane; and a poor simple girl like Madeline was not likely to see what they were, so long as they flattered and were kind to her.' She really *did* wonder, however, at her sister-in-law allowing Madeline to be out so much with them—girls who were always showing themselves in public walks, and laughing, and flirting. She would soon tell Helen her mind, if it were not that she feared to make mischief: 'But never mind, she would find them out by and by.' 'I wonder,' quoth Mrs James, 'how my sister-in-law can find pleasure in having that disagreeable Jane there so often? Clever, indeed! Well, I suppose Jane is clever; but Helen is so well informed herself, I should not think Jane could teach her much!'

Twelve months passed by; and by the end of that time the widow's eyes *were* opened, not to find out the peculiar faults of each party, but to see and wonder at the ill-feeling that, without any real cause, existed between them.

'My dear Mary,' said she to the second hope of the Priory, exalted by her sister's marriage to the title of *Miss Bolton*—'my dear Mary, why do you speak so slightingly of dear Jane? And I cannot think you treat your Aunt William with all the respect due to her from her relationship. Excuse me speaking of these things—there is evidently something wrong amongst you. As a relation, and a truly interested friend, may I inquire the cause?'

'Oh, Mrs William and her family know best: we have never given them any cause of offence. But mamma says, from the time of her marriage, Aunt William never seemed to be fond of her; and I suppose, for that reason, mamma did not like her. We never were favourites with her from childhood; and I do not see why we are to *submit to be trampled on*.'

'Nor I either; but I do not find that there has been any attempt to trample on you. Pray, my dear, did you or yours ever attempt to conciliate your aunt and cousins?—did you ever pass small slights? Strive not to be apt to imagine offences; and if offences were really offered, strive to return good for evil.'

Mary reddened; but she made no reply for some moments. At length she said, 'I am sure we have done as much to conciliate my aunt and Jane as they could expect—more than they ever did for us.'

'Perhaps so, my dear; but one person doing wrong is no reason why another should do so also. I have for some time past been making my observations on what has been passing around me; and with sorrow I have seen the dissension of tempers existing amongst the members of my beloved husband's family. I do not say that your coldness of feeling amounts to hatred—God forbid! I am sure if either family were ill, or in deep affliction, all this outer current of ill-will would give way, petty bickerings be forgotten, and the kindliest aid and sympathy be given and received.'

Digitized by Google

'Jane, my dear girl,' said Aunt Helen a few days afterwards to her elder niece, 'why do you so obstinately refuse to join the Priory party to Eldwood; yet when Helen invited you, you coldly declined? It cannot be that you have any objection to a water party, because you went to Forley with the Benfields the other day.'

'I don't care about going,' said she, bridling up. 'I don't care to go, except with one or two chosen friends like the Benfields. I don't see why I should put myself out of the way to go with people who don't want my company, and who only ask me, I do think, that they may take offence at my refusing.'

'Then why refuse? If I were in your position, I would put myself very much out of the way, if necessary, to accept the invitation.'

'What! when I know they would rather be without me?'

'But, Jane, it is in your own power to make them rather be *with* you. Why, dearest, in the society of your nearest relatives, are you so constrained, so cold, so silent? *I* can bear witness that you can be the most agreeable companion when you choose: you have stores of knowledge; you have natural wit; you have powers of pleasing and amusing which need only be exerted to make you as desired as you could wish. Go to this party; fling off constraint and hauteur; be natural; be willing to please; and, above all, instead of taking offence, be blind to any real or imagined affront that you may think you perceive. Do this once or twice, and believe me the effect will be magical.'

'But, my dear Aunt Helen, do you not see it would be useless? Do you not see that my cousins hate me?'

'You are mistaken, Jane; they are only annoyed by your evident dislain, and naturally so: still I do not bear them harmless. *There are faults on both sides*; and I never knew quarrels, disputes, or coldness yet in which, on investigation, such did not appear to be the case.' But Jane would not promise to go to Eldwood, and the Priory party would not ask her again.

'Let her promise you, Aunt Helen, that the invitation shall be accepted, and it shall be given,' said they.

'Let them ask me, and then they will have my answer,' said Jane. So, for want of a little concession on either side—for Jane had half resolved she would go to Eldwood if the second invitation were so worded as to please her—the opportunity was lost, and Jane said to her Aunt Helen, 'You see they did not want me: they would not ask me again for fear I should accept.'

'Nay, Jane, for fear you should refuse,' said her aunt. But Jane shook her head, and was incredulous.

By this time Aunt Helen's visit had extended to double the term she had originally intended, and her medical attendant advised her to return to Lisbon, at least for the winter, as a second sojourn in England during the cold weather would be likely to prove exceedingly injurious to her health. But before she went, she made a last effort to promote harmonious understanding amongst them all. She invited them to a farewell dinner in her cottage, and they could not refuse to meet there on so peculiar an occasion. Marvellously civil were all the guests to each other during that evening; but still Aunt Helen saw, with deep regret, that her presence and the occasion of their meeting were the only causes of this cessation of covert hostilities. Even then Mrs James was secretly sneering at Mrs William's plain black dress, and Mrs William thought in her heart that, at Mrs James's time of life, a cap with a plainer trimming than pink satin and blush roses would be more becoming.

I need hardly pursue my story farther: still I am conscious that it wants that charm to most readers of such tales—a catastrophe. However, I may add, in conclusion, that my picture has been drawn from life, and that my object in thus tracing it has been more for instruction than amusement. These little daily feelings of unpleasantness, these chains of ill-natured feeling, are frequently far harder to be overcome than a downright quarrel with a good palpable origin. In the one case there are so many small offences, so many trifling annoyances to be unremembered and forgiven, so many perpetually-recurring temptations to vex the easily offended, that before we can so far overcome ourselves, there must of necessity be a severe self-scrutiny—a veiling of pride, combined with a real wish to be at peace and live in harmony with all—a yielding and forgiving spirit on our part, before this can be accomplished. That such a line of conduct is as much our interest as our duty, must be evident to all who will consider the subject in its true light, and particularly in all such cases where the offence is one so palpably unnatural, and where the faults are so plainly on both sides.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Mr Macaulay, in addition to his distinction as a senator and minister, enjoys that of the most brilliant *article*-writer of his day; and this is no small literary distinction, considering the importance which now belongs to periodical literature. He has at length fairly ventured on one of those massive tasks which may still be considered as a more effective trial of literary genius and skill—the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* have just appeared. The limitation as to time may be presumed to imply, what most people will be ready to acknowledge, that the earlier portion of our national history is chiefly interesting as merely a romantic narrative, and that it is only towards the close of the seventeenth century that we find in it any decided bearing upon modern politics, social economy, or even the national character, as now exhibited and understood. For this period we possess certain histories which—overlooking the few final chapters of Hume—can only be considered as so many pieces of literary journeymanship: we have, besides, the History of England from the Peace of Utrecht by Lord Mahon, which, though graceful and intelligent, is yet far from satisfying the requirements of the case. We are therefore glad to find a man of such qualifications for historical narration as Mr Macaulay taking up this duty: partial his work must necessarily be, but that it will be instinct with the vitality of genius, and written from an abundance of information unexampled, no one can doubt.

He commences with a brief and rapid sketch of the history from Elizabeth downwards. Unrelenting towards the Stuarts, as might be expected, it will be found considerably less kindly towards Cromwell and the Puritans than Mr Carlyle. It is scarcely worth while, on so limited a field as this, to attempt criticism; yet we cannot refrain from the remark, that the errors of royalty are generally ascribed by the author to the worst causes, while those of the popular party are treated with a transparent disposition to excuse them for the motives' sake. For example, after a mild exposition of that violence of the Whigs at the time of the Popish Plot and Exclusion Bill which led to the subsequent Tory reaction, it is curious to fall on such a sentence as this respecting Charles II.:—'Fortunately for himself, he was induced, at this crisis, to adopt a policy which, for ends such as his, was singularly judicious.' Verily it has been well remarked, that a dethroned dynasty stands but a poor chance of getting its deserts from the historian. Why is there no accomplished person of sufficient gallantry to try to do for the losers in the political game of that age, the simple justice of displaying not merely their faults and misfortunes, but the circumstances and temptations, so perilous to honesty and judgment, amidst which it was their fate to act? It is yet too soon, we suppose, for such a duty being undertaken.

With so little space at our command, it is impossible that we should lead our readers into anything but the most partial acquaintance with Mr Macaulay's volumes. We are anxious that the few quotations we can make should present to full advantage the large information

Digitized by Google

and artistic skill under favour of which the work is executed. We shall commence with a portion of Mr Macaulay's view of William of Orange's character, including a trait of genuine natural friendship in a sphere of life where it is not generally looked for. William 'was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities: but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. * * * Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. * * * Highest in his favour stood a gentleman of his household named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Batavian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England [Portland]. The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no common test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence against the French power that the young prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small-pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first wore, in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his highness was. At length his complaint took a favourable turn. His escape was attributed partly to his own singular equanimity, and partly to the intrepid and indefatigable friendship of Bentinck. From the hands of Bentinck alone William took food and medicine; by Bentinck alone William was lifted from his bed and laid down in it. "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said William to Temple with great tenderness, "I know not. But this I know, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly at my side." Before the faithful servant had entirely performed his task, he had himself caught the contagion. Still, however, he bore up against drowsiness and fever till his master was pronounced convalescent: then, at length, Bentinck asked leave to go home. It was time: for his limbs would no longer support him. He was in great danger, but recovered, and as soon as he left his bed, hastened to the army, where, during many sharp campaigns, he was ever found, as he had been in peril of a different kind, close to William's side.

'Such was the origin of a friendship as warm and pure as any that ancient or modern history records. The descendants of Bentinck still preserve many letters written by William to their ancestor; and it is not too much to say that no person who has not studied those letters can form a correct notion of the prince's character. He whom even his admirers generally accounted the most distant and frigid of men, here forgets all distinctions of rank, and pours out all his feelings with the ingenuousness of a schoolboy. He imparts without reserve secrets of the highest moment. He explains with perfect simplicity vast designs affecting all the governments of Europe. Mingled with his communications on such subjects are other communications of a very different, but perhaps not of a less interesting kind. All his adventures, all his personal feelings, his long runs after enormous stags, his carousals on St Hubert's day, the growth of his plantations, the failure of his melons, the state of his stud, his wish to procure an easy pad nag for his wife, his vexation at learning that one of his household, after ruining a girl of good family, refused to marry her, his fits of sea-sickness, his coughs, his headaches, his devotional moods, his gratitude for the Divine protection after a great escape, his struggles to submit himself to the Divine will after a disaster, are described with an amiable garrulity hardly to have been expected from the most discreet and sedate statesman of the age. Still more remarkable is the careless effusion of his tenderness, and the brotherly interest which he takes in his friend's domestic felicity. When an heir is born to Bentinck, "He will live, I hope," says William, "to be as good a fellow as you are; and if I should have a son, our children will love each other, I hope, as we have done." Through life he continues to regard the little Bentincks with paternal kindness. He calls them by endearing diminutives; he takes charge of them in their father's absence; and though vexed at being forced to refuse them any pleasure, will not suffer them to go on a hunting party, where there would be risk of a push from a stag's horn, or to sit up late at a riotous supper. When their mother is taken ill during her husband's absence, William, in the midst of business of the highest moment, finds time to send off several expresses in one day with short notes containing intelligence of her state. On one occasion, when she is pronounced out of danger after a severe attack, the prince breaks forth into fervent expressions of gratitude to God. "I write," he says, "with tears of joy in my eyes." There is a singular charm in such letters, penned by a man whose irresistible energy and inflexible firmness extorted the respect of his enemies, whose cold and ungracious demeanour repelled the attachment of almost all his partisans, and whose mind was occupied by gigantic schemes which have changed the face of the world.'

It seems that for the nine first years of his married life, William brooded in silence over the prospect of being subordinate to his wife, in the event of her attaining the English throne. It caused an unhappiness between the pair, of which Mary could not divine the cause, till the officious good-nature of Burnet disclosed it to her. 'Burnet, with many apologies, and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. "But," he added, "your royal highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution; for it is a resolution which, having once been announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted." "I want no time for consideration," answered Mary. "It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me, that he may hear it from my own lips." Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. "I did not know till yesterday," said Mary, "that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule; and in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives." Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a passion fond even to idolatry.'

For a page of animated painting, we may present the account of the entry of the prince's troops into Exeter, on their way to effect what became the Revolution. 'All the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd, consisting chiefly of young peasants, brandishing their cudgels, had assembled on the top of Haldon Hill, whence the army, marching from Chudleigh, first descried the rich valley of the Exe, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road, all down the long descent and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close, the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on the Lord Mayor's Day. The houses were gaily decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. An eye accustomed to the pomp of war would have found much to criticise in the spectacle; for several

Digitized by Google

toilsome marches in the rain, through roads where one who travelled on foot sank at every step up to the ankles in clay, had not improved the appearance either of the men or of their accoutrements. But the people of Devonshire, altogether unused to the splendour of well-ordered camps, were overwhelmed with delight and awe. Descriptions of the martial pageant were circulated all over the kingdom. They contained much that was well fitted to gratify the vulgar appetite for the marvellous. For the Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to islanders who had, in general, a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macclesfield at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on those black faces, set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then with drawn broadswords came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen, and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowd which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England." But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse; how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Once his grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman—perhaps one of those zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel; perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the bloody circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near to the prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé were gone; the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros; the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a marshal of France for the sake of his religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had, twelve years before, been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valour and discipline, but never till that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders, Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkel, Talmash, and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant brigade which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Ossory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of the renowned events in which many of the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share; for they had seen service very different from that of the Devonshire militia or of the camp at Hounslow. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Seneff; and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised.'

Some sketches of familiar and domestic matters belonging to that age are executed with great spirit. Our author describes the aspect of the country, only one-half cultivated, and scarcely any enclosed, the towns then comparatively so small, the nascent manufactures, and the various classes of society, in a manner which will be much relished. The account of the country gentleman is a rich piece of Dutch painting, and scarcely less so is that of the rural (as distinguished from the urbane) clergy. The latter will excite fully as much surprise, however, as any other feeling. 'The clergy,' says our author, 'were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And indeed for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach horses. He cast up the farrier's bills: he walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.

'Perhaps after some years of service he was presented to a living sufficient to support him; but he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of pleasantry to three or four generations of scoffers. With his cure he was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service, and it was well if she had not been suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour. Indeed the nature of the matrimonial connections which the clergymen of that age were in the habit of forming, is the most certain indication of the place which the order held in the social system. An Oxonian, writing a few months after the death of Charles II., complained bitterly not only that the country attorney and the country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honourable family, was to give no encouragement to a lover in orders; and that if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour. Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill-will to the church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the Great Rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines. A waiting-woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this pre-

Digitized by Google

judice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl without the consent of her master or mistress. During several generations, accordingly, the relation between priests and handmaidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook. Even so late as the time of George II., the keenest of all observers of life and manners, himself a priest, remarked that, in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward.

'In general, the divine who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice and a wife, found that he had only exchanged one class of vexations for another. Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage, and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry. His boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible, for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library, and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavourable a situation.'

A CAIRO BOOKSELLER.

A BOOKSELLER on the banks of the Seine is not a very different person from one on the banks of the Thames, otherwise than that he has his country-house at Ruel or Passy, instead of Bayswater or Bromley. Lucky mortal! if he be possessed of capital and skill (as the Tonson or Lintot of the times usually is), he can make a fortune by the routine of business without cramping his intellect, and indulge in much of the interesting labour of the man of letters without suffering the pains and penalties of authorship. But when we get to the banks of the Nile, we find ourselves in a new, or rather in an old world, where the caligraphist has not yet been expelled by the printer; where even a newspaper may come out a day sooner or later, to suit the convenience of editors and compositors; where a puff or an advertisement is unknown; and where the bibliopole, good easy man, taking it into his head to go on a trip to the fair of Tuatah, locks up his establishment for a week at a time.

One morning, during a recent visit to Cairo, on returning from a country trip, I alighted at my house in the Sooh es Zuhut, and was informed that a sheik was awaiting my arrival in the divan above. On going up stairs, I found a man apparently from sixty to sixty-five years of age, with a white turban, white beard, fair complexion, and blind of one eye; and on opening the letter he presented me, I learned that he was the renowned Sheik Ahmed el Katoby, the glass-eating bookseller of the Egyptian metropolis, who, from his perfect knowledge of Cairo life, was the most desirable acquaintance an Orientalist could have.

He talked of the various Franks he had known; he was aware that Mr Lane had given an account of him in the preface to the 'Modern Egyptians,' and he passed a brilliant eulogy on that scholar. He also recollected Sir Gardner Wilkinson as having lived in the very house I occupied, and as having ridden a black Dongola horse; and Burckhardt, whom he styled Sheik Ibrahim, who lived on the Canal of the Adouy, and every evening used to smoke his pipe on the balcony overlooking the canal. He was fat and strong, with a black beard and a round face,' added Sheik Ahmed; and in answer to an inquiry I made relative to the height of his forehead, he informed me that 'his face was about the size of the moon.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'very like a moon, but not quite so big.'

'I mean,' quoth he, 'the size of the figure of the moon if drawn on a window.'

We then talked of bookselling, and a curious fact came out—that while most books in Europe after a year or two lose their value, and never regain it (except as objects of antiquarian interest after generations or centuries), the Egyptian edition of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' which was published at 18s., has now risen to L.2. A copy of this work was lying on the table when the servant entered with coffee, so he asked my Nubian his name, and being answered Ahmed, he said, 'Take care, Ahmed, never to tell tales out of your master's house; take notice that this is not the Koran, but the Thousand-and-One Nights Book; assure yourself of the fact.' This was a striking proof of his fear lest it should be suspected that he had sold a copy of the Koran to a Frank.

He told me that his sources of income were his shop in the Book Bazaar; a small daily stipend from government as valuator of books; and the rent of a few houses in the Mergoosch, a quarter a little farther from the Nile, and a little nearer Mount Mokattam, than the one in which I lived. He proposed that I should accompany him to his house, which I accordingly did, and found it to be at the back of one of the original gates of Cairo of the time of the Fatimite Caliphs; but the Bab Shareey, as it is called, is, from the extension of the city, now in the heart of modern Cairo; and a picturesque Saracenic gate, of the age of Saladin, who removed the principal gates of Cairo, frowns over a thoroughfare crowded by the pacific or pusillanimous modern Arabs. Plunging into a narrow passage, or close, as we would say in Edinburgh, we came to a broad door, with a small wooden grate above it; and pointing to it, he told me with great gravity that it was the house of a droll old bookseller who had the reputation of being eccentric; 'but,' added he, 'he is far from being a bad fellow;' and raising his bamboo cane, he tapped three times on the knocker, on which a shrill voice called out from above, 'Who is there?' to which he answered, 'Some one who wishes to speak to Sheik Ahmed the bookseller, if he be at home.'

'*Ha how*—there he is!' said the voice.

'Two strangers from the Fayoum have come to see him,' added Sheik Ahmed.

'Do not make a fool of me before strangers,' said the voice, which was that of the bookseller's servant Fatimeh; 'and this girl, when she got up stairs, my companion always addressed, "Oh, girl!" "Oh, Fatimeh!" just as he had addressed my man, "Oh, Ahmed!" "Oh, Nubian!"'

What would not Estelle have given for a sight of the *mandarah*[*] of Sheik Ahmed! An old divan surrounded it, and an old Turkey carpet covered the floor; chests and presses of books were at the lower end of the room, and on a high shelf a row of large old China plates, which had not been dusted for six months. A projecting hole of curiously-carved woodwork rendered the street visible both up and down; and above it was a large window, without glass, admitting a broad flood of sunlight, obscured by curiously-turned wooden mullions.

Fatimeh, who had blue cotton striped garments, with yellow slippers, and a blue veil on her face, placed a

* The *mandarah*, or place of *seeing*, corresponds virtually with our *parlour*, or place of *speaking*.

Digitized by Google

cushion for me; but it being in the draught of air, Sheik Ahmed reproved her, saying that the cat had more sense, since it sat out of the draught. This offended poor Fatimeh; on which Sheik Ahmed, pulling the cat towards him, questioned it as to the fact; and the referee, as he pinched its ear, replying with a loud mew, he remarked that the cat confirmed what he had said. Shortly after we were seated, and coffee was served, in came Sheik Mustapha, formerly one of the Ulems of the *aghar* or university of Cairo, but now a very old man, who never went out of the quarter, where his house was exactly opposite that of Sheik Ahmed. He had been at Damascus, and abused the Damascenes roundly for being addicted to waste and extravagance, reciting a piece of poetry he had made against the inhabitants of Salahieh, a suburb of that city, accusing them of being Arfad or heterodox Moslems.

We then fell to talking of the various libraries of Cairo, of which, it appears, that of the aghar or university is the largest; but neither Sheik Ahmed nor Sheik Mustapha could tell me the precise number of volumes it contains. The library of Ibrahim Pacha, which is the largest in general literature in Egypt, numbers 8000 volumes; the private library of Mohammed Ali about 500; that of the late Halieb Effendi above 5000; while the fragments of the Turkish libraries brought from the Morea after the Greek war have 1500 volumes, and are deposited in the citadel. All the mosques of Cairo were in the last century possessed of libraries, but these have gradually oozed away through the dishonesty of the librarians and inspectors. Some years ago, the Library of Moyed, of 9000 volumes, was burnt; but as the inspector had for some time been selling the books privately, and as the pacha had at length demanded a catalogue of them, it was generally reported that the fire was not accidental.

On a subsequent occasion I went to see Sheik Ahmed at his shop in the Book Bazaar, which is a small courtyard leading off the main line of bazaars. The court is very dark, from the height of the houses, and accommodates only five booksellers in this large city of above 200,000 souls. Their principal stock consists of Korans and theological works, which they are not allowed to sell to Franks, and which are interesting only to those who make a study of Moslem theology. The scientific manuscript works are written by men who lived in a circle of exploded ideas, and to the general scholar the most interesting are those on history and poetry—the former unfortunately very rare and dear. The greatest of the Egyptian historians is the celebrated El Macreezy, a native of Baalbec in Syria (hence his name from a quarter of that quondam city), who flourished in Cairo in the middle of the fifteenth century. He was not only one of the greatest lawyers and theologians of his age, but has left the only really ample and authentic histories of the various political systems that have succeeded each other in Egypt from the Moslem conquest down to his own period. The most useful of his works to a stranger in Cairo is the 'Kitab el Khitat,' or topographical description of Cairo, with the history of all the great edifices, showing the successive growth of the town to its present extent, for in his day Cairo was more populous than at present. A common copy of this work is not to be had under eight hundred piastres, or nearly L.8 sterling; and a very fine one, lent me by Mr Lane, was worth from L.10 to L.12. I am surprised that this work has not received an earlier attention from both the Oriental Translation Fund and the Text Fund.

When I entered the bazaar, I found Sheik Ahmed in boisterous spirits, and he told me that some imprudent afreet had given him a false alarm: that four nights ago he had dreamed that he should die in three days, but he had that morning awakened alive and merry. The booksellers on each side of him now began to joke him on his dream, on which he said, 'God did not tell Mohammed beforehand when he was to die; why should he give such notice to so contemptible a being as Sheik Ahmed? It must have been some afreet. Bodily death I am not afraid of; the only real death is when a man's purse is empty, and he does not know how to fill it again. There is nothing like a little money in life, although, when the death of the body comes, money will not avail. If I said to Azrael (the Angel of Death), "Azrael!" "Well, what do you want?" quoth he. "Sheik Ahmed wishes you to spare his life ten days, and he will give you five piastres." "No; not one day indeed." "Allah haiyk—may God deal kindly with yourself!—oh Azrael, spare life one day, and he will give you five purses." "Not an hour." "Thou good, kind Azrael—thou excellent and respected Azrael, spare his life, and he will give you fifty purses!" "No, not one minute: so cease your clack, and come along!"'

When I went to see the sale of the books printed at the government press of Boulak. The place of sale is a new large edifice close to the Mehkemeh, and is in the form of a European library, with a gallery above, all quite new, and having a European look. But while the value of the edition of the 'Arabian Nights' has doubled, the useful works go off slowly even at low and unremunerating prices. For a 'Life of Napoleon,' in quarto, with close print, I paid three shillings; the 'Memoirs of the Empress Catherine,' of the same size, in Turkish, cost half-a-crown; but, as usual, after making my purchase, and paying the money, when about to go away, I was given to understand that backsheesh, or valle, to the salesman were customary.

Our next visit was to the mosque of Barkouk, which has no library of general literature, but the finest and largest Korans in the world. Each leaf is a whole calf-skin, dressed with the greatest care, and cut square. The character is beautiful, and the illumination, mostly in blue and gold, surpasses anything I ever saw before in either Christian, Missal, or Oriental manuscript.

Sheik Ahmed, having a brisk flow of animal spirits, and a lively relish for adventure, proved both a useful and an entertaining companion in the course of many rambles and peregrinations in Cairo: but this is not Sheik Ahmed's first appearance on any stage. Mr Lane, in his preface to the 'Modern Egyptians,' has given an account of his glass-eating frenzies. 'He then entered the order of the Ahmedeeyeh, and as they likewise never ate glass, he determined not to do so again. However, soon after, at a meeting of some brethren of this order, when several Saadeeyeh also were present, he again was seized with frenzy, and jumping up to a chandelier, caught hold of one of the small glass lamps attached to it, and devoured about half of it, swallowing also the oil and water which it contained. He was conducted before his sheik, to be tried for this offence; but on his taking an oath never to eat glass again, he was neither punished nor expelled the order. Not withstanding this oath, he soon again gratified his propensity to eat a glass lamp; and a brother darweesh, who was present, attempted to do the same; but a large fragment stuck between the tongue and palate of this rash person, and my friend had great trouble to extract it.'

Thus wrote Mr Lane in 1835; but in 1846 he no longer ate glass, although his voracity in other respects was surprising for a man between sixty and seventy years of age. His anecdotes were endless; and what gave a great zest to his society was, that, unlike other Orientals, he could not rest on his seat while speaking, but always got up and acted his stories; and this so naturally and unconsciously, as to cause great merriment. On one occasion a sensation of another kind was excited by his histrionic skill. One Friday the afternoon prayer was called from the minaret of the neighbouring mosque, and he threw off his upper tunic, and displaying an under-dress of crimson satin, began saying his prayers. An English visitor of mine was present; and after the prayers were done, while conversing with them alternately, I told Sheik Ahmed that

Digitized by Google

I meant to spend a day in the debtors' jail, chatting with the prisoners on their fortunes and misfortunes. He endeavoured to dissuade me from this, telling me that I should cover myself with vermin; and suiting the action to the word, commenced a mock hunt over his person with such seriousness and activity, that the visitor, who did not understand Arabic, was horrified, until I explained that it was his method of suiting the action to the word.

Another day I had a curious instance of his unoriental impulses. It was agreed that Sheik Ahmed, along with Hanife Effendi, an intelligent young Egyptian educated in Egypt, should accompany me on a visit to Sheik Mohammed Shehab, the editor of the Arab newspaper of Cairo, who lived close by. When we got down stairs, I said to Sheik Ahmed, on account of his age, that we should walk at as slow a pace as he chose; but instead of being pleased, he replied, 'Nonsense! you want to make an old man of me;' and this youth of seventy began straightway to walk at such a rate, that we were soon lost in the crowd of the bazaar. We now waited for Hanife, and then returned to the door to look for him; but not seeing him, we thought he had gone round another way; and after waiting a few minutes at the door of Sheik Mohammed Shehab, we paid our visit without him. Next day I met Hanife, who appeared much offended, telling me that I had treated him shamefully, in making a mere semblance of going down stairs to the door, and then suddenly re-entering the house with Sheik Ahmed, leaving him like a fool in the street. When I explained, however, Sheik Ahmed's sudden fit of pedestrianism, his countenance cleared, and he said, laughing, that it was just like him.

On another occasion I took Sheik Ahmed to an English lady, then occupied in writing a book on Cairo; and on his asking for a gift of remembrance to give to his wife, he received a pair of gloves; so when we came out, he said to me, 'What will that lady say in her book of me?' I answered that I had no doubt she would describe him as the renowned Sheik Ahmed el Katoby. 'I think not,' said he: 'she will say that she saw the sheik of the beggars, old, and blind of one eye, who would not go away until he received a gift.'

Having a general commission to take me to the remarkable places in Cairo, for a small weekly stipend, he called upon me every afternoon after business hours; and the rest of the day was devoted either to seeing curiosities, or accompanying him in visits to an endless round of acquaintances. One day he stopped at the lofty door of a house which seemed deserted and neglected, and said, 'This is the celebrated house of the Street El Tamayn, which was frequented by an afreet, who ate all the victuals presented to it. Ay, ay,' said he, in reply to my incredulous smile, 'I knew that you would doubt it; but ask the people of the quarter.' So approaching a pipemaker, who was boring a hole in a long cherry-stick, he asked if that was not the house in which the afreet used to come and eat the victuals.

'Perfectly true—perfectly true,' said the pipemaker, continuing to bore: 'it is six years ago.'

'It is much longer,' interposed a tall young man who stood by, 'for my beard was not then grown. The *zabib*, or prefect of police, came and caused food to be put into the room, and without visible hands or body, it was always devoured.'

Up came a man, who saluted Sheik Ahmed with great familiarity, and then another, and another, till I remarked what a number of people he seemed to know.

'Yes,' replied he aloud, 'I know this street well: I have married thirty-three wives in my life, and one of them was out of this quarter!'

The sheik of the quarter then presented me with a pinch of snuff, and I perceived that his snuff-box had a representation of a railway, with several locomotives on it. He told me it was a steamboat; and on my informing him that it was a chain of coaches propelled by steam, I was complimented with the title of an afreet. On this Sheik Ahmed observed that balloons would soon supersede steam, and he straightway received a similar eulogium on his knowledge and sagacity. Such are the Arabs of Cairo; like children—

'Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.'

HIGH SCHOOL OF HOBART TOWN.

By a letter from an obliging correspondent in Tasmania, dated in May last, we find that much indignation continues to be felt and expressed by the colonists at the continued influx of convicts from the mother country. But the colonists do not confine themselves to complaints. They do not submit, in grumbling, to the transfusion of the moral poison into their veins. They do not fold their hands in helpless despair as they see their country converted into a vast jail. What, then, is the plan they adopt? Do they get up an antipodean rebellion? Do they massacre, as they arrive, the compulsory emigrants, who are turned loose upon their soil like so many packs of wolves? No: the Tasmanians are too wise and too brave for this. They apply a moral remedy to a moral evil; and while our government is doing all it can to contaminate them, they are doing all they can to resist the contamination, by establishing, on a great and comprehensive scale—a SCHOOL.

'Within one month,' says our correspondent, 'from the day on which the institution was projected, nearly L.5000 was subscribed, payable by instalments within a year. Of this sum L.3082 has been paid in *cash*, and the residue by bills. We have resolved to engage a head classical master for three years, at a salary of L.400 per annum, and L.50 per annum for a house; and we have remitted to England L.100 for his passage-money, and L.50 for useful books; and further, to secure his salary for three years, we have set apart and invested L.1200 on landed security. The colonial government have given us about five acres of land in the Queen's Park at Hobart Town as a site for the institution; and we are about to expend L.3000 in building, for which purpose our subscribed capital will be aided by donations to a building fund. Thus much for our exertions, the success of which must in a great measure depend upon the character and ability of our head master. Our community is not sufficiently large to enable each sect or denomination of Protestants to support its own school, and we therefore aim at establishing one at which pupils may assemble for educational purposes on neutral ground, their religious instruction being imparted by their friends and ministers at home—our only rule being, that the Bible shall be read in the institution.

'We have suffered so much in character and fortune by the influx, year after year, of thousands of England's prisoners, continued up to this very day,* against the continued petitions and remonstrances of nearly every free colonist, and in violation of the pledges of the home government, that our ability to subscribe thus liberally is astonishing; while our inclination to do so may be regarded as a proof that, although our adopted country has been made the penal settlement of Great Britain, we have still left among our free colonists the elements of good.'

The plan of the school appears to be sound and practical, and is expressly adapted for the peculiar position of the colonists, by far the greater part of whom are necessarily engaged in agriculture, and the various forms of colonial trade and commerce. In addition to classical education 'for the few,' there are to be classes in English literature, mathematics, chemistry, and natural history, for the many; and the fundamental regulations on the subject of religion are as follow:—*1st*, That the Holy Scriptures shall be read in the institu-

* Two prison ships, laden with male and female convicts, have arrived within the last week, and are now in our harbour.

Digitized by Google

tion to the pupils thereof daily; but that to preserve the Catholicity of the institution, this rule shall not be enforced in the case of any pupil whose parent or guardian may object to it; 2*d*, That the inculcation of the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination shall be scrupulously avoided, as foreign to the design of the institution. It may be added, that a peculiar part of the plan is the facility it gives for the instruction of adults —of persons who were precluded in their youth from opportunities of education.

The council of the institution have applied to the University College of London, soliciting it to recommend a head master; and it is to be hoped the request will be attended to in the right spirit, as much will depend upon the individual selected for carrying out this excellent, and, under the circumstances, truly wonderful undertaking. Although giving it, however, our hearty commendation, and expressing the respect with which it inspires us for the character of the projectors, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the High School of Hobart Town, however successful it may be as an educational institution, must act only in a slow and partial manner as a remedy. This remark, however, is not made to damp the ardour of the enlightened portion of the colonists, but to suggest to them that they must not be satisfied while the evil remains, the effects of which they are endeavouring to combat, and to instigate them to continue to demand and insist upon that redress to which they are entitled. They know by experience that the Colonial Office is not likely to do anything of itself but mischief; and the pressure from without must continue to be applied till it yields to the requirements of justice and true policy.

OBSCURE INVENTORS.

Does it ever occur to any one how many great and useful inventions in the arts are inherited by the present age, not only without its having paid anything for them, but for the most part without a consciousness of who were the inventors? In general, there exists little doubt as to who were the discoverers of the steam-engine, and the other mighty things which are daily doing such wonders; but of the origin of many thousands of small inventions, although important in their way, little is popularly known. Farther perhaps than the transient publicity of a newspaper paragraph, names worthy of renown receive no distinct recognition. The world gets a present of something which makes life glide more smoothly, and soon nobody can tell who was the benefactor. When looking at one of the most highly-improved watches, we are little aware of the number of minds which for centuries have been thinking and contriving in order to bring this little machine to its present condition. And so on with everything else. There is not a single process in the arts which has not engaged mind after mind to carry it to perfection. What time has been consumed in calculation—what hopes have been raised, raised only to be disappointed—worst of all, what ingratitude has been experienced !—for the world, be it known, never thanks anybody for anything—unless, indeed, it be in the way of fighting, which seldom goes without the highest commendations and rewards.

On the present occasion, we are happy to be able to rescue the name of a humble but meritorious inventor from oblivion. Until within the last eighty years, the finer kind of flour was made by what was called bolting it through a coarse cloth. This cloth was fastened loosely on a skeleton cylinder, and enclosed in a box with projecting wooden ribs inside, against which the cloth beat when the cylinder was turned round, and thus knocked the fine particles of flour through. The bolting-cloth was usually of woollen, but more anciently it appears to have consisted of coarse linen called *dowlas*. The dialogue in Shakspeare's play of Henry IV. between the hostess and Falstaff will here occur to remembrance.

'*Hostess.*—I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

'*Falstaff.*—Dowlas—filthy dowlas. I have given them to the bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.'

The bolting-cloth was often out of repair; the smallest hole made it necessary to dress the flour again; and as only one kind could be dressed at a time, the process was very tedious. In this state of matters there was much room for improvement; and the improver, from an accidental circumstance, at length appeared. This was James Milne, a native of Aberdeen, who had for some years been settled at Rochdale in Lancashire, where, in a humble way, he carried on the trade of a wireworker. One side of his shop was occupied with the articles of his trade manufactured by himself, and on the other were displayed for sale a few articles of linen and woollen drapery.

One day James Howard, a miller, and brother-in-law of Milne, entered the shop to purchase some bolting-cloth, and while it was being measured, he said, 'James, I wish thou wouldst invent something in wire that would last longer than this cloth: thou art a clever fellow at invention: set thy wits to work, and it will make thy fortune if it answers.' Accordingly, Milne did set his wits to work; and the genius which had hitherto displayed itself in the construction of bird-cages and mouse-traps, soon produced a machine for dressing flour, which was taken to Bucklaw mills, in the neighbourhood, to be tried. It answered perfectly; indeed so complete was it, that little alteration has been made on it since.

The invention, which occurred between the years 1760 and 1770, improved, we believe, the fortune of James Milne, who at all events removed to Manchester, where he amassed sufficient property to enable him to retire from business. His latter years, it seems, embraced some romantic circumstances; but we have only the means of mentioning that he removed with his family to France, where he died.

To the foregoing anecdote may be added a notice of the manner in which England acquired the art of splitting bars of iron, for it refers to the efforts of an obscure genius—a man so abject as to be a street violin-player, yet who is said to have laid the foundation of a family of distinction. We take the account from a late number of the 'Mining Journal':—'The most extraordinary and the best-attested instance of enthusiasm existing in conjunction with perseverance is related of the founder of the Foley family. This man, who was a fiddler, living near Stourbridge, frequently witnessed the immense labour and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process of "splitting," in works called "splitting mills," was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. Foley the fiddler was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the splitting of bars of iron was accomplished, and without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where, after a time, he became a universal favourite with the workmen; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence, or anything like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations, he disappeared from amongst his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew why or whither. On his return to England, he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr Knight and another person in the neighbourhood with whom he associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected, and machinery provided. When at length everything was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared

Digitized by Google

again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so; again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was joyfully received; and to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very end and aim of his life attained beyond his utmost hopes. He soon discovered the cause of his failure. He made rude drawings, and after remaining sufficient time to verify his observations, and impress them clearly on his mind, once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the result of his experience, enriched himself, and greatly benefited his countrymen. This appears the most extraordinary instance of persevering self-devotion recorded in modern times.'

An additional instance presents itself. There now exists, we believe, an apparatus for protecting the person against fire, and by the use of which any one may walk about uninjured in the midst of a burning house. Whether this has any relation to an invention of a person named Roberts, we are not aware; but the apparatus he contrived is deserving of special mention. About twenty years ago, John Roberts, a totally uneducated miner in the Whitehaven collieries, invented a species of head-dress, called a safety-hood, by the use of which burning houses, and pits suspected of being choked with fire-damp, could be entered with impunity. It consisted of a skeleton tin cap, rising pretty high over the head, on which was placed a covering of flannel, perforated in front, and furnished with glass eye-pieces. The skirts of the hood protected the shoulders, and the body was sheltered by a flannel cloak. The whole of this simple and unexpensive apparatus was dipped in water previous to being used; and possibly, for anything we have heard, the water may have contained a solution of alum, which is well known to be a powerful preservative against the action of fire. Be this as it may, Roberts, when equipped in his hood and cloak, became quite salamandrine. His first public experiment was made in a low building connected with certain vitriol works near Whitehaven. A quantity of straw, thickly strewn with sulphur, was scattered along the floor, and set on fire; and when the atmosphere became so undurable as to drive the bystanders from the doorway, Roberts, in his hood and cloak, entered the house. The door was closed behind him, and he remained upwards of twenty minutes without inconvenience in a place where, under the usual circumstances, no living creature could have existed one-fourth of the time. He afterwards underwent various other trials with equal security. The merits of the invention, however, were generally unheeded; and had not Mr Wilson Ledger, editor of the 'Whitehaven Gazette,' interested himself in his behalf, this ingenious individual might have remained unknown. By Mr Wilson, Roberts was introduced to the notice of the late J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P., who, we believe, was the means of bringing the invention under the inspection of different scientific bodies in London, Dublin, and Paris, before whom Roberts put the powers of his hood to the test in many severe experimental trials. He was warmly applauded by the gentlemen who witnessed these trials, and was, we are informed, rewarded in a handsome manner. The Duke of Sussex, as president of the Society of Arts, presented him with a gold medal in token of the approbation of the members of that institution. As a means of preserving life in mines after an explosion, and in buildings when on fire, the safety-hood, we are assured, is a most useful and meritorious invention. Roberts, its contriver, died at Bolton in Staffordshire, in great poverty, about nine years ago, shortly after his return from France, leaving a widow and son in great destitution. From inquiries we have made, he was a person deserving of a better fate than that which attended his efforts.

THE STRANGERS.

Nay, part not so with distant air, thou cold and stately one,
For in thy mirrored mind I see an image of my own!
Thy words have found an echo in my being's depths, and mine,
I dare to think, thou sister soul! have echoes found in thine.

Oh if we twain did meet in some far-off and lonely isle,
Where never flower did scent the earth, and never sunbeam smile;
Where never voice was heard to break the stillness of the air,
Save of the tyrant sea that held us hopeless captives there—

Wouldst thou not fly to greet my step? wouldst thou not wildly cling
Even to an arm that could to thee nor hope nor succour bring?
Wouldst thou not thank, with bursting heart, the Providence that sent
A brother and a friend to share and soothe thy banishment?

Alas! there are more lonely scenes amid the worldly crowd,
And desert isles more drear than aught the wastes of ocean shroud:
Nor scent of flower, nor light of day, nor song upon the wind,
Nor love, nor pity, may relieve the solitude of mind!

And even now, the lights grew dim beneath my dreaming eye,
The music died, and yon gay throng like phantoms flitted by,
When thou—thou lone one!—didst appear, to cheer with kindred smile,
And break the silence cold and drear that wrapped my desert isle.

Thy words seemed linked with other years, a well-remembered tone,
Thy heart a mystic language spake, familiar to mine own,
Till, madly yielding soul and sense to the enchantment first,
I could have clasped thee in my arms, and wept upon thy breast!

L. R.

CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

To this series of Elementary Works, for use in Schools, and also adapted for Private Instruction, there is now added ELECTRICITY, being the seventh Treatise in Natural Philosophy, illustrated with forty engravings on wood.

Care has been taken to render this treatise as complete and concise as possible; and from the following list of contents, it will be observed to include the latest discoveries in Electricity, as well as the more recent practical applications of the science:—

POLAR FORCES IN GENERAL.—I. STATICAL ELECTRICITY: MAGNETISM—Laws of Magnetic Phenomena, Magnets, Magnetism of the Earth, Magnetic Instruments, and the Magnetic Fluids.—FRICTIONAL OR TENSION ELECTRICITY—Conductors and Insulators, the Electrical Machine, Electroscopes and Electrometers, Induction, the Discharge, Atmospheric Electricity, and Sources of Electricity.—II. CURRENT ELECTRICITY: VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY—Voltaic Circles and Batteries, Effects of Voltaic Electricity, and Applications of the Voltaic Current.—ELECTRO-MAGNETISM—Electro-Magnetic Machines.—MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY.—THERMO-ELECTRICITY.—ANIMAL ELECTRICITY—Animal Magnetism.

Price 10d. bound in cloth.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and sold by all Booksellers.

The present number of the Journal completes the tenth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF TENTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 01094 3895


402460 DUPL


Digitized by Google